
THE HENKEL SQUARE HERALD

Articles transcribed by Vicki Betts at http://www.utt Tyler.edu/vbetts/newspaper_intro.htm unless otherwise noted

VOL. 3

Henkel Square, Round Top, Texas, February 1862

NO. 2

Mr. N. R. Gibson, of this place, proposes to make up a company of volunteers for the Confederate service, which will, by vote, determine after its organization the regiment to which it will be attached. Mr. Gibson is a graduate of the Kentucky Military Institute, and a thorough tactician.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Papers Suspending.—Half Sheets—

Reflections.—One by one our Texas newspapers are suspending. The Nacogdoches Chronicle, and the Dallas Herald, have stopped till the close of the war, and next follows the Waco Southerner, conducted by Mr. R. N. Pryor. The issue of the 23rd of January says:

"After two more numbers, we shall bid our readers at least a temporary adieu. Our stock of paper is exhausted, and, even if paper could be had, we have no money to buy it with. Since last May, \$25 will cover our collections for subscriptions."

The South West was one of the handsomest and most readable papers among our exchanges. The Texas Republican and the Brownsville Flag, representing the extreme East and the extreme West, are, at present, the only full sized papers in Texas. The newspapers which have been reduced in size, (with the exception of the Galveston and Houston papers, which are yet respectable *half* sheets,) have become "small by degrees and beautifully less." Among the most remarkable of these small papers, is the Jefferson Herald, which is published upon ruled foolscap, is set up in small type, and is made to present quite a neat appearance.

Our Harrison county friends, (from county pride, if for no other motive,) we presume, would not like to see the Republican suspend. Those, therefore, owing us for subscriptions, advertising, and job work, ought to pay up if they can, and if they cannot, they ought, at least, to come forward and settle. We do not think hard of any man who, in these times, cannot pay money; but we do complain of those *few individuals* who are holding back, and fail to settle. Surely, with a stay law in their favor, they cannot refuse to place their indebtedness in a tangible shape. When the war is over, we desire, as early as possible to publish a large paper which we cannot do with an unusual amount of claims unadjusted. We want our friends to do their duty towards us, and in due season, we will furnish them a large, handsome paper that will be a credit to the State.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Try It Ladies.

Mr. Editor:--Dear Sir: We have been out getting recruits, and find many young men that intend to join the army when the Yankees get into our country. They have this excuse, that excuse, and the other excuse for their delinquency in not doing their duty; it is not one man's duty more than another's to defend his country from the invader, and if all were to stay at home what would become of Texas? The answer is visible. Therefore, as we have heard of the young ladies forming themselves into committees and sending those young gentlemen a doll that could not join the army, but upon receiving said present enlisted forthwith, we hope the ladies will test the matter by making the young men of Forkston a like present. Try its virtue, it *mought* bring them in to the army. So mote it be.

Recruiter.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, February 1, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Receipt of Clothing by the Tom Green Rifles Camp near Dumfries, Va.,

Jan. 11th, 1862.

Editor State Gazette:

I desire through the columns of the Gazette, to tender the sincere thanks of the Tom Green Rifles, to the citizens of Travis county, for the very acceptable and much needed donation of clothing received by us on yesterday, consisting of the following articles, viz:

75 Blankets;
60 Comforts;
125 Pairs of Socks;
12 " " Pants;
15 " " Drawers;
6 " " Shoes;
9 " " Mittens;
14 Blanket Overcoats;
3 Hickory Shirts;
20 Colored Flannel Undershirts;
B. F. Carter,
Captain.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, February 1, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

We acknowledge the receipt, through Captain Pierpont, of \$22 05, from the ladies of St. Mary's, Refugio county, and \$1 50 from R. S. Turner, in all \$23 55, for the Hospital fund.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Everybody should remember Anderton's benefit to-night. Let him have a rousing house. His bill is a fine one; one of those parlor entertainments that have always proved so popular.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Lady's Request to Her Lover,

by J. B. W.

You tell me that you love me now,
And long to place the orange flower,
Upon this fair, unclouded brow;
And lend me to your home clad bower,
As thine own pure and willing bride,
To tread the paths of life with thee,
Thy constant solace and thy pride
Where e'er on earth thy lot may be.
Go, go win thyself a name;
Go and set thy country free.
And thou shalt wear a wreath of fame
Whilst I still wait and hope for thee.
Our country calls--the foemen stand
To rob us of our cherished home--
The Northern vandals on our land
Now bid thee like a soldier come!
Have ye not heard the maiden cry
When in the fiend's repulsive power?
Then would ye stand and fear to die,
Or give her rescue in that hour?
Then if ye stand, away, *away*,
Thou man without a human heart,
I would not brook thee, hear to day!
Begone, *begone*, from me depart.
All that is dear beneath the sun,
All heaven born within the heart,
Asks that thy duty should be done
In answer to my stern request.
Then wilt thou go, the battle fight
For country, mother, lady-love,
For God, and liberty, and right,
And hold that charge from heaven above!
Then when the day of strife is o'er,
And all hath been so bravely won,
I'll gladly welcome thee once more,
And all the hopes that have begun
To light my footsteps to thy door,
To bless the brave, heroic hand,
That willingly in days before
Redeem'd my lov'd and cherish'd land.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, February 1, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

INFORMATION WANTED of the whereabouts of my brother Stephen Adams, who left, about three years ago, and settled in Red River county, Texas. My husband's name was Wm. Smith, who died about a year ago, in ten miles of Springfield Mo., where we both lived. since that time I have been dispossessed of all my effects--my house and property everything destroyed and carried off by Lincoln Jayhawkers. Being thus left penniless, with no protector, I have made my way to Texas hoping to find my brother. All Newspapers in the State and elsewhere, and the good people generally will confer a favor on a distressed woman and little child who have been dispossessed of home and kindred by assisting me to find my brother.

Address me at Honey Grove, Texas, care of E. W. Spears under whose hospitable roof I now have shelter after a weary tramp mostly on foot from Missouri, fleeing from Lincoln despotism.

Matilda Smith.

Jan. 27th, 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Newspaper Changes.

The Dallas Herald will be discontinued until the war ceases. The Nacogdoches Chronicle also.

The Southern Union, at Mt. Pleasant, is discontinued. Mr. Carpenter, the proprietor, having purchased the Jefferson Herald and Gazette establishment, from which he will hereafter issue the "Confederate news." We wish him much success.

Our late compeers of the Herald and Gazette make a most interesting parting salutation to their readers. We wish them a happier fate in the future, than the publication of a village newspaper.
STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from the "Bass Grays."

Camp Alcorn, Hopkinsville, Ky.,

Friday night, Jan. 17, 1862.

Friend Loughery:

. . . You would be amused at the different styles of architecture adopted in the building of our homes. Some of them are built in the usual way of building log cabins, others are built of pickets and hooped up like barrels and in some instances, are shaped very much like one; yet they are not barrels, nor do they contain barrels, or anything that is taken from a barrel. Gen. Clark entertains a *supreme* contempt for a barrel, particularly those that have blue heads, and has once or twice taken occasion to empty their contents into the streets. I am somewhat inclined to think that the boys sometimes run the blockade--though it is quite as effectual as Lincoln's--from the looks of two gents who left camp this evening, to haul *bricks* in a wagon, and returned with a *brick* in their hats. It is quite a muddy, sloppy day however, which probably accounts for the overplus of bricks. . .

. . . Many of us are anxiously looking for the arrival of Major Bradfield, for we expect to receive a few little extras, that our wives, mothers, and sisters have promised to send by him. Anything that comes from home is looked for and received with the greatest pleasure imaginable, though it may be no more than a paper of pins, or a sheet of blank paper. Our friends sometimes send us a blank sheet of paper in their letters, to write back to them on, and I can't help thinking it is better than that which we get in this country. While we look forward to the day that will bring Major B., there is another day that many of us begin to look for with some anxiety, and that is *pay day*. Having been from home some three and a half months, and our purses rather poorly filled at first, we begin to want the day to come. I learn, however, we are to be paid off next week. . .

Yours truly,

Chas. E. Talley.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Marshall Republican contains dreadful accounts of the mortality in Gregg's regiment, now at Hopkinsville, Ky. No less than 152 men of that regiment have died of disease since they have been in the service. Surely Texians ought not to be too eager to rush into service in countries whose climate will kill them ten times as fast as the enemy.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

More men!

Col. Locke has forwarded by express, Gen. Van Dorn's call upon the Governor for men. So prepare to come out of the dark corners, young gentlemen without business, or families, who have been holding back. Come out soon! or we shall have some such publication as the following from Bexar County. The vicinity of Clarksville has done well, and there have been volunteers from other portions of the County, for the County has four full companies,—all her won, in the field; and in parts of companies from other counties, has fully another company, say five companies from Red River; yet it is undeniable, that several precincts of the County have shirked their duty, and they must come up, or the finger of scorn will be pointed at them.

[Written for the News.

Ladies of San Antonio:

Unforeseen circumstances render it necessary for us to lay before you a plain statement of facts, which will forcibly appeal to that patriotism and generosity ever distinguishing Texan Ladies.

Col. Wilcox's appointment to raise a regiment, while most welcome in many respects, for sincerely do we rejoice that the Government has secured his services, equally valuable in the hall of Congress, or the army, has yet placed us in an unenviable position. The heads of families, and men whose gray hairs would have entitled them to an honorable repose, are preparing to take up arms, and leave us, with not only helpless children, but a host of young men for protection. These chivalric sons of the Lone Star, whose robust appearance affords no indication of their constitutional delicacy, are unable to join an infantry company, though well aware that no more cavalry can be received.

In view of this deplorable state of affairs, we beg your assistance in organizing some plan for the defence of the young men of this vicinity, who remain home when their gallant brothers, (we beg the soldiers' pardon for using the term) go to the war. Let them not fall victims to the terror, their natural timidity will excite, but pity and assist them. For ourselves, save in their cause, we have no fears feeling fully equal to the task of self defence. Their names shall be furnished to you in a short time through the News.

With the highest respect, your sisters,
The Ladies of Southern Bexar.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

The Pioneer, published at Springfield, Texas, again greet us. It has been suspended for some time. The editor indites a curious paragraph in reference to the suspension of his paper, in which he says: "The reappearance of the Pioneer will probably not occasion more surprise than our unceremonious suspension occasioned conjecture. But it is no easy matter to account for anything 'these uncertain times,' and the only apology we need offer is, that we were called away on important business."

Of course that apology will answer very well for home folks, but the editor's friends at a distance would like him to be a little more explicit. If he ran away or absconded, why don't he come out and say so.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

To the People of Northern Texas!

From the commencement of the present unnatural war, the undersigned has been under the impression that it would not be of long continuance. Events, however, may demonstrate otherwise, within the next sixty or ninety days. If, within that time, there are not conclusive indications of its speedy cessation, the undersigned proposes to obtain authority, and raise, in Northern Texas, from among his fellow citizens of long acquaintance, a Regiment of Mounted men; of the class who have not, heretofore felt that their services were imperatively demanded; and who, like himself, have business interests which should not be lightly sacrificed, and ties of family, which nothing but the sternest necessity should sever; but who, when ever it is certain that the war is to be of serious length, will feel unwilling to withhold themselves or their property from sacrifices which the highest impulses of human nature demand—the sacrifices which are the devotional oblations upon the altar of Patriotism. The undersigned, as he doubts not that thousands of his fellow citizens do, feels unsatisfied to see others offering their persons to the shock of battle, and the far more dangerous ordeal of camp diseases resulting from privation and exposure, while he attends to his private interests; and yet the necessities of existence, the providing for obligations incurred, and duty to one's household have repressed, or rather controlled the natural longing, to be among the foremost in the field.

The object of the present notice is to induce preparation for the necessity which may present itself to the settlement of business and the providing of the necessary equipments. Within sixty or ninety days much business can be closed up—men of families can make provisions for their household for a long absence; and without any pressure, every man, who *desires* to serve the country, may get ready, if he could get ready at all. It is desired to make up a force of sober minded reflective men, as many as possible of mature age, and to have them extra well mounted and armed, the arms to be a double barrelled shot gun, two Navy sixes, and a hatchet with a handle fourteen inches in length, for each man. Men are desired of sober age; because they will be able to appreciate without persuasion the necessity of sobriety of habit, order and discipline, and because such a force, governed by their own rationality, and calm determined patriotism, would be irresistible, and go into action like the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, sweeping aside or trampling under, everything in their pathway. The undersigned will be pleased to communicate with gentlemen in the several counties of Northern Texas, who may desire to have a place in this organization, and can make arrangements to suit. It will be difficult to find as many Navy sixes as may be necessary, and therefore, every one proposing to go, should set about the procurement of them at once.

The undersigned proposes to close his own business, with reference to the time specified, and if the necessity for service continues, will go into service "For the war."

Charles DeMorse.

Clarksville, Feb. 8th, 1862.

STANDARD [CLARKSVILLE, TX], February 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

The concert on Wednesday night, was a decided success. The body of the large hall was almost completely filled. The performance of the musicians was very fine, indeed it would have done credit to professional artists any where. The singing of the ladies was particularly admired. It would be gratifying to us to speak of them by name, but we presume their desires do not reach after notoriety. It is enough for us to say, that in obedience to the call of patriotism, they have displayed in public graces and accomplishments calculated to adorn any position in life, and they are entitled to the gratitude of the soldiers as well as the people for doing so. The rapturous applause which was called out by the singing, and the frequent repetition of songs, demanded by the audience, is a sufficient evidence that as a musical entertainment, it was highly appreciated. The ladies and gentlemen who participated were Mrs. Tracy, Miss Perkins, Miss Branard, Mr. Shirmer, Mr. Otis, Mr. Benchley, Mr. Adey, and Mr. Stadler. On behalf of the people we thank them for the pleasant evening they gave us.
 [HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

A Yankee Caught.—Some days ago one of the Texas Rangers in Kentucky, whilst out on a scouting expedition, rode suddenly and unexpectedly into the presence of a Federal picket. Before he had time to cock his trusty rifle, the picket brought his Minnie to bear on him, and ordered him to surrender. The Ranger felt that he was in a fix—he was fairly in for it, and could not do anything more than to throw down his gun with the best grace possible. Having done so, the picket stooped to get it, when, in an instant, the Ranger's lasso was thrown around him, and he felt himself dragged along as fast as a horse at full gallop could carry him. The picket yelled, but it was of no use—the Ranger had him to his heart's content; the Ranger returned, got his own and picket's gun, and proceeded with his prisoner into camp. The Yankee was badly hurt in the dragging, but it taught him a useful lesson. When he gets loose, and meets a Ranger again, he will know something of the "ropes."—Nashville Patriot.
 [HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from High Private.

Camp Henry McCulloch, }
 February 3, 1862. }

Editor Telegraph.—*Human nature is just about the same now that it always was, and perhaps a little more so.*

I wish the readers of the Telegraph would distinctly understand, that the above is not a "text." I abominate texts. A man who "takes a text," and follows it up, is like a horse tied to a tree. He may circulate round and round, but every time he strikes out on a tangent, he is either brought up at standing, or floored.

A woman never takes a text, and that is the reason she can outtalk all christendom. Get your wife to take a text, and stick to it, when she is inclined to be quareulous, and you have her. No, I choose at all times, and under all circumstances, to be as free and unshackled as the air I breathe—out of camp. Bonds were made for criminals and soldiers, not "high privates." "Human nature" is my subject, and mankind are my *subjects*; and curious subjects they are, sometimes.

You have all heard of the captain of a vessel, who, when all his passengers were "heaving," told his vessel to heave too, and how she "hove, too." So it is with mimic, imitating, obedient man. A few individuals manufacture public opinion, establish fashions, and prescribe rules for society, and the balance of mankind, in the same neighborhood, blindly follow without regard to errors, absurdities, or whimsicalities, and ignore that which comes from abroad, unless sanctioned by authority.

Let me illustrate. Several distinguished foreigners, who, in times past, have been feasted and flattered by us, to their hearts content, no sooner returned home, than they ridiculed our habits and customs, because, forsooth, they differed from their own. "The Americans," said the, "eat too fast; sleep too long, especially in church; lounge with their feet on their tables; carry their hands in their pockets; sip tea with a spoon; and expectorate incessantly." In their estimation, these are grave charges, because such customs are not *a la Ingles*. According to *our* notions, such charges are simply foolish and ridiculous.

It is true we eat fast; but, that is because we eat to live, and do not live to eat, *a la Ingles*. If we drink too much, we drink and *go*, and do not sit and guzzle until the gout fastens us to our seats. If we sleep too long, we generally have an eye open to our own interest. Our sleeping in church is a habit for which we ought not to be censured, for it is a law of nature, that when the sight is defective, the hearing is made acute. Lounging with our feet on the table implies that our understanding is inclined to be elevated. If our hands are in our pockets, we generally manage to find them when our generosity is appealed to. Sipping tea with a spoon has a tendency to remind us of a famous teapot, once located in the vicinity of Boston harbor; and as to our "expectorating," why, when we get our Southern Confederacy in good working order, we ex-pec-to-rate as one of the first nations on the Globe, *a la Americano!*

But my limits and occupation will not permit me, at present, to revolutionize mankind; for I must proceed to state that the amount of ammunition now in camp and at Victoria, is as follows: 2000 lbs of powder, 7000 balls, 60,000 cartridges, 200 lbs buck shot, 20,000 percussion caps, and *five tons* of lead! besides &c., &c.

When these are brought into use, if they do not shatter a few "human natures," it will not be the fault of our sharp shooters—alias Enfield rifles, now on the way to supply the entire infantry in this regiment.

The members of the 6th regiment are not only uniform in their ways of thinking, and acting, but in a very few days they will be so *externally*, as the material for clothing has arrived, and our measures all taken....

High Private.

[HOUSTON] TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

The White Man of the 30th ult., says that within four or five weeks previous to that time, about 103,500 lbs. of pork were packed in the town of Weatherford, Parker county, where it is published.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Infallible Cure for Toothache.—Take equal quantities of alum and common salt, pulverize and mix them, and apply them to the hollow tooth on a piece of cotton. The remedy is very simple, very cheap, and within the reach of all. If any one will try it he will find it infallible.—Petersburg Express.
[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

**More Light!!!
Steam Factory of
Soap & Candles,**

By

B. Menger,
West side of San Pedro.

Laredo street, San Antonio, Texas.

San Antonio, February 8, 1862.

SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS [San Antonio, TX], February 17, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

**Fair and Supper
For the Benefit of the
Soldiers!**

The Ladies of Lancaster will hold a FAIR and SUPPER, at the Masonic Hall in said town, on Friday, the 21st of February, 1862,

The public are respectfully invited to attend.

Admission, at the door, 25 cents. Tickets can be had at the stores of Smith & Murphy, in Dallas, Mr. Kennedy's and the Rogers House, Waxahatchie, and at all the stores in Lancaster.

DALLAS HERALD, February 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

This being the last number of the Herald for the present, the Publishers, in taking farewell of their patrons, would announce to those indebted to the office, that the books and accounts will be found in the hands of Mr. W. E. Halwell, who is authorized to collect the same, and to transact all business of the office during their absence in the army.

DALLAS HERALD, February 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Huntsville Item makes a very ungallant fling at Miss Mollie Moore's poetry published in the Telegraph, and cites our declension to publish poetry, to bolster him up in his jealous bearishness. Now we decline the honor of being used for such a purpose. Miss Mollie's effusions are real, "sure enough" poetry; and as different from the mass of rhyming trash which floods the country, as day is from night. We know that they are read with avidity, and pronounced by better judges than either Robinson or ourself, to have the "ring of the true metal."

We hope Cushing will still find room for them, and regret that there is no literary journal in the State, by which they could be published in a less ephemeral form than in the columns of a weekly newspaper.

Don't mind Robinson, Miss Mollie, he's a good fellow at heart, and don't mean half the rude things he says, he's only jealous of Cushing for "finding you first."

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, February 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The distress among the poor at the North is so great that their papers give account of women, dressed in men's clothes, enlisting as privates in the army. A widow McDonald has been detected in several regiments and discharged as many times--Arkansas True Democrat.

AUSTIN STATE GAZETTE, February 22, 1862, p. 4, c. 3

The Dallas Herald has subsided; out of paper. We regret the demise of this excellent journal, and cannot see how the frontier people can do without it. The editor is going to the war.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, February 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

The editor of the Pomeroy Telegraph has received a star taken from the apron of a "Secesh" lady, who had the boldness to cross the Ohio and flaunt it in the face of two or three Buckeye girls. They determined to capture the rebel emblem, and did so, the pretty Secessionist assailing them with stones and hard words during the engagement. No lives were lost.—[Cin. Commercial

So it seems that our girls like the boys, can only be conquered by superior numbers of the enemy.

BELLVILLE [TX] COUNTRYMAN, February 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Leather and Shoes.

What is to be done for shoes? Heretofore our whole supply, for men, women, and children, white and black, came from the North. Massachusetts tanned more leather than all the Confederate States; Pennsylvania twice as much; and New York three times as much as the whole of them, and other States in proportion. In 1859, Boston sent out 750,000 cases, or 45,000,000 pairs of shoes! What Philadelphia, New York and other large cities furnished I cannot tell. It is enough that the whole supply came from our enemies, and is now, as it ought to be forever, in future, cut off. Europe, with a dense population, few live stock, and a scarcity of bark, and tanning material, cannot supply her own demand; for the wooden shoe is not uncommon. There is no substitute for leather, and no doing without shoes. There is no alternative, but to tan our own leather and make our own shoes; or go barefooted at home, and expose three gallant armies next winter to the horrors of another Valley Forge. We have "despised the day of small things" till now, a great calamity is impending. For lack of proper medicines, and suitable clothing we are doomed to more privations, sufferings and death than the whole Yankee nation in arms can inflict.

There are hides enough in the country to make our own leather, and I, for one, am determined to tan them, or all that I can get. I have my Tan Yard ready and have employed an experienced tanner who informs me that he can work in 500 hides a month. I will allow eight cents a pound for good dry hides payable in leather next fall at thirty cents for sole, and uppers in that proportion.

They can be sent to my Mill, at the Railroad Depot, or at Messrs. G. G. Gregg & Co., as may be most convenient.

In all cases fasten them securely together by thongs or otherwise, with the name of the owner, number of hides, and weight attached.

The tanner will assort, examine, sun, and weight over again, in case the hides are damp, damaged or inferior.

The supply of hides now will regulate the supply of leather next fall. Many hides, much leather; early in, early out.

I have informed myself well on the subject of tanning, and believe I am in possession of most, if not all, the modern improvements in the art of tanning, and believe I can turn out leather as rapidly and well as any one.

J. Marshall.

[MARSHALL] TEXAS REPUBLICAN, February 22, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

**From the New Orleans Picayune.
Indian Depredations in Texas.**

From an extra San Antonio Herald, of the 23rd ult., we take the following:

We regret to learn, that on Friday last, ten Indians visited Boerne, Blanco county, and killed five persons, whose bodies have been found, besides two or three others are missing, and it is feared are killed. The names are Donop, about six miles north of Boerne; Baptiste, near Boerne, and Reinhart, living in Boerne. Two of Kendall's shepherds were killed, two escaped, and one missing. The Indians are finely mounted on American horses, and do not appear to wish to steal, but to murder. The bodies of all the killed had been stripped. This is truly a lamentable state of things. Boerne is about thirty-five miles north of San Antonio, and having thitherto been considered safe from Indian depredations, the people had become careless—a fact which had probably come to the knowledge of the savages—hence their boldness. We also hear that the Indians have again visited Atascosa county, stealing Mr. Durand's horses, and making their escape.

The Recent Indian Raid.

Post Oak Springs, near Boerne, }
January 21. }

Messrs. Editors: You will have doubtless, ere this reaches you, heard of the recent daring and murderous Indian raid in this vicinity; hastily, for I am much pressed for time, I will give you the facts as far as I have gathered them, and they are melancholy almost beyond parallel.

On Friday forenoon last, 17th inst., I rode over to the little village of Boerne, four miles from my place, in a one-horse buggy, and so little did I dream of danger that I took no arms of any kind. The day was dark, damp and misty, at times a heavy fog settling down and concealing the nearest trees. A little after 1 o'clock I started home, and near the road, a mile this side of Boerne, I saw one of my flocks of sheep wending over a hill towards town. As the shepherd, Ludwig Schlosser, was new to the range, I rode up to him and asked him to turn the flock back. He remarked that he was acquainted with the country, and was on the point of turning the sheep when I came up. This was about half past 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and I rode on home, little thinking of the horrible fate even then hanging over the unfortunate shepherd.

After a hasty dinner, I started over to a new camp I have recently made, some five or six miles east of my house, taking my oldest boy, a lad of nine years, with me; and thinking I might see a deer on the route out or back, I packed a Sharpe's rifle along. I reached the camp about half past four, and as it was still extremely dark and foggy, I hastened back home. Not a sign of a living thing, save a few cattle quietly grazing, did I see on the way, going or coming.

On reaching home at dark, I found the household in a dire state of alarm. It seems that Mr. Putnam, one of my head men, had been out at 3 o'clock, unarmed, but on horseback, to look for a young German, named John Fechler, who had that morning taken a new range with his sheep; Mr. P. feared the lad might become lost or bewildered in the fog, sought and found him, not more than three hundred yards from the shepherds' quarters, told him

the direction to the pens and then left him. But he had hardly turned his horse's head before he heard some noise which attracted his attention, and looking around, he discovered a party of Indians, four of whom started in hot pursuit of him. Putnam having no arms, of course ran for his life, and was fortunate enough to outfoot the savages until the house appeared in full sight through the post oaks, when they reined up. The only occupants of the quarters at the time was Schlosser's wife, with her child, about three years of age. These helpless people Mr. P. instantly sent across the valley to my house, some quarter of a mile distant, and then rode over himself. After collecting all the arms and ammunition in one of the rooms in which all my household clustered, Putnam next mounted a young man at work on the farm, and together they rode back to the quarters. A large wether flock, in charge of a German named Baptiste, soon came straggling into their usual fold; but neither the shepherd or his dog appeared. The flock of the lad John were also found near the spot where they were penned; but he, too, with his dog, were nowhere to be seen. The faithful dogs will never leave their masters, dead or alive; and the sad scenes we were to witness on the morrow gave touching proof of fidelity and affection.

After dark—and it was pitchy dark—Putnam and myself, well armed, went over to the point where we had left Fechler on foot; we shouted again and again, hoping that he might be hidden in the bushes, or perhaps wounded and unable to move; but no response came through the darkness. We next went below the wether pen, in the direction which Baptiste must come, and shouted our loudest. No sound, not even the echo of our own voices, came back through the dark and damp gloom. We next struck over to the pen where Schlosser's flock was folded; neither sheep nor shepherd were there, now was any response given to our repeated calls for the unfortunate man; all was silent save the screeching and hooting of owls perched in the neighboring trees.

Coming back to my house, about 9 o'clock, I sent a man over to Boerne on a fast horse, with a note to our Senator, Mr. Reid, asking him to collect all the men he could for work in the morning. At the same time I despatched Mr. Putnam in the direction of the Guadalupe, to arouse the neighbors in that quarter. In such a pitchy black night nothing more could be done; but dark and gloomy as was the night, my own forebodings were even more dark and gloomy. I tied my own horse close in to the house, and spent the night in watchful anxiety for the coming day.

At an early hour on Saturday morning—the weather still damp, dark and foggy—Putnam came in with my old head shepherd, Tate. Going to the spot where the former had seen the Indians, the body of the poor boy, Fechler, was found, stripped naked, pierced by some seven arrows, and his head doubled under him and resting against a tree. His scalp had not been taken, nor his person mutilated save by his many wounds; yet the dreadful spectacle called up mingled feelings of deep pity for the unfortunate lad, boiling indignation against his brutal murderers, and deep-rooted disgust at the majority
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of our rulers who have never bestowed a second thought upon frontier protection. Poor John's dog, which had been lying by his lifeless body through the long watches of a mid-winter night, gave the first notice of his whereabouts by her barking. From the cleanness of his wounds, faithful Fanny—for that is the slut's name—had evidently been licking away the blood as it flowed, in a vain attempt to revive or resuscitate her unconscious master. How joyously she would have wagged her tail had he risen to give her one single pat of recognition, I can understand, for I know the dogs and their ways. When we came away, after covering the corpse as well as we could, Fanny still clung by; and when we left she refused all entreaties to call her way; we started off while she was still keeping watch and ward over her master, determined to protect his remains against any birds or beasts of prey that might dare approach. Would that she had had the strength to protect him against his ruthless murderers—she did not lack the will nor the courage, Fanny did not.

But to return to my narrative. By this time many of the neighbors had gathered from Boerne and the vicinity; they stated that nothing had been seen or heard of Schlosser, but that a man named Rheinart had been killed the afternoon previous, within three or four hundred yards and in plain sight of the town, while his body had been mutilated in a way I cannot describe! He had drawn one load of wood to Mr. H. C. King, a gentleman living in Boerne with his family, and had gone out into the adjacent post oaks for another load, where he must have first got sight of the Indians. That he attempted to escape by running was evident by the fact that his wagon was found next morning with the hind axletree broken. After this he attempted to escape on foot, and had run some 75 yards before he was overtaken and butchered. An awful fate for the strong man, when houses and friends were almost within a stone's throw! His horses had been cut from the harness and taken off, while other animals were missing in the vicinity. Such was the sad intelligence from Boerne.

We were now set to work, after sending off two trusty men to the military station at Camp Verde, to find the body of Baptiste, for it was certain he too had been massacred. Taking the trail of the Indians at the spot where Fechler had been killed, we followed in down to the rough crossing of a rocky ravine, which carries the surplus waters of POst Oak Creek to the Cibolo in rainy seasons. The trail spread among the rocks, often crossing the ravine, and we finally lost it without seeing any trace of Baptiste. Coming back to the starting point, a closer search along either bank of the ravine was made, and finally the dog was seen or heard near a point not previously examined. Here, lying partially in the water, the body of the poor shepherd was found, four arrows still sticking in his back, and with a frightful gash in his throat! Pink, his faithful dog, had remained by him for nearly twenty-four hours, and had proved an unerring guide board to the corpse of his master. The body had not been stripped, nor were the pockets rifled; his belt and knife sheath were still there, but the Knife was missing. It was thought by men of the party that Baptiste might had cut his own throat, after finding himself mortally

wounded. He had a rifle with him, and was a good shot, but whether he had discharged it or not we can never know. The dampness of the day may have prevented a cap from exploding, or he may have been fallen upon so suddenly that he had no time to turn upon his dastardly foes. Melancholy—most melancholy—was it to see his poor dog watching our movements as we dug a grave, by the bank of the ravine, and buried his master out of sight. Nor even would he then leave the spot without great reluctance, and more than ordinary coaxing.

Our next sad duty was to bury the lad Fechler. At the spot where he was killed the ground was hard and stony; the sun, which had come out bright in the afternoon, was now fast sinking; we therefore hurriedly dug a grave near an elm thicket close by, placed him sorrowfully in his temporary resting place, (for I intend to have all the bodies interred on a pleasant hill near the road,) and covered him with fresh earth. Fanny, watching and following us as we brought the body down, nestled upon the new made grave as we left, as though she had taken a life-lease of the spot, and it was harrowing to see her mournful looks as we left. Nor was it without much entreaty we could call her away.

Night had by this time fallen, and although an attempt was made to find the body of Schlosser it was unsuccessful. Such of my neighbors as had assisted at these last sad rites, jaded by the fatigues of the day, now returned to their homes, promising to help in a thorough search for the still missing shepherd on the morrow. His wife remained at my house, and her feelings may be easily imagined.

On Sunday there was a general gathering of the neighbors, from Boerne and the vicinity, and a thorough search was made in every direction from the spot where I had last seen Schlosser on the afternoon of Friday. But no sign or trace of him could be found. The search was renewed on Monday, but without result; and the presumption is that the unfortunate man was either carried off a prisoner, or else in a wounded condition he crawled afar off to die.

Meanwhile, the news came in that Ludwig Donop, an intelligent German living on Wasp Creek, seven or eight miles above me, was killed about noon on Friday, 200 yards from his house—the fifth victim, so far as I have yet learned, of this murderous raid. Improving the advantage which the mist and fog gave them, the Indians, who were probably down after horses only, suddenly made up their minds to run a species of muck through the settlements, ending their bloody foray a half a mile above my house. So safe have we all thought the country about here, at least from murderous attacks, that my little ones have often wandered even beyond the limits of the bloody trail; I deemed there was less danger out in the prairies and on the hill sides that my children would be run down and killed by Indians than there would be in the streets of New Orleans that they might be run over and crushed to death by drays and omnibuses. That, with every full moon, parties of Indians have been down, secreting themselves in the rough cedar brakes of the Guadalupe, the heads of the Balemas, over on Bluff

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Creek, and other unsettled points, their main object to run off horses by night, I have always known; but certainly I never expected such a sanguinary raid as the present. God grant, it may be the last.

For our stock, and especially our horses, we can never hope for full security in the mountains until the prairie tribes are entirely driven off or wiped out; so long as an Indian is left this side of the Arkansas, so long will there be insecurity and stealing. A single well conducted expedition, under proper officers and efficient armed and mounted, would finish the work; but such a force we have never had long enough to effect the object. Petition after petition has been sent to the Legislature and to Congress in times past from the frontier, praying for protection, but that protection has never come. Members from safe districts have shut their ears and eyes to the exposed border settlers, or have taken little notice of their oft-urged entreaties. Many of them have doubtless thought that the reports of Indian depredations were exaggerated, so that the frontier people could defend themselves if they would. But this they cannot do. Donop, with a wife and a young family depending alone upon his exertions, was compelled to go out and work away from the house; so with Rinehardt and Schlosser—so with all our neighbors. There are many who think the new frontier bill will give us better protection. I sincerely hope it may, and the Governor cannot carry its requisitions into force a moment too soon.

In haste, yours,

Geo. Wilkins Kendall.

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Volunteer Aid Society.

The Ladies' Aid Society for the Volunteers of Harrison County, was organized in Nov. 1861. As we deem some publication of our proceedings necessary, we will state as near as possible, the results of our effort.

So far as an account of our work has been kept, we have made the following articles: 26 pairs of sheets, 47 pillow slips, 28 pairs of drawers, 4 pairs flannel drawers, 3 comforts, 100 towels, 11 pillows, 28 cotton shirts, 4 flannel shirts, 14 handkerchiefs and 4 bedticks. We have knit 12 pairs woolen gloves, 85 pairs of socks, and caps and necks comforts innumerable. Of Hospital stores we have lint, bandages, wadding, linen towels, cloths, and rags, isinglass, mutton suet, castille soap, corn starch, chocolate, pickles, catsup, jellies, preserves, ginger, pepper, mustard, sage, dried fruit, &c. We have packed and delivered into the hands of our committee of safety, two boxes for the benefit of our Kentucky Volunteers, viz: the Bass Grays, and the Texas Invincibles; also forty-one dollars and seventy cents, for the relief of the sick in said companies. We are under obligations to the following persons for donations: [list]

Our thanks are due the following persons for cash: [list]

We received from our Tableaux and Concert \$100 clear. All the other money we have was received from persons becoming members of the society. We have now on deposit \$60.30. In the Treasury \$14.90. We have receipts for \$57.50 paid out.

To the editor of the Texas Republican, we return our most sincere thanks for his courtesy in noticing our society and publishing free of charge all of our requests. Also to Mr. Ford for the use of his very pleasant room, luxurious seats, and fine fires. To the members of the society we would say that we have cause to congratulate ourselves upon the good feeling that exists, and the disposition to work manifested by all, as well as the desire to continue as long as we have a volunteer in our army.

Mrs. B. L. Holcomb, President.

Mrs. S. Blutworth, Vice-President.

Mrs. C. E. Tally, Treasurer.

Mrs. M. A. Pette, Recording Secretary.

Miss Kittie Johnson, Cor. Secretary.

We request all our members to be present next Tuesday, as we have business of importance to attend to.

Mrs. B. L. Holcombe,

President, L. V. A.

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