

Reminiscences of Texas as a Republic.  
[For Patron and Gleason.]

In this my first article of Texas sketches I will return to my home life in Liberty County and have something more to say about stock raising, farming and the habits and customs of the settlers in those early days.

I was always curious to know how Taylor White, one man, should own nearly one-third of all the cattle in Liberty County. None of the settlers could make any satisfactory explanation of the matter to my mind. Although it was well understood that he was inclined to repel all visitors, I determined to pay him a visit and to spend the night at his home. I was anxious to learn from his own lips the secret of his great success as a champion of stock raisers. On a trip down the eastern coast of Galveston Bay, I made it convenient to lose my way in the many stock paths through the prairies and to pull up my horse at his place about dark. He came out to the front gate of his yard as I sat upon my horse. After making some inquiry of him in regard to the direct road to Liberty I asked him if it would be convenient for him to entertain me for the night. He asked me my name. "Yes, he said, 'I recollect your name and also recollect meeting with you in the town of Liberty. Certainly you can stay all night and I will be glad for you to do so.'"

So cordial was he in his greetings that the sneaking idea which I had on my mind of offering to pay him for damages for the entertainment of myself and horse were at once abandoned. As ground rent was very cheap he did not carry his improvements up in the air. His residence containing many rooms were all one story and not very tall ceiling at that. In that remote spot in the center of an almost boundless prairie he was living almost a hotel life. His table was the best and my sleeping room and bed was airy and clean. The time had been when he ignored visitors but it was quite plain to me that the time had now come when he was glad of the privilege of entertaining friends. With but little education he and his wife were well spoken and intelligent. Mr. White was not tall but broad and strong. He was more than fifty years old but was as active as a boy. He and his wife were both great talkers and seemed anxious to give me all the information I wished in regard to the history of their lives. I learned from them that they settled on that place when they were first married many years before that time. At the time they were married Mr. White himself owned half a dozen head of cattle and his wife's people gave her about the same number that he had. They were both hard workers and industrious. They raised their own bread and meat and vegetables, besides their own chickens and eggs and milk and butter and cheese. Their beef cattle they sold and converted every dollar into cows and calves. In three or four years they owned over a hundred head of cattle. This same process was continued until very soon their stock amounted to five hundred head. He then had to employ help in the management of his stock. From year to year he had to build little cottages near his residence for the occupancy of new help as his increasing stock required. He said that for many years he had devoted all of his time and energies to the one business of his life. He never turned aside or speculated in anything whatever. After his stock greatly increased in number he carried a drove of choice heaves to New Orleans every year or two, sold them and deposited his money in the New Orleans banks. For purely Spanish cattle he had perhaps the finest and most extensive pasture grounds that could be found anywhere. The Gulf on his South and Galveston Bay on his West formed boundaries for his herds. Many square miles of government land lay in this great cover upon which his stock continued to multiply. Taylor White at the time I was there was the richest man in Texas. He not only owned the largest stock of any man in the Republic but he had thousands of dollars on deposit in the banks in New Orleans. Those were the days when they had salt banks

in New Orleans and such a thing as a depositor losing his deposit was never heard of. I asked Mr. White why it was that none of the other settlers had been as lucky as he had been. He said that it was not luck. That whilst others were selling the breeding cattle and riding around spending the proceeds that he was at home raising his meat and bread and looking after his stock and buying up all the better calves they had to sell. There was another reason, however, independent of these considerations. Taylor White had secured to himself the only large and valuable cattle range there was in the country. About this time Jones and company, an English house, established a beef factory near the town of Liberty immediately on the banks of the Trinity river at the Liberty landing. They purchased beef on foot at an estimated price of four cents a pound. They had certain rules of measurement by which they estimate the weight of a beef. Even at this low price some of their beavers in mid summer when they were very fat would bring them as much as thirty dollars. They kept a store to supply people that wished to invest their money in family necessities yet they never offered trade as a part of the purchase price of their beef. They always paid for the beaves in British gold.

The process of shipment was as follows: They had an iron cylinder that stood upright with capacity for two barrels of beef. Attached to this cylinder was an air exhauster and also a machine for injecting brine. After putting the beef in the cylinder the beef being first cut to the proper size for packing in barrels and screwing on the top with a lever wrench the air was completely exhausted. By producing a vacuum as to atmosphere the pores of the beef were as a matter of course completely opened. The strong brine was then forced in until every space was filled. This was allowed to stand one hour and then the top was removed and the beef taken out and closely packed in barrels in Turkey Island course salt. They then sent it down to Galveston in their little steamer. From Galveston it was shipped to the West India Islands in their own sailing vessels. They had a tan yard where all of the hides were immediately put in vats. They had English pumper cauldrons and made all of the tallow into candles. The oil from the feet was put into jars and sold as neatfoot oil. The hoofs were holed and converted into glue and the horns were all shipped to good old England to be returned to us again in the form of combs and knife handles.

Yes, dear old England, as some of our people call her, is still managing our financial affairs. Some of our population are making arrangements to be buried there when they die. British gold! Ah! yes there lies the rub. For more than a century England has been ruling the world with British gold. For the sake of British gold our own statesmen were willing to wreck the whole financial system of America. And for the sake of British gold these statesmen and the princely capitalists living in castles and palaces are trying to rivet upon the hands of the working classes chains which will hold them in poverty and slavery forever. There is a freemasonry among the money kings whose secrets are unknown to the laboring classes. These honored and enlightened lowly have their own signs and grips and pass words. It is a cardinal principle with them to keep the great mass of mankind too poor to resist their schemes. They well know that the masses of the people would never stand still and hold out their hands for the chains of slavery to be riveted upon them if they could help themselves. Without means and in a desperate struggle for the necessities of life they are compelled to submit to any terms imposed upon them. As a remedy for these evils the ballot box in their hands is a failure. True and again have they elected men to office promising reform and relief. But evil communications corrupt good manners. No sooner does a new congressman or senator reach Washington City than he is taken to the temple of "Juno," the goddess of riches. After receiving all of the degrees

and side degrees taught in this Temple he next may say the money changes to the temple of "Mercury," the god of robbers. In the deep caverns of this Temple he swallows an oath never to reveal the secrets of the order. That rustic virtuous conscience that he brought with him from his constituents is laid aside. He now finds himself no only worshipping at the shrine of "Juno" craving her riches, but a worshipper also at the shrine of Mercury keeping company with the robbers that make their headquarters at this Temple. Again and again have the people dropped these betrayers of their trusts and sent new agents to represent them but at almost all ways with the same results. For more than a quarter of a century this ledgerman has been carried on and practiced upon the people until now they are too poverty stricken to make any resistance. With more than three-fourths of the people shouting for reform and for better times a single handful of British gold will quiet them into submission to the money kings. O, the manners! O, the times!

Rehoboth, N. C.  
P. S.—This article closes my Texas Reminiscences. If I ever write again for the PATRON and GLEANER it will be on some other theme. I am quite sure that my readers are tired of hearing so much about Texas. C.  
TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.  
For Men Only.  
Ladies, please skip this paragraph. It got into our columns by mistake and we have asked the printers to set it upside down.

Blood Poison.  
Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure, but have long used various remedies only to bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more violent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.  
Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 256 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says: "I was long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars. My mouth was filled with eating sores, my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was a horrible sight. I had yielded various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After using four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery." S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) will cure any case of blood poisoning. Books on this disease and its treatment, mailed free by S.S.S. Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.  
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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 7, 1897

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Notice. Superior Court, Wake County. J.W. Weaver, Sheriff, in behalf of himself and all other creditors of said W.J. Grizzard, deceased, 1875.

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