

THE TRIALS
AND
HAIR-BREADTH
ESCAPES

OF
R. J. & BUD DANIEL
IN ARKANSAS
IN 1883
BY R. J. DANIEL
THE SO-CALLED OUTLAWS
SOMEWHERE IN LOOKOUT HOLLOW

STATE OF GEORGIA, COUNTY OF JACKSON.

To the Citizens of the State of Georgia, and every place interested:

This instrument certifies that we are acquainted with the fact that R. J. Daniel married Miss Lucinda Potts, in Jackson County, Georgia, lived a consistent life here, moved to Arkansas; left no stain of outlawry in Georgia. His ancestry wore of no mean standing in public and private life, while the Potts family enjoyed the confidence and regard of the intelligence and candor about then. Socially, morally, intellectually, we had no words of censure against R. J. Daniel when he emigrated to the West.

Witness our hands and seals, this the 4th day of April 1885.

W. T. BENNETT,
Clerk Sup'r Ct., and
County Treas. Jackson Co.
(seal)

H. W. BELL.
Ordinary Jackson Co., Ga.
(seal]

J. C. WHITEHEAD, P. M.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

of

R.J. and BUD DANIEL

CHAPTER I

Georgia is certainly the garden spot of the number settled before the Declaration of Independence. Founded by Benevolence, a refuge for the poor and persecuted, a grant from George II, including all the territory between the Savannah and the beautiful Altamaha rivers. That noble soldier and statesman, James Oglethorpe, first schemed the plan, and it developed, in 1732, into a company of about *six score* souls ascending the Savannah River, and in February 1733, Savannah Settlement was commenced. Wild sons of the forest were here then, with whom peace and friendship were desired and obtained. Population, like ocean waves, swelled until crowded into this famous colony of George II.

It is a fact pregnant with meaning, that John and Charles Wesley were among the early emigrants to the Colony, and those God-fearing men laid deep and wide the foundation of religious liberty which has ever characterized that pious, numerous, and energetic body of Christians known as Methodists.

Georgia had drawbacks at first, on account of Spanish troubles in Florida. Spain has been kind to America in one sense, and hostile in many others. A domineering spirit of intrigue, religious persecution, and forced forms of worship, though endorsed by his Reverence, the Pope, could never receive the right hand of fellowship of those proud spirits that trusted their lives to the boisterous deep, to reach the place where they."could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences."

Oglethorpe invaded the Spaniards in 1740, at St. Augustine and in 1742, the Spaniards, thinking "turn about fair play," hoisted skull and crossbones, as it were, against the feeble colony. Havana, too large for her clothing, and misjudging the valor and determination of the fiery mettle burning in the honest hearts of those who had grappled on the giddy heights of Scotland, throwing their bonnets over craggy canyons to settle forever the family feud, by hurling the unfortunate victim thousands of feet upon the boulders below, while the William Tell spirit united the Hildebrandt boldness of Fatherland, Cuba sent on the dread mission of butchery, rapine, and inhuman agency, 3,000 brigands, ripe for the bloody errand; but encountering the colony of 800, rank and file, and all told, were quickly repulsed with prodigious slaughter, and driven from the coast.

In 1743, a government by a President and Council was inaugurated; some moved to South Carolina, some would not come from the West Indies by reason of prohibition of the liquor traffic; hence the colony declined till 1752, when Georgia became a royal province. Population, wealth, influence, Christianity, all flapped their pinions, and "Peace on earth, good will to man, and glory to God in the highest—with Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation," has been the undying motto of Georgia.

Georgia is between 30° and 35° latitude, and 80° and 85° longitude, while the rocky heights of Tennessee and North Carolina are north; the Atlantic stormy waves east; the Land of Flowers, south; Alabama, (here we rest,) on the west. But no county can claim more generosity, wealth, health, pine forests, and valor, humanity, and self-esteem, than Jackson County, standing out in bold relief, in sight and hearing distance, if necessary, of Walton, Gwinnett, and Oconee counties. Jackson county gave birth to statesmen, warriors, scholars, and kind-hearted, brave men, that would resent injury at the "drum's tap," and forgive as soon as the first symptoms of reformation appeared. Their word was their bond—just as good as, and better than, a waive—note, mortgage, (death—grip,) or any man's guano claim. In those days the people had no telegraph to sling Jupiter's fiery shaft; no flying palaces; no floating magnificences upon our broad rivers; no debt crushing life and home; but "hog and hominy" abounded—corn, meat, syrup, raised at home; plenty of cattle, horses, cows, sheep, and domestic poultry was the pleasant inheritance, while wild game—deer, bears,

wolves, turkeys, and minor game, were abundant. "pick up your gun, step out and kill a deer," was a common phrase, and men in those days were apt to "bring in game" for one old saint, now in Paradise, at the age of 70, shot a target match, in company with his nephew, (who still moves on terra firma) against two noted marksmen. That old patriarch, without glasses, "drove the centre" seven consecutive shots. That generous patriarch's name was Daniel. It is characteristic of the name in Georgia to be skilful marksmen, quiet, generous, easily entreated, above meanness, but awful when imposed upon; and when driven to vindicate the honor of that royal blood that flowed in the veins of ancestry

Among other traits, one most prominent in the Daniel family was scrupulous integrity. They would walk five miles to pay a dime, but would not go ten paces to defraud any one out of a copper. Truth was one element in their lives. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" was what they claimed and demanded, and they held in utter abhorrence, above all beasts of the field, a liar, and a "tricky intriguer," who had everybody's business on hand, and had lost all his own out of the wallet.

Politically, religiously, agriculturally, neighborly, the Daniel family were noted for firmness. They were either friends or foes. You knew just where to find them; no milk—and-eider transactions disgraced their homes. When they said Yes, it meant business; when they said No, the earth could quake, but investigation honest only reversed the No.

CHAPTER II.

While the old hemisphere was pouring her hardy sons and fair daughters into the colony as early as 1732, there was a part of the Spanish possessions which, when Uncle Sam bought Louisiana from France, the invincible Bunker Hill—ions, full—blood Americans, claimed said Spanish claim as a part of that money's value. But Uncle Sam purchased Florida from Spain in 1819, and agreed to yield up this former claim in toto to Spain. This claim was Texas, declared independent of Spain in 1821, resisted the Mexican authority in 1835, and bloodshed lasted from 1835 through 1836, and this year Texas declared herself independent of Mexico. She became the "Lone Star State." In 1845, Texas was admitted among the sisters.

Texas is hemmed in on the north by the Indian Territory and Arkansas; east, by Louisiana; south by the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico, and west by New Mexico. This "Lone Star" is situated between 25° and 35° latitude, and 90° and 105° longitude, and before telegraphs, steam boats, cars, and fast traveling came in fashion, many a man found himself to wake up in Texas for no other excuse than "killing his man," or "sticking a bowie in his neighbor;" and some would be so unfortunate as to carry westward "a rope, with a fine horse to one end." Some neighbor had lost some choice hogs; the hides having been found by some modern Columbus too near his house, so he, not willing to disturb the peace, chose to cross the great "Father of Waters," and rest in the balmy bowers of the wide, wild State of Texas. So grow this spirit of leaving between "two suns," that when a missing neighbor was inquired after, the pert, invariable answer rose up as naturally as for a crow to pull up corn, "He's gone to Texas !"

This naturally filled up a part of this new-born State with hardy men—pioneers—just the men to grapple to the hilt with Comanches, Sioux, Osage, and the more civilized and deceitful Mexicans. A word—a knife—derringer, revolver—a stab, a cracking report—a yell, a groan—a dead man—was the result of a trivial offense. Hence, border—men, highway—men, cutthroats, were dreaded as "Banko's Ghost." And for a man to take the "lie," and not "kill his man," was a grievous oversight, and could be atoned for only by immediate repentance, and acknowledged to the "congregation bloodthirsty" of intentions to "do better in days to come." Of course, feuds arose. Sometimes from the some neighborhood east, some friendly breeze of mis—doing would drive the heads of families—or younger heroes to the some neighborhood west, and that because of no communication—for when once out of a county east, you had as well look for a knitting needle in a haystack. "Safe—safe," could be inscription, subscription, superscription. Sometimes, however, a "friend of the dead man" would push his way westward, and, in fell encounter, meet and avenge past injuries. Generally, however, these feuds wore confined to families, and, sad to chronicle, ended with death all around.

One must suffice here in this little history. From 1840 to 1852, at which time the California gold fever raged, family settlements paid off in "bloody

issue” at daggers’ points and muzzles of old deer—rifles, were common in the West and more especially in Texas. In the Western part of Louisiana, verging upon Eastern Texas, lived the Rose family, and the Scott and Potter families. Rose was wealthy; so was Scott, and leaned over to Rose. Potter was a good liver—firm and Caesar—like. They went to work to “kill out.” One morning Potter came to Rose’s with “his band,” and Rose ordered his faithful old darkies to “pile brush on him.” So Potter’s band passed within ten feet of the brush-pile where they covered their old “massa” with heavy twigs, which he was more contented to bear than the looks, curses, and leaden presents of Potter. They went off disheartened. Next morning, Rose and Scott, thinking “one good turn richly deserves another,” went over to pay Sir Potter a visit. Coming up, Potter thought distinguished guests should be saluted, opened fire and fled to the Lake Caddo, into which he plunged, and met his death by a double-barreled gun in the hands of Scott. Soon all perished from the earth, while religion, society, education made wiser and nobler men of their children. But it required time and experience to remove the then difficulties from our land.

But society is not built up in a day. “Kill and run off,” “catch and hang,” will not mould a pretty—faced society every time we try it on. Murder, killing depriving of life is not to be winked at. What would become of our dear mothers, sisters, daughters, our hoary—headed sires, if murder is allowed to walk demon—like over our country, while no one dares say, “What doest thou?” But first comes the rifle to guard, drive back inhumanity, and prepare the way for the axe, to cut down giant oaks, tall pines, and thus prepare the way for the saddle—bags with the Bible—God’s blessed Book—to guide out weary spirits from the valley of tears to the regions of unclouded light and glory; teaching us to do our own business; to labor; to love our neighbor as ourselves; and as far as possible, to live peaceably with all men. Some men you cannot live peaceably with, or in hearing of. When a good—meaning, industrious, church—respecting man is entrapped by one of these, and is compelled to do what he regrets, we must not “hang him!” A man may do a deed in five minutes that eternity must reconcile; but that act must be weighed in the balance of justice. Justice does not allow a man to undermine his quiet neighbor—to net him into secret injury to the general government. In early days in the West, a man named Hudson, 60 years old, went to a little village to sell vegetables. A large desperado, drinking, said, “I will whip this old cuss with my cow—hide.” “Don’t whip an old man,” said Mr. Hudson. “No pegging here, you old rusty cuss; I will make your damned back smart!” “If you whip me, you will cause me to do what I would not do for all worlds,” said the old man. “No threats, old codger; your back must pay the forfeit. Thin cow-hide will just fit your old gopher-looking back. What will you do, old pokesnipe?” He replied, “I will kill you just as sure as you whip me here, when I am attending to my own business, and never troubled you in my life.” “Come out here, old feller,” said the desperado, jerking the old man off the pavement, and cruelly boating him with the hide. In accordance with true old South Carolina spirit, the old vegetarian went home, told his family what was “up the creek,” and that when “Greek meets Greek, then comes the Indian-hug.” Gathering his clothing, drawing some “yellow boys” from the coffer of industry and honesty, stamping a parting luxury upon the cheeks of the wife of his youth, troubles, and joys; embracing children that had lisped “Papa! so often and so sweetly, reminding them of his duty and honor as a father, husband, neighbor, toward the beast that so cruelly scathed his quivering flesh, and would seek to gain mercy at law, beneath the pretense of intoxication, picked up a rifle gun, Spencer’s make, 7-shooter, marched right to town, accompanied by his son, in the veins of whom there flowed the regular “chip of the old block.”

When he entered the village, the same beast-man was parading, Satan-like, looking for a fresh victim to his inhumanity. The old gardener, walking right up like a man of business, said, in plain terms, “Well, I will verify my assertion now. You abused me without mercy or consideration; now I am compelled, by every claim of a father worthy to rear a progeny; of a husband worthy to protect a wife. I repeat to you, you inhuman specimen of flesh and blood, I am compelled to kill you now, and right now, so”—just then the infuriated, crazed wretch saw his condition, and reaching for his side-arms, moved his brawny hand beneath his coat saying, triumphantly, “Old cuss, I’ll mix the game with”, but before he could finish up the proposition, a crack rang upon the evening air; the would-be bully leaped upward, blood spurting from his side, fell backward, gasped, drew up his guilty feet in death’s cold stream, swung out through Time’s gates into eternity “dread words, whose meaning has no end, no bounds!”

Father and son, well-mounted, left the disastrous scene, determined to inflict no further injury, and selected Arkansas as their favorite resort, free from "envy, scorn, and pride." But a posse soon organized in the rear, at home, followed them into their chosen haunts, and came one night where they kept an eye skinned, and by early morn were in hot chase to "carry that mean old cuss back, to see he reaped a big handful of justice." Mounting, they said thus to the kind landlord; "We are strangers here, my friend, but we are on an errand of mercy. As good a man as ever the shining-sun blazed upon was shot down like a hyena in the streets by that old cowardly villain. His family cry to us to revenge the precious blood of father a2ld husband. If we can take him alive, all well; but we will not be particular to hazard our own lives for the old skunk." But there are many slips between cup and lip. There were two boys on the plantation, one deaf, or near so, that made him appear crazed; but his brothers so much resembling him that distinction became difficult, slept in the same room with the "mercy-seekers." Said one gruff-looking seeker, "Do you think, Ephraim, we will be anywise likely to have a. muss with old Hudson?"

"Well, I'll tell you for true, Phil, I've bin dreadin' the case all day; for that Ivy boy with him is a perfect fool, and can hit a flea's eye." "But do you reckon, Eph, the old blood-sucker will stand the racket? That's what interests me just at this end of the game, Eph." "Oh, shet your fly-trap, and go to sleep; you may have to guard old Hud. tomorrow night," rejoined a younger seeker, over across the room, in bed with the so-called crazy boy, as they misjudged. "We'll be just as certain to be in time for him tomorrow morning by 10 o'clock as we live," replied a. gankling young mountain hoosier, who seemed to lead this very honorable, praiseworthy band, "You'd better not hatch too many fowls at one settin', nor count too fast before they pip their shells," put in Eph, expressive of doubt. "What scarecrow, now, Eph.," said Mr. Leader. "Nothin', oh, nothin'," said doubting Eph, "only I've known old Hudson 12 years, and he never bothered nobody, nuther; but I heard him say, when they went to fellow Bill Jenkins, for stickin' his Arkansaw tooth—pick in old George Grimes' boy, "If ever I have to leave my country for misdemeanor, my friends had better stay at home!" "Well, then, 'cordin' to your schoolin', we must jist sit down, tarrapin-like and draw in our heads and horns, and let old Hud. kill good neighbors, go off as leisurely as a deer in a walk, and play shut-mouth, eh?" said Mr. Leader Merciful. "No, I've been hunting' him well as youens; but old Hudson didn't bother Tom Scroggins when he got tight and cowhided him," said Eph, somewhat aroused at the act of whipping an innocent old man. "Well, now, Eph, don't git chicken-hearted; old Hud's hide was tough—he soon got over the smart; and when Tom got sobered up, he could have taken a horn with old Hud., and made things all square, and saved us the trouble of picking his hide with new-fashioned lancets, Eph." "Yes, but old man Hudson never teches a drop, they tell me, end is a good church-gwine man," coughed Eph. "Church-gwine man! Sulphurdom is now crowded jam-full, and runnin' over, with jest sich church-gwine men; and many old hypercrites carry a junk bottle in their sanctified pockets, that never tetch a drop, as you say, Eph; and maybe Tom would never done so again—and he would be livin' now," ejaculated Mr. Leader. "Now, Cap, come right down to the truth, like a white-head. How would you tack sails, if a young-blooded American should got too full of Injun's firewater, and stripe your hide like a lizard, when you was walking peaceably along, botherin' nobody, and"—before Ephraim could finish his warm sentence, "I'd shoot a hole through him that old beave' could jump through," growled old Cap, somewhat aroused. "Well, Cap, old Hudson and Jack, if they are together, and that woman said two gentlemen dined here today—shore as you are borned, she did—they are honest as you or me, and will be jist as likely to fight like wildcats; and that boy will fight his weight in wildcats—or tame uns, either—and fur ten dollars you can fling in a young panter." "Oh, ho! Eph, you forgit the reward, my tender-hearted soldier; that's what's in my eye, my buck—them \$1,500!" "You may get a bullet in your eye, Cap, long before you git money in it. You'd better move careful in the mornin', I tell you Cap.!"

The conversation ended; off to sleep they hied, and out of bed went the supposed "crazy boy." Just across the hill, about one-half mile, he tapped at the door of a neat-looking hut, when click! click! went two hammers, and out on the floor light kindled in a flash, and "Tell your business, mighty quick, or you eat breakfast where there's no winter," echoed from within. "I am Joel; want in, quick!" said the nephew of Hudson. In less time than

ten minutes, father and son took in the situation—know the leader and his six men, and ordering a hasty cup of coffee, left the house, and plunging into the forest, were lost in darkness.

Day soon dawned, a gentle rain falling. The pursuers started on their mission, About one mile from the house of the landlord is a canyon—narrow, rocky, and apparently formed for some strong fortress, against which winds, rains, thunder may blow, and dash, and roar in vain. Into this narrow pass, admitting two wagons to pass, the elated, merciful, reward-loving crew ventured, and soon commenced, “Old Hud. come out; let’s see your hide; let’s look at your hands; we’ve bracelets for them; we want pay for our fiddling, old chap.” These words rang out like taunting jests, but about one hundred paces in front, and in a ledge 100 feet above the main road, were two men who could say:

“For I myself, like you, have been distressed,
Till Heaven afforded me this place of rest:
Like you, on alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.”

The father and son, seeing the time near, could only say, “Doth the infuriate and invidious demon call me, like another Job, unto the combat?” Cocking their Spencer rifles, rising gently when their heartless pursuers were in the full range, when, lo!

“On his high scene, Misenius sounds from far
The brazen trump, the signal of the war;
With unaccustomed flight, we flew to slay
The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea.”

Horse and rider staggered—reeled—fell—and in one minute—short space indeed— Spencer rifles, in that narrow gauge, had laid, weltering in gore, those seven men.

CONCLUSION

Night is not darker than the dark day that them overhung that pleasant retreat in the towering cliffs of Northern Arkansas. But what to do with Hudson and son was the intricate problem upon the black—board of state, county, and community. People had a desire for justice: but what is justice? In the darkness that overshadowed them, they walked at random; they had an aim, they were conscious there was something to seek after; but they groped about, “if haply they might feel after justice, and find it.” He who bore the shameful Cross has taught erring mortals that we may expect persecution, reviling, and all manner of evil; that our lives are to be blameless, and we ourselves acquiesce in the will of God. Every child of God must not only hold himself ready to wear, if necessary, the martyr’s crown, but he must also lead a holy and consistent life. Now, if you can induce all men to become Christians in life, we will dispense with prisons, but until then, you must do justice to Hudson: Justice, in spite of regret, will clear.

CHAPTER III

The seventh of the Southwestern States is Arkansas, and this sister joined hand and heart in 1836.

Formerly a part of the Missouri Territory, it struggled for freedom, and in 1818 was set out to housekeeping as a separate enclosure—in the memorable 1836, when Texas was writhing beneath Spanish torture, Arkansas was joyfully received as a State.

Arkansas lies in Latitude 34° to about 37°, and longitude 90° and 95°; while it is bounded, North by Missouri, East by Tennessee and Mississippi, West by the Indian Territory and Texas, South by Louisiana.

The Arkansas River winds majestically through the State, while the White river pours its resistless tide from North to South, emptying into the father of waters.

Low and marshy lands extend along the Mississippi; the Northwestern part is crossed by the Ozark Mountains. The soil is generally fertile, producing cotton and corn as the principal productions. The Capital is called Little Rock——situated very pleasantly on the Arkansas River.

The seventh President of the United States was General Jackson—known as “old Hickory Jackson,” of Tennessee. He was inaugurated March 4, 1829, and was a victory over Adams and Clay, of the Whig party. The party which elected Andrew Jackson was now quietly enrolled as Democrats. Hurrah for Democracy and Cleveland I is now shouted from mountaintop to deepest chasm.

In 1832 Jackson again occupied the presidential chair, and in 183~ a very cruel war broke out with the Seminole Indians called the Florida war. The start of this vexatious affair seems to have been an attempt by the United States government to remove the red men to the east of the Pacific and ‘west of the Mississippi.’ In 1837 Osceola was captured, and in December 1837 Col. Zachary Taylor outwitted the red skins at Lake Okechee, in Florida, but in 1842 peace was made, and “off they balanced, and sashayed all” for Indian Territory, lying in latitude 33° to 36°; longitude 95° to 100° lies west of Arkansas and north of Texas——the Red Fork and Canadian rivers flow through this Territory from west to east.

Long years intervene between those days of struggle for life and refinement to rid the country of Shem’s prototype, who were too lazy to work, or, in clearer phrase, “were born tired,” and too “proud to beg.” So remote and so changed——we can only faintly enter into strict justice——or credit the proceedings resulting from an excuse to remove “Dingy Red Skins.”

No electric messenger——no beautiful palaces on great rivers, no flying coaches carried lightning speed by that fretful “Iron Horse”; but long, weary roads, ox wagons, few schools, and fewer pupils, and the regular old black hickory as a standing premium for “bad lessons,” a cross-road grog shop, a treat, a fight, a knock down, drag out, cut, stab, shoot, and——and what? Why, run west; run to “Arkansaw,” as it was called. Crime increased with population——and, ere long, many had checked their baggage by way of between ‘Sundown and day,’ for the wild country, as it was unceremoniously dubbed. Will the present improved generation think of this?

Passing through Mississippi, plunging into dismal swamps of the Mississippi bottom——cane, bears, panthers, howling wolves, hooting owls, roaring cataracts, all inviting onward as guarantee against the avenger of blood. Reaching the sparsely settled districts of Arkansaw, they began, some in Chicot, about Lake Village; others in Desha, about Winchester, others, in Phillips, about Helena. Then more doubtful of security, or eager to be at ease in conscience, or gain wealth and a home to raise their children in the fear of Heaven, where also their atrocities would never come to light. But that would never succeed, for a certain good Primitive Baptist minister, it is related, weary of his calling, or doubting his high commission, said within himself, “I am not a true branch of the vine I am no sheep, I cannot preach with becoming zeal; therefore I will act the old prophet pay my fare from Joppa to Tarshish—I will not steal a ride and go away off where tidings can never echo that I was a preacher back yonder in Georgia, (I believe it was).” But poor deluded soul! Two men accompanied, but one day the roads forked, and he said: “Gentlemen, you must go right or left one, for I want no one to know I am a preacher.”

“We won’t ever hint, even a teeny smell, that you are an officiating clergyman. But you’ve done nothing to blush for, why be afraid?” said his company in travel.

“Well, I just don’t want it once named that I ever entered the Sacred Desk. Now, if you will plight that secrecy in this matter be maintained inviolate, you, as good boys can journey with me.”

Accordingly they halted, near a church house, for dinner. The righteous man, charmed by music, went in——occupied a rear seat. A dignified young servant of the meek and lowly Jesus soon arose and said: “I feel discouraged—words are gone——but there’s someone here with words!”

The face of Bro. Refugee paled as a sheet. “My Dear Audience,” resumed the man of God, I would unfold to your longing vision, the beauties of Christianity—but, like Nebuchadnezzar’s dream, the thing is gone from me; but there is a spokesman present—I know it—I feel it—thou do all things well.” At this cutting reproof, Bro. R. stepped slowly out, saying “Here’s Jonah” Then to his honor, be it said, a better sermon never fell from his lips.

Turning over to the book of books, we find that “For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.” The treatment we give or mediate to others, God will give us. Each of us holds a measuring rod, more powerful than the magic wand of mercury, more wonderful than the staff of Moses that confounded the wise men of Egypt. The wand of mercury had no power over the superior gods; but this, (with reverence be it spoken), seems to influence the Great Jehovah; for just as we treat him will he treat us. In time of health and prosperity we set at naught his counsel, and will have none of his reproof, he will also laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh. —Prov. 1:25—26.

The mischief—maker, who is constantly devising evil for others, is ever in trouble himself. “Whose diggeth a pit shall fall therein~ and he that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him. —Prov. 26—27.

“The heathen are sunk down into the pit that they made; in the net which they hid is their own foot taken.”——Psalm 9:15

“A false witness shall not go unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.’ Proverbs 19:5. So with men of blood—they are almost invariably made to fill bloody graves.

“Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.”——Psalm 55:23

“Murder will out” is a proverb.

Sacred and profane history cries out for retributive justice. Jacob lied to his father and defrauded his brother of his heritage. Jacob’s sons deceived him——Laban changed his wages ten times, his daughter seduced, and Rachel drew up her feet in the icy waves of death. “The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel,” was fulfilled to the very letter. The Jews sold our Saviour for the price of a slave, and went fettered into slavery.

Profane history speaks. Pope Alexander VI prepared a poisoned jar of sweet meats, with which to destroy Cardinal Cornetto. He ate of them himself and died miserably. Louis, successor of Charlemagne, put his nephew to death, but was rewarded by unnatural children and a loss of power. Anne Bolyn encouraged Henry VIII, but ended her joys upon the headsman’s block. Great generals, men of blood, how do they die? Alexander, from drunkenness, went down in night. Hannibal destroyed himself by poison. Caesar fell beneath the daggers of his former friends in the Senate house of Rome. Napoleon died in his fifty-second year. Charles XII was killed by a cannon ball. Francisco Pizzaro died by the hands of wretches as pitiless as himself. But go to Denton, Marat and Robespierre. One beheaded, another stabbed by a woman, and Robespierre hung. Go to Inventors. The guillotine takes its name from the man who contrived and lost his head by it. The blow which closed the eyes of Capt Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie knife, was given with his own knife.

We have now called on sacred and profane history, and the experience of mankind to confirm the declaration of Him “who spake as never man spoke,” “For with what judgment ye mete, it shall be measured to you again” We have seen the bloody cutoff in the midst of his days. We have seen the traitor betrayed. We have seen the slanderer of the reputation of others lose their own and die in infamy. We have seen the destroyer and the desolator of countries himself ruined and left desolate. We have seen the tyrant oppressed, and the overthrower of dynasties himself overthrown. There is this radical difference, however, between the approval of the true Christian and that of the followers of false creeds; the Christian only approves when God or His appointed delegates measure out the punishments. The heathen have ever claimed the right to retaliate wrongs themselves. In the one case it is retributive justice, in the other it

is vengeance, Our Saviour once said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." —Matt. 5:38. The Lex Talionis or law of like for like - the punishment to be in all respects similar to the offence, is in this saying.

This law obtained among the Jews, and the Greeks and Romans. So congenial is it to the ideas of natural justice, that it has ever been found in rude states of society, and is at this hour practiced everywhere among savage and untutored nations. Under the name of reprisals, it has been acknowledged and sanctioned by writers on international law.

One able writer says: "This leads us to speak of a kind of retortion sometimes practiced in war, under the name of reprisals. If a general of the enemy has, without any just reason, caused some prisoners to be hanged, a like number of his men, and of the same rank, will be hung up, signifying to him that his retaliation will be continued to oblige him to observe the laws of war."--Vattel, Book III, Chap. 8, In accordance with those principles, retaliation has been almost recognized as a part of international laws. During the siege of Londonderry, the besieged created a gallows on the bastion and threatened to hang all their prisoners, in retaliation for the cruelties of the inhuman Rosen. - McCauley' Eng, vol. 3, p. 208, After the execution of Col. Hayne and other southern patriots, General Green was induced by his officers to hang a British officer for every American similarly treated by the enemy. General Washington might have been induced to pardon Major Andre had not the army and the country regarded the execution of that officer as proper retaliation for the death of Capt. Nathan Hale.

General Jackson himself threatened to make reprisals upon the French merchant marine. Alexander the Great justified the invasion of Persia as an act of merited retribution for the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. Hannibal plead the wrongs inflicted by Rome upon Carthage to justify his invasion of Italy. Alison says: "Napoleon constantly professed his desire for peace, and declared that all his invasions of foreign territory were forced upon him, to retaliate for the treachery and implacability of the enemies Of his throne and his people."

The Lex Talionis belongs then to God and in His providence, and may be properly delegated by Him to the civil magistrates and executive officers but when acted upon by an individual in his private capacity, it becomes vengeance, and arrogates the prerogative of God himself. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

What a glorious land we have if men would follow the good old Golden Rule.

But alas, how many good meaning, honest, temperate men have been induced by ill designing mortals -- not regarding man nor fearing God. How many good heads of families--beneath the injuries, throats and passionate contumely of evil men are now outlawed, happiness blighted, and family relations sundered forever. Will our Governors give the grave subject the weighty consideration due, and where rewards have gone out, call them in--no longer patronize lex talionis -- but give justice and mercy fair play; say to poor and friendless wanderers, "We can, in justice, forgive, return to the hearts of your countrymen and of your families."

Chapter IV

Between Georgia and Arkansas there has ever been a true spirit of kindred endearment. So when the Redskins were carried beyond the flood, on, emigrants were as numerous as pigeons all alive to the inevitable watchword since Nimrod, the great hunter before the Lord, founded his Babylonian Government eastward from fair Eden--"Ho! To the West!"

The West was inviting, sure-enough, with her broad plateaus, towering cliffs, enduring pastures of Grass and cane, winding mountain streamlets, deer boars, elk, turkeys, and the nimble squirrel leaping from twig to spray, while hogs could live upon acorns, sheep and goats and cattle and horses fare sumptuously every day. Added to this, good neighbors, water, health and climate -- who can raise even one censure toward emigrating to Arkansas? Simply no sane

mind. We justly suppose that no part of Georgia can boast of more heavy contributions of precious families to Arkansas than can Walton, Gwinnett, Oconee, Forsyth, and Jackson counties. Jackson County is bounded north by Hall, east by Banks and Madison, south by Clarke and Oconee, while Walton, Gwinnett and Forsyth hang so majestically toward the west and south west.

The Oconee and Mulberry rivers wind slowly through the garden-spot of Georgia, affording coveted mill-power, and bottom-lands second to none, while Jefferson, standing out like a giant guard upon a hill, is the lovely county site, where men are brought to justice--punished, if found really guilty; but cleared--acquitted, -if found innocent. Jefferson is a poor section for deadbeats to build nests. Everyman about this fair haven is an honest man - wants his own--will have it, too--and is not scared at owl-hoots. In days now buried beneath the debris of bellum hate--strife between the Blue and the Gray--this section was agitated by, and also did agitate "very muchly," the good old song of "Here comes the Ku Klux !" This body of brethren were as necessary as bread and meat, or, even air itself, in this part of the moral vineyard. Some men concluded, because "Lee surrendered," the boys "surrendered all the sense, pluck, honor, vim, and other excellences;" but, as the clown said, "there's where they made a mistake." We were like the Irishman and the buzzard. Poor Pat, who was a little too far along with good old rye, laid himself gently down, at full length, by the wayside, to dream of "Blissed Erin, where no saints can bite, by Saint Patrick," when a fat, revolution-looking buzzard spread out his liberty flapping pinions, and was soon at Pat's feet, eyeing him narrowly. Upon Pat's breast he plants his inhuman footsteps, when friendly Pat, somewhat conscious of intrusion, looked up, saw Mr. Vulture in the very act of picking out one eye, and said, in his own pleasant vernacular, "Be halafax, me partner, not kwite so farst if ye plaze; I'se not so dead as ye suppose, Jist bide yer time, ye black divil of the hawse guards!"

Just so with the boys who had stood for four long years beneath the battle-flag, to save our country from baseness. The good old darkies behaved, but some who wanted "forty acres and a mule" and a hog or two to boot, were fit students for the secret lodge down in Oconee bottom, and elsewhere. Over the South we are one, as the fourth of March, for Cleveland's great chair at the White House will demonstrate. A good stirrup-leather--a piece of leather about one inch wide, or wider, if necessary, and a piece of wood tacked on, and put snugly in the hands of some brawny farmer, made Brudder Bones clean out fence corners, raise cotton, corn peas, potatoes, hogs--in short, something to eat, and would do more toward developing the resources of our great nation than all the emotions, desires for "40 acres and a mule," that have been "hatched out" since Robert E. handed over his cheese-knife under the apple-tree way up in "Ole Virginny."

We want the colored man to have his rights: but he has no right to sauce, frown at, grow impudent toward the pure old Caucasian of superior blood and race, So many times the K. K. K. would visit them in the cool air of night, to keep from bothering them in work hours; and oftentimes poor men could afford to give him the little pittance of 30 well-laid-on "stirrup rectifiers," with the promise to "give him more, as soon as paid off."

Jackson county boys had many hair-breadth escapes--hand-to-hand encounters, and always came out with colors flying, all right for "Dixie and Uncle Sam." Statesmen have first seen the light here, that have shaken the continent, and sent a wave of influence beyond the deep. Some of the brightest scholars of the age studied here--physicians, lawyers, agriculturists, warriors, --yes, to the the very cannon's fiery mouth, walked Jackson's, Clarke's, Oconee's Walton's, Forsyth's boys, when the trumpet rang to

"Call the brave metal to see
Dread havoc of men, called so;
While wives and children, to be free,
Said, Husbands, go! yes, ever go !"

Toombs and Hill, Yancey, Stephens--all brave statesmen officials, proud monuments of undying glory for Georgia. Among the others was the Daniel family--solid, sober, brave, and very forgiving. Then comes the Potts family, one of distinction, energy, and worth. The Daniels were peculiarly honest

and true-hearted men. Jack Daniel was the grandson of the good old patriot - pure-hearted, forgiving", laboring to advance social, moral, and political interests; ever alive to sympathy, his latch-string hung outside, while no "unfed beggar ever went tottering from his door." Easily entreated, he was given to reason; but, insults aggravated, he never asked his neighbors, nor called in battalions to aid him in resenting, always deeming it his paramount duty and first privilege to attend to his own special business. A man of few words --ever pointed, pregnant with meaning, and every syllable to be depended on, as if he had raised his right hand before the ordinary. Inculcating righteous principles, ever impressing truth, honor, and manliness as necessary modifications in the chief structure of life's great sentence. To return compliments, to resist evil, when necessary, was part and parcel of his cherished reputation.

His two grandsons Jack and Bud as we shall introduce them, had for grandfathers Russell Daniel and Wilkins Haynie. These men were peculiar. Wilkins Haynie had an aversion to negroes and slavery, keeping even white chickens --everything white, even their conversation, conduct, character, all white--teaching their children and grandchildren to hold up their heads, if they died hard; to draw honest breath; live in peace, loving good men: hospitable, charitable to the letter, and Guarding vigilantly the words of their mouth, "Let your word, my lads, be your bond." was a frequent, solemn admonition from the now-closed- forever lips of those good old men, who lived right, died right, and will "stand with glory wrapt around," when the startling trump shall wake up the pale denizens of the spirit-land.

One peculiarity among these men --"giants. in those days" --was wrestling, jumping, foot-racing, and match-shooting. The old men, on the Daniel side, were acknowledged marksmen, and all faces turned ashy when the announcement, "Daniel will shoot" was sounded. Even to this day, their skill is coveted, and "O that I could shoot as grandpa!" is shouted.

CHAPTER V

Russell Daniel and Wilkins Haynes gathered friends and reputation of the right stripe, and soon, their children. married into the first-class, tip-top families of Jackson and adjacent counties. Jackson Daniel became enamoured with Miss Lucinda Potts, a lovely, gentle girl, whose life was purity, whose smile was sincerity, whose whole early life was worthy of imitation. An idol at home, admired by many anxious wooers, all pleading at her shrine to pass with her through life's chequered scenes, to bind up broken hearts, to sustain drooping heads; cultivated in the garden of adornment and quietness, and of great colloquial powers; enchanting as a fairy-queen; possessing those lofty moral attainments which endeared her to home, and rendered her so lovely and attractive to young Jack's heart. And now she sleeps in the quiet city of the dead, with glory on her brow, clad in the habiliments of burning glory, a crown of glory flashing and blazing on her sinless head; her feet walking streets of burnished gold, her voice and smile on earth stilled forever. Yet vivid to Jack is the smiles she beamed, when, about fifteen years ago she took his hand with that tenderness that woman only can show, and impressed the untarnished, indelible kiss with such purity, innocence and resignation as , angel lips alone can stamp, avowing eternal allegiance to him, to be her lover husband, protector while life's lamp should glimmer on the verge of time.

Jack and Lucinda walked slowly up the narrow aisle in front of the tasty cottage on the hill, While in the west glowed the heavens with tinge of gold, a gentle breeze murmured among the tall pines that grace our hills, and the elms that beautify our vales, listening ever and anon to the bird of Paradise chanting some melodious lay, calling old remembrance up--fit scenery for hearts baptized in heaven's enduring element of love. "Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all gliss, gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most thou givest! Spring-head of all felicity, deepest when most is drawn ! Emblem of God! O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!"

Jack, looking up, as if from deepest reverie, said while a wave of hope and fear seemed to dash the cold mists of bitter fate over his youthful spirit,

“Lucinda, I saw in my dreams last night, us to stand by a Western river, all happy, the blue sky above, the shimmering torch-lights of glory burning in the trackless fields of Glory, the monuments of Grandeur near us, while on their tops of thunder-smitten brows beamed the light of Luna’s ray; and while standing all alone, I felt inclined, in my innermost soul, to be thine, and as I stood speechless, for my lips were scaled, I thought I awoke; you were gone* Now, dearest idol of my affections, pure as the drops that hang at dawning time, on yonder willows by the stream of life, I will you be that fair’ one to cheer my life\$ and shed lustre on darkest moments, when leaden Grief Iowa down the spirit; may I then look up to thee to find hope’s star reflect its azure splendor on the chilly waves of despondency? Say, hope of my existence, may I cherish this one--only one hope?”

He turned away, for pallor clouded his face, while shook his frame with emotion; but the fair form, loving smile, gentle tone, were all the same. “Too pure for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,” while holy thoughts, like pure incense, burned on the sanctified altar, she took his hand and, as if a burning spirit from lambent glory had echoed said, in molting tenderness, while her like celestial glories, beamed with love’s unsullied lustre. “Jack, you love no I am aware. Your noble mien, gentility pedigree, honor and untiring industry, together with your antecedents, which: like an open page, lie out before me, all demand candor. I am thine, dear Jack, henceforth,, and my constant endeavor shall be to enhance mutual happiness and prosperity, My you never regret your ‘Yes, ‘ dear Jack, nor tremble at the issue, but may we glide together down the stream, waiting for the boatman, and not walk death’s dark valley alone, but loaning on the strong faith in goodness, “Pass under the rod, and anchor in the part called heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

This interview ended, Lucinda Potts became, by virtue of the authority of Heaven and the State of Georgia. Mrs. Lucinda Daniel, of Jackson County, Georgia.

CHAPTER VI

Crossing the majestic “Father of Waters,” the eye is lost in wonder, while the ear seems to drink in, as it were, strange sounds. The traveler seems really in grounds enchanted. Passing over the broad and wonderful river that has rolled its countless volumes of water into the raging gulf, we encounter bewitching scenery upon the White and St. Francis, Arkansas and Washita rivers, and out west from Little Rock we come upon the Eden of America, in the counties of Yell, Perry, Saline, Garland, Hot Springs, and last, but not least, Montgomery county. Here rise Rich Mountain, Buck Knob, and here rolls Cedar Creek, and the beautiful and restless Washita. Near its shores are Dallas, McKinney Cedar Glades, Mountain Glen, and away on down, Columbus. Up north we find Long Creek, Nimrod, North Point, Bracket, Bland’s, Brazil’s, and in Montgomery county, Mount Ida, Crystal Springs, Silver City; while below are the fabulous Hot Springs, while 100 miles away, on the proud-flowing Arkansas, is the worthy capital, Little Rock.

Cedar Creek and the beautiful silver streamlets that nourish this gardenspot, fairest of earth, together with the charming Washita, are worthy of the region that they traverse. The world has looked on amazed at the development of this new empire of the American West. Its growth has been as wonderful as its own vastness and resources. Its grand valleys and plains, which, scarcely a generation ago, were almost as much an unknown land as the shores of Zambezi or Ngami, have sprung into civilization, population, prosperity and power, like the creation of an omnipotent enchanter. In the olden times, such growth, such progress, such marvelous settlement and development of regions so vast and so remote, would have been impossible.

All the sublimest glories of the Swiss and Italian Alps, all the picturesque savagery of the Tyrol, and all the softer beauties of Killarney and Como and Naples, dwindle to insignificance by comparison with the stupendous scenes that meet the gaze at every turn in Montgomery County: vast peaks, whose crowns,

often whitened, then verdant, far above where storms and torrents roar; chasms so profound that their yawning depths seem glimpses of the-bottomless caverns where Plutonian shadows walk and Titans strive; cataracts, whose crystal floods dissolve to snowy foam and spray long before they strike the rocky basin's dizzy distance below* It is a land of giant crags and fathomless abysses. carved by unending ages of whirlpools and eddies; a land of cloud-wreathed heights and awful depths; of whirling waters; of rocks and tumbling streams and flying spray. Rainbows cast their glittering coronets around the mountains lofty brows, and radiant irises dance in many a romantic gorge.

RUSSELL DANIEL and WILKINS HAYNIE were not gifted in roving. but in 1870, the youthful pair of lovers, Jack and Lucinda Daniel, deeming it expedient to strike upon Time's anvil while the iron was hot, and take the tide in the affairs of life at its flood, thus leading on to fortune, carefully husbanding their resources, summoning dear hearts to witness their exit, left fair Georgia's old-fashioned haunts for the glorious West. Many were the tears from pure fountains, and heart-rending sobs burst from pious friends and relatives, and well wishes whose name was legion, when it was announced, "The train is coming; got ready, Jack and Lucinda!" Then came the sad farewell. Son, brother, friend, daughter, angel child, schoolmates, devoted children, farewell! May God's grace follow you to your new homes in the distant West, abide with you and your dear children along life's dusty, grief-beaten track, and anchor your young hearts safely in the haven of eternal repose !" A wave of the kerchief, a motion of the hand, a smile, a tear, and the "iron horse" was panting on his track, whirling them toward the home in Saline County, Arkansas.

"Jack and Lucinda will carry health, peace, and, above all, a good conscience, honor, and a legacy of pious precepts, and with the sublunary comforts lavished by kind hands, they will make their mark in this cold uncertain world," said an old patriarch, as the car wheeled around the curve, and was lost sight of forever, as far as dear, pure, devoted and idolized Lucinda was implicated in the rolls of fate.

"Yes, dear children," sobbed a lovely mother; "they have been tutored right. No stain cleaves to their sinless hearts; we all know them-their life is an open page to us all."

"Nothing low, mean and groveling in Jack Daniel said a man from the wood-yard, yet wearing beneath his rough apparel a heart of sympathy and words of truth,

"I've been with Jack ever since he was cradled," said a gentleman of the legal persuasion, "and can positively assert, without fear of an appeal. that in Jack Daniel is nobility, honor, truth and industry; therefore, in company, with such endowments as grace Mrs. Daniel, success is inevitable."

Saline County soon sheltered our young lamented Jack and Lucinda. Bud Daniel also cast his lot, for weal or woe, true to the hilt, with the young lovers. But times change, and with them men and women change climate. What suits A. will not please Bro. B. Jack had, by some hook of the crook, learned of a fertile vale about fifty miles west of Saline County, up in Montgomery Countyhence, he picked up his wonted resolution, desiring to do all that couched within honest scope for his family, and visited, with pure motives.--the above described country. There he found a transcendent panorama of all that is sublime and most Gorgeous in rugged nature's handiwork; a vast scene from enchanted land, eclipsing all the wonders of Oriental fable, hushing the proudest landscape boasts of all the rest of creation, and defying all human Genius, with pen or brush, or pencil, to depict its loveliness and its grandeur.

"Bud," said Jack, after gazing awhile on the scenery mapped before his ravished vision, "the sun in heaven, in his grand round, never looked down upon a more glorious realm!"

'While Bud Daniel, wandering among its magnificent scenery, said most enthusiastically,

“Where could our hearts with more reverence bow,
What temple more grand than encircles us now,
Whose roof is the heavens, whose floor is the sod,
Whose walls are the mountains whose builder is God?”

CHAPTER VII

The seale turns--the curtain falls--the bell rings--and here, kindhearted reader, is what was found at the foot-lights.

Read it - weep you will--to think that our night so merry--”such awful morn could rise.”

Will you be so hardhearted as to inquire into the meaning of this epistle, penned in the tragedy of blood and tears?

You pause, shudder, read again, and then ask, “Is this the once lighthearted and free Lucinda?” What does it mean?” you persist.

Well, “truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are here:
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers,”

The truth is in the letter and “lovely, sweet, high-minded, idolized Lucinda is the chief element in the sentence. She asserts the entire proposition. Read it and ask your generous heart looking up to heaven, “Are not Jack and Bud Daniels heroes in the battle of life, not to sacrifice their existence at their own hands, after such sudden and cruel calamity has sapped the walls of their happiness, driven them from home and closed the silent grave over darling, loved Lucinda?”

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS--SUICIDE OF AN OUTLAW’S WIFE

HOT SPRINGS. December 20th., 1883

The following records from the scene of the three-corner outlaws reached here this morning:

Mr. J. M. McCallum, a merchant of Cedar Glades, the locality recently made so notorious by the terrible career of the Daniels outlaws, was in the city today, and brought news of another horrible tragedy, which also is an outgrowth of the bloody record of the three-corner outlaws.

Mr. McCallum said: Mrs. Daniels effected her destruction on last Friday morning about nine o’clock, shooting herself with a rifle gun. Being unable to fire the gun with the caps, which had become damp, the determined victim, with grim resolution, kindled a fire, and placed the breech of the weapon in it, holding the muzzle against her body till the fire discharged the fatal contents through her vitals. The ball entered near the centre of the stomach, ranging upward, passing out of the back and entering the ceiling of the room. Death ensued about 2 o’clock in the afternoon. Half a dozen little orphans are left on the world’s cold charity.

Mrs. Daniel, although the wife of the terrible outlaw, whose record of crime rivals during its brief period almost that of the James buys, was an intelligent and pleasant woman. The life of her husband entailed upon her so much misery that she was unable to bear up.

The wife of Bud Daniel is now living with relatives in Saline County near Benton.”

This coming fresh from “the Atlanta Constitution of Dec. 21, 1883” moves like a vast mountain of air upon the public mind, and the query, “what under the pure sky has been the matter? What ill wave threw up on time’s, shores such dreadful destiny?”

Many broken hearts, as the turbid storm-clouds of unbidden grief lower above the good and honest hearts and youthful associates, exclaim, in the fathomless

depths of wonder and sorrow, "Is our dear, fair, intelligent Lucinda in the cold grave, a victim to her own unbalanced faculties?" What deep, sulphurous chasm from the shades of his Satanic Majesty has become uncapped, thus snatching a flower from our paradise, but leaving desolation at home?

As if to pour fresh oil into the public lamp, Jack and Bud Daniels are portrayed in lively hues, desperadoes, outlaws. Yes, Jack's life rendered his "intelligent and pleasant" wife's life a burden too Herculean to be sustained in the habiliments of "flesh and blood."

Again, the notes swell, reverberate, thunder-like they burst upon Georgia's fair plains, trumpeting in hedges and highways, cities and solitudes, that Jack and Bud Daniel have outstripped the James boys, even in a very limited period, that they have rendered themselves notorious.

Well, one of two positions is impregnable. Right or wrong is at the basement. If wrong caused the untimely departure of a dear mother from six little children, to leave them homeless wanderers upon the world's contingencies, Georgia rises Samson like to correct errors, punish crimes, and satisfactorily modify measures of justice and mercy. Lot public probes go the depths. Hear another Journal speak. Silence! Hats off!

Mr. Hot Springs Sentinel, ladies and gentlemen. After compliments worthy of the Sentinel, proceeds: "The corners of the counties where Jack and Bud and Rial be."

We are informed this morning that these desperadoes, the Daniels brothers and Blocker, have stated that they were willing to surrender to the authorities if they could be assured that they would not be tried in Yell county.

They were informed that a change of venue was possible, and we hope they will see the necessity of surrendering to the majesty of the law. It seems that Potter was killed in Yell County, and they have a holy terror for the citizens of that county. We believe they could obtain a fair and impartial trial in this county."

This fair, unprejudiced oration was delivered some time in July, 1883, as clipped from the "Dardanells Post, published every Thursday by Williams & Skinner, proprietors, Thursday, July 26, 1883

Here is A friendly comment, on the above by the Dardanells Post. "So the bad men of Ions Creek and Muddy have been consulting attorneys, we would infer. It is a compliment to the people of Yell County that these gentlemen are not willing to be tried in Yell County. Certainly Yell county would be glad to be relieved of the business."

But here swings round the corner another illustrious locutionist, even Perryville Times. Hear ye deaf! "Rial Blocker and the Daniel boys were seen near the head of big Maumelle last week." Comment: "Where in the elements is the head of Big Maumelle? and why didn't somebody catch them?"

Here follows a comment from west of the Mississippi, from a respectable source, which sheds new lustre on inquirers' pathway, hear him: "For want of something better to satisfy the public greed for sensation, the newspapers have advertised the Daniel boys and Blocker into notoriety, while in fact there is no other element of the outlaw than the fact (of all facts very serious, mine) that they brutally murdered a neighbor and took refuge in the mountains. Their so-called defiance consists in their arming themselves, as fugitives from justice naturally do, and their threats consist in ignorantly warning officers not to insult or abuse their families, or the families of the outlaws.

The scene at the church, which has been so much paraded before the public, was a social one rather than otherwise, the outlaws taking dinner with the people on the grounds after the services were over. Instead of capturing the congregation, breaking up the congregation or meeting, and compelling the

minister to read aloud their proclamation, they quietly waited until service was over, and then requested the minister to read their warning,

Not a very reputable proceeding, to be sure, and one not to be apologized for, but it is so different from that as represented, that it is worthy of mention. Continuously since the killing of Potter, the sheriff of Yell County has been trying to find and capture the men.

At no time has any feature of the case required a special attention of the Governor, and the request to him by individuals to send the militia out to that section, we believe to have originated with men who simply desired sensation or, possibly, with unprincipled villains who hoped to complicate the present administration by militia muddles. At any rate, there is not the slightest excuse for mention of militia in connection with the matter. Now that crops are "laid by," and the people can leave home without much detriment to their business, Sheriff Davis has organized a posse for the purpose of giving the mountains where the parties are supposed to be, one thorough scouring with the determination to arrest them if they are there.

He will go into the neighborhood with fifty men, though he left Dardanelle Monday morning with but ten, his intention being to select good men from localities nearer the field of operations. The posse is accompanied by George Bently, of Conway County, who took with him two bloodhounds, and who has the reputation of being a skillful and brave officer. While we have little hope of their affecting the arrest of the fugitives, the effort will serve a good purpose on general principles. In addition to its general effects wholesome effect, it will afford newspapers opportunity to talk about "mountain fastnesses." Mr. R. J. Brown, the Gazette's great Northwestern traveling town magnifier, hurried over to Dardanelle to join the cavalcade bound for the "fastnesses," but was thirty minutes and five seconds too late, consequently had to wipe his brow in regret.

When the Sheriff was summoning his posse on Monday morning, there was consternation and dismay on the faces of many. Fifty miles! Heavings! Horseback! and some of them spoke the most commonplace slang, and a few threatened rebellion, but it was no use the "mountain fastnesses" must be searched, and Jack and Bud Daniels and Rial Blocker must be captured."

Here we have a chain of startling events all converging to one grand central conclusion, viz: Jack, Bud, and a third party called Rial Blocker, have literally torn up the ground, burnt deck and broom both, consternated everybody, Governor appealed to, blood hounds and detective, fifty "good men," all trying to capture three men. We also find it spoken that "Bill Potter" was killed in Yell County, brutally murdered, that Jack, Bud, Rial were in the sad deed, churches disturbed, people dismayed at the thought of arresting the "outlaws." Yes, we have an agglomerated mass fit for the hanging of any competent board of arbitrament in the courtroom, hang any jury upon terra firma's fair face.

SENSATION

Also aboard, it seems, from the tone of the last writer quoted. And administration at the bottom! Yes, we are fully aware of the how of sensations like these. Carpetbaggers have left the stain of eternal infamy on the fair South, -- oppressed our people, stolen our dollars, poisoned society, where it had any hold, made an inferior people saucy, contemptible, ignorant and idle, and now, thank heaven, our fair South raises her hallelujahs to heaven's righteous Judge and king that our homes once more are free from radical rule. And the stench, so foetid, stomach sickening to our fair wives, daughters, mothers, of carpet-bag administration, no longer causes southern true blood Washingtonians to hold their nasal organs!

Yes, such administration has been tottering, trembling, gasping, slowly dying, thank heaven, for twenty years. But intrigue, oppression, murder, bloody scenes at midnight, illegal taxation, have been the very pabulum upon which it has breathed the oxygen of life. Deprive them of such means, and what? They die -- die eternally -- unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

No wonder it requires bloodhounds to seek after generous, kind-hearted well-raised men that attempt to keep afloat such a wreck of putrefied contamination!

Who desires to fall into such company, put your hands into a lion's mouth, and at the same time so well acquainted with their voracious appetite? No one. From Maine to California, from the lakes of the ice-fettered North to the ambrosial fruits of the Mexico gulf of the sunny South, have noble man and women groaned beneath the iron hoof of pharaoh's oppression.

Little do they care how many men, arms, bloodhounds, horses, &c., come in and feed upon the hard earnings of industrious man and women! They didn't work for it. No, sir!

But what did Potter do? Was he a good man, and one that "feared God with all his house," that prayed to God always, and gave much alms to the people? Was it just at the hour of prayer, when in his humble devotions he arranged his family about the quiet hearthstone, the sacred family altar, and as he reverently bowed, the assassins, outlaws came to his window, and, without a moment's notice, hurled him into the great future, into which we must all go?

READ JACK DANIEL'S LETTER,

and you have the key to open -- walk in - look about murderville and be satisfied, in your mind, at least, that there "Must have been something wrong up the branch."

May 1st., 1882

MR. WILLIAM POTTER: I will write you a few lines, as I don't wish to talk to you on the subject that seems to be your whole study. I thought I had told you plain enough that I would not go into any such obligations as you went me to. As it seems that you are hard to understand. I will write this down, so that you may see it every day. Understand that I will not join anybody to act unfair or unjust with our fellow-man, as I want to treat everybody as I wish them to treat me, and I expect to deal honestly with everybody. The advice you gave me is liable to get a man in trouble, for this is government land. I don't see how you can have the face to ask me to curse and accuse men of stealing that come in this valley to look at land. I don't see how you can have the heart to do so yourself. Remember that a false accuser is the worst man of earth. Mr. Potter, as for me helping you run these men out of this valley that have come in here and settled, I don't intend to do it. I consider that they have got as much right on government land as you or me, and I will help protect them in their rights, for I want neighbors. You say these men are thieves; if they are, why don't you prove it, and handle them with the law? I always thought that was what the civil law was for. If I thought the people of this country was as thievish and mean as you recommend them to be, I would leave this country at once. It is strange that no one is right but you and your party. You say that you and your crowd rule the country, and if I will join hands with you, we will have a good thing; we will prove anything we want to. You say you have a way of taking men up the creek and leaving them, if they don't suit you. Mr. Potter, I don't want you to think, because I have begged for peace, that you can scare or bluff me out of here. If I am afraid of any man or set of men I don't know it; but I want peace. Why not have peace and happiness in this country? We can have it by being governed by honor and justice. If you don't intend for you and me to get along, please don't try to break peace with me and the balance of the neighbors by talking about me, which you have begun to tell all kinds of fabulous falsehoods on me, which I could, if I had the means to back me, and was a mind to, I could sue you for slander and make you as poor a man as I am. You say that a stranger has no show here at all. I think, to treat justice, they would have as good a show as any one. You say that men that don't do to suit you make good turtle bait. If I can't do to suit you by acting honorable, you will have to make turtle bait out of me, I reckon. Don't never name those things to me any more, if you please. Remember that almost any man can be aggravated to do things that he don't want to do.

I am willing to join hands to go according to principle, honor, and justice. If this don't suit you I won't suit you. Mr. Potter, I am willing to drop all this and remember it no more, if you will, and live neighbors and friends.

I will close by saying that you will always find me ready and willing and waiting to do what is right--reasonable. Yours very respectfully,

R. J. DANIEL.

Now, dear friends, readers and lovers of justices mercy, truth and right, you may expect the "fur to fly" henceforth. While sometimes dark clouds lower, we will carry you at last through a vale of sunlight, beauty, bloom and wonder. For something deep, dark and destructive must be brought before you in coming chapters.

CHAPTER VIII

Ruskin has said, "The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and, if pleasure, you must toil for it."

So thought Jack, Bud and Lucinda, when they left the fertile vales of Saline County for the majestic cliffs, valleys and beauties of Ion's Creek, in Montgomery County Arkansas. Once safely housed in that garden of delights, energy, perseverance and integrity went to earnest toiling to make an honest living, "in the sweat of their faces." Tall fir trees, giant oaks, fell before the well-wielded axe, and rails, rails, rails, flew in thousands from the blows of honest arms and hands, while humble homes, yards, gardens, and a large and fertile bottom-field soon crowned the efforts of those men who anxiously awaited the memorable and joyous day when they could sit beneath their own "vines and fig-trees--no one daring lawfully to molest or make afraid." But let it not escape the memory that this beautiful Eden on Ion's Creek was government land.

Living all the way around the mountain's base were apparently quiet, inoffensive neighbors, mainly well-to-do people, and, of course, a stranger seeking rest among them would enter into that rest perfectly at ease. If he needed assistance, there it was, and with such inviting prospects, he would naturally rejoice to settle -- cease to roam -- stop the "rolling stone," and in future to gather moss to cheer declining years. But just step in a day and look at the BASIN in the valley on Ion's Creek.

This basin is from 10 to 12 miles long, and averages 1 1/2 miles in width though a mountain range extends for 15 miles west and south, however, much broken, while for 10 miles long and 1 1/2-miles in latitude, sweeps the loveliest vale of Arkansas. Ion's Crook equally divides it; murmuring waterfalls, rainbows, cool boiling fountains, heavy timber, excellent pasturage, and lands fertile beyond description, are here. Deer, turkeys, squirrels, bears, panthers--yes, it is over-abounding with game, and one of earth's choicest sections to raise cattle and horses without expense.

There is one of Nature's curiosities here that we cannot forbear to mention. A gateway is at each extremity of this narrow valley, although 10 miles long, and stock can pass in and out at said gaps, but woe to the beast that furiously tries to scale the elevated guards embracing the valley, like a lover on all sides. In fact, nothing save a gazelle could climb the rugged mountains girding this valley, save at the two narrow gates or gaps, hence, stock was safe in the valley and could come out at the accustomed gateway. Jack and Bud Daniel erected their buildings right by the cattle pass-way; Indeed stock came in from the outside daily, while but two families, then four, then only two again, could count up souls in the pass. All without this pass was recognized under cover of mountain fastnesses; for the very countenance of the hills, rugged boulders, roaring cataracts, horrible chasms, frowning peaks, seemed to whisper in the solitary wanderer's ear, "Beware! 0 Beware, my traveler to eternity!" It in truth seems "cut out" and "well sewed together" for a refuge -- and no small handful of mortals need pursue a determined spirit there.

JACK AND BUD SETTLED

where no region on all the beautiful globe offers more attractions or presents more opportunities to the nature lover, the artist, the hermit, the capitalist, the man of nerve and enterprise, or the invalid, to the seeker of recreation, health or fortune, than Ion's Creek, Montgomery County, Arkansas. Amid these grand hills was a favorite meeting-place and camping ground of the warlike tribes whose ownership of the region dates back into the misty dates of legend and conjecture. Near here, after their death, they were buried in a sitting posture, with staff in hand, and a tepee of stakes around and over the heroic form. Strange-looking cones and chimneys, orators and scape-pipes still remain, as perfect as in the far-back period when they spouted and sputtered as though Beelzebub was "making soup of sinners at their deep-down furnace fires,"

CLOUDS GATHER

around the happy home of Jack and Bud. Dark clouds, which, at first, no larger than a man's hand, soon covered the bright horizon, while muttering thunder shook the citadel of peace, and Death's cold frost nipped forever the cherished and expanding beauty of dear Lucinda, depriving Jack Daniel of a loving and useful wife and mother, while seven darling children, one an infant, could welcome her at morning, or say "Good-bye, dear mamma," at night.

It has been said, in a Book we dare not question, that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and "evil men and seducers will wax worse, deceiving and being deceived." Some bright mornings deceive the anxious traveler for ere nightfall, clouds overcast the beautiful heavens, throwing death-like pallor over all nature, and the hurricane bursting in its resistless might, "uproots the tree and snaps the flower, and sweeps from our distracted breast the friends that loved, the friends that blest, and leaves us weeping on the shore to which they can return no more."

Just around the mountain's base, on Ion's Creek, was a regular band of well-disciplined tyrants, who kept guard, sentry-like, over the little valley, permitted a favored few to "live and move and have their being" in this coveted resort; therefore, strangers could be very easily deceived when "judging from outward appearances." "Were he to step just without the circle put up at night, he would receive as much hospitality as could be desired; hence no one would ever suspect anything "dark behind the curtains." But that 12 miles long, that 1 1/2 miles broad that picturesque landscape-- good grazing, well-watered region--those narrow gateways protecting "Governor Myself's cattle"--was not treated very coldly and carelessly by "gentleman cattle thieves and land sharks."

YOU COULD, HOWEVER, put in there, provided, you became a devout, punctual, persevering member of what was dubbed by the "Fraternity Royal -Keep-Everybody-Out-of-Here -Save- Myself and-Wife, -My Son John, His wife, Us - Four -and-No-More " as "Our Band." Yes, our band is all right side up--clicking, running Mr. Everybody out that does not nod as we wink! And a stranger would be very snugly entrapped long ere he was aware of how the "cords were pulled."

But just let him set footing on forbidden territory, although government land and open to honest hearts and industrious hands, and those cattle-men, who called this valley on Ion's Creek "Our pasture" would raise the query: "Will you join our band? If you will, we will have a good thing; and if anybody drives stock in here, curse them! Make them afraid to stay; or, if they persist, let some stock be found dead, near their premises, and they will take warning; but if not, we will accuse them of stealing the stock; and get rid of them we must, even if we have to go with him up the creek. Will you go in with us and have a good thing?"

Jack and Bud Daniel had just fairly "spread sail" in the valley, had a good farm opened, some stock about them, and success staring them full in the face, when a neighbor who lived three miles off paid them a visit, and accosted them thus: "Well Daniels, will you join our band? We can have a good thing here. If a man does not do to suit me, I will make turtle bait out of him; nobody can have any showing in here but my band. We can protect our cattle in abundance, and have a little world in here belonging to We, Us & Co."

Daniels replied thus: But suppose a good, honest man -- a poor man -- was to come here on Government land, seeking a home with little children to support, and his all here with him? I do not think it right to terrify him away."

CATTLE MAN. Oh, that won't pay; everybody will come in this rich valley and sweep our grazing grounds, and we be the great losers. If any man comes, curse him! scare him off; but if you fail, let me be informed."

DANIELS. Mr. Potter, I do not think it reasonable and just to try to run off good men. I want neighbors, and am willing to do right between man and man."

CATTLE MAN. "My band rules the valley, and no one can abide here unless our voice is consulted. We are not to be outwitted in this weighty matter. If you can't get a spirit of moving around in them, just refer the case to me, my decision will be final — for I will take him up Ion's Creek, from which there will be no appeal."

DANIELS, "Mr. Potter, your proposition would involve me in difficulties, for this is government land; they have as much right to land here as you or me; besides, I want neighbors. I am not willing to abuse, curse or slander my fellowman, but wish to treat men as I desire to have them act toward me. Let me tell you, Mr. Potter, I am not willing to join you to oppress men, but will join any community on the face of Mother Earth to aid mankind and edify society. I will protect good, honest citizens, Mr. Potter; and while I want peace, remember I am not afraid of any living man. I will join you in what is right and reasonable."

Potter ended the conversation of his favorite topic, and as the glimmer of the sun was fading, he bent his steps across field, vale and hill homeward.

Blocker was a neighbor living about four miles from Jack Daniel's. Blocker's family was reputable, good livers, honest and to be trusted. But Blocker, too, had become very enamored with the Eden on Ion's Creek, and built four miles from Daniel's and three miles from Potter.

Potter and his "band" could not induce Blocker to "take men up the creek," curse, kill cattle near premises, and such lovely deeds; hence they considered him, together with Jack and Bud, to be snakes in the grass, end must be routed, and that instanter. No equivocation, no prevaricating; just six with one and half a dozen with the other; as long as broad—out of there they must and shall go. But how to maneuver here was a vexing problem to the committee, Potter reasoned thus: Bud and Jack will not be likely to become frightened if we approach them directly or offer violence; besides, they can shoot the bottle's bottom out and shoot in at the neck. But if we can get a sly pop at Blocker, then the Daniel boys will fear secret injury and will soon hull out

April 18th, 1883, about 6 o'clock A. M., while Blocker was pursuing his honest calling, dreaming of no danger—bang ! went a painful sound, ringing through the valley, and bearing dread intentions in its music. Blocker, leaping upward, looked around, and seeing Potter, knew too well the mission of the leaden messenger that whizzed through the air, brushed Blocker's waist, shot his clothes in pieces, but, providentially, did no hurt to his person.

BLOCKER, JACK AND BUD

were soon in conference. While no bishop, with his holiness, utility and scholastic erudition, nor worthy elder, not itinerant man of God, to teach the guilty the way of peace and pardon, graced this trio in secret convention, never did mortal men meet with more care, reservation, good designs and the holy motto, "Peace on earth, good will among men."

BLOCKER — "Well, boys, I have done nothing to merit the displeasure of Potter. Never did I insult, injure, or deceive him. What can this mean?"

CHAPTER IX

BLOCKER, JACK AND BUD SOON GO TO SEE POTTER.

"Well, I'll tell you Blocker, said Jack," he simply intends not to kill you, but scare you out of here, since you, like us, count yourself unworthy of his honorable band."

BLOCKER. "Do you conjecture rightly, Jack?"

JACK. "I have every good reason to believe so, and more than that, he has spread it broadcast, outside the gap, on last Saturday, that he intends to kill me out — I just can't live here, and if threats can't suffice, and I fail to join his band, he will see to it at once that I am hoisted."

BLOCKER. "You see, boys, this matter is too serious to tamper with; no procrastinating will avail, let's go over to see Potter, have a friendly talk, assure him we are citizens, not thieves, outlaws nor cut-throats, and sue for peace and live peaceably?"

JACK. "Well, I and Bud have done much work here, as well as you, and our all is here; wives, children, stock, indeed our life is here, and I do think, if he will just listen to reason, he won't kill out innocent parties that bear no malice nor have ever injured person or property."

BUD. "Boys, those are my sentiments; but I can't see through this way of shooting at men to rid them of homes, just because we won't turn outlaws and drive quiet, inoffensive citizens out of this valley."

JACK. "I had rather move to California than hurt any man. I can raise my hand to pure heaven and affirm that I harbor no ill will toward any living man. We can go over and see Mr. Potter and reason together, and perhaps we may effect a pleasant reconciliation."

BLOCKER. "Had we not better carry our guns?"

JACK. "We can do so, but of course, Bill Potter won't go so far into folly as to go to firing at innocent men; he sees men every day with guns; besides, this is not a gun matter, this is reason, justice, peace; this involves 'heads and foats' of families. Our progeny hangs upon this convention with Potter; of course, we want a quiet, friendly interview, and if peace is brought about, we have quiet, lovely homes for our children."

CHAPTER X

Sad interview——Bloody Day——Potter Killed—— Sheriff Brandishing Pistols at Jack's House——Try to Make Him Run to Kill Him Without Arrest. How They Were Deceived, &c., &c.

Early on April 18th. 1883, this trio could have been seen wending their way with heavy hearts, now despairing, now hoping good to come out of this visit to the "house of mourning." Lefty crags frowned down upon them, cataracts splashed, gurgled, and then ran apast them, hollow winds sang echoes like funeral dirges, while the bold eagle screamed out his triumphant note of profound supremacy and game sported before them temptingly unhurt. With all this they would have been happy, had not certain premonitions, presentiments, they could not lift off from their aching hearts, come ever and anon to mar their future prospects, crush down hope and mantle in darkness their day-star, once so bright.

While meditating, walking in silence, they came in sight of Potter's house, a beautiful site, portraying beauty, wealth and comforts more worthy of better results than crowned the events of the day. How their hearts beat when they saw Mr. Potter plowing down in his beautiful field, where they desired to be; would have been at that very moment, had not Mr. Potter's indescribable maneuvers that morning compelled the "farmer to leave his plow." Hearing his voice, they crossed the fence about sixty paces from Mr. Potter, walked up to him, and when near, said in humble, persuasive tone, "No harm, Mr. Potter, no harm intended, only wish to reason with you, talk matters over friendly, and try to harmonize things to our mutual benefit, so do not fear a difficulty, we assure you, we are here for no evil to you, but to speak with you."

"I will speak with you, gentlemen, said Potter, rushing toward his rifle gun leaning against the fence about sixty yards off. I will learn you a lesson you have yet to learn, it seems, as soon as I reach my old trusty, I'll pick your flints for you, mind if I don't!"

“Stop, Mr. Potter “ cried Jack, we did not visit you for blood or quarrel!”

“Shut your mouths, you cowardly scoundrels, don’t speak about talking with me, I’ll.....”, but before his vengeance could burst, volcano fashion, upon the pale trio who stood dumb at such reception, such contrary results to the one coveted and prayed for all along three miles of rough road, before Potter could speak more vindictive epithets, “Stop there, Potter; if you put your hand on your gun, I will be compelled, sir, to defend myself!”

“I’ll defend you, you grand rascals, cowards. I’ll shoot———.” Before he could raise his deadly weapon, and send the fiery missile whizzing through some innocent victim’s core, and put out his light everlastingly, Jack’s unerring needle-gun rang out like the scream of despair on a burning ship. Potter, grasping his weapon, attempted to raise it, but at this critical juncture, Bud, knowing the time present when decisive measures must be taken, cried out mildly but positively: “Don’t raise that gun, Mr. Potter; we came here for no harm, intended no injury, though you cruelly frightened us by shooting at Mr. Blocker. We came here for peace, but you raise that gun and I will be compelled to fire!”

Mr. Potter, seeing all hope of revenge gone, and deeming it folly, extreme, to court death, especially when he knew Bud could hit his eye, gave back his gun to the fence, walked off some two hundred paces, sat down by the fence, and gave himself to solemn reflections; from his eye seemed to flash

“My battle-vow ! no minster-walls
Gave back the burning word,
Altar nor shrine the low, deep tone
Of smothered vengeance heard;
But the ashes of a ruined home
Thrilled as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood that shook
The midnight’s dark repose.”

“We see what reason was under his shirt,” said Blocker.

“Yes” said Jack, “I did not think any man so prone to evil, so lost to reason, as to rush frantically, battle-horse manner, right into death’s yawning jaws, and lead others into misery and trouble !”

“He’s been working at this problem ever since he became convinced we would not join his band,” said Bud, in a solemn tone. Jack, speaking in a very solemn phrase, said: “This reminds me of a verse I once knew, and I believe it rained down about thus:

“Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven;
Ill, when the storm is loud and high,
and lightnings flash athwart the sky;
But worse, when she conceals within,
The soul weighed down by secret sin.”

“Yes, we are into the storm of trouble now,” said Bud. “I would not be in this untimely difficulty, so uncalled for on Potter’s part, if he had exercised one bit of reason. I would not be involved for millions; but you know, Blocker, we would have been shot into bug-mouthfuls in less than no time, if we had let him handle that deadly rifle !”

“I want to go down to see him, see how seriously he is hurt, and part friendly, for I see he is so unreasonable that I can but do my duty, and carry about a clear conscience,” said Jack, sorrowfully.

Down the fence-line they went, regretting but not repenting, and came on Potter leaning against the fence. They soon perceived the aim was not random.

“Well, Mr. Potter, we did not come here for this; we only came on business,” said Jack, as spokesman.

“Well, this is business !” replied Potter, in a gruff tone, as if premeditating.

“How much better, Mr. Potter, it would have been for both of us, and for Bud and Mr. Blocker, if things had received a different turn. You tried to induce us to join your company contrary to law, government, justice and honor. You tried to implicate me into conspiracy, Aaron Burr like, against the high rule of the State of Arkansas, which opens arms against error, and guarantees citizenship, protection and property to all law-obeying subjects. You have done everything to intimidate me; have shot at Blocker; accused me of theft, first in Texas; then Georgia; even at sacred home.

“Beautiful home where my childhood was spent,
Beautiful skies where the rainbow oft bent;
Beautiful hills echoing whippoorwill’s song,
Beautiful streamlets running zigzag along.”

You have caused me to leave home, here, much to my disadvantage, go to Saline county, away from my family, my dear, devoted wife, my sweet, lovely children were debarred my presence, my labor and my satisfaction, just simply, Mr. Potter, to evade unpleasantness with you and your band. Now you are seriously shot, and we will have, peradventure, to leave home, wife, children, labor; yes, Mr. Potter, leave my hard earnings, just to prevent effusion of blood. You may soon stand before the righteous Judge, but you can file no indictment against either of us, and you know it, Mr. Potter.” They waited for replies, but never a word escaped his lips. Stone-still he sat, but perfectly excusable, for even then he could hear death’s breakers roar, and in two short hours his spirit broke through its clayey tenement, leaping the barriers of time, scaled death’s iron battlements, and we earnestly hope, but hope against hope, was carried by convoys of shining spirits into the gold-paved streets of immortal day, “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!”

CHAPTER XI

The House of Mourning—Potter Dies in two hours—Is Carried Home—General Excitement—Posse Collect—Furiously Attack Danielsville— Mistaken Men.

Potter breathed his last with little comfort in his last moments, But, oh, what grief filled his home! “All, all is hushed throughout the empty streets, nor voice nor sound as if the inhabitants, like the presaging herds that seek the covert ere the loud thunder rolls, had only felt and shunned the impending horrors.”

The firing brought friends and soon he was borne to the home of comfort and the worthy physician summoned; but, alas! all skill must bow before that mandate: “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” “It is appointed unto men once to die and after this, the judgment. Heb. xix, 27. “Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.” But yet there is hope behind the gloomy cloud, for there is One:

“They dragged Thee to the Romans’ solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendor sate;
Thou stood’st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.”

Briny tears flowed freely; friends wept; loneliness pervaded the solemn mansion. Like wild-fire the ill-fated tidings spread, and soon the entire band of “Carry them up the creek” were assembled to pay the last debt of gratitude to their crest-fallen chieftain, who had led them so often where “Danger’s frowns and Death’s cool smiles” seemed to harmonize and “buy victory at costless price;” but now, alas! I like the giant oak, standing out for a century against breeze and bolt, sinks, at last, with a crash, to wither, blast, die, and soon erased from memory.

Solemn to hear the clods of mother earth fall in upon the once animated form of Neighbor Potter, but more so to hear the sobs, screams, sighs, and deep, heart-felt groans of those who were leaning upon him for supporting and in the very prime of life, flower of health, cut down and withered in an hour! Sadly around the grave they meet—lay their chieftain away to rest in the quiet city of the dead—”laid out in walks and squares, where foes lie down together, not harm each other there.”

JACK AND BUD AND BLOCKER

turned away from the unlooked-for scene with horror, but felt no compunction— only a swelling wave of regret crossed their finer sensibilities, and produced so sad, melancholy reflections.

Passing across the ridge, entering the main road in silence Blocker broke the solemn reverie with: “Well, boys, we are into trouble now; what is best to do? You know with whom we have to deal.”

JACK. “Yes, this is not child’s play. We are in a condition where many good men have unconsciously been seduced, and out of such spiral labyrinths is not easy, at all seasons, to extricate every one that comes.

BUD. “You both recollect when Hudson went off, they followed him, although they paid ‘good toll for going so far to mill.’ You know when Jones, of Missouri, had a serious difficulty with the revenue officer—shot him dead while speaking in public—they followed him, but he made them pay dearly for their whistle—killing five, and leaving a mark on the sixth that the solemn grave alone can rub out: And ‘Coming events cast their shadows before.’ We know their inhuman practices will justify the sad conclusion that we will to followed, and not to go before the honorable grand jury, but ‘carried up the creek,’ and consigned to gentlemen Turtle Bait & Co., in Ion’s Creek. That will be the long and short of the matter. We need look for no justice—no fair trial—indeed, we will got no trial, only they will try every mode of torture they have ever read of in Injun books.”

BLOCKER. “I am as deep in the muck, boys, as you are in the mire. We have been ruthlessly thrust in to this unexampled fray, by men of no principle; we have dealt candidly, honestly, with every one; we have defrauded no one; and just for wanting to remain hero, cultivate good land, live honestly, industriously—collect good, righteous neighbors about us, that our families could have associates, churches, hospitality, and in order to clandestinely, secretly, meanly, reserve this government land to their ‘own tooth,’ they wish to ‘nip emigration in the bud’ by terrifying us out—first by scandal, then threats, then lead! We must all cleave together, boys.”

JACK. “Blocker, you are truly to be pitied. We have come with you to adjust matters, and set them up in more ship-shape mode, and we have shaped them more like a wrecked ship: we are between the ram and the gate-post—so we must act as becometh wise men—no womanish freaks, no vain wishes, no grieving over spilled milk. What do you say, Blocker and Bud, about future operations?”

BUD. “You see, Jack, I am in for right—for justice. We can give up to some officers in Montgomery County, or be tried at Hot Springs, if we can get to the civil authorities.”

BLOCKER. “Yes; that is what will skim out all right—for we are as clean as glass of a design to injure Potter; no malice aforethought, no threats; and after he shot at me, without any cause whatever, only to scare me out of here—and let me tell you, boys, I was just exactly scared like a mule-rabbit. I have confidence in the public mind, and their high estimate of justice, mercy and reason. I am willing to surrender now.”

JACK. “That is all well cut out and nicely sewed together; but what will you do, my bucks, with those authorities that make turtle-bait out of such material as we are? You know full well that they will try to take us up the creek now. You bet your bottom shilling you’ll hear their injun

screams of despair before two suns set; so let's to business. What are your plans Blocker?"

BLOCKER. "Well, boys, sink or swim, here goes to go with you till things dress up more politely than at present. Just what you propose I will endorse. Let's be going."

JACK. "Hold a moment. I do not fear betrayal, but if one betrays the others, he dies! dies! yes, he certainly dies! What say you both to that?"

BLOCKER AND BUD. "Holding up our hands to a pure world, we avow eternal allegiance, veracity and sincerity, each to the other, If one is trapped, he will not divulge the whereabouts of the others, save to lawful officers that we have valid reasons to believe will give us fairness!"

CHAPTER XII

Rustle in the Community—Come to be Revenged—Brandish Weapons—Threats.

Sacred history says that King Herod had long been anxious to behold the Lord Jesus, not from any motive of piety, but from mere curiosity. Men sometimes imitate those old fellows now. Although dear Jesus, the precious Savior, was not on Ion's Creek—nor would we commit sacrilege by instituting the least comparison—yet you see that men who had never visited Jack, Bleeder and Bud, now had old man Curiosity on tip-toe. Hence, the urgent demand brought out a posse. Jack and Bud and Blocker went home direct from their bloodshed very unnecessary, stepped out mildly and gentlemanly and silently into the mountain protection—hanging, curtain-like, over their very houses.

THE POSSE CAME

two days after Potter was killed. Instead of coming in the night, like a good officer would do, if he apprehended resistance unto blood, they appeared upon the scene mere like a pack of North American savages—their horses at full speed, hair disheveled, flapping in the breeze, yelling using language that would stain with eternal infamy the pages of this true little history; cursing even in the presence of women and helpless children, that our Saviour said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" even calling the husband a coward—a damned everything they could think of, in the very presence and hearing of the devoted wife and much-loved children, whose tears, shrieks and unearthly groans were only deepened by the ungentlemanly yells, curses, threats and slanders of this posse, who claimed to seek to carry a man to justice. Of course they asked amiss, for they wished to murder. Providence seems to point unerringly throughout.

FERGUSON COMES

in and takes Jack's homestead, but one neighbor, who undertook it, by Potter's plans, would not be sound in faith toward the clans; therefore, they shipped him. "Glass inside; handle with care. By The Band."

Jack worked long and hard for his good little home, and being 100 miles away from the Land Office, concluded when crops were "laid by", he would ride down to Little Rock, pay in the dues, and come home to enjoy its beauties and comforts with his wife and little children; not dreaming that any volcanic eruption would spout out to dispossess him, after such toil and pure motives—houses built and broad acres opened. But Satan entered the garden again, but didn't come to the women this time. But as soon as they found the wrong man had come in to seize Jack's homestead—found they had the "wrong sow by the ear," and had "come up on the wrong train"—he being shipped right now, without note or comment, the beautiful inheritance again reverted back to Jack without a struggle.

JACK'S OATS

were ripening when the unfortunate fray at Potter's called him from the scythe-blade to more elevated positions—up—away up in the mountains. Jack's neighbors went over en masse to cut his oats—for they were fine—to save them for his family, consisting of a wife and seven dear little children.

Here Satan was at work. The band, true to the clan, determined upon utter extermination, to sweep deck and burn the broom, come over and informed the reapers if they made another shock they would shoot all the liver and part of the lights out of them.

Said a friend, "But the oats will be lost, and if Daniel has got into trouble sufficient to cause his elopement, his family is here, dependent and helpless."

"Never mind his family, nor their dependence. You strike another blade through them oats, and G_d d__n your hell-fired souls, we will take care of you!"

"But, friends, it is the part of mercy to cut these eats. His wife and children have done no murder, and they will suffer; their cattle and horses will need every bit in winter. Please let us gather them!"

"Now, sirs, to come to square, plain words with the bark on, you have our sentiments, viz: We care nothing about the suffering—who suffer—only Jack Daniel's clan of damned scoundrels will not be here in winter, he will be in the place where there is no winter before frost, and his cubs can look out somewhere else—they won't roost here."

CHAPTER XIII

Heart-sickening Scene. Hogs Turned in Cornfield. Laugh at the Tear of a Woman. Children and Wife Left Homeless and Without any Eatables. Cruel Treatment of Ferguson

Jack and Bud and Blocker kept aloof from "sharks," rocks and "floating voters," in their quiet mountain haunts, neither disturbed by nor disturbing anything, save an old gobbler or antlered king of the meadows, now and then, and these only to live on; for meat, bread, biscuits, pies, ham, and such luxuries as grace the pleasant, burdened home-table, were scarce in the superlative degree away up in the "mountain fastnesses." Go down in the valley, on Ion's Creek: there you behold a dear wife weeping, neighbors sympathizing, and dear children looking up into that calm, sweet face, as if to inquire, "Dear mother, we will look to you; what will become of us? These bad men will not let these good angels cut our oats; what will our cows and poor horses do when it is cold? If dear papa is in trouble, we have done nothing; we would not take all their oats from them!"

"We must look to Heaven, dear children—to God, who help us if we call upon him in the day of trouble, and do good for evil. Let us, dear, sweet children, leave all to Him."

"We are at our row's end," says one kind neighbor; "we yield to violence and numbers, but our will is good. It is an open shame, devoid of mercy, to cut off your supplies thus, after you have so earnestly toiled to make the oats. Now those men, right in the face of Heaven's bounty, would leave you beggars." "Come over to see us," was exchanged, and away they went home.

Just across Ion's Creek was a farmer who loved hogs and money, but hated women, and children, and all he wanted and most prayed for was "to oppress the fatherless and widows;" to swindle them out of their honest earnings; to "go to hell for five cents, not give a dime to get back." Jack's field was just across the creek from this generous son of Belial. Jack's cornfield looked like a canebrake; all promised to do well for the "woman and little helpless children." But, alas! here again Satan entered into the man, and swine, too, and ruined completely this beautiful field. This neighbor went secretly, let down the fence, tolled the greedy, starved hogs into Jack's corn, while it was in the soft ear, and completely leveled it with destruction, as perfect as Babylon. Thus oats and corn wore cut off from this helpless family.

Mrs. Daniel, in order to save her own life, and that of seven dependent children that she felt in duty bound by every tender tie, and by that high

s

sentiment that rankles only in a woman's loving and lovely heart, addressed the neighbor thus:

“AT HOME, July , 1883.

DEAR SIR;

My husband, as you are aware, has become involved so that his presence, however dear to me and my little ones, is not practicable at this moment. My little boy, who bears this message, is the only one I have to see about my home affairs.

I learn your hogs have broken into my corn, and are destroying it very rapidly! My sorrow now is great, but when my little children, whom I hope to rear in the fear of Heaven——honest, true and just——are reduced to loneliness, starvation and beggary, my health will fail, my mental faculties be deranged——and, Oh ! what will become of my helpless children?

I beg of you, as a neighbor in distress, and relying on your humanity and integrity, to keep the hogs out, and save me and mine.

Yours Respectfully,
LUCINDA DANIEL.”

Now, kind reader, do you believe this one thing? ——listen? He actually laughed at the carrier and the letter! Laughed at the poor little boy! Laughed at a poor woman's fears, hopes, and honest desires to save her little brood from begging from door to door. Yes, dear readers, laughed! Laughed ——and laughed again!

“Tell your old mammy, “ said he, “my hogs learned to swim when they were little bits of piggies, and have improved rapidly. Tell her they can swim the Arkansaw, If she can ketch ‘em, and pull all the swim out of ‘em—— hobble ‘em—they may keep out!”

“Mother begs you to keep them out, for she is a woman——can't run all over the woods like a man, and we won't have any bread. Mother and all of us will have a harder time than as good a man as you are would care to see us have this winter, if the hogs eat our corn.”

“Where 's your trifling daddy?” said the beast. “If he is so fond of killing men, why don't he come and kill ‘em out? They say he can hit a bottle-neck ten steps!”

CHAPTER XIV.

Jack and Bud and Blocker arm themselves with Winchester, sixteen-shooting rifles, and Smith & Wesson revolvers; not to evade the law, not to defy legal ambassadors, but to keep clear of such maelstroms as the flesh and blood, called by the name of men, who lived about the gateways of the mountains, to keep good men, women and children out, that they could “rise, slay and eat.” Of course, they occasionally come home; then, to avoid bloodshed, before they could go to justice have a fair trial, come back to the bosom of society and arms of a devoted household, they sought shelter in the rocks.

JUSTICE AND TRIAL

was what they sought, prayed for, above all else. Even so high ran the public sentiment in favor of truth and justice that a high-standing, honorable citizen said, “I will willingly pay \$1,000 to have a fair trial for the Daniels boys.”

Many said, “We will never say try them in Yell County, right on the back of such fool-hardy prejudice as rises up at every step!”

Others said, “They would butcher them like wolves, if they were to give up. They would break open the prison, and hang them to the nearest limb. They are right, in the main, but have no show!”

Many efforts wore now being made by friends, attorneys, and one honorable Mr. Sheriff, who is a gentleman and a man of common sense, reason,

justice, wisdom and humanity; was well acquainted with their whereabouts and was laboring in conjunction with other distinguished, responsible men, to give the boys a straight, bare-faced trial in the county of Montgomery.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Daniel wrote the Governor, thus: "Your Excellency is aware that R. J. Daniel, my husband, is accused of willful murder and by reason of this, I am insulted by parties remote from the Capitol, who can depredate, and be off before seizure. My husband was born in Georgia, where we married; if his reputation has been blackened by deeds of villainy, I do not know it. He unfortunately was compelled, in order to preserve his own life, to kill Mr. William Potter. I humbly seek the protection of His Excellency against insult and threats to burn my house, my children, and myself. If I have offended or injured any one I am not aware of it.

Hoping this petition will receive your protection.

I am, respectfully
MRS. LUCINDA DANIEL"

What protection she received we declare not, but suffice it to say that in a few days the conduct of the hunters, "the band," become so notorious and disgraceful towards the innocent families and friends—even to the females—— that an "Indignation Meeting" was held, composed of the best material for miles around, and in substance, stuck up to trees, shop doors, &c., &c., the following:

"NOTICE!

All persons are hereby prohibited from openly mistreating and insulting the families of persons supposed to be the sympathizers with Jack and Bud Daniel and Rial Blocker."

This notice was instantly torn down by the band with as much relish as a howling wolf would devour a tender lamb, which, of course, left the way wide for more—more, and yet comes more cursing, swearing in ladies' presence, threatening to "hang any man who spoke in favor of the 'outlaws,' or aided in any manner their escape from justice. They would have them yet, and no d—d man or woman should help them to escape!"

CHAPTER XV

Scouring the woods, hills, valleys, all about, was now common. Of course, the old phrase "We'll have 'em this pop! We'll see 'em wearing bracelets before night!" was as common as for barking dogs not to bite anything worse than "meat and bread." Sometimes, however, up walked a spirited, busy, bustling, buccaneer with his wallet full of "Well, gentlemen, if my time and pressure of business would permit, I would aid in arresting the murderers, robbers, outlaws, and give them a new-fashioned necktie, made out of a bridle-rein!"

But, as ever turns out, "pressure of business, time," and we might add cowardice, kept him safely in the arms of his dear one at home; you could not have got his head in two hundred yards of the muzzles of those Winchesters for all the precious dust of California; they knew it emphatically was business on one part, come or go; stay or retreat, when they gave the Daniel boys a living chance, they would go like men into the Court House, But woe to the chap who dubbed himself "the band," came in saluting distance of the poor outcast, who, while cast off, were seeking a fair trial.

Such treatment to innocent women and children should justly incur the hot displeasure of every American citizen who ever was hissed by a loving mother or a dear sister.

Such atrocious conduct, on the part of the very men who claim to love justice, the very men that, like ravenous wolves, prowled around home, was likely to be charged up to innocent parties who would fall victims to "the band". Jack and Bud and Rial may have any amount of such false accounts on the debit side of their infamous sulphurdom ledger, but the balance-sheet

awaits a higher tribunal, from which there can be no appeal. Jack and Bud (we capitally doubt Blocker) are willing to appeal to that supreme court. Have laid open the case for adjudication before him with whom we have to do. For the misfortune of Potter, and that unpleasant issue they regret with deep humility; but for those uncompromising wretches, who villainously desecrated the fair names of their own dear mothers by devilishly, meanly, irreligiously trampling upon others equally innocent, they have only a fiery day, and fiery indignation.

Jack, Bud, and Blocker, after their serious vow not to betray, stuck together as close as a “sick kitten to a hot brick,” and were as happy, in prospect of a fair trial, as a “dead pig in the sunshine.”

One morning, as they were in an old field, about ten acres, lo and behold! up rides the posse and surrounds them, but not seeing them (we reckon, for they went away as quiet as Mary’s little lamb), they moved gracefully forward as if pure, undefiled devilment never entered their Henry Clay (?) brains, and left Jack, Bud and Rial Blocker to hold the fort. Now those villains knew full well we were there; but while they could act so very manly in presence of women and children and frighten little boys, here, at the scratch of the game, where honor called them to face lead and innocent, hound-hunted victims who knew how to use it, they faltered, grew blind, and made out like the old negro Sam who prayed “Do good Lord cum right now, take poor Sambo off fum here—dis troublesum wuld, to brite glory, and meet dem baked geese and roast possum, and de grease streamin out ob poor nigger’s mouf, wid all de parch korn he wish fur!”

Presently his mischievous young massa knocked at pious Sambo’s door—— disturbed his devotions by a gentle tap.

“Who dar? What yer gwin fur, I say?”

“Come to take poor Sam to a better land, where the streets are of gold, the gates of pearl, walls of jasper, a tree of life and a beautiful river flows through it, dashing up its silvery spray upon those clad in white with crowns of glory flashing and blazing on their sinless heads—come, brother Sam, open unto me!”

“Humph! Mister Angel, to tell yew de trufe, and dats what old Sambo’s gwine ter do. Dat nigger’s been runned off from dis plantation for hog stealin, least free week gone—trufe! trufe, shore I’s born, it’s de trufe!”

Just so with the band; they wanted poor Jack, Bud and Rial to come out of these troublesome “mountain fastnesses,” but when they were in reaching distance, they could go off and tell, “they’ve been gone those three weeks!”

BLOCKER WAS FRIGHTENED

here almost out of what little sense he did have, oven begged us to surrender! A worse scared specimen of humanity never graced the artist’s pencil. You would have laughed your sides sore to have seen his looks of wan despair, his dilated eyes——looking like full moons, his quivering under fear——his holy entreaties to give our hands to be hand-cuffed into the hands of merciless savages.

This guilty conscience, manifest in Blocker, aroused our true suspicions of his base infidelity to us. We know our own hearts. We were cognizant of no wrong upon our fellow man without a serious catalogue of protracted injuries, which turned into bongeance, forbearance; and we felt like giving up to good men of legal potency who would give us an impartial hearing before a generous public; but as for those motley specimens who were hypocritically parading that old field; not for us, but for a vain show—and would have, instanter, without judge, jury or coroner, swung us up to feed buzzards, and leave our helpless families to die, and laugh at their agonies! For them we reiterate the position. For them, in that old field, we had a special Christmas gift to be bequeathed in installments, one-half cash, the other half ready money, both to be paid right immediately, now! But Blocker’s “protracted meeting,” his praying, begging, gaping, choking, all come up before the court as so many incontestable, irrefutable proofs that he was a

wolf in sheep's hide, a perfect snake in the grass, a cat's paw, only to be used by our deadly viperous foes, to seduce us even to villainously, Arnold-like betray us into a den of thieves, not into a house of prayer and justice, where the guilty are punished, the innocent protected. So we, not having murder in our hearts, seeing his cowardice, his lack of manhood, and knowing him only fit to betray, knowing our vow in this particular, we simply took Sir Rial Blocker, delivered him, not to the inhuman agency, but to his father.

"Mr. Blocker, we have brought Rial to you," said Jack," for we see he cannot stand the racket—he will give up—even to men he knows will butcher him—has not the valor to demand and protect the right—even sacred rights of his home and fireside. We do not wish to kill him, but our agreement compels us to do so if he betrays us. We will, therefore, without any violence to your dear son, yield him to you, with our kindest regards to you, and no evil to Rial. But, sir, we mean business—we will go to the court house before any good judge or competent board of arbitrament; but deep down into our narrow home will we sink before we will yield like whipped curs and dastard cowards to that mean, base, contemptible, ill-mannerly, woman-imposing, children- murdering band, who favor Potter, and wish to drive all laboring, honest men, women and even children out of the valley. So we bid you a kind good day!"

At another time we were eating breakfast. They surround the house, but we, not going out, having good appetites and better consciences, and like Davy Crockett in the Legislature, 'seeing nothing to be scared at,' they stood round, like boys courting, with hands in pockets, turned round, and, as usual, "went home without any game."

CAMP FIRES

were burning brightly on the roadside, the stars of heaven glittered with unusual lustre, the gentle breezes stirred the leaves, our only canopy, when a band of men came in pursuit of the outlaws, the notorious marksmen of Montgomery county, the men who "could drive the bottom out of a bottle and shoot in at the neck at that! And here they toddled, hurraing, joking, making sport of so many hunting "two cowards, who would run from their own shadows, or go to camp-meeting devotions, should an owl hoot!"

"When, all at once, "ah! woeful case!
The firelight blazed full in face;
And cholera-morbus or some bad luck,
Hitched right now, a sudden tuck,
So to their heels, so full of oil,
Plunging headlong, leaving all spoil,
Crying (about three miles from camps)
'Ye know what's ailing the ugly scamps:
They've left the fire for us to come up,
Then from bitterness we drink the cup;
But, if they would take off their arms,
Come out like children, do no harm,
We could whip them in fair fight,
But never git us to that light!"

So we remained all night, took a good nap, one sleeping, the other acting as sentinel, and no rules of war necessary to keep us awake.

CHAPTER XVI

There is no reason why this region should not become the world's greatest sanitarium and most fashionable resort. It has every advantage and the beauty of all the other noted health and pleasure resorts combined, and all on a far grander scale.

JACK AND BUD

ever and anon would come in home—to sweet home! enjoy the smiles of angel wives and fond children, who would look up wistfully, sorrowfully, into parent's eyes, as if to say, "O dear papa, how we miss you! Can't you stay now? Won't those bad, bad men let you stay here with mama and us—won't they, dear papa?"

Such expressions called forth an unshaken resolve in the bosoms of Jack and Bud to stay and live and die and be buried here on Ion's Creek. Accordingly, one beautiful day in July, Jack seized Lucinda gently by the arm—that arm he embraced away back in Georgia fourteen long years before—

and said in persuasive tenderness, "Dear one of my life! let's walk upon the side of this beautiful hill; I wish to show you something you never saw before." Lucinda, somewhat wondering, took his arm, and about one hundred paces from the homestead, Jack, pausing, lifting himself erect, humbly, yet mildly and very positively, said: "My lovely wife, you have ever been a constant source of brightest, sweetest comfort to me. Your smiles are my sunshine, your sweet melody chants reminiscences of yon pure dome not built with hands; your gentle hand, your kind heart, may soon see me no more. I may fall by the ruthless hand of a secret foe. I can promise you no abiding security. Now, right here, beneath this weeping willow, with the "dark rock pines, like tossing plumes, o'er my lonely grave," to cast their shadows, will be my long home; here I want you, dear wife of my care and my deepest love, to have my body decently laid away to rest, and a simple slab to mark the place, with those words: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good will to men." I expect to die with you, Lucinda. Come, what will you? — I am resolved."

Lucinda, pale and trembling, broke this awful conference with, "Dearest hope of my short life, your resolve springs from your affection to me and your sweet little angels yonder, but we have never doubted——no, dear one—— your attachment; but can we not live and love in some other beautiful country as well as here? I would die to have to visit this hillside to see your grave; you, dear one, cold beneath the sod! These prejudiced, unreasonable mortals, fired with malice, will take your dear life; then all I can do is to fellow your pale corpse to this lonesome grave; and, O, dear Jack, my husband! what will become of our little dear, sweet children?"

"Well, Lucinda, my thoughtful angel, will you go with me, or go back to Georgia, that I may come to you? Your advice, in the long run, may be best."

"Yes, dear; anywhere in the wide world. Willingly will I go to Georgia's bright land, where we can love God, live in peace, and school our dear children in the fear of kind Heaven. Where your sweet voice can greet me, your loving hands minister to me; and your charge—think, dear, of seven little helpless children. They look to you; this silent grave can never clothe and feed and educate them."

These words, as well as the urgent requests of friends, so anxious to see Jack removed out of so imminent peril, made deep impress on the mind of the solid warrior.

FRIENDS MANY

flocked to see the Daniel boys, but an evil eye was ever on the alert. Abuse, slander, bodily injury, were sure to come upon any one who had the hardihood to say, "We are friends to the Daniel boys."

THE NEWSPAPERS CLAIMED

their friends so numerous as to evade detection, even with blood-hounds! Among these true, trusty, and worthy friends to truth, honor, and justice, must be chronicled the name of Dr. Flood, a physician of note, of long experience, and whose care, energy, sympathy, and punctual attention to distressed humanity, won for him the undivided respect of all well-thinking men and women. With him must be linked Mr. Coker, a well-to-do farmer, commanding the respect of all around, and a warm advocate of justice; one who could not be bribed; one whose heart beat too nobly to betray a friend into death.

BLOCKER SICK

The excessive heat and fatigue of Mr. Blocker brought on a violent fever and for some days his life seemed to suspend upon a passing moment.

Day after day—long nights of toil, anxiety and untiring vigilance— which, by the solemn glimmer of the burning taper, gave a death-like appearance to everything, and increased parental hope, sinking ever and anon into despair. While the fever seemed, like a boisterous wave, to roll over Mr. Blocker's youthful brow, parching his blood, his cheek flushed, his mind frenzied, his speech wild, the whole household absorbed in grief's deepest gloom, to see son and brother walking through Death's dark vale, so gloomy, lonesome and dreary, his face no longer seen, his cheering voice silenced forever by the dart of the grim King of Terrors: in all this unhappy state, a pattering of hoofs, a sudden halt, a door gently but hurriedly opens, and in steps a man aged 73 years, walks directly to the bed of suffering, weighs lungs, takes temperature, and administers restoratives. Yes, tears dim his

aged eyes; his experience says, "You are in a serious stage, dear young boy, whom I love for your parents' sake; but precaution and skill must be aided by the great Physician who raised Lazarus, to secure your uprising again. But I will do all I can to alleviate pain, and give you an easy passway to the grave, if the Giver of life sees best to call your youthful spirit to rest."

This strange messenger was Dr. Flood. He waited by the bedside of poor, suffering Blocker long days and sleepless nights, looked his case full in the face, did all skill and age could do—rode through storms, heat and darkness to alleviate pain; and, at last, Heaven decreed that Blocker should live. Of course, the family would thank kind Heaven, and ever hold in memory and esteem the name of Dr. Flood.

Now, this very Dr. Flood was one of Jack's and Bud's truest friends. Mr. Coker, also, was a man of a big heart, open to suffering, above scandal, honest to the penny, and remained at home, attending chiefly to "Mr. Coker's own affairs," and made money by letting other people's business "wag its own caudal apparatus." Jack and Bud and Rial often took shelter near his residence, and are not ashamed to confess we often enjoyed his hospitality, which we could not have done, had we belonged to the "beautiful band" that "carries 'em up the creek, and makes turtle-bait out of them."

RIFLES! RIFLES! RIFLES!

Yes, rifles could be heard out of every mouth, flytrap, that had nothing else to do. Dr. Flood, seeing our surroundings, believing us grossly, unmercifully trampled upon by men devoid of reason and fair argument, responded to our call to purchase for us two good, true, never-fail Winchester rifles.

They saddled him right now; thrust him into prison. Why? Because "the band" would have exterminated him, obliterated, yes, torn him limb from limb; because they agreed among themselves. "If any man or woman, or even helpless child, or old gray-haired sire, expresses his or her or its sentiments favoring the Daniel boys, by virtue of us, the band supreme, they must smell the patching, dig, root, hog, or die, fall up one side, lie down the other; because we, the band, say so, so, so."

POISON WAS RESORTED TO

to carry into effect their diabolical schemes. Biscuits, with poison in them, were found in Jack Daniel's yard. The band held one of their conferences, without a president or bishop, and resolved as follows:

"Be it resolved, in as much as Jack, Bud and Rial are in the mountain fastnesses, and since they seem proof against peril, defying even the voice of our band, we, therefore, the band that rule, whose word is judge and jury, thought, decision, and action, issue this our secret proclamation, that some poison, even strychnia, be put in some biscuit, tempting morsels to children, and thus kill one of Jack's children; by this means draw him in home, and bag our game. A copy of this be placed in the mind of every member of the royal band. All in favor, say, Here!"

Of course no one would be so green as to hazard life by silence at this stage of six and six, and the Devil's deal. Therefore, in keeping with their Cain's Parliament, the valleys gave back the foul, guttural echo, full of sulphur, "Here? Here am I! See me! Listen to your brag pup! Kill the whole family? Stick pine splinters in 'em; set 'em afire! Turn the world bottom side up! Cut down the north pole, if we can jest git 'em in our paws, to deal out justice to 'em—the cowards! thieves! dogs!"

The supposition was, Jack would come in, drawn by the tender ties of a father. In pursuance of their-sulphur scheme, poison was found dropped about over the yard, and Providence, blessed be Heaven! found it, as we will let a few pages further on tell. And said bait proved an invaluable talisman to Jack and Bud, who, like wise men of business, put up this capital in bank, and drew for them—the Dutchman's one per cent. But you inquire, "Did they actually put out poison?" Yes, reader; and you will see what use was made of this death warrant in due season.

While the boys were playing hide and seek—crawl into your cave and pull the cave in after you, etc.,etc., reports were noised abroad that Lucinda would “go back to Georgia, if means were handy.”

While Madame Rumor was tip-toeing to defame Jack’s reputation, by insinuations of his dear wife’s coolness and burning disposition to leave Jack and seek refuge in her childhood’s fairy park, away back in lovely Georgia; while this was roaring, frothing, fuming, up to scandal’s acme, behold! a letter, postmark, “Georgia.” Trembling hands open, scan, examine the signature. Tears come streaming down her emaciated, but once fair cheeks, and calling her children around her, (for whom else could she summon?) she wiped the bitter tears from hot eyes, slowly opening the precious missive, read, with trembling modulation, the following

LETTER FROM JEFFERSON, GA.

“Mrs. Lucinda Daniel:

Dear Friend: I, and others equally interested in your behalf, feeling it duty sacred and inviolate, and sympathizing with you and your little children in your sad bereavement, your ill-misfortune, and reposing utmost confidence in Jack’s probity, and the inflexible justice of his operations, we feel it as duty we cannot forbear to offer you timely aid to move to this region, where, as you know, all things can concur for your benefit, at least till Jack can have a fair, open-and-shut trial, to be cleared, as we believe from testimony clear and irrefutable, will certainly follow trial. From what we learn, we are induced to conclude that Jack and Bud will be able, in a short time, to surrender to a good sheriff, go before a good jury, and then you can go to your pleasant home again.

We trust that you will let discretion be the better part of valor, and write at once, what funds are requisite to bring you safely and comfortably to Jefferson. Love to all, from
Your Friend and Brother.”

To this the following came straight to hand:

ION’S CREEK, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, ARR, July 10th, 1883.

Dear Friend and Brother:

Your kindness has been noted. I would accept your proffered assistance, gladly do so, but for one thing. Jack has been drawn into a vortex by ill designing men, who, from the very first, have dogged on his trail, trying to seduce him into a sworn band of what in Georgia would be called straight— out robbers. He has killed a man, I suppose, but aggravations keen produced death or death. His character is as fair in my estimation as the first day he led me to the sacred altar; therefore, I am firm in this, that I will remain here; for soon, ah, soon! Jack will get a fair trial, and, bless Heaven, he will manifest to the generous public his integrity.

With many thanks, I remain,

Your sister and friend,
LUCINDA DANIEL.”

That the public may know something definite at this point, I will insert a correspondence to the wide spread Jackson Herald, Robert S. Howard, editor and proprietor. We quote from Volume III, Friday, Feb. 15th, 1884:

(written for the Jackson Herald.)

A SKETCH OF THE DANIEL TROUBLES IN ARKANSAS—THE SO-CALLED OUTLAWS
— SUICIDE OF JACK DANIEL’S WIFE— BRINGING THE SEVEN LITTLE ORPHANS TO THEIR
RELATIVES IN GEORGIA.

by W. T. Bennett.

Mr. Editor: It would, no doubt, be a matter of interest to a great many of your readers to learn something of the truth concerning the late troubles of “Bud” and Jack Daniel, formerly well-known and highly respected citizens of Jackson county, but now rendered notorious by newspaper scribblers and sensationalists as the terrible Arkansas outlaws.

They are the grandsons of Wilkins Haynie and the invincible Russell Daniel, names familiar to all the old citizens of Jackson county, men whom they have always delighted to honor.

Jack Daniel married Lucinda Potts, granddaughter of Moses Potts, about fifteen years ago, and shortly afterwards left friends and homes to try their fortunes in the Wild West.

They lived for several years in Saline county, Ark. Becoming dissatisfied, they moved, about four years ago into the section known as the three corners of Yell, Montgomery, and Garland counties”

This, coming fresh from one of Georgia’s best mathematicians, writers, and officers, must, in some degree, attract the thoughtful, truthful, honorable class of mankind, and develop,

1st. A man named Jack Daniel lived in Georgia, and was respected as well as his great ancestors.

2d. A family named Potts also lived in Georgia, and were likewise honorable.

3d. Jack Daniel and Lucinda Potts, in course of time, married in Georgia

4th. After a bit, they moved to Saline County, Ark., where they were still held in view as good, staunch members.

5th. Moving, they settled in the three corners.

NOW HEAR THE LETTER AGAIN.

“He located in a fine grazing and farming country, went to work with a vim, erected comfortable quarters, cleared and fenced a nice little farm.”

We see, without spectacles, that this notorious Jack Daniel was a very curious outlaw. Instead of robbing mails, breaking into banks, robbing trains, and such high-minded pursuits, he settled quietly down, went to menial drudgery, tried to touch Scripture where it says, “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread all the days of thy life.” He must have had a very good opinion of his neighbors, or they did of him, else he could have made poor speed building houses and fences.

“LETTER ! HERE!”

All square! Let’s proceed to business:

“In the meantime, his brother, ‘Bud,’ moved to him, and both, by honest toil, were fast reaching that point where they could easily earn a competent livelihood. It is always at this juncture that the despoiler comes. Jack Daniel became involved in a difficulty with one William Potter. I will now proceed to enumerate some of the differences between Jack Daniel and

BILL POTTER.

I made diligent inquiry of all persons I chanced to meet, as to the character of the unfortunate Bill Potter, and the cause of the hostile feelings existing between him and Jack Daniel. While I do not like to speak disparagingly of a man whose lips are forever sealed, yet I deem it my duty that justice may be done all parties, to give an unbiased statement of the reputation he bore among his neighbors, those who had the opportunity of knowing him best. Potter was a very offensive character in the neighborhood. He was a haughty, overbearing kind of a man. He didn’t get along on friendly terms with any of his neighbors. “

COMMENT.

If the bulk of what these good men told Mr. Bennett— and if there be a wrong up the branch, it is in Montgomery County, for Mr. B. is not addicted to stretching the blanket or covering up crime—if the bulk, I say, is true, ain’t it a world’s wonder that he lived to be grown? Bad man among his neighbors? overbearing? If a man is not right among his neighbors, who, under good heavens, can he be right among? A man who is not a peace with his neighbors is never at peace at home, but like the adder wounded, turns about and bites itself. A man will manufacture his neighbors, like cloth, either good or bad. I once saw a man going to Texas, because his neighbors in Alabama were bad. I told him he would find some very bad neighbors in Texas. In a few weeks another said, “I regret to leave my neighbors; I have such good ones!” I said to him, “Never fear, brother; you will have good neighbors in Texas, for a man makes his neighbors. “ If Jack didn’t have high-heeled times with such a neighbor, it is a curiosity far beyond Barnum’s Museum.

“LETTER!” “HERE!”

“He and his brothers set themselves up as what we would term regular ‘bullies.’ He was a very well-to-do man, owning a good many cows, horses, hogs, etc.; lived in a section where there was very good range for stock, both winter and summer. Very little of the land having been taken up, it was a sparsely settled neighborhood. His stock grazed on this government land, having an extensive range, and Potter used all kinds of strategy to prevent others from homesteading or preempting any of this land, and thereby interfering with his stock range.”

COMMENT.

You may naturally expect a storm, even a trash-mover, a pine-twister, out of such dense, green-fringe clouds of human corruption as has aggregated right here in this man, who has “been cut down as the tops of ears of corn.” Not only meddling with private interests, but throwing aside the veil, coming square out like a Roman gladiator, prepares to rush upon the thick bosses of government possessions.

“LETTER!” “HERE AM I!”

“About four years ago, Mr. Killian, the constable for that district, moved into the settlement, on the Hot Springs and Bluffton road. Mr. Potter began to aggravate and belie him in every possible manner, and it would have ended in something serious, hadn’t Potter’s “nerves become so affected that he drew in his horns.” Then, when Jack Daniel moved into the neighborhood, shortly afterward, Potter began on him. He told all manner of falsehoods on him over the country. He accused Jack of stealing his stock, and every other mean thing he could think of, so his neighbors say. Jack found one of his colts dead, and went and told Potter, who went off and accused him of killing it. To Daniel’s face, Potter was his best friend. To sum up his character in a word, he was a perfect sneak——of all men, the most detestable.”

COMMENT.

This is plain, naked, unvarnished truth, coming from a pure heart, too brave and noble to reproach the dead, but compelled to hew to the line, let the chips fall east, west, north, or south. Had he not been a bad judge of human nature, or had he studied Messrs. Fowler and Wells, Jack would not have become so notorious, but Mr. Killian, J. P., would have been hunted by “blood-hounds in the mountain fastnesses, and Jack would have been shorn of all his newspaper notoriety.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Jack writes to Potter—Potter Raises a Row—No Coward—Homesteading Jack’s Land—Shooting Blocker, &c., &c.,

LETTER CONTINUED.

“Along about this time” (alluding to Jack’s letter already published) “Potter and his brother raised a row with Jack Daniel one day while working the road. Jack bore with him that day as long as he could, and went and got his satchel that he carried his dinner in, and hung it on his arm. Potter thought this meant something and discontinued his remarks.”

COMMENT.

Here looms up, like volcanic corruption, the true character, strongly defined, of the man Potter——seek advantage on the highway——while engaged in government labor——beneath the stars and stripes——hoping to intimidate by numbers——and the more easily scatter his seeds of scandal——and bias public opinion.

I once knew two boys who went against the judgment of the entire work-hands on the road; persecuted a poor minister, who was ready to mount his mule

to preach about sixty miles off; said they, "We don't see no use in so much d——d preaching!" Before twelve months the silent grave had done its work.

CHARACTER OF JACK DANIEL.

"Jack Daniel is a quiet, determined and brave man. No cowardly blood ever coursed the veins of a Daniel. They act upon the principle that there is no law, whether human or divine, that requires a man to stand everything— that

"Forbearance may reach its appointed bounds
And turn to vengeance there."

This is his character delineated by one of our best men. Even Mr. Bennett, the scholar, in his letter, he says, "About the first of July, 1882, Potter got a man, who called himself Dr. Emery, to come in and homestead a part of Jack's land. Bill goes with Emery to lay it off for him. Jack had cleared and fenced part of the land with the intention of homesteading it himself. He told Emery that he must do one of two things—pay him for his improvements or get out at once. Emery got out. Since that time Emery has poisoned his wife, and is now in the woods."

Yes, dear reader, but no bloodhounds, no "skillful and brave officers" are after him.

CHAPTER XVIII

Diary—Hunt Jack and Bud and Rial—Arrest Coker—Dr. Flood Goes to Jail—Good Citizens Threatened and Abused—Find Jack and Bud—People Captured— Blocker Also.

- 1st. About 1870 Jack moved to Arkansas.
- 2d. Behaved himself when he got there.
- 3d. Bud joined him, and they move higher.
- 4th. Blocker's hide brushed—Potter killed.
- 5th. Every enemy of justice
- 6th. They had bad eyes; couldn't see them in the old field; in the breakfast room.
- 7th. They were fretted, and couldn't come a few feet from the read to speak friendly.
- 8th. They call Jack and Bud cowards, before women.
- 9th. Employ good detectives, and, to help out with marked certainty, get two good bloodhounds.
- 10th. Scour the mountains; press men into painful service; visit Mr. Coker.
- 11th. Treat Mr. Coker coolly; arrest him; release him; like the serpent, slime him; hang him.
- 12th. Find Jack and Bud napping; carry them back; burn, hang, blight, poison, strangle them, cut off their ears for pen wipers, to be used in public schools, &c.

WHILE THIS

state of affairs was in session, Jack and Bud consulted with the Sheriff of Montgomery County, and various friends were uniting redoubled energies to see a fair trial, confident of the boys' justification, but all unwilling to see them appear before the general assizes of Yell County. Of course, every man who did not openly shell down the corn, that he cursed the ground on which Daniel walked, was registered forthwith as a snake in the grass. The plot had been carefully laid, to place the so-called outlaws in the power of law and justice. The place was appointed; time regulated; but, behold! Blocker's relatives and friends, interested, advise him of this matter, and forthwith he steps out to go to give up to the right men at the right time and place and for the right purpose. Bud and Jack, also highly elated at this prospect of a speedy reunion with home and its endearments, were ready, when, to the surprise of all, some gentleman had eyes; were determined to see them in jail in Yell county. So they arrest Blocker, who turns State's evidence, tells the boys' hiding place, and they arrest the men coming to take Jack and Bud. So the jig was now up, and it bid very fair to make turtle bait up the creek.

Armed with precious information from Sir Blocker, who lacked a great deal of what General Washington lacked vary little of—of truth, bravery, and honor, they put out post haste; making fire fly out of flint rooks; to Mr. Coker's, at which place they were supposed to camp. Coming up, arresting Coker, dealing more like madman than human, they at once demanded Jack and Bud.

He told them he had harbored the boys, it was true, but only to the more surely entrap them "into your hands," Said he, "if you will come with me I will demonstrate my innocence."

Away they went; Coker soon satisfied them of his integrity, and was at once released to go home. Ho went to Jack and Bud, near a cave about one half mile from Mr. C's home, and soon opened the sack to let the mad cat out; told them bloodhounds and all devices necessary to capture old Sambo, if necessary, were on foot, and they were advised to hunt a more salubrious clime. Jack and Bud swallowed down this bit of news with gravity; and soon picked up good Winchester rifles; off for a "buck." The sun was awful hot, and soon an old antlered denizen of the wild haunts came along with his "chair on his head," when, bang! and a Winchester biscuit had stretched his symmetrical form, so fat, on the ground. Tearing off hide, they looked about, and soon four large gobblers yielded to Winchester. The latter were given to Mr. Coker—while Mr. Deer, Esq., was carefully dried, as well as the season would allow, for future campaigns.

Everything seeming so messy, and to avoid effusion of blood, as well as the gross exposure of Mr. Coker, the boys left camp on Saturday morning, and traveled across wild mountains for about fifteen miles. About two hours by sun on Saturday evening they halted at the foot of a mountain, from which place they could see any hostile movements some distance, and cooked some venison; prepared to rest for the night; one sleeping while the other didn't snooze much.

Things passed off quietly, but the boys were confident when the bloodhounds came to Coker's, their camp would be outed, and Coker arrested, while hounds would hunt them across the hills and soon overtake them. They had seen the declared intention in the papers, to hunt them down, and that that "skillful and brave officer, detective Bentley, would get up fifty good men, and have two bloodhounds, for which information we will ever be grateful, dear gentleman editors; may your paper circulate to the north pole, and make you rich! rich!"

SO THE BOYS

concluded to come to open field engagement if pursued, and do the bloody work right here, not down in the settlements, to disturb the peaceful habitations. But two men, even in so just a cause, are slender, set up side by side with fifty men, and two men more in the shape of bloodhounds. Bloodhounds are too severe to describe, holding on to the unfortunate victim, the blood only increasing rage, while they tear limb from limb. So great is their strength and vim that a man can be handled as easily as a pig; added to this they are so brave as to be selected for the most hazardous enterprises. So the boys were determined not to be butchered by the innocent dumb brutes, egged on by inhuman men; but threats are cheap; but pulling off the bear's ears means business. What could they do? If they step out and say "Gentlemen, we are at your mercy!" the turtles would be likely not to bite hooks soon; and if they came out openly to give up, the bloodhounds would blot them from the face of mother sand ball. So, looking about, a large pine log had fallen about one hundred yards from the road, and lay in a favorable posture to bring things to bay—hold in check till consideration could take its seat. So, from Saturday evening, two hours by sun, till Sunday morning about ten o'clock, the boys waited in all patience for the "brave and skillful officer" to come up. That bright Sunday morning was the turning point in their lives. How our hearts yearned to see our dear wives and children, to visit God's dear house, the home of our dear mother and father, to sing praises, and enjoy the company of good neighbors; but, alas I here we were waiting for bloodhounds and men equally as bloody.

CHAPTER XIX.

Church Captured—Nice Dinner—Letter Read by the Minister—Good Counsel —Friends Give Heed, &c, &c.

Stepping back a few days, we find the boys on one beautiful Sabbath morning, nearing a house of worship.

“Let’s write a letter of warning, Bud” said Jack, and have the good man to be so kind as to read it aloud to all, that we may set ourselves right, and save innocent men.”

“I think it a capital idea,” rejoined Bud, “and here, under this oak is our place, as we are near the house.”

LETTER OF WARNING.

In as much as the Daniel boys are accused gravely before an intelligent and generous people, we, the accused, now in your midst for a good purpose,

WARN OUR FRIENDS AGAINST DANGER.

If the authorities compel you to aid in search of the so-called outlaws, we advise you and all friends to go, and not suffer loss by fine or prison. But, having no evil motive toward any, and to avoid personal injury, we forewarn all friends to stay behind when our enemies make an attack.

Respectfully submitted,
DANIEL BOYS

The boys asked permission to enter the church, and took their seats quietly in rear, and the good man read the letter at the close. After service the boys had a pleasant conversation, a choice dinner, and then went quietly away.

Why did not some neighbors run off, get guns, men, and, if necessary, bloodhounds; come up and arrest outlawry? They had time, opportunity and means. The naked truth, away down under the matter is, “Their friends were the men that worshipped,” while their enemies fished, hunted, cursed, drank, took men up the creek, and fattened turtles, &o., &c.

The newspaper sensation, rank as a Pole Cat, Esq., fresh from bloodhoundism, sent out an impression that the house, congregation, preacher, “whole kit and binding,” were “took in out of bad weather” by these notorious outlaws! But, like a cipher on the right of decimals, or an old woman’s dance, it all did amount to nothing; only exposed the old meanness of the enemies. No one in the neighborhood of the church ever complained of being captured by outlaws.

Back to our fortification, behind the trusty old pine log: There we lay, snug as a bug, till about ten o’clock, when whoop and holler, clash and clatter of hoofs over flint rocks, announced the time right here when “Greek meets Greek, and then comes in the Injun hug, and tug of war.”

“Here they come, Bud,” said Jack, and we see the bloodhounds just before!”

“Yes, and the bloodhounds are right at the men, so the men will be here when the dogs get here!” said Bud, very calmly.

“If we can kill the dogs and Bentley, we will have no more trouble; no more blood to shed; for the hounds are the cause now” said Jack, in his usual mild tone.

Bud interrupted him with—”Let’s get two in a line! Let’s get Bentley and the dogs!”

By this time the band were about one hundred yards, and a little to the left, while “hurrah! Whoopee boys, smell them up, the d—d rascals; the cowards will soon be overhauled!”

When the dogs had come down the read to the precise point where we turned out, and men were in plain view, their braggadocio, contumely and bravery

were tested rather different from what their Witch of Endor had predestined. Lo, all at once, while hope of reward, shining dollars, turtle bait, all magnified, and dastard cowards flew before their vivid imagination: “Spang! bang! bang! Cabang! dwang! Up rose smoke from behind that log—off came men out yonder! Down on the ground in a twinkling, and bang! bing! bang! kermash! went guns from the brave men (?) in the road, while bullets! bullets! all shapes and sizes, and aimed in all directions but the right one, came cyclone-like, twenty foot over our heads, making leaves and limbs “look nine ways for home.”

But, look yonder! the horses break rules and rank, gallop right off out of such warm weather; heads and tails up; saddle stirrup flapping and whipping, increasing the maddened steeds’ pace. But what of Mr. “Brave and Skillful Detective” now? Everything is still as the grave but one poor fellow who was about to pay dear for his audacity, and was praying in earnest appeals to a throne of grace to ease his dying moments, and wash his sins away. “O God, save my soul from death; I am about to die; oh, how dark is my heart! Let me freely wash in thy dear son’s atoning blood; when thou wakest up the pale denizens of the spirit world, let my spirit be accounted worthy to enter, Lord, with thee! I have sinned! I am undone——.” Here, dear reader, my heart was touched—but more so when I could distinctly hear him break forth with “O Lord, there is no use of praying; my soul, my deathless spirit is bound to land in hell, anyhow!”

I lifted my eyes to heaven in earnest appeals to Him who hears prayer, if it springs from the right source, and I said: O dear Lord, if consistent with thy righteous dispensation, save the poor unfortunate victim, now crying for mercy at the dark fear of ruin, misery end eternal despair. Thou knowest, O righteous Lord, his cause was unjust; his heart fully set in him to do evil; now thou hast saved me, cans’t thou not apply the blood of Calvary to his gasping soul—— and receive him among the just!”

All this short time, Bentley and his favorite bloodhounds and bloody men were down, flat as shingles, behind rocks and trees, except one poor reprobate who started in with brave heart, but his lower limbs needed Wizzard oil to help him stand the racket. He was looking over his horse, going to knock centre, when all at once, ah, woeful case! The old pine log belched from a Winchester, struck his gunstock, went down and split his arm in splinters, while away he toddled, like a turkey gobbler, scared out of the pea patch. Some say he ran five miles. But Mr. Bentley called to his brave men, “Come behind shelter, boys, it is suicide to go out in open space!” How the weather can change in a few moments! Just a short time gone, and it was N.E. by S.W. “D——d rascals, dastard cowards” Now it is “suicide to get out where they can crack your buckskin!”

“Let’s go around, behind them, Bud, and kill Bentley and the dogs, and end this matter; we don’t want to hurt good men!”

These words were spoken by Jack Daniel to his brother, with a view to not shed more blood. Full well they knew if the bloodhounds lived, pursuit was possible and probable, and good men would be forced to hunt them, and they in turn be forced to defend against assault. But once rid of the cause, the effect would vanish. So off went shoes; noiselessly they move; when in nearly a hundred paces of B. and B. H., Bud said: “Jack, let’s go off; we have killed enough of them now!” So Jack acceded to this proposition; but very reluctantly; seeing, as he did, the horrible future of Bentley and bloodhounds. Nothing was seen of Bentley till away off——when he shot at the boys; but like the gnat on the bull’s horn, would not have been noticed, if he had kept still. Why didn’t Bentley come out like a man; stick on his Talismans; tear good, honest boys limb from limb? Why, the very conduct of this man and the band at this juncture betrays the illegality of his mission. Had the Daniel boys had his force, a whole company of outlaws would have surrendered, or the papers would have had a column of bad news.

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Flood and Mr. Coker Hung—Blocker—Scene at the Bridge—General Opinion— Friends and Foes —— Reward Offered.

Leaving Jack and Bud in possession of the gory field, called “The battle of the Pine Log,” we will walk out and reconnoiter to take in public and private sentiment. Dr. Flood bought two tip-top Winchester rifles for Jack and Bud, for which he was handsomely paid. Mr. Coker protected them in time of need. This pulled down fiery indignation of the “cattle men,” and, in order to secure them against outrage, both were safely ensconced in Jail, but malice, and outwitted meanness of the lowest grade in moral turpitude, came like a thief in darkness, broke the jail, forced the man down to a public bridge, and then and there not having the fear of God in their eyes, and instigated by the malice of the devil, did with a rope, send these two good men and harmless neighbors into eternity! Looking over the crowd, you could see one face that seemed to light afresh with hellish joy at this crisis. This face was once pale, this stout frame once emaciated, just waiting the death angel’s turn of his key, but by his bedside waited a man seventy-three years old, weighing his chances, and pouring all the oil and wine of a grandfather for his recovery. He recovered; but here, shouting, jeering, scoffing, in the very face of the man who saved his life, as far as mortal aid goes, here stood Blocker! O Blocker, when Death dampens thy brow, how will your guilty heart foot the tremendous account? Traitor to neighbor! Traitor to the men you solemnly agreed to be firm with, and the men who had placed their own lives in peril to rectify you! Traitor to a good, kind man whose medicine traced at the very moment you stood crying, “Down with friends of Daniels. Break their d——d necks!” -traced in your proud veins! Have you any conscience? If so, we forbear; for it bites like a serpent and stings like an adder,” every breath you draw.

Public sentiment, like volcanoes, will not slumber ever. So when this inhuman piece of smartness was announced, good men rose up, not to hunt the “mountain fastnesses” for Daniels but to seek for “Turtle-baiters” and the Governor, looking the matter square in the eyes, offered a handsome and just reward for them. So they were convinced that “what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,” and pulled up tents—pulled for a more salubrious clime. At least fifteen good men (?), who went with that “brave and skillful officer,” and his braver bloodhounds, were disposed to go off “between two suns.”

But where is Blocker? What became of him? We have an idea where he will settle after he quits “Old Time”. As the poet says;

“where no snow, or sleet,
Or any aggravating printer,
Can bother with ice his feet,
He’s gone where’s no winter.”

The rest have skedaddled, and we hope they will never forget the Golden Rule, or let slip from memory the Old Pine Log!

LEAVING THE LOG.

This brings us to smoke and ground tore up, and runaway horses; men couched down behind pines and rocks, and Bud and Jack going across the heights toward “Home, Sweet Home” Onward they moved, from crag to crag, till after fifteen weary miles they came to loved ones waiting. When the brave men (?) abused Jack’s wife——when they first hunted them, they called them cowards, and said, “We’ll soon git ‘em” she replied in laconic style, “They will get some, too.” Now the boys relate how the whole shebang had scattered like partridges, and that hope of stay was out of reason——to prepare for action to leave home for eastern longitude.

THEY STARTED

about midnight. Taking the poisoned bread left for Jack’s children in biscuits, they marched about two miles, where a cool spring and bubbling branch wound among the hills, and knowing the bloodhounds would pursue—be hot and thirsty here at the branch, they walked about fifty yards to one side,

dropped the well-prepared biscuit, and moved on, taking a cool drink at Chalybeate Springs away in the night.

They pass on to Washita River, got in a canoe, moved down to a little city, Cedar Glades. Here they heard men trying to rally men to go "hunt down the outlaws." It sounded odd to hear men so far off calling to go after two little men? Here we leave then for a while, to go back a step.

TUESDAY

after the log engagement on Sunday, here come men, hounds, and also Mr. Coker, tied with feet fastened under an old mule, coming up to Jack's house; the faithful dogs come on right on the track. "This is the damned rascal who caused them men to be killed," said one man to Jack's wife, pointing to Mr. Coker. On they went, down to the creek cut about fifty yards; but for some unknown cause, the dogs took deadly sick, -in fact, died dead as Hector! Somebody said, "Maybe they were snake-bit." Here blood-houndism ceased, and Mr. Brave Bentley stopped, and Jack and Bud escaped. That biscuit was valuable.

CHAPTER XXI.

Jack's Wife Mistreated—Parted from Him at Midnight on a Bluff—Prepares to Come Away—Furgerson's Work—Her Death—Children Brought East

Abuse, scandal—everything to fret a good woman, came in the pathway of Lucinda Daniel. Some said, "Jack's conduct is doing this!" But permit Jack to say, Lucinda Daniel was offered money and protection to come away, but refused, believing a proper and just trial would be for Jack's good. She believed he was just in his dealings with Potter, and knew he was at the pine log. Jack even determined to stay there, and picked out his burial place, but his wife and friends said, "Get away from traitors, and blood-thirsty men, who will slip around to snatch your life away in the dark."

Ferguson bought part of Jack's land and threw Jack's wife and children out of the house and home—took their cooking utensils, barely leaving a pittance. This preyed on Mrs. Daniel's mind. She lived under the impression that someone would kill her children if she did not sacrifice herself. She said, "My death, dear children, will be your life." Even the faithful dogs of Jack and Bud wore cruelly shot down in their own yards, while little children and women were near enough when the gun fired and the animal fell—the blood spouted out on the clothing of the family, even falling under Mrs. Daniel's dress to die. Yes, kind reader, buckshot went shizzing right in among poor, defenseless women and children; and this would ruin any mind! You scoundrels that shot the dogs, stole my place from my wife, turned my dear little children out on the cold world—you, sirs, are the "Jack's conduct" that unhinged my dear companion's faculty, and carried her down to an untimely grave! Swallow it down! Gulp it, yeimps of Satan! You know your hearts are as corrupt as Sulphurdom's meanest reprobate! God will judge your guilty souls, while good men will yet fill up lands on Ion's Creek!

DOG SHOOTING

This infuriated mob shot Jack's dog in the door, among the children, and the poor animal staggered off and died under the bed. They shot one Bud's dogs; the children were near enough to lay hand on it, shot about 40 yards, and the blood flew on Mary, Bud's dear wife.

They poisoned Dr. Emery's wife, then ran him out of "Turtle Bait" valley. They knew people would revolt and rise in arms against a man who would still the heart's blood of his nearest and truest friend—the wife of his bosom—so they completed the drama, rung the bell, curtain rises, and, lo, Dr. Emery's loving consort is no more amid the living. Then these good accountants stepped so gracefully over to their infernal ledger, charged the whole account up to Dr. Emery: Dr. to poisoning his wife. Cr. — Well, to make a long letter short, they "got him out," as they loved to express it.

MR. BENTLEY, ESQ.

came to Jack's house, and threatened to burn down the house with wife and children in it. Right here I will say, Mr. Bentley may have some faint recollection of a visit to Gainesville, Georgia in 1884. I was some forty

miles off, and the news flew, like fired stubble, that a detective from Arkansas wanted to see me. Well, a man to come so far must be respected as he must be on a weighty errand; and liking to see old friends (?), I went, like Caesar into Gaul, on a strain, took narrow gauge R. R. at the beautiful city of Jefferson, and soon wound my way up street to meet my old friend, Mr. Bentley, Esq., the "brave man and officer," who understood bloodhounds, and how to keep hid at a certain pine log —— perhaps he will call to mind the occasion. But alas! when I sought him he was not. We wonder what was the matter! The people of Gainesville would have treated him well. I will say to a generous public, and the good men and women of the lovely State of Arkansas, the reason he hulled out was, a man named Daniel followed him to the gate where he was to stay over night, and seeing Jack Daniel and Bud had a legion of friends here who sustained his course in protecting himself, he just walked that night to train, and off! off!

MR. JOHN FURGERSON

also deserves a place here, that all good men and women, especially wives, can see it, and look down into his dark and sinful life. He turned my wife and children out of comfort into a log cabin poorly furnished, and stinted their eating, and, to add more grief to my heart, he turned my dear babe out, which was only one year old! Mothers, look at Mr. Furgerson! See my little children turned out, and hear my little angel babe's screams, its mother in the grave, and only little brothers and sisters to see after it. Turned out, starving, man frowning on them because he had not dignity, humanity and valor to meet their father. Now, dear men and mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers, all —— do you censure me for using my Winchester on them? Do you see any outlawry in that? Would a man who thus suffers his own children, his dear angel wife trampled beneath the merciless tread of savage, unchained passions; would he be worthy the name of father? I leave you, dear people to reply.

But Mr. Furgerson told the people my wife would not go off to Georgia, even when she was arranging with Mr. Reeves to come to Jackson County, Georgia. My wife said, three days prior to her untimely death, "Mr. Reeves if anything happens, please get my children of to Georgia." And when my dear wife lay weltering in gore, the first man who reached the sad scene was Mr. Furgerson. My wife, seeing him, said, "Take the gun, and shoot me again!" Suspicion rests upon him; that word "again" means "once before," and I will recollect it! To say the least, Mr. Furgerson has not followed the Golden Rule, and he would "skin a flea for its hide and tallow," even if he had to take clothes off women's and children's bare backs to get to the flea. So saying, I bid you good-bye, Mr. Furgerson, hoping to meet you some fine day. I remain, yours inquiringly.

But some one may say, "Jack Daniel had nothing to do in composing this volume." To let you know Jack is responsible for its contents, I will say my children are hard to guess at, and I will trouble you with their names, and give the color of my wife's eyes.

My oldest is Forest Colmore, age 15 years; Ivy Caroline, 13 years; Pleasant Allie, 9 years, Nida Ann, 7 years; Lola Harriet, 5 years; Russell Jackson, 3 years; and the baby, Jack Bush, 2 years not but 15 months old when charitable Mr. Furgerson turned it out of doors. My wife's maiden mine was Lucinda Potts; born in Jackson County, Georgia; was 32 years old at the time of her sad death; the color of her eyes was black. Now, you, in Arkansas, about Ion's Creek, Now you in Arkansas, about Ion's Creek know who dictates —— it means business.

MRS. LUCINDA DANIEL,

borne down with such inhuman treatment; brought so low from her girlhood's raising and comforts; seven little ones to feed; her house and land wrested away by land-sharks; her husband forced to do what worlds would not induce him to do —— acting under a sense of honor, dignity, and justice—— compelled to flee, be away from home, sweet, sweet home! Her mind became wrecked by degrees, until death closed the scene. She is at rest in the silent grave, her dear children in Georgia, and her husband is not eaten up yet by "turtles."

GEORGIA, February 19th, 1885.

Dear Friends in Arkansas:

After so long a lapse, (you will excuse tardiness) I seat my humble self to write you a bit of news. I thank you dearly for your timely aid

and good counsel in days forever gone. I will ever hold sacred in memory your kindness to dear ones, one of whom is in the narrow, silent home. I see you day by day—I dream of you, and wonder how your beautiful country and good citizens could have been cursed with some evil spirits tormenting you, and depriving your humble servant of life's greatest boon, But in darkness your star arose; your hands, outstretched, gave relief and consolation to my utmost need, and caused me to be able to pen this letter to your dear eyes.

I regret that so many suffered on my account. We hope bountiful Heaven will bless your baskets and store; and finally, let us meet where eternal life sits flushed on every cheek. I will now relate how I escaped. Read it—and may your hearts rejoice!

R. J. DANIEL.

THE ESCAPE FROM BLOODHOUNDS.

Leaving the log, getting home two hours by sun, we ate something, and when midnight came on, Lucinda and Jack went out to a bluff, high and rocky. There we parted, to meet no more till the trump shall wake the pale nations under ground. Tears welling up, utterance impossible, we stood clasped in one eternal embrace. Bitter hour that to me! At last Lucinda said, "Jack, we will meet in Georgia. You are now forced to go beyond the reach of the men who seem void of reason and mercy. Don't take it so hard, dear husband, for I will soon be with you in a free land, in our own dear childhood's fairy garden?"

Jack turned round, cast one long and farewell gaze toward his home, where his little angels were sleeping, put his arms about the snowy neck of her who had been his comfort, his happiness, and his light in the hour of darkness and gloom, then looking out over the craggy precipice frowning immeasurable fathoms below, said, "Farewell, dear angel!" His heart was too full. Bud said, "Let's go, Jack." and soon they were in the main road for Chalybeate Springs.

Passing through Chalybeate Springs, we paused to sip one cooling draught from the big spring; and, as we had been well tutored, we did not rouse any sleeper, to bid him good night, but passed quietly on to Washita River, secured a skiff, and glided down the rippling stream, until we landed for wood and water at Cedar Glades. We found one Mr. Goat in deep distress on our descent. A cleft of rock, at least 100 feet high, reached out over the rolling Washita, and this poor animal had unluckily leaped from an upper ledge, fallen on the impending crag, and, standing right on the verge, was bleating piteously to his fellows feeding in a field across the stream. We thought, "Old fellow, you are in trouble, as well as two-limbed animals."

We saw but two persons on our way down, and they did not see us, neither did we wave handkerchiefs, nor halloo, "School Butter!" Landed, we went up to the Glades, found many things topsy-turvy, on account of a couple of outlaws, and men, guns, pistols, all were earnestly solicited to go up between Jerusalem and Jericho, to fall in among thieves, outlaws, etc., and "hunt 'em down."

So reconnoitering, taking in the situation at a glance, seeing it poor land for a "one-eyed man," we sat sail on foot for Little Rock, distant 100 miles. The weather being sultry, we found it prudent to travel in night hours, lying up in daytime. We subsisted, in times of pinch, on roasting ears, watermelons, and, now and then, an old gobbler came down before Winchester. I can say in truth, without the shadow of boasting, that I can bring off a squirrel's head, at 75 paces, nearly every time. The Winchester is deservedly par excellence. I shall ever keep mine, in remembrance of its very efficient service.

We camped near little Rock. Next morning we marched, like good soldiers, right "down into town," and by 10 o'clock had made the following preparations, viz.: We bought a boat 25 feet long and five feet wide, very deep in the hull. Then we purchased provisions—lard, meat, sugar, coffee, rice—cooking utensils, and, as we would be exposed to miasma, dews, fogs, etc., we secured a large

jug of good whiskey, and emptied much quinine into it. Then we bought a large trotline and many hooks, and went down street in old fisherman's style, thus evading suspicion; for you will remember that the law-making manufactory is open at Little Rock, the capital, and persons would be likely to notice the least move in the wrong direction. So thus equipped for a regular fish, we moved to our craft for which we had shelled down \$15 current money with the merchant, and about 10 o'clock spread sail, hoisted our oil-cloth, and moved down the Arkansas river, with as happy hearts and clear consciences as generally rove up and down its majestic waters. We looked back, saw the bustle, thought of Ion's Creek, the scared crew, peeping round the crags, looking for outlaws, and expecting to find Winchester bullets, while, poor, deluded souls! the very hearts they would willingly have stilled in blood were beating joyfully, void of malice, on the free and placid bosom of a Western river, away off 100 miles current rapid, and the boat's prow down stream, and going 75 miles per day.

CHAPTER XXI

Thoughts of Home—Dream—Travels to Mississippi River—Down to New Orleans—
Lee's Monument Unveiled, &c., &c.

KIND READER AND FRIENDS, — Let's go back to a little home in Montgomery county, on Ion's creek; there is a woman and seven sweet, dear children. That woman is my wife, Bentley and Furgerson and such like had weakened her mind by taunts and outrageous threats, even of her life, to fasten her and her children, all dear on earth to her, up in an old cabin which Furgerson had ruthlessly thrust them into, and burn them up, root and branch. Add to this the denial of her husband's presence, forever banished from her embrace, and we discover symptoms of insanity. The first were, she would go out in the yard, and pausing, than call the name of her husband, as she was wont to do in time of plowing, when she called him to meals. My dear children were abused, my wife thus ruined until she ended her life, or, someone ended it for her. The great judgment will make manifest everything, and Lucinda is avenged.

From the Capital we moved straight down the river, passing beautiful farms, enchanting groves, wild forests, cane breaks almost incredible, camping at night, reversing the land travels, for good reasons, having no fear after we were one mile down the river. When night came on, the beautiful stars shone from heaven, the moon in her stately march shed lustre on the river's bosom, and the forest on its banks seemed one mighty enchanted city, where every one was silent and pure; we cooked, talked, enjoyed life as much as we would, and both together slept, the first nap of the sort from April 18th., to July 29th., and August 6th.

I slept one day, as our great boat was hurried downward, and in my visions I heard my devoted Lucinda calling me. O how dismal that call on the waters! "O Jack!" came in tones as distinct as ever sounded on the threshold of quiet home. I can safely assert, no one over had a better wife, nor lived a more happy life; no jars, no strife; all peace, all love and union.

We passed on down, stopping at the following named points: Arkansas City in Desha county, where there is much good land, but very swampy, and we did not esteem it salubrious enough to locate, but passed on to Greenville, where we found a low, wet country; then we entered the great Mississippi. On we moved to Red River Landing; took dinner here; found it a great farming country, but too liable to overflow—and raise two bales of cotton and half a bale of mosquitos.

Wheeling a bend about 35 miles, we came in sight of New Texas landing on a lofty eminence, but back of it lies deep, wild forests, canebrakes, chills, fever, doctor's bills and bad water.

Right around another bend, twenty miles, we stopped at Bayou Sarah, on the Mississippi side, where it seemed to improve; then we moved to Baton Rouge, then to Plaquemine, on a bayou, Very low and certainly sickly; then we moved to White Hall, and with all might and main sailed for the crescent city. We arrived at New Orleans, having been out sixteen days, all in good health. We disposed of our boat at a reduced, deteriorated price, and esteeming the weather too warm in this latitude, we also let our fishing tackle go. We kept it

in full view all the way down, that persons would opine that we were just going around the next bend to let down our trotline. We suppose that this stratagem succeeded well, for no one said, "Whence comest thou?"

We walked, big as Ike, up into New Orleans, and lo! a great concourse of people from states, capitals, and crowded cities! What's up now? Lee's Monument was to be unveiled, and here they come, to witness the pall torn from the remembrances of the greatest warrior of modern times; tears flowed freely; acclamations rent the air; every sign of appreciation rose like enchantment. Some were here who had heard the bristling cannon roar, and seen the lightning's fiery flash from the tried rifles in hands of devoted braves on Southern soil. Some from Gettysburg, Malvern Hill, Richmond. Some were here, when he gave his sword, gave in with him, and stood by him till the last shot told out our principles. We felt proud to come out of desperate hands and fall into men of principle, appreciation and humanity. So we secured good lodging at the St. Charles Hotel for two days, enjoying the gentle breezes, wholesome society, and general excitement of the momentous occasion. We then bent our course up the river to White Hall; there we remained three months, working for good wages, good society and clever people; this is a fine country for sugar.

We then went down to New Orleans, took shipping across a beautifully diverse country of land and water, rolling lakes, widespread Ponchartrain, and high bridges to Mobile, Alabama. This is a beautiful city, of about forty thousand souls. We passed on by railroad to Pensacola, Florida, the great Navy Yard city; here is a nice place for tourists and health seekers. Tallahassee, the Capital, was next in our path. Here is a beautiful inland city but we bought no tackle nor boat at this place, although it be the capital. Circumstances alter cases. From the Capitol we moved to Live Oak, where anything short of alligators would fare but slim here on the Suwannee River; but further down it is healthy. We moved right to the greatest city in the land of flowers, Jacksonville, on the St. Johns River. This city is crowded in winter, from Northern States, and the St. Johns River runs north, perhaps the only stream in the Union. It heads away down south toward the gulf, runs into the stormy Atlantic in a northerly direction. This river is a chain of lakes, narrow here, wide there, and deep withal. Calahan was our next, where we stayed three months. We thought a little hard of friends back in Arkansas, because no letters came to the office backed to "R. J. Daniel, Calahan, Fla." Well, we excused them on the grounds that the "Mountain fastnesses were to be completely scoured by that brave and skillful officer, Mr. Bentley, Esquire, full of fury and of fire, with bloodhounds he would put up a tree, and hunt up to the bog, but mind the pine log, &c."

Well, I moved on to Waycross, Thomasville, then to Albany, a lovely place; Macon, the seat of learning; Mercer University is here, but having our diploma, we passed to Cammack, thence to Union Point, where we felt happy at the thought of happy reunion. We expected to meet wife and children soon, according to agreement made on the high bluff in Arkansas, about midnight, when my devoted Lucinda said so lovingly, "Jack, we will meet in Georgia." We then steered for Athens, a city of about ten thousand people, several fine schools, good cotton market, rich croppers around, and thence where honor, duty and friends invited us. We rushed right into friends in five or six counties, who received us as life from the dead. Kind homes, outstretched arms, but "Where is Lucinda?" "Not here! not here!" What's the matter? Our joy was to be full when we met—we had waited long—but alas! demons in human form had either killed my wife, or caused her own hands to do the awful deed.

Yes, dear friends, my escape, our escape, was made, heaven provided, bullets have been rained at us, but not one took effect. But my dear wife, the hope of my life, my children abused and left motherless, and their father branded by cowards and sneaks as an outlaw against the rightful rule of Arkansas, my friends dragged out to meet a cruel fate of rope and gallows, my friends' true, virtuous wives were maltreated by these inhuman agencies. Poor Dr. Flood and charitable Coker and many others suffered martyrdom in our behalf, my land was cruelly wrested, contrary to statute, and my wife and children turned out homeless and destitute, while Bill Potter, egged on by greed and ill-gotten gains, forced unhappy measures—he slumbers in the grave. Several others have gone to that lonely city laid out in walks and squares. I was forced to action, I apologize for no known duty, I was not after vengeance, I was acting the part of husband, father, citizen of America. I considered myself a right to

the land on Ion's creek. I am no coward, no violator of law, no heinous outlaw, but dear friends, I want you to write what I have done on the pillars at the State Capital, write them on the corridors of time, sculpture the shooting of Potter, the pine log battle, the bloodhounds and biscuit, the farewell on the high bluff, my arms around my dear wife's neck, her eyes streaming with tears, her body mangled, shot, her little children starving, their march to Georgia, my children among dogs, the dogs shot down at their foot, the blood spattering their clothes Bentley cursing my wife and children, frightening them with threats to burn them in the house, Furgerson and his ill-gotten possession of my happy home, his money now due, and his cruelty to mine, that infamous Blocker, the traitor, but not honest enough to hang him self, like Judas. Dear friends, inscribe, in imperishable characters, these things, and tell your sons and daughters to look at them, and looking up to heaven, say, in the integrity of your heart, do you think we are outlaws?

Do you see how I could have avoided anything? You may say, "Well, boys, you should have moved out, when you saw you could not live in peace." Yes, but when did we see this? Had we done any violence, taken things fraudulently? No! no!! no!!! Then the hurricane came on us unawares.

CONCLUSION.

ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR AND MY FRIENDS IN ARKANSAS—ALSO A WORD TO "TURTLE BAITERS"

To His Excellency, the Governor of Arkansas,

Dear Sir: This to you may seem unique, strange indeed, to receive an address from a man who is labeled in your State an outlaw. But, dear sir, you possess potency in favor of right rule, truth, integrity and justice; therefore this appeal is direct to your judgment, not the silly, idle, sensational sounds coming up from a well-organized horde of robbers on Ion's creek in Montgomery county.

About April 18th, 1883, after a protracted series of injuries, both by scandal and threats of destruction, I was irresistibly drawn into a difficulty with one Wm. Potter, against whom I entertained not the slightest malice. He, from time to time endeavored to enlist me in a band to keep the public lands on Ion's creek unsettled; I refused. He then said I must leave or die. Mr. Blocker was shot at by Mr. Potter. We went to have a talk, not to quarrel. He endeavored to use firearms, and, in self-defense, we were compelled to defend out person. He was killed. A band of intriguers assaulted us, abused out families, abused our friends, even disregarding female character, threatened to burn my wife and children in a house, shot my dog, the blood spattering on my wife's clothes, abused my wife until she died by her own hands, or the hands of a foe, turned my wife and seven children out of house and home, and has given no equivalent in return. While I was trying, dear sir, to have a fair trial before a proper body, these foes to virtue, intercepted my friends, would not permit us to give up to any official, save in Yell county, cut off from Hot Springs court, hung Dr. Flood and Mr. Coker— my friends — and intimidated all who aided, however. On the 29th of July, 1883 we were pursued by one Bentley, a detective, with bloodhounds, and men who seemed more bent on murder, assault and ruin, rather than to bring men to law, evidence, and righteous decision. We met them like men; our Winchester rifles, dear sir, spoke loud and awful. Soon bloodhounds, detective, all wore gene——two men kept the field. It matters not how many fell there; we were defending our persons against bloodhounds and men who would have inflicted death the very moment of surrender. Had an officer from Hot Springs been after us, we had sought him, gone to trial, come clear, and we would today have been happy. But Yell County wanted death, not court, because the way was open to settle up the good lands on Ion's creek.

My character, dear sir, is open before you. Inquire of Robt. Toombs, of Georgia, go to the Ben Hill family, Joseph E. Brown, go to Athens, Ga., inquire, find me out, probe deep and pass sentence. I appeal to you for my land, for my children, I labored assiduously, I hoped to live and be buried there. My smiling fields, blooming orchards, comfortable houses; cost me much toil. Is it legal and just for Mr. Furgerson to deceive my wife, seize my land, myself cast out for outlaw, and men to seize my hard earnings?

I am open to trial before any fair court. I make no apology. I say this, dear air—I regret the unpleasant result—I would not cultivate a desire for such rashness and sorrow— my desire is to obey laws, live in peace, practice virtue, and be in company with justice, mercy and honor. But the first law of nature is self-preservation. I am a gentleman, sir, and appeal to you as such.

I am no mean sneak, no coward, as some will testify who saw me once at a certain pine log.

I can never repent of defending my home, my character and my ancestry. I would hide my mouth in the dust before I would suffer my wife and children maltreated, my neighbors hung, myself run by bloodhounds, with men who threatened to food my carcass to turtles. Yes, sir, I would be ashamed. My last moments would see howling ghosts, scoffing, upbraiding my cowardice, and in the silent grave, methinks I could hear my children’s scream that papa lacked manhood to defend them.

Hoping, dear sir, you will ponder those sentiments,

I am, dear Governor,

Your servant in trouble,

R. J. DANIEL.

To my Friends:

Dear Heartfelt Friends—I can never forget you, nor cease to love you. Your timely aid has been treasured up. I am in good health, but you can never conceive how low I am in spirit, especially when I call to mind days and friends, especially the friend who walked in youth’s early morn by my side, alas! life is of chequered hues, but some day in the bright, eternal future, I hope to meet my loved one, and dear friends, not lost, but gone before. I am in good health, have friends, do good work, and make good wages. I may never meet you in this short life, but I will go to my grave with the pleasant consciousness of duty well and lastingly done.

I will need no marble stone to remind me of your kindness, but will often revive my drooping spirits with the fond reflection that there are hearts far away beating in unison with my own, and in heaven’s eternal beauties and unfading glories meet.

Your true friend,

R. J. DANIEL.

To Turtle Baiters and Bloodhounds:

Dear Confederation of Well Disciplined Hypocrites—I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the other bird also. I am well, fat and saucy, hope these few lines may find you all well-armed, having plenty of men to hunt down the mountain fastnesses, and we very earnestly hope that your bloodhounds are fat, having eaten their biscuits, and they will hurrah, pup! better than they did at the pine log. I hope you searched long and well for the Daniel boys, and found enough women and children to abuse, to keep in practice, for we do declare you were the best to abuse women I ever heard of. You could curse so terrific, threaten so very eloquently, and you are certainly good at shooting dogs, and not hit the woman and children, but you must not let the blood spatter on them. I hope you are not afraid to go out to a fire by the roadside; if you had come to us that night, we would have divided biscuit. If you would have stood up like men at the pine log, we would have furnished the undertaker and newspapers with work for some time. You thought you were following men who had had no raising, no education, no royal ancestry; but if you ever repeat the experiment you will find about five or six counties with marksmen who do not shoot up in tree tops, and who will lift your cowardly jackets “from who drove the wedge!” You followed us with bloodhounds, you mistreated our families, and you repented your hunt, you found bad game, you run upon the “fellows that stole Massa’s Inguns” You “knew ‘em by ‘em brea!” You hung my friends, but recollect, you did not hang their Winchester, and their owners can look down the barrels.

Sometimes I fool lonely; my dear wife gone to her lowly bed, but I rejoice that the same band of good cowardly hypocrites who entailed so much misery on me, have pulled down the just displeasure of the State upon their own guilty heads. I am sorry for their dear women and sweet little children.

If they were man, brave men, in a good cause, I would stand with them, but when I know them to be a fox-like band of thieves and cold blood murderers, working for dishonest gain, I have no communion. A grander piece of rascality was never woven than Bentley; He came to Gainesville, Georgia, and left right now. If he had remained till next Day at 9 o'clock, the newspaper would have read about thus:

“Detective Bentley, from Arkansas, came up missing——just such chickens can't roost more than one night on that pole—we know him in Georgia—he is very unworthy a good woman's company.”

Now, old hidden enemies on Ion's Creek, I am done. I have given a true history to throw broadcast over the world. You drove me to defense. I am in good spirits. You shot at me, but God's hand warded off. You are perfectly welcome to all victories you ever achieved.

I am proud of my Winchester. I would not disgrace my wife and children by surrendering to bloodhounds and murderers. An Indian's cheek would pale at any other course. “I never suffered the key to rust in the lock of hell, while my wife and children were abused.”

I expect to meet you in awful judgment, and if you ever enter the paradise look right close behind and see your humble servant. I pull off my hat and wave it to you, peace on earth, good will to man, and keep your bloodhounds fat, for good men will settle the valley, and if it becomes essential, will use Winchester, as has been done in days gone by.

Your everlasting enemy,

R. J. DANIEL.

CANTO I.

Attend, dear friends, while I relate
What happened in Arkansas State;
While the truth in love we speak,
Remember it was on Ions Creek.
About fourteen years past and gone,
When boyhood's sun upon us shone,
We marched with gladsome song,
To spend our days amid the throng
That sought for shelter, wealth and rest,
Amid the engaging beauties of the West.
We landed in the beauteous land,
We saw the glorious West expand;
We looked for old age to come,
Further west we sought a home;
And amid the grandeur of the hills
Which rise heavenward and fill
The heart with reverence and joy,
We sought a home, our best employ.
But soon the scene was changed;
Men from virtue ware estranged,
All love for God was lost in man:
In theft and murder measure his span
Of life——and then in the vortex brings
Every man——or else bruise with stings.
These men so mean, so very vile,
Tried by art——tried long by guile,
To force Jack Daniel into line,
And get his brother Bud in one mind,

CANTO II.

A certain William Potter living there,
Tried to draw us in his lair;
Herd words, and then the breath,
He'd see us out, even unto death.
Bill Blocker, too, as grand a sneak
As ever saw beautiful Ion's Creek;

Was shot at by Potter, and came
 To tell who was then to blame.
 Went to have a talk——all for good,
 In tithe, and hope, and fear of God.
 Be it true, every word I say,
 He threw reason far away,
 And jumped for arms, blood to shed,
 And was shot till quivering dead.
 Good women were treated badly, too,
 By that ungodly, thieving crew,
 Who came, like vultures on the fold,
 To swear, abuse, threat and scold.
 They tried to poison children dear,
 They cursed women, void of fear;
 They hunted good men to slay,
 And hung them up on the highway.
 They hunted us with bloodhounds rare,
 But were hunted by bullets fair.
 Running like turkeys, they call,
 “Come, catch outlaws, one and all.”
 But we escaped; and safe at last,
 We write this verse of actions past.

CANTO III.

My wife is sleeping in the dust,
 My children are in happy trust.
 My health is good——and now
 I will eternal faithfulness to friends avow,
 to thank them for their kindly deeds,
 That precious boon of timely needs.
 My foes may look out for fun,
 Just as certain as set of sun.
 If their side of branch they keep,
 In soundness let them only sleep;
 But if they get a craving after gain,
 Come over the dead line, to stain
 Our good soil with traitor’s tread-
 Winchesters abundant——abundant lead——
 No cowards, either, nor traitors——
 All true to steel——on the other waiters.
 While life lasts, and time is given,
 Ere the bolt comes, the oak be riven,
 Let fools learn wisdom before they come
 All of sudden to untimely tomb,
 And leave your wives in sore distress,
 Through your own wickedness.
 While men are minding their own affairs,
 Tilling and toiling with ax and shares,
 Better mind your business——obey thy God,
 Else other business put thee beneath the sod,
 By men who are firm on rock or bog,
 And understand the old pine log.

FINIS

Kind Reader:

Have you ever visited a tower, ruined and falling down beneath the burden of years, and then considered in your pure mind what that structure was, what it is, and what it could have been, and will be? If so, the present subject is not strange to you.

Long, weary years ago, a sportive boy, playing upon the green, indulging in the sports of innocence, unfettered, untrammelled, free as ocean’s wave, free as air, now a man, fettered, proscribed, cast out as ocean weed upon desolate shore——and why? Because I am a dog? a thief? a midnight assassin? a public highway robber? No, dear friends, no! — a thousand echoes from the hilltops say, No!

On the mercy, generosity and enduring forbearance of the public—even on the arm of strength of thirteen hundred millions of souls, do we repose on earth, while to Him who guides the torch-bearers throughout space above, do we commit our cause, soul, spirit and body, to be sanctified, called into His vineyard to labor for the good of humanity, as well as for the undying glory of God above.

My wife, dear reader, sleeps in a little grove in a far-off land, while her once bright-eyed beauties are attending school in distant region, where the sun of freedom and piety, religion and purity, rises above them. Every setting of that day, God reminds them, and him whom they call father of a grove in the far West, where, wrapt in cold and cloddy shroud, lies the once animated form of mamma—wife—star of home, and light to beam on our pathway, to shed haies of lustre even to the grave.

I look westward, think of a horde of savage cutthroats, men void of reason instigated by the malice of the Devil, not having the fear of God before their eyes, and wholly given to deeds of darkness, who came in and wrested peace, joy and affection from neighbors, carried my dear wife—my angel wife and bosom friend—on strong pinions down to the grave, and maltreated my poor little motherless children, even starving them; casting them out of a comfortable home into the wintry blast; even exposing my little 15-months old babe to the howling storm, and using every fiendish endeavor to exterminate my entire family. They even placed poison in biscuits, to deprive my children of life—forcing them by hunger to eat and die. They would not let good neighbors cut wheat or oats for my family, but even turned hogs in upon the wheat, and without mercy saw the hard labor of a woman and some little children go to ruin, just simply because their head was an offender.

I was forced, by every tie, sacred or human, to defend my wife and dear children. When I led Lucinda Potts to the holy altar, pledged eternal protection and support, I meant it. My little children grew up around me, and they twined about our affections stronger than natural life. So when the blow was directed toward me, their father and head, it was at once aimed directly at them.

Those men living about the edges of the mountain fastnesses of Yell County know they are principally thieves. All they desire is money—and they do not go to the New Testament every time to find the best means to the safest end. They would rob a “dead nigger,” to get the pewter dollar from the poor old African’s eyelids. They would poison little children, ruin the fair characters of our daughters, wreck the mental faculties of mothers, and laugh at the misery of fathers. They ran upon Jack and Bud. They repented their “walking match.”

Down by that pine log comes a wail—a sad wail. Dogs—bloodhounds—and bloody men; a company with vengeance and cruelty and murder in their souls; to kill—hang—two poor boys, that their inhuman conduct had enthralled; for if they had been submissive to the Code of Arkansas, remained at home, and been good husbands, neighbors, citizen; we would never have been compelled to issue this publication to an honest, pious, candid-thinking world.

They came on. It was a bad come. “Here, Bull! Sick ‘em, cowards! Here, fellows, eat ‘em up without salt or bread!” Such were the insulting ejaculations as that den of scoundrels came near the pine log, and their greedy, polluted souls all afire for our blood, and the innocent blood of our children. We had advised our friends to staybehind. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind man; hence, these yelling demons were not friends. We tried hard to get two together, tried to get a good, fair glimpse of the brave detective, but could not know him. We let drive; off piled two; then baiting our hooks, we jerked, and here came two more, “gwine on to glory!” as the nigger said, when one slipped under the ice.

You ought to have seen those mean cowards shoot! The wildest shooting you ever saw! I will affirm in candor, the bullets went at least fifteen feet above us. You ought to have seen their horses run—dogs, men—all behind rocks. Why not come out like men to free country from outlaws (?) as sacred rights, while they knew that every arm in Arkansas was justly against them. They knew that we had a pure, God given right to shoot the veritable liver and lights out of them. We were innocent. We had strong nerves, honest hearts, pure consciences, and of course could afford to do a first-class job of shooting, especially for the protection of women and God’s infinite mercy wash away all sin,

down the Arkansas River, then down Mr. Mississippi, even to New Orleans, to “Big folks.”

You ask us. “How could you get away? We answer: How could you keep us there when every other man was a bosom friend? We passed on about midnight, having killed the dogs of the detective. We poisoned them with the biscuit they had “set for our children.”

We went on about two miles to a branch, put down the poison, then set out for Chalybeate Springs; about 12 o'clock we noiselessly moved on, and reached the Washita river, secured a canoe, then down to the Glades, then over mountains and valleys to Little Rock.

My children are attending school, and my affections cluster about them for good. May the giver of all good bless them and shield them from the dark days of the past, guide their young hearts in wisdom's ways, and when this weary life is over, land our weary and trusting soul upon the strand of everlasting day, where, amid the songs of redemption, we may behold the enraptured throng, the sapphire-decked walls of immortal glory, the pearly gates and our feet tread with joy the courts of God, the streets of burnished gold, our eager hands pluck with untold emotion the ambrosial fruit of the tree of life, while to our feverish lips will be applied the cooling beverage of the water of life from that river that gladdens the city of our God. And there clad in white with glory wrapped around, meet dear wife, dear children, and friends, to bask in the sunshine of God's glory, and scale the battlements of heaven to plant our standards upon, the continent of immortal day, to dwell forever with the pure and good in the city of God, in the world beyond the grave.

THE END