AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM HENRY CLOE, SR.

Born Feb 7 1851 Virginia Died April 6, 1935

XEROXED BY FERN (CLOE) MOHLER,

Member of. O.C.C.G.S.

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NOT to be rePrinted.

He ~~has~~ is now dead.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM HENRY CLOE, SR.

William Cloe, my father, the son of James and Elizabeth Cloe, of Scotch and Welsh descent, was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in the year 1800. He was the sixth of seven sons and four daughters.

His father died when he was a small boy, and his mother moved to Bourbon County, Kentucky, with the family, where he grew to manhood.

After the death of his mother he married at the age of twenty-two and in the year 1831 moved to Illinois. He was dissatisfied there with the flat, wet country, and stayed only a few years. From there he moved to southwest Missouri, about 1853 or 1854, and located in Jasper County. He built a log house for a home, on a large tract of land with a large spring of water and settled down to farm. This is now known as the Moss Spring property, where I was said to have been born February 7, 1851. The house of hewed logs still stands.

About 1852 my father sold this property and bought land around another spring a little west of this in the same county, opened up a farm and built the town of Fidelity, Missouri.

The first residence that he built there was a heavy hewed log house, with two rooms, a hall between them and two stories high. We lived there several years while he was opening up his farm and building the town of Fidelity. While living here when I was about three years of age my mother became ill and passed away.

About this time a Doctor Thornton moved in and located. We children were small so my father kept a housekeeper, but she could not do all the work. Doctor Thornton traded with the Indians and was away from home much of the time, but he left a black woman and man in charge.

My father hired the negroes and kept them several years, and Aunt Amy was my black mammy for a time.

The little town of Fidelity was practically the center of a large scope of new country being developed rapidly by honest, sensible, industrious, moral and religious people, most of whom were from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia. Fidelity was situated about seven miles south of Carthage, twelve miles west of Sarcoxie and about fourteen miles north of Granby and Neosho.

One of the first moves my father made toward civic improvement was to donate five acres of land on which to build a church and to finance most of the building expense. It was a very large frame building in which our schools were taught. My father gave the land to the Christian Church for church purposes, and when it ceased to be used for such the land was to revert to him and his heirs.

There was a good hotel or tavern built and owned by Jack Burton. There were a couple of stores, a wagon shop, blacksmith shop, and a grocery in this prosperous little town. There was a tan yard, too, operated by Roger Sutherland, tanner and shoemaker, where people

took the beef hides to be tanned and got one-half the hide back in leather. There was good timber near, which the people cut and took bark from it to the tan yards for tanning hides. The timber was split and used for fence rails.

A little later Burton operated a stage stand there, and it was interesting to see the big "rockaway" come in loaded with people, horses going full speed and white with foam. The stage driver carried a large bugle and sounded the warning of his coming; the tired horses were replaced quickly by a fresh team, and the stage was off again.

It is true that I was a small boy, but there were many pleasant as well as disagreeable incidents that left lasting impressions on me. I remember that Colonel Thomas Dale and John Halsel, wealthy men who owned negroes, lived about three miles from Fidelity on adjoining farms. John Halsel had an old black man, Uncle Joe, who walked with a cane. Aunt Louise was his wife, and belonged to Colonel Dale. Uncle Joe always walked home after his day's work was done, a distance of about one-half mile.

Colonel Dale and Halsel had good orchards and made good apple cider. On election days and other special occasions Mr. Halsel with Uncle Joe drove to town in the wagon drawn by a gentle yoke of oxen, carrying a barrel of cider and a box of ginger cakes. I always looked for Uncle Joe, helped him to find a shady grove on which to settle, and cared for the oxen after he unhitched them. Then I crawled up in Uncle Joe's wagon.

I have not forgotten the ginger cakes. They were eight or nine inches long, about four inches wide and about two inches thick. With a glass of cider they melted in my mouth. I have eaten ginger cakes since, but none ever tasted like Uncle Joe's. Uncle Joe was a favorite and everyone bought his cake and cider.

Among the disagreeable memories is the fact that I cared for the stock belonging to the people who were guests in our home. Often they came in numbers to attend church or other occasions and my father tried to take care of all who came.

He was a member of the Christian Church, converted under the preaching of Alexander Campbell and Barton W. Stone in Kentucky. He was a great admirer of Alexander Campbell, and considered him a powerful speaker.

After the church building was finished great revival meetings were held in Fidelity by pioneer preachers, strong men and earnest. Such were Buchanan, the Scotts and Professor Charles Carlton of Springfield, and many others. They attracted large crowds, and my brothers and I had the job of caring for their horses and oxen. They would come in wagons drawn by oxen or horses, and horse back. All of this was distasteful to me.

The people who came to the meetings in the ox wagons generally had plenty of good horses at home but, as I remember, the heads of the families preferred to take their families with the trusty oxen.

There were heads of families in those days and so recognized and respected.

I remember very well that we children visited our brother-in-law's family five miles away, going Saturday afternoon and returning Sunday. Then there were five children in our family -- Elizabeth, John Taylor, William Henry and Amos G. and James, a half-brother, older than I. We went in the ox wagon drawn by Cass and Taylor, large, rat spirited oxen, while there were dozens of horses in our lots and on pastures, and even a nice buggy and carriage nicely tucked away about the place.

Among the substantail citizens of that vicinity were such people as Colonel Thomas Dale, John Hulsel, Wash and Clifty Robinson, the Mickey brothers -- Middleton, Banister and Joshua; Major Billy Warren, Widow Dunn, John Onstat, the Webbs, Dr. Wes Walker and hundreds of others that I might Mention. These visited often in my father's home, so I knew them well.

Dr. Walker was a good farmer, and trained the horses he raised. It was an interesting sight to me to see his horses, all blanketed, going to the county fair, handled by his sons, Thomas, Burris, Alvin, Jim and Jake. The boys had one sister, Frances.

The Walker family was a prosperous one, and all were good workers. Mrs. Walker and Frances made their own clothes and those for Dr. Walker and the boys, besides an abundance of bed clothing.

About this time my father married the widow Mickey, who lived near Fidelity. She had three sons -- John, Middleton and Michael. The last mentioned was the youngest, about the age of my brother, Taylor, just older than I. They had lived near us, had gone to school in Fidelity with us and we were good friends. My father then had a fmily of seven boys to care for and we were very agreeable.

In these days all prosperous farmers had a bunch of fine sheep, and made the cloth of which their clothes were made. They had looms, loom house, cards, spinning wheel, etc. My new mother carded and spun the wool and made the cloth for clothes for the seven boys. She stood each of us in the floor with a tape to take our measures; then spread the cloth on a table, chalked it off, cut it, then made the clothes.

Mrs. Walker did the same for her family, and both had all kinds of fine bed clothes -- quilts, counterpanes, coverlets, blankets, etc. Many of the nicer ones they made together.

All the women made their clothes at home, digging and gathering most of their coloring from the hills. I have a quilt Mother made about 1855; this was made by my father's second wife, whom I called Mother. Women who were interested in making cloth and clothes, as Mother was, made beautiful, smooth cloth and fast colors. Most colors were gray, a mixture of blue and brown that did not fade. The cutting and fitting was perfect. I wish I had such a suit today.

I want to mention another citizen who loved my Father, to whom I shall refer as Esquire X. He lived on a poor farm some ten miles west of Fidelity. He was Justice of the Peace (Squire), not a prosperous man. He would come to Fidelity most every week, riding his old yellow horse, and come to Father's house (instead of going to the tavern), get down as if at home, and was welcomed to dinner by Father. We boys resented the job of feeding and caring for "Old Yaller" while the Squire was there. Sometimes he would spend the night. His clothes were clean enough, but he did not dress as well as the average farmer, but he felt his importance of being squire. I will leave Esquire X here for a time.

The country was full of fine young men and young ladies, and all had fine saddle horses. They raised and handled them from colts and the animals became very gentle. We boys spent much time petting, salting and currying our colts; and when they became a year old they were easily handled. We would put a surcingle, bridle, martingale on our pet colt, put rings on the surcingle, rein up well, then turn it loose. The next thing we would ride it. The young men and ladies

The young men and ladies of that section were splendid riders. When I was but a lad I was thrilled to see probably a dozen couples coming to Fidelity riding well trained and spirited animals, sitting erect, the ladies wearing long riding skirts reaching almost to their horses' knees, the horses champing the bits, giving the impression they wanted to show off for their riders.

Middleton Hickey was a prosperous farmer living about three miles from Fidelity, who owned one negro slave, Wylie. Middleton's son, John and Wylie were constant companions, Wylie always protecting John. They worked side by side in the field; John went to school in the day and at night went to Wylie's cabin and taught him. Consequently when John finished the country schooling Wylie was almost as well informed in the courses taught as John. Wylie was a few years older than John. He was black, a good farmer, very kind and polite, and everywhere John went Wylie was sent with him. His morals were good and he was a Christian, and attended church regularly in Fidelity. He came to our house often while Aunt Amy was there, and later married her.

So, as Wylie was always with John he was liked by John's friends. When John rode to Fidelity or any place with a young lady as soon as she reached the block to dismount Wylie had her mount by the bit and took charge of both horses. Wylie Hickey was the most sensible and prosperous negro I ever saw among young people. He knew his place at all times. More about Wylie Hickey and his young master, John Hickey, later.

The three Hickey brothers mentioned previously were farmers, and had families. Banister was a Christian preacher, as well as a farmer, and preached somewhere in the country on Sundays.

Uncle Josh, as we called him, was a home man, a hard worker and good provider; he scarcely went any place except to church. He was good, but had a quick temper. I went home often with his sons from school to spend the night.

He took great pride in raising and caring for his milk cows, sheep and a flock of fine geese. On one occasion while crossing the geese lot with bundles of oats under each arm the geese followed him, pulling at the oats. He kicked at them with one foot and they pulled at the oats on the other side. Uncle Josh dropped all the oats, and with a stick he picked off the ground killed every goose by breaking their necks with the stick. After looking around and seeing no one he piled them up and went to the house; seeing his wife, Nancy, he said, with some embellishments, "Nancy, Nancy, I have killed your geese; I have killed all your geese, and I thes tell you if you want to save the feathers you thes better come out here and pick 'em". Nancy and the girls went out, picked up the geese and took them into the loom house and picked them. No remarks then. Soon afterwards Uncle Josh finished his chores and went into the house for his meal, then very calm. Nancy asked, "Joshua, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "Yes, Nancy, I am, but the d--- geese thes made me mad, and I thes killed them before I thought", he said. Uncle Josh raised more geese, and soon all the boys in that vicinity were using his expression, "Nancy, I thes tell you".

About 1858 or 1859 Father decided that he could keep an eye on his bunch of mischievous boys if he had them on a farm a short distance from town. After selling his Fidelity place to Joel Grubb he moved to his prairie farm, which joined Colonel Dale and John Halsel, two and one-half miles from Fidelity.

Father raised a lot of fine horses, but just before leaving Fidelity he sold a farm on Jones Creek to Mr. Lions, a gentleman from North Carolina, and took as part payment a very fine pair of gray horses, new wagon and harness, at five hundred dollars. Young Doctor Francis Walker had just located in Fidelity to practice medicine, and Father sold him our new residence there and took ten head of nice horses as part payment. By the time we were settled in our new home on the prairie he had a bunch of fine horses, and most of them were quite valuable.

On the premises of our new home we had a good two story house, a good barn, and one hundred and twenty acres in cultivation. With so many horses it was necessary to enlarge the barn and to farm more extensively in order to feed them. We were happy and contented looking after the stock, and prospering.

About the next thing of interest to me was the talk of the candidacy of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas for President of the United States. Of interest, also, was discussion of the capers and murders committed by John Brown, the abolitionist, in Kansas and along the Missouri border, and the trouble he was causing among slaves, etc.

One day we learned that General Seigle with his Dutch Army was camped at Neosho. OnJuly 4, 1861, we saw them coming; uniforms and arms glistening in the sunlight, on a forced march to meet Generals Jackson and Rains, who were trying to get south with their little armies. They met them at Carthage.

We were plowing corn and Father told us to drive our horses to the far end of the field, leave them and come back to the road and watch the Dutch pass. It was a hot day and a hot bunch. Every now and then one would yell, "Rah for the fourth of July"; and just as one short,

thick fellow passed near where I stood he yelled, "Fourth of July, hell and damnation! This is the damnedest Fourth of July I ever saw!"

The Dutch did not take General Jackson and Colonel Rains. Although the latter were not half armed they whipped the Dutch and put them to flight.

The views expressed by most of those solid old farmers coincided with those or my father. Finally, in 1861 war was declared, and many of those good old farmers were leaving the country, taking with them their slaves and their stock.

Companies of soldiers came to that section robbing and taking to Kansas all the good horses they could find and take out before daylight They were there, always led by some scallawag that had gone from there to Kansas. They took all valuable articles from the well-to-do, tore the ear bobs from the young ladies' ears, the rings from their fingers, and ransacked the houses for other valuables. At first neighbors banded together and ran them out, but a little later they came in large companies and were in no hurry to leave.

Slave owners who had more than one or two slaves took their slaves and personal property south as soon as they realized that war was inevitable but left their families at home for a time.

Many times I heard Father advised to move his horses and good wagons, expecting the country to be overrun by soldiers. Father always replied that he would not take part in the war, but would remain at home with his family, being sixty-one years of age.

About 1862 Powell Clayton dropped into Carthage with his army. There was a heavy snow on the ground and five or six neighbors were at our house sitting around the fire eating apples. All had heard that the Kansas thieves were in the snow about knee deep. Several shots were fired, and all rushed out and saw our neighbor, Jack Burton, going down the big road south as swiftly as his horse could carry him, followed by three Blue Coats shooting at him.

This was on a high prairie. Some of these men at our house had guns and pistols, and when the soldiers saw this bunch of citizens two turned back; the other continued after our neighbor. One of the citizens started after this soldier and captured him, took him to Neosho and turned him over to General Price's Army. It developed that he was one of General Clayton's men from Carthage.

About this time other reports came of Clayton's Army in Carthage, and all was excitement. Father told us boys to get the four horses from the barn, (the others were out in the pasture), hitch to the wagon, go through the farm and hide them in the Diamond Grove. We were off. I rode a very fine mare, brother rode another, and two boys were in the wagon. Just as we reached the edge of the timber, but in the road, we met two very much excited soldiers who threw up their guns and ordered us to halt. After we stopped they ordered, "Unhitch those horses, leave the harness on and go toward Carthage like hell!"

I dropped my hat and started to get down, and one soldier said, "Damn your hat; go without it". But I crawled off. He said, "Give me that halter rein", which I was glad to do. They went on and I walked home alone in the snow and reported.

Mother got on her saddle horse, went to Carthage to get the boys and horses, but Powell Clayton would not release the boys nor allow her to have the horses, so she returned home much worried. She told the general that her husband was old, he was opposed to secession; that the boys were young and none was in the army. After dark he released the boys. They walked home in the snow, waded Center Creek and arrived about midnight. The horses were fine animals and Clayton kept them.

I do not remember how long Powell Clayton remained at Carthage before going south, but he continued to rob the people as long as he was there. After he moved things were quiet a while; then Kansas Jay Hawkers, as they were called, sneaked in and robbed a number of citizens now and then.

(In speaking of brothers and step-brothers I shall call all of them brothers for convenience.)

Captain Bryant, from north Missouri, working his way southward, had stopped at our house, when the bunch of thieves from Kansas ran in and my older brother and Captain Bryant and others gave chase and ran them out, and they were scattered. They were in or near where Joplin now is, and had started back home, when rain began to fall. Captain Bryant and brother went into an old stable for shelter. Someone lying in a trough shoved a pistol against my brother's abdomen and shot him. He lived only five days. He was my Step-Mother's oldest son, a very fine and popular young man; a citizen, not a soldier.

Father had remained at home, taking no sides, and the following August while walking from the house to the barn he was seized by three or four soldiers, arrested and taken over to the road to old Bacon Montgomery's passing army, who was told, "Here is a damned old Rebel". Montgomery said, "Take that Rebel! Take that Rebel!" Father said, "General, I have not walked five miles in a number of years, and I can not walk ahead of your army (cavalry)". The general cut at him with his saber, and Father jerked his shoulder back, evaded the strike and started on foot ahead of the cavalry.

Just before arriving in Neosho, fourteen miles away, Father fell in the road from exhaustion. With the army was a boy, riding an old, poor horse without a saddle. The boy was taken from the horse, Father placed on it without a saddle, and was hurried to Springfield and put in what they called a "bull pen". There he stayed until Mother located him, and went up on horseback in an effort to get him out.

Authorities told Mother that if Father would take the oath, promising to support the Constitution, that she could take him home. At first he refused, saying that after receiving such treatment he would rather fight. After thinking it over he took the oath and received his protection papers.

A short time after Father returned home Colonel Jewell and one Mary Martin, with two hundred and fifty men camped on our yard, took charge of our home, and our family remained out of doors all night. They killed chickens, turkeys, sheep and hogs, cooked them; ruined the blue grass yard, tore the paling fence down to build fires, took four good horses they found tied in the thicket in the field. Father

Father went to the colonel with his protection papers and asked him to look after them, but the colonel said, "Not now". He went to him next

morning and asked him to look at his papers. The colonel said, "I don't care about your protection papers! If you don't get the old bushwhackers out of this country we will send the Pin Indians in here and they will not leave even one rail on top of another".

As a result of his tramp to Springfield Father was feeble and worried. Two of his sons, one sixteen and the other a little older, went to the Confederate Army when Father was put in prison. One joined the Infantry under General Price and the other was in the Cavalry under General Shelby. He knew then that his life was in danger.

Major Billy Warren and John May loved my Father. They were under General Shelby's command. Realizing that Father was in danger they came through the Federal lines to our house after night and arrested Father -- a sham, of course. My brother and I went a mile and one-half to a pasture surrounded by dense woods, got a horse for him to ride, and they took Father to the Army. His friends would not let him join, so he went to the mountains in Pope County, Arkansas, to the home of a woman and her daughter, both widows, where he became ill immediately with fever, and we heard he died; this we believed for more than two years. However, he did not die. Having had no doctor he was critically ill, almost died and went blind for a time.

Mother, with three of the boys and our sister, remained at home on the farm.

The Union soldiers became more brutal with the southern sympathizers in that country every day. They robbed them of every horse and wagon, and all grain and meats they could find, until they could barely survive the winter.

One day a man ran into our yard and came to the house, showed Mother his wounded hand where a bullet had gone through it, and asked where he might hide. He wore civilian clothes, and said that a gang of soldiers was after him.

There was a strip of brush, briers and timber along a dry branch that ran through our field where we frequently kept the horses tied, in the hope of saving them. Mother said, "Billy, run and show this man where to hide, then run back to the house before the soldiers come". We could see them coming in the timber a mile away. I ran to show the man the hiding place but knew that I could not get back to the house before the soldiers, so decided to hide. Where the path crossed the dry ravine very thorny wild roses had grown up in rank profusion, locked and interlocked over the little deep ravine. I told the man to crawl under this bunch of thorny roses, and I followed, my feet almost reaching the path.

I heard the men coming, searching, swearing vengeance against this rebel. Several of them crossed the path right at my feet, and my heart beat so strong and loud that I was afraid they could hear it! While on the bank, just before crossing the ravine they spied a horse tied ahead which probably saved our lives. One fellow yelled, "Here is a fine horse tied, and he is mine"; and a little farther down one called, "Here are two more". So they took the three horses and looked no more for the man. I remained there until I could not hear their voices and until my heart made less noise, crawled out and left the

wounded man and went to the house to tell Mother what happened. I never hid with a man after that.

Soon after this they rounded up a bunch of loose young horses and mares and cleaned us of horse flesh, except a mare with a crooked leg, the result of a break. She could pull a plow. We had a lot of fine cows and calves, and I had a yoke of calves and a sled. We had no automobiles or picture shows for entertainment, but I had seen circuses and had several yokes of calves and sleds and had lots of fun with them. But now I had broken a yoke of those big calves as a matter of business. We lived a mile from our timber and we had to have wood. We had plenty of rails that fenced in the farm, but Mother said that we would need them as soon as the war was over, so we should try some way to haul the wood.

Colonel Dale suggested that we come to his place to cut the wood we needed. So my brother and I went there, one-half mile away, took our team of oxen and sled, cut as much wood as the calves could draw, and hauled it up. Sometimes when the weather was real cold we thought we would freeze. With very poor fires we pulled through the winter.

Knowing that we would have to have bread we sowed a patch of wheat in the fall of 1862, plowed the ground with the crooked leg mare, put in quite a patch of corn and cultivated it with the same animal. Then it was cut and put in shocks. We had plenty of wheat straw in the stack made before the war began; Father raised lots of rye, cut it up and mixed wheat bran with it to feed his fine horses. So we had about five stacks of rye standing. When things began to get tight we got rye from those stacks for coffee and many of our neighbors got their coffee there. We pulled out the bundles, beat out the grain with a flail of our own make, then winnowed out the chaff.

During these times old men were driven off, or now and then one was killed and the house burned. All of the horses, except one now and then, were cleaned out of the country.

The Pin Indians had made one raid through part of the country north and west of us. I think this was in the early part of 1862. I remember they took everything that belonged to Judge Onstat, including the bed ticks, after emptying the feathers from them. The Onstat family spent the night at our house, driving a yoke of steers and wagon containing their few household goods; the family of girls walked the entire trip. They went as far south as Bentonville, Arkansas, and then turned and went to Cooper County, Missouri. This occurred during the early part of 1862, while Father was at home; he was not taken from home until August.

Later in the year of 1862 those Indians made another raid in that section. They were about where Joplin is now located. They would go out prospecting one day, and the next day would return to rob. They came into our settlement one day, to our house. After looking in every drawer, closet, nook and corner one big buck took a silk shawl from a dresser drawer and put it on sister's shoulder. She was about sixteen, afraid and shrank from him, but he persisted. Mother told her to stand still, and assured her that he would not hurt her, but wanted to see how it looked on a lady.

They did about the same all through that neighborhood, and everyone knew that it meant that they would come the next day and bring their

squaws and take everything, as they had been doing. The women and children were quite excited and knew not what to do.

It was reported that Captain Billy Roberts, with a company of men headed for the south, had camped two and one-half miles south of us that evening. Mother learned about it and just before sundown said to us children, "Stay in the house; I will go to the camp of these soldiers and see if they can do anything to save us". I was accustomed to going with Mother wherever she went, and said, "Mother, I will go with you". "No", she said, "We might run in to a bunch of Indians; they might suspect us of carrying a message to the soldiers and kill you." By good dark Mother returned, having walked five miles to notify the soldiers.

Captain Roberts had said, "Lady, do not be uneasy. We will see that those Indians do not get to your house tomorrow". They did not get to our immediate settlement, but on the way they began robbing. Squaws and ponies were loaded down with household goods. They emptied the feather ticks and took the ticks and some of the feather beds on their ponies.

Captain Roberts had informed himself of their movements, and placed his men in position for a surprise party, which was pulled off in great shape. We received a report later from the surprise party through an eye witness, who said that it was the most amusing episode he ever witnessed. The story related was that there was a group of Indian bucks in advance leading the party, staying close together, while coming behind them were bucks and squaws, some with their papooses, and when those in advance arrived at the proper place the Confederates opened fire on the Indians. The Indians whirled in retreat, yelling as they ran, with the Confederates pursuing while yelling; squaws and bucks fell in line, the ponies led, packed with household goods, while the goods and feathers were strewed along the road.

One papoose was dropped by the wayside, and a soldier dismounted and picked it up and laid it out of the road. On he went, after the bucks and ran them out of the settlement to the main Indian forces, who were commanded by Major Foreman. We heard that the squaw got her papoose, but they did not come to our settlement again, and gradually the fear of Indians gradually passed away.

But the Kansas soldiers and State Militia stayed with us. Occasionally they would kill some old man and burn a house. They had destroyed and taken all our grain except a box of wheat which we hid, and all provisions were getting scarce. Mother decided that we should sow a patch of wheat that we might have bread.

I had a gentle yoke of calves, Rock and Charley, but they could not pull a plow. We had the crooked leg mare, but no harness; had plenty of trace chains and plows about the place but no harness.

The mare was strong, but unbroken to work; she had been run in often by the blue coats, thinking she was a good animal, but turned loose when they hitched her and saw her leg. We boys found a pair of wooden hames and collar combined at a vacant farmhouse near by. They were in the shape of a collar, hooks on the side for attaching traces, so we thought we might be able to work her. I was eleven and my brother was thirteen, but we were about the same size. We caught the mare,

harnessed her and began to plow, one holding the plow and the other the lines. With some persuasion she cooperated with us, and we sowed four or five acres of wheat, scratched it in and made quite a nice patch of it.

The following winter was awfully hard on us, as we lived out on the prairie and hauled our wood a distance of one-half to one mile on a sled drawn by those calves. The soldiers from Carthage and Neosho passing our home would stop to warm by our fires, crowding us away from them and abusing us, and sometimes we felt like we would freeze.

The neighbor boys frequently had fun with us in spite of such strenuous circumstances. Often we separated in two groups, playing soldier, using stick horses and wooden guns and sometimes had great battles. Father had a stack of nice walnut lumber put aside for future use. Being thrifty kids we cut and made guns and sabers from this walnut, patterned them after the guns the soldiers carried, and used them in battle, riding our stick horses. We charged a bunch of cattle driven by a lot of women and children and put them to flight; the old ladies got after us and we retreated.

A company of soldiers camped with us one night, fed and destroyed all they could, and found our guns. We divided into Federal and Rebel groups--I was among the Rebels. We had a running battle. The drummer boy, in Federal uniform, looked to be in his early teens, but made a good looking young man in uniform. After a while the guns were laid down, and partially frozen apples hanging from the trees in our orchard became our weapons. The drummer boy seemed to have it in for me, and that suited me, for I wanted to hand him one. I was good with an apple or a rock, so in our battle I popped him one on the nose, the blood spurted and he bellowed like a bull calf, and started for me. I was a wiry kid and had been cursed and abused, called a damned little Rebel until I feared nothing. I stood there, expecting to do the best I could, but just before he reached me one of my fellow fighters, a soldier, stopped him and told him, coaxingly, that this was all in fun and that he was a soldier wounded in battle by a Rebel. Then he became kind, brought water and washed the blood from me and, being young, I felt my importance.

I do not remember much that transpired during that winter, except the awful time we had trying to keep warm and scrambling around to get enough to eat. We had three stacks of rye which we used for coffee and also shared with our neighbors. Father raised this rye before the war. He cut it and mixed it with bran for his fine horses, but the stock could not eat it in the stack because of the long, stiff beards on it, and the soldiers could not feed it.

About this time we learned that the Kansas troops had burned the residence of Mrs. John Shirley at Carthage, and that after she moved into another house they burned it, also. Mrs. Shirley brought her family to Fidelity. As well as I remember there were three children. Myra, the oldest and only girl, about fifteen or sixteen, bright and good looking, I saw frequently.

The women, girls and boys left in Fidelity and neighborhood often had little dances, getting some old, crippled men to play the fiddle. Kansas State Militia and soldiers and such gangs constantly marauded that section of the country. They operated in bunches or companies and if they learned of one of these dances they always popped up when

expected and endeavored to monopolize and run the dance, leaving the boys out.

My brother, Taylor, two years older, and a step-brother about the same age, occasionally slipped away from Mother and attended the dances at Fidelity, two and one-half miles away. I could not go to dances, as I was considered "trundle bed trash". Some of the girls would not dance with the soldiers. Myra Shirley, who later became "the noted Belle Star", was one who refused. These were some of the soldiers who had burned her Mother's home. At one time they undertook to take her beautiful, roached pony while she held the reins, throwing Myra from her feet; so they almost broke up the little dance. Taylor gave me the facts the following day.

Old John Kelso, murderer, was one man who frequently dropped in at a dance. Whenever he met my step-brother, Mike Hickey, he always talked to him about joining the army. Mike was fifteen years of age, and larger than average. Kelso insisted that Mike join his company, threatening to press him in.

Mrs. Shirley's home was burned again. Myra's Gold Dust pony was taken, and in an effort to keep it Myra was flung many feet on her face. Myra got to her feet and said, "You thieves, robbers and scoundrels -- I know every one of you. I shall be avenged and you shall bite the dust". I heard of Myra Shirley only once after that. A boy friend of mine saw her riding across a Missouri prairie on a fine horse, carrying a message to a company of Confederate soldiers. The next time I heard of her in Texas and Indian Territory she was Belle Star, instead of Myra Shirley.

All this time and until August, 1864, Mother and we children, like many others, were trying to exist. It would have been an easy matter to live had it not been for the Union thieves, murderers and robbers. Bob Christian and Richie had their gangs who killed old Tom Wells and Mr. Hatcher and burned their homes. They lived where Webb City now is. Then they came to our house and spent the night. Quite a company of them.

Father had a large smoke house where in normal times he hung a large supply of meat. We had no meat to put into it now, but had filled a large dry goods box with wheat for bread and dug a space on the ground just large enough to hold the box of wheat, then covered it with dirt. These marauders pried around and found the box of wheat and fed it to their horses instead of feeding them that which was plentiful in the barn.

This bunch took charge of our residence and left us outside. They had become quite bad that day, and after they had eaten a big supper Mother was requested to go into Captain Richardson's room. He was sick and his body swelling and he said, "Lady, I am sick and if you can do anything for me I will pay you for all our damage in the morning". The swelling continued, then the Captain prayed. Mother gave him pills and pain killer, etc., and he prayed louder and swelled bigger. Mother called me and said, "Billy, build a fire quick and get the water to boil". It was done soon. Mother dipped sheets in this hot water and spread them over him, continuing this until he began to sweat and the swelling went down. The Captain recovered, paid for nothing, but

burned our house in Fidelity the next day, then went up on Jones Creek and burned a farm house and a lot of wheat belonging to Father.

Just below Scotland community lived an early settler by the name of George James. He was one of the most quiet, inoffensive men I ever knew. His oldest son was a very intelligent gentleman, and when the Kansas troops forced him away from home or be killed Henry went to the southern army and enlisted. The other members of George's family were almost helpless. The wife was a semi-invalid, and the daughter and other two sons were deaf mutes. It was all that Mr. James could do to care for the four. Those noble soldiers went there, hung Mr. James, shot him while hanging, then cut his throat. I was not there, but near enough to learn the details. Neighbors who were there said it was the most heart rending sight they ever witnessed, and that the lamentations and sounds of the children were things they would like to forget. These were such horrible times that it is a wonder that there were not more like the Jameses and Youngers.

There was much said about southern bushwhackers. I think I know what I am talking about. The southern men in that county were passing through, most of them trying to get out south to join the army. The Kansas soldiers and State Militia were constantly burning houses belonging to people whose men were in the southern army. That caused many men to get furloughs to go home to see about their families. They were forced to hide and dodge around until they could locate their people, as few homes had been spared.

Captain Goode, Confederate, after two years' absence came home on furlough to see his family and with orders to recruit. He notified the officer in command at Carthage that he was a commissioned officer on a furlough, and that if he should be captured he wished to be recognized as a regular soldier. Captain Goode advised Mother to let Mike, who was fifteen, go to the army, saying that if he stayed at home Kelso, who had threatened to force him to go would press him into the Militia. The captain had several other men going out, and a meeting place was designated for the start south. Mother reluctantly gave her consent.

In some way the word reached Kelso and his gang. When only a few of the southern boys had arrived, among them George Steen, brother Mike, and young Lindsey, they were surrounded by Lieutenant Smith, John Kelso and others. Kelso knew Mike and killed him, then took the clothes from his body and with a knife cut many slits in it, and said the hogs should eat him.

That evening at sundown we were milking when Captain Goode rode up and told us. The bodies were left near Colonel Grant's, an old friend of our family. Up to that time that was the most trying time of my young life.

Mother was almost insane with grief. She was afraid for me to go, but she could not drive the calves. She took her young niece and we started on the eight mile trip after dark, driving a pair of calves not yet two years old, hitched to a cart bed on two wheels, constructed by my younger brother, Amos, and myself. Many questions arose in my mind. among them, have the hogs eaten the bodies? -- Will they kill me, as they have threatened many times to do?

We were accompanied on the long, lonely trip by Miss Banner, the grand daughter of Colonel Grant, and an old trusted slave. The bodies had to be loaded quickly and quietly in the old cart bed before the murderers

could return. After this was done we started home. I was as bloody as if I had butchered a hog.

We feared the murderers would get back before we got away, but they had no idea that we could get there before daylight. At daylight we were back at home with the two bodies. We sawed down a tall wheat box and buried the two bodies in it at once.

Almost immediately old John Kelso came with his bunch, bragging to Mother of killing her son. "But", he said, "I can say that he was as brave a boy as I ever met. Look at this powder burn on my face. He is the boy who put it there".

Captain Goode, heart broken, lingered around a short time, not knowing just when to make another effort to go back to the army. The Neosho bunch sent some wagons along with some assassins to that neighborhood and they located where Captain Goode watered his horse. They waylaid him and shot him in the back of his head.

Mrs. Dunn, a widow, well-to-do, had two fine sons. One son, William, was a young married man, a citizen, not a soldier. The Kansas bunch ran in one day, found William at home, took him outside and tied him to a tree and shot him. Burris Walker, a soldier, came home to care for his mother and sister, and was shot in the back of the head. Brice and Crawford Mayfield, soldiers, went home after the home of the mother and wife were burned down, to see what they could do for them. They hid around while trying to locate their present whereabouts, but the Mount Vernon Militia waylaid them and killed them at Mrs. Powell's, a widow. Many others were waylaid and bushwhacked by Kansas troops and militia.

I cannot call to mind even one southern soldier that waylaid and bushwhacked one of thos thieves and robbers in that section of the country, Ihave seen great bunches of this thieving gang running a southerner and shooting at long distance, but they would stop as soon as they reached the timber.

The Kansas Sixth were so blood thirsty they took delight in calling themselves the "Bloody Sixth". We lived up on the high prairie nearest the timber one-half mile away; they never rode slowly to the house, but always came in a dash. Their first inquiry was, "Who were those men who ran away from the house?" When we replied that there were no men who ran away from the house they disputed our word in no uncertain language, and continued to curse and abuse us.

I was cursed and abused and threatened by them so much that I became quite tough. On one occasion when a white and negro soldier were hovering around the fire in our house so that I could not get the benefit of it, cursing Mother and Sister, I left the house. Soon the white soldier left, but the negro lingered. I went to the horse with the intention of getting on him to go to Diamond Grove, one-half mile away, to find a southern soldier on furlough to get him to pluck off this black scoundrel. At a distance I saw a soldier, but not knowing whether he was black or white I did not make the attempt. Many boys were driven to hideouts and to desperation by these Union marauders.

After "Order No. 11" was issued in 1863 there was scarcely a week passed that a band of them did not rush up and announce that they were going to burn the home. One Saturday evening Mother told me she

thought they were determined to burn the house. She instructed me to get Mrs. Brady's yoke of old oxen and haul a few provisions, some bedding and wearing apparel, to Colonel Felix Ray's, near Neosho. Our home was a two story frame building of pine lumber, so did not last long.

We were lucky once! Just after we returned that evening a company of them rushed in and asked, "Who were those men who ran from here?" When I replied that no men had run from there one of the group disputed my word in no uncertain language, cocked his pistol and said, "I'll kill you, you d--- little rebel". Another fellow on horseback rushed in between us, drew his pistol and announced, "If you attempt to kill that boy I'll kill you", and drove away. I remember very well that I said, "If you shoot me I'll knock you off there with a rock".

Mother had on one shoe and one slipper, and as she went out of the house one of those brave Union fighting soldiers jerked the shoe out of her hand and threw it back in the fire, and everything burned. We camped on the ground for the night -- on the ground, sure enough.

We could not use our cart and our wagon wheels were gone. A friend had one of those old Tennessee wagons, had cast it aside because it was worn out, but gave it to us to reclaim. We cut a cowhide in strips after wetting it, put in false spokes, wrapped with cowhide, and let it dry, then wedged them on, and hauled it down to Colonel Ray's with our yoke of two year olds, driving ten big, fine milk cows and ten fine six months old calves. Then we camped at Colonel Ray's home.

We straightened up that old wagon to see if it would haul our eats and our bedding. By the assistance of the Colonel's old black man we put the yoke on a pair of those cows, but they turned the yoke, and we found them to be so strong we could not work them. There was a lady near who had a pair of two year old steers that had been worked some. So we drove our ten head of big Durham cows and ten six month calves to Neosho, and sold them to Dick Jones, merchant, for $50.00; then paid $45.00 for the yoke of little two year old steers, put them to the wheel, Rock and Charley in the lead, and started for Dixie.

The dish in the wheel changed about every round the wheel made, and Mother walked behind me to be able to tell me to stop when the wheel went down. By previous arrangement we associated ourselves with several families of women and children, and moved along slowly until we arrived in Pineville, Missouri. There we called a halt so we could brace the wagon. We ran the goats out of the Lawrence Hotel, scrubbed it and camped in it for a time.

I had heard much about "the Arkansas line" and "crossing the Arkansas line", so I asked Mother how far it was to the line, and she replied that the lady had said it was about one-half mile away. After going more than a half mile I asked again about the Arkansas line, and Mother replied, "it was at that fence back there". When I told her I did not see it she explained that it was an imaginary line and could not be seen.

Leaving Pineville we went over a high, round mountain, steep pulling. We slid to one side while I pulled my calves by the lines to keep them from sliding off to the right; Mother was behind, hollaing to me to pull them over. My foot caught under the wheel and I jerked it and

tore the heel and sole off up to the ball of my foot. We had no shoemaker along. I had found a spur hanging on the wagon bow, so I buckled it on my foot and it held my sole. Every man and kid we met, on seeing the spur on my foot and me driving the yoke of calves, would call out to me, "Spur up there, bud, or you will get left". By the time we reached Texas I could tell them anything.

Well, all of us plodded along, passed Dripping Springs, and finally stopped at Cane Hill, Arkansas, and camped for a time in order to rest our tired feet from the long walk and rest the team of calves. So we moved on slowly, day after day, winding around the mountains and down the little streams, and finally headed up at Van Buren, Arkansas. Red River looked big and ugly to us, but we had to cross it to go on, and we were determined to go on.

There we were -- many women and children, one very old man and a few dogs. The boatman said that he could take one wagon and a few people at a load, and asked who would take the first risk. He requested that I put my gantler calves, Rock and Charley, past two years old, to the wagon -- a very large old scoop, Tennessee bed -- leave my other yoke on the bank, and drive on the boat first. The old flat boat chained to the bank, flopping around, and with a line on Rock, he and Charley in the lead, I drove down the very steep bank to the boat, and the old heavy wagon shoved the team along the boat, I pulling on the line to the edge of the boat, and my calves refused to be shoved off in front. I jumped overboard on my side, and stood up on the edge of the boat holding to the wagon.

The screams that went up from the crowd on the bank were frightening, but did not frighten me -- and why? I was thirteen years old; a man in hardened experience, if not in age. I had been cursed, abused, arrested, and dragged about, had seen my sister thrown to the ground while trying to hold to her pony, heard my mother cursed and abused, hauled one of my own family, a boy of fifteen years, not only killed but cut to pieces; and even had planned to skip out from such fiendish surroundings and associate myself with such a band (let it be who it might), to do anything I could to exterminate such a band of marauders, even though they were enlisted, clothed and equipped and sanctioned in doing what they did by the Federal Government. If I were equal to the occasion under all the conditions and circumstances surely I could see my way out of this.

Both calves were in the river on the left side of the boat; the wall of the boat was some two feet high and the wagon tongue resting on the side of the boat. Consequently their heads were above water, and all they could do was tread water.

Standing on the edge of the boat I cried out, "Be quiet; no one hurt or in danger". Everyone became quiet while I crawled out on the tongue between my calves, took both keys out of the bows and put them in my mouth, then jerked the bows out, and the calves swam out to the bank where the people and other cattle were, and there I was straddle the tongue over the water. I carefully pitched my bows back in the boat, shoved the ring in the yoke off the end of the tongue, let it down into the water, but held to the ring, slid backward, brought the yoke to the edge of the boat, and the boat man raised it in. Then all of us felt good and jolly. Next the calves were yoked, driven on boat, and after landing on the other side we hitched up and drove off the boat.

Without any strange or unusual happening the rest of our crowd crossed over the river and we drove on into the muddy streets of Fort Smith lined with negro soldiers. We were cursed and called "po' white trash" by them, and it hurt because it was the truth. We were poor, and were trashy, if one could judge from our looks.

Mother assumed the role of captain of our bunch, and after a conference it was decided unsafe to try to get out of Fort Smith unless guarded. The women declared the negroes dangerous, and the white officers and men were mean and more treacherous than the negroes. Mother sought to locate Federal Headquarters and there met a Confederate officer -- I think it was Captain Tracy or Lacy -- who was there in charge of a Flag of Truce. This captain heard Mother tell her story, wishing protection to get away from Fort Smith. So the captain told Mother that his company was leaving next morning at four o'clock, and would hold back and protect us until we were safe.

We camped near the captain and his men and at four o'clock the next morning we started. Mother and Sister Betty rode with some of the other women and the captain. While we pushed our teams all we could we did not make many miles per day. The third morning out the captain told us he thought that we were safe, and they left us early.

We continued to push our teams all we could to be safe, but about ten o'clock that day after leaving the timber and going on the prairie, up a long gentle grade, we looked back about a quarter of a mile toward the timber and got a glimpse of several blue coated men who dropped out of sight. Our fears were realized, but we were helpless. We tried to urge our team forward, but it was up grade and they could go no faster.

Reasoning, we knew that it was not robbery that they wanted to commit, but murder or worse. In a loud, boisterous way the soldiers said, "We is goin' down south, kill all you po' white trash and cut out old Price's heart and fry it".

We tried to hurry to get across the prairie so that we could get into the timber, hoping that some might escape. The blue coats did not come into the light again. After discussing the affair it was generally believed that they traveled all night, and now that they had spied their victims would lie down and rest, then attack and do their terrible deeds. We thought they wanted us to get as far away from Fort Smith as possible.

Urging our poor team on we spied a man crossing the road ahead of us, but he came to meet us. We were then out of sight of the timber where the Blue Coats were seen. This man's name was Stevens, from Decatur, Wise County, Texas, a Confederate soldier under General Stan Watie. We told this man what we had seen and that we believed they were resting to catch us later. He told us to drive on; then he spurred his horse and dashed ahead without words, and in ten minutes came back past us. with probably thirty or fifty Indians, ragged with poor ponies, long rifles on their shoulders, in single file, going to the Blue Coat scene. You can hardly imagine how we rejoiced. It was but a very short time until we heard guns - pop, pop, pop.

Soon these Indians came back past us, several of them dressed in blue Federal uniforms, with a few prisoners wearing Indian rags. One Indian wore a captain's uniform, and they were tickled like monkeys.

These Indians in uniform looked comical, as did the Union soldiers in Indian garb. Mr. Stevens said they found the Yanks asleep; the negroes and many of the others escaped, but some prisoners were taken.

We then pushed ahead safely, singing the song of deliverance, which was so sweet to our souls at that time. But for the first time since the beginning of the war we, in that moving crowd of "po' white trash", felt free and safe from that awful force of marauders, equipped and sent upon innocent and helpless women and children throughout our country.

By this time our feeble team was failing rapidly. The roads were sandy, the pulling was heavy as we prodded along, hoping our team would hold out until we could get into Texas. We were going very slowly. We finally reached Bogg Depot, making about five miles per day. At that point two of my cattle, one from each yoke, were sick. One dropped by the roadside, and I dragged along with them, making about half time, while the rest of our people went ahead to find water and a place to camp. Soon after night I landed in camp with another sick steer at an old Indian's by the name of LeFlore.

Then we had but one steer and probably were twenty-five miles from Texas. As my teams fagged our friends with better teams gradually went ahead, as they could be of no help; and this particular morning the last one left us. We still had some food, Mother had a little gold, and all of us had some Confederate money. So we had breakfast, then watched my true and worthy steer, Rock -- one of a yoke that had gone on many errands of mercy in Jasper County, Missouri, to Carthage Mill, Redding's Mill and other places for food for the needy -- stretch out and unable to get up.

Something had to be done. Mother and I went to the house, where an old Indian was sitting on the porch. We spoke and he grunted. Mother told him that she was a widow from Missouri, driven out by Federal soldiers, three sons killed and one in the Confederate Army; house burned and that she was trying to get to Texas. She told him that she had an old wagon in which to haul the bedding and food, but no team; and wanted to hire a team and driver to take the wagon to Red River. He grunted again and said, "Me send negro with yoke of steers, haul you across river; negro bring steers back". (I noticed many negroes about the place.) All of us started walking and by the middle of the afternoon we were across the river in Texas, and camped. Then we had another song of deliverance.

The following day we visited among the people living near the river, and borrowed a yoke of cattle from Mrs. Tolbert, a widow, to take us to Sherman, about fifteen miles, I think. The next day my brother and I took Mrs. Tolbert's cattle home and returned to camp that night.

Captain Bill Anderson and men were there in Sherman enjoying the comforts and climate; negroes attending them and caring for their fine horses. Some people did not like for "Bill" to be there in such pomp, but said nothing to Bill about it.

Brother Taylor, just older than I, sauntered around town with me. No one cursed or threatened to shoot us, as in Jasper County, Missouri, so we felt quite free and went on a spending spree.

Our brown shoes were badly worn; the heel and sole of one of mine were

held in place by a spur; the bottoms of our pants were far above our shoe tops. During our harrowing experiences since we put on the pants we had grown constantly and the pants had shrunk, so we must have presented somewhat of a spectacle in a big city like Sherman.

Picture us as we entered a drug store. The druggist seemed interested in our presence; he smiled, but did not look mean. Taylor spied something "red" on the shelf. The druggist came up and asked if we wanted anything. Taylor, about fifteen, asked what was in "that bottle". The druggist replied, "That's cinnamon drops". When Taylor asked the price he was told, "Ten cents in silver or five dollars in Confederate money". Taylor planked down five dollars and took his cinnamon drops. Then I said, "Here are five dollars; give me one". That was lots of money for cinnamon drops, but that was more than you could get for five dollars in Missouri.

We had no handkerchiefs, so we took some in our mouths to perfume our breath, then poured a lot on our clothing to soften the aroma of our clothing after a long camp trip. But when we returned to camp Betty, our sister, made it so uncomfortable for us that we wished that we had never purchased cinnamon drops.

Father had an old time friend in Missouri, a doctor and Christian preacher, who left there when conditions became squally, and located fifteen miles south of Sherman. Mother wanted to get to that neighborhood, so we looked around Sherman and found a nearby farmer, Mr. Cotton, who loaned us a yoke of steers to haul our old outfit out there, and Taylor and I took them back next day. No charges. We found an empty log cabin near Dr. Mulkey, with puncheon floor, chinking and adobe outside, and went in that. There we found Wylie Hickey, who stayed with his master, John Hickey, and cooked for General Shelby until John was killed. Then he went to Texas and attached himself to Dr. Mulkey.

Wylie came to our cabin and talked all night, and went home at daylight to work. He was a great negro, true to his master and his friends, and looked on the south as his friend.

Here we were, and what could we do next day?

While in the Indian Territory a soldier gave my brother a pony and I claimed one that followed us a while, so we had two. Mother still had some gold buckled around her. When we were at home we kept it buried, first by one tree in the front yard, and then another.

One night in this little cabin Mother said, "Billy, if we can get located in a good house where your sister and the other two boys will be safe you and I will get on those ponies, go into Pope County, Arkansas, and find how and where your Father was buried. We can do that and not get within Federal lines. Then all of us will feel better. All we know is that he died more than two years ago from fever brought on by cruel treatment by old Bacon Montgomery". So, it was agreed that we should go, and we began to plan the trip.

Even in those awful days when there seemed to be but little except trouble it was my nature to make an effort to use all the sunshine possible, even to manufacturing it. The chimney to this cabin was of white rock, easily cut and was at "south tides" or end of the cabin.

I could sit by that chimney in the sun, look through the corners of the house between my legs and see who came in or went out.

I was awfully embarrassed. No home, no clothes; no money, only enough to keep from starving. No Father, and Mother almost worn out. I, a helpless and ambitious boy.

Who was to blame for all of this? Not my Father. He was one of the greatest developers of southwest Missouri; law abiding, Christian gentleman who had as many friends as any man among his acquaintances. Yet he suffered until he lost his life, lost three of his boys; two were murdered and the other fell in battle; and he lost all of his property.

These things filled my mind and I jumped up, started down the near by gulch, stopped under a large pecan tree in the bottom and cried and cried until I felt relieved. When I felt better I picked a few pecans and happened to spy a steer's head with horns on it. The horns must have been five or six feet from tip to tip. It occurred to me to take the steer head, spread a sheet over it, go to Dr. Mulkey's and Mrs. Jones's, where the grandchildren were, and have some fun by scaring them. We all went up and had two bushels of fun -- one for them and one for us.

We had settled down quietly when someone outside called, "Hello", then all was still. Mrs. Jones went to the door. A man's voice asked, "Is this where Dr. Mulkey lives?" She replied, "Yes". Oh, my feelings at that moment were indescribable! I knew the loving voice, but it was from the grave, and the grave was hundreds of miles away. What could I do? I could not move, and could not speak, for I did not know what to do or say while waiting for more. It came. "Do you know anything of Mrs. Cloe?" "Yes, the children are here." I sprang from the porch by the time Father dismounted, and God only knows how I felt, for tongue could not tell.

We who were left were reunited in that cabin, as happy a family as God ever created. We talked and rejoiced all night. We were without a home or money, yet as happy as any king and his family that ever sat on a throne.

Father did not die, as reported, but had a long spell of fever. There was no doctor available. The fever left him very weak and he became blind. His eyesight gradually returned as he became stronger.

He learned of the burning of our homes and knowing that we would go south he thought that we might be at Dr. Mulkey's home, so started for it. He had a fine saddle horse, plenty of Confederate money, which was no good, and that was all. Sixty-four years old, but unable to work.

He struck out to find a farm to rent. He found plenty of farms to rent but could find none where everything was furnished. This was a necessity. He did not give up; he was out every day, but in camp at night.

One morning while I sat in the chimney corner a fine looking man in Confederate uniform, a captain, rode up to the cabin; he was riding a chestnut colored horse, in fine rigging. Mother went to the door and was greeted by, "Good morning, lady, is Uncle Billy Cloe at home?"

Mother replied that he was not, then the man asked where he could be found. Mother told him that he was out looking for a farm to rent. The man asked when he would be back, adding, "I want to see him as soon as I can". Mother asked, "You called him Uncle Billy -- are you acquainted with him?" He then told her that he was well acquainted with Dr. Mulkey, who spoke of him often, calling him Uncle Billy, and that was the reason for him calling him the same. Just before leaving the captain said, "I am Captain Pattie, Captain in the Confederate Army, home on furlough. I am going back to the Army and want to see Uncle Billy before I leave. Tell him to come to my house as soon as he returns. I live five miles northeast of here, and everyone in this country knows me".

Father returned about dark, and all night we wondered and wondered. About sunrise the next morning Father rode up to the residence of Captain Pattie. Before ten o'clock Father was in camp, smiling.

Captain Pattie had a fine black land Texas farm with a nice residence on it. He also had two negro men, one woman and two or three young negro women with babies. This was the early spring of 1865. Captain Pattie told Father that Dr. Mulkey had told him that he wanted a farm to rent. He said that he was going back to the Army, but that his wife and baby would remain at home. "If you will move in the home, take charge of all of it except two rooms occupied by my wife and board her", he said, "that is, let her eat with your family, I will turn over to you my farm, negroes, stock, barns, grains, smoked hams and meats; in fact, everything on the premises to have twelve months. You cultivate the farm, put one-third you make in my barn at gathering time, and in the fall put in my smoke house and barns the same amount of grain and meats that you have used of mine during the year."

Father asked, "But, Captain, who will measure this grain out of your barns and weigh the meat from your smoke house?" Captain Pattie told him that he would be expected to do it. When Father insisted that he was a stranger Captain Pattie replied that he had known Dr. Mulkey ever since his arrival from Missouri before the war, and that he had talked of "Uncle Billy" ever since he had known him. "He says that you are straight as an arrow, and that is good enough for me. I have your record, know that you are a Christian gentleman and how you have been mistreated."

"Sam", to the negro man, "get the wagon and team and go over to camp and haul Uncle Billy, his family and goods over here". "Sam will haul you over; Mrs. Cloe may take charge of all the building, except these two rooms." Father beat them over, and when Sam arrived we put our plunder in, crawled in and soon were in a luxurious home.

Father was quite a well-to-do farmer in Missouri and knew just how to do it, and he had taught his boys to farm. There were three of us, aged twelve, fourteen and sixteen, respectively; I was the middle one. We were "rearing to go". Our shoes were worn out, our pants short, hats dilapidated and flopped.

We had work horses and mules, cattle and milk cows in abundance. Plows were made ready for breaking land; five plows were started -- two negro and three white plowmen. Astride "Chock", a saddle pony, Father rode the field with a sack of grain swung on his shoulder, a handkerchief tied over the pony's ears to keep the grain out.

What a sudden change, and so pleasant! In that country then white boys drove and herded stock and negroes did the farm work, but the Cloe boys

worked the farm beside the negroes, and soon we had the name of being workers. We pitched a large crop -- far ahead of our neighbors.

Captain Pattie lingered at home, and did not get off to his command, as peace was made. He, too, boarded with us. By this time we were practically through working our crops. Our Missouri relatives and friends, ex-soldiers, began stopping in, ragged and hungry, and we were pleased to feed them.

One day Captain Pattie said, "Uncle Billy, if I only had my home back I could start off again, as my soldier days are ended". Father said, "Well, Captain, when I was in deep trouble you made me a liberal proposition and I gladly accepted it. Now, if you want your home and the control of same make me a proposition and I will try to accomodate you".

The captain said, "As you need wagon and team I will give you the ox and horse wagons in good repair, the two yoke of oxen you have used, a certain number of milk cows and horses and Three Hundred Dollars ($300.00) in cash. If you wish to use the eighty acres known as the Woody farm you may have all you can make on it, and you may occupy one half of the residence where you are until you get through with this year's crop. Then I will call your expense account square for the time you have been here". Father replied, "That is good enough".

We boys took those two teams and plowed a furrow every three and one-half feet on all land to plant corn. We soaked the corn until it swelled good, dropped and covered it with another furrow, using a turning plow. We turned millet land, sowed and harrowed it smooth; broke out the corn rows, crossed and re-crossed with harrow, and by that time all the grain was coming up. We cared for it, sold it, then started back for our old Missouri home.

Just before reaching Fort Smith, Arkansas, we met a lot of our neighbors who told us of the horrors and murders of that country. They said no southern sympathizer was safe there; that they had remained there during the war, but could not stay now.

So we went back to Texas and remained two more years. We stopped at the plantation home of Colonel F. B. Bradford, ten miles north of Bonham. We grew two farm crops there in 1866 and 1867, but had moved there in the fall of 1865.

Colonel Bradford was a very wealthy man, owning farm lands and herds of cattle. The Bradford family was one of the best families of people I ever knew. If Colonel or Mrs. Bradford could assist one in need it was a delight to do so; it was always done in a most quiet way, whether it was for an ex-soldier or unfortunates.

A grandson of my Father was admitted to practice medicine, when a call was made for Missouri soldiers. He enlisted in the Confederate Army and in the spring of 1866 he dropped in to see Father. He was ragged, but clean, in his tattered Confederate coat.

When Colonel Bradford learned who he was he invited him over. He asked the young man's intentions. He told Colonel Bradford that he wanted to get some work to do in order to get a suit of clothes so that he could teach school, then enter the practice of medicine. The next Saturday Colonel Bradford invited the young man, Doctor Davis, to

go to Bonham with him in his carriage. The doctor excused himself because of his patched and ragged clothes. The colonel said, 'That is the reason I want you to go with me". They went. The colonel dressed him out in a new suit, bought pill bags and all necessary apparatus for the practice of medicine, opened an account at the drug store for his use, had him to select his horse from among many, and established the doctor in the heart of a big plantation on Red River. The doctor made good and repaid the colonel.

The Bradfords were noble and charitable people. Colonel Bradford had about fifty negro slaves, and they were well housed and cared for. One old negro man, Nelse, cared for the Colonel's buggy and carriage and for the Bradford family.

One day as I passed the Bradford yard the colonel, with all his grown negroes around him, was talking. I was curious, and heard the colonel say, "Boys, you are as free as I am, and I would like to know what you want to do". He quizzed them and their reply was, "Don't know, sir". "Would you all like to stay here at home?" They replied, "Yes sir". He told them that each family could retain its roomy and comfortable cabin for twelve months, and he would rent each family all the land desired to cultivate, furnish each with mules and plows, seed to plant, feed for the teams while making the crop, furnish the food and clothing and doctor bills for twelve months. He said that he would be the judge as to what was needed, and that at harvest time each family should put in his barn one-half of what he or she had produced, and the expense account for the year would be squared. He asked how that suited them, and the negroes acclaimed in unison that it was all right, laughing loudly.

The men rushed to the barn lot, each selected the team of mules he had been using, put them in their stalls, saying, "Stand up dar honey. You's gwine ter work now" -- then they were harnessed and hitched to plows; all of them struck out over the large plantation to divide the tillable lands among themselves. It was as jolly a bunch of negroes as one ever listened to. After settling among themselves as to what each was to have they went to "Old Massa" and reported. "All right", said the colonel. This same deal was taking place all up and down the Red River Valley, in that section of Texas.

The next Monday morning about four o'clock the moving negroes' yodel could be heard for miles and miles up and down that valley. The happy negroes were beginning a new and independent life. The lands had been turned and prepared for plenty by those happy people. But, unfortunately there appeared a notice in the Bonham paper that a certain character, "Carpet Bagger", would talk to the colored people on a subject vital to them on a certain Saturday. On that day every male and some female negroes who could arrange for transportation went to Bonham to hear that "Carpet Bagger".

He told those people that they would not be free as long as they remained with or near their old masters, and to get away, if only fifty miles, and retain their freedom and right to vote. He told them that if they should stay with their old masters in a few years they would be back in slavery. He pictured to the ex-slave how he and others had fought, bled and died for their freedom, and that now their old masters were endeavoring to take their freedom from them and enslave them again.

This stirred the poor, ignorant negroes and excited them to action and expression. They had always looked on their masters as their best

friends and only protectors. Even after their freedom they lingered around their old homes and masters to be told what to do to make a living. It was true they were free, but they could not eat freedom; they could not make clothes of freedom. Their freedom had taken them from good homes, beautiful smoked hams, experienced physicians, and kind and tender masters, who looked after all their wants and necessities.

This great bunch pictured by the Carpet Bagger as having done so much for the negroes had given them their freedom and a vote. This was done so that the northern people could override and control the then successful and prosperous south, thinking by doing so that they could control the south. It was not for the love or sympathy they had for the poor negroes; had it been they would have given them something they could use. They gave them their freedom and vote, neither of which was useful to them in the south.

What interest could John Brown of Connecticut murder have had in the freedom of the slaves? Or Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe, writer of Uncle Tom's Cabin, another Connecticut product? The southerners only, knew, appreciated and sympathized with the negroes.

Consider the greatest general of the southland -- General Robert E. Lee. Did he not free his slaves prior to the war? Consider General Grant, the greatest general of the northern army. Did he not hold his slaves until freed by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation? Whose heart was more in sympathy with the negro slaves -- that of the north or south?

Monday morning after the Carpet Bagger's speech Colonel Bradford's renters did nothing. Colonel Bradford called his old trusty man, Nelse, and asked why the boys were not at work. When he replied that he did not know the reason the colonel instructed him to learn the reason and report to him. He returned with the information that the Carpet Baggers had instructed them not to work, and that they wanted to go to Jefferson Texas.

The colonel called them together and told them he understood that they did not want to stick to their agreement, but wanted to go to Jefferson. He told them he would provide wagons and send all of them to Jefferson, leave a week's provisions for them, but that he would never bring them back. All but three widows and their families went. These three families worked and prospered. Before the first of the next year the heads of all families and all members, except a few bucks, were back on the original contract.

Carpet Baggers went all through the south with some hellish story to the poor, innocent negroes, but I never knew of them giving them one cent, a foot of ground or anything else to sustain them. The only thing offered was the privilege of voting, which was as worthless in the south as ten dollars in Confederate money in an attempt to buy a postage stamp in the District of Columbia after the surrender of the south.

WAS NOT COMPLETED

My father found this in an old trunk.
I'm sure it is from the Fredericksburg, Va. paper.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cloe Celebrate Anniversary.

The Cloe homestead at Shacklett was the scene of a delightful surprise party on Thursday evening, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arthur Cloe. The children of the house and bridegroom planned the surprise.

The house stands within a curtilage, so all met at the outer gate and proceeded in a body to the home of their parents. Their arrival came as a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Cloe.

Mr. Cloe is of Scotch descent, his ancestors being among the earliest settlers of Virginia. Mrs. Cloe is a daughter of the late Milton G. Weedon, well known Staffordian, and is a direct descendant of General George Weedon, founder of the Rising Sun Tavern and hero of Revolutionary fame.

Refreshments, which were brought by the children, were enjoyed during the evening. Among these was a beautifully decorated cake bearing the dates "1893-1933" and the name "Mary Lee Weedon-Richard Arthur Cloe." It was made by the mother of one of the sons-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Cloe were the recipients of many handsome gifts, including a complete set of flat table-ware in silver, a gift from their children, and a marvelous quilt, made and given by the sister of Mr. Cloe, Miss Josie M. Cloe. Exquisite flowers were used in decorating the house.

Nine of Mr. and Mrs. Cloe's ten sons and daughters attended the affair, together with their families.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Shoesley, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cloe, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cloe Billie Cloe, Miss Mary Wright Cloe, Mrs. L. B. Smith, Miss Betty Lou Smith, Miss Linnie Cloe, Miss Mary Payne Cloe, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cann, Miss Kitty Cann, Edward Cann, Jr., Richard Arthur Cloe, Jr., Harvey Cloe, Mrs. T. W. Herndon, Miss Nellie Herndon, Miss Marian Weedon, George Weedon, Miss Josie Cloe, Clarence Cloe, Miss Mattie Gill, W. W. Payne, Miss Edna Hitt, Mitchell Bedani, R. F. Stark, Miss Judith Tolson and Mrs. James Ashley Cooper.