

CHAPTER SIX

GIDEON AND THE CHILDREN

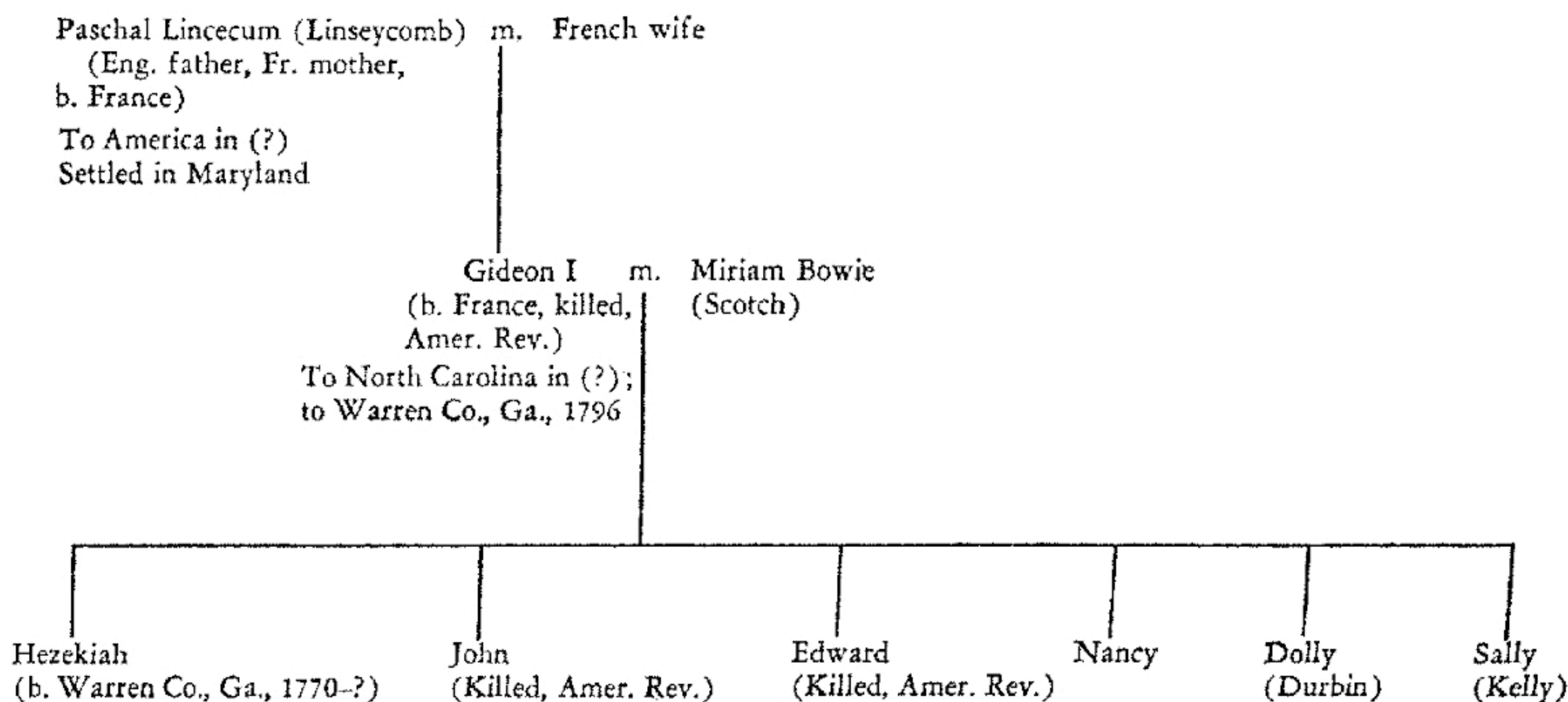
It is a painful thing to know that the grand hope which I so fondly cherished during the minor ages of my children has ultimated in utter failure. Not one of them will leave a mark that will not be obliterated by the first rude blast that passes after they have left the mundane stage. GID

FROM HIS little patriarchy in Long Point, Texas, Gideon wrote in 1866 to an old friend: "We have lost four children, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 13 are dead; balance are all near and are going well enough. . . . I used to say to you that I should never be able to bring myself into notice, but that I hoped to shine forth in my posterity."

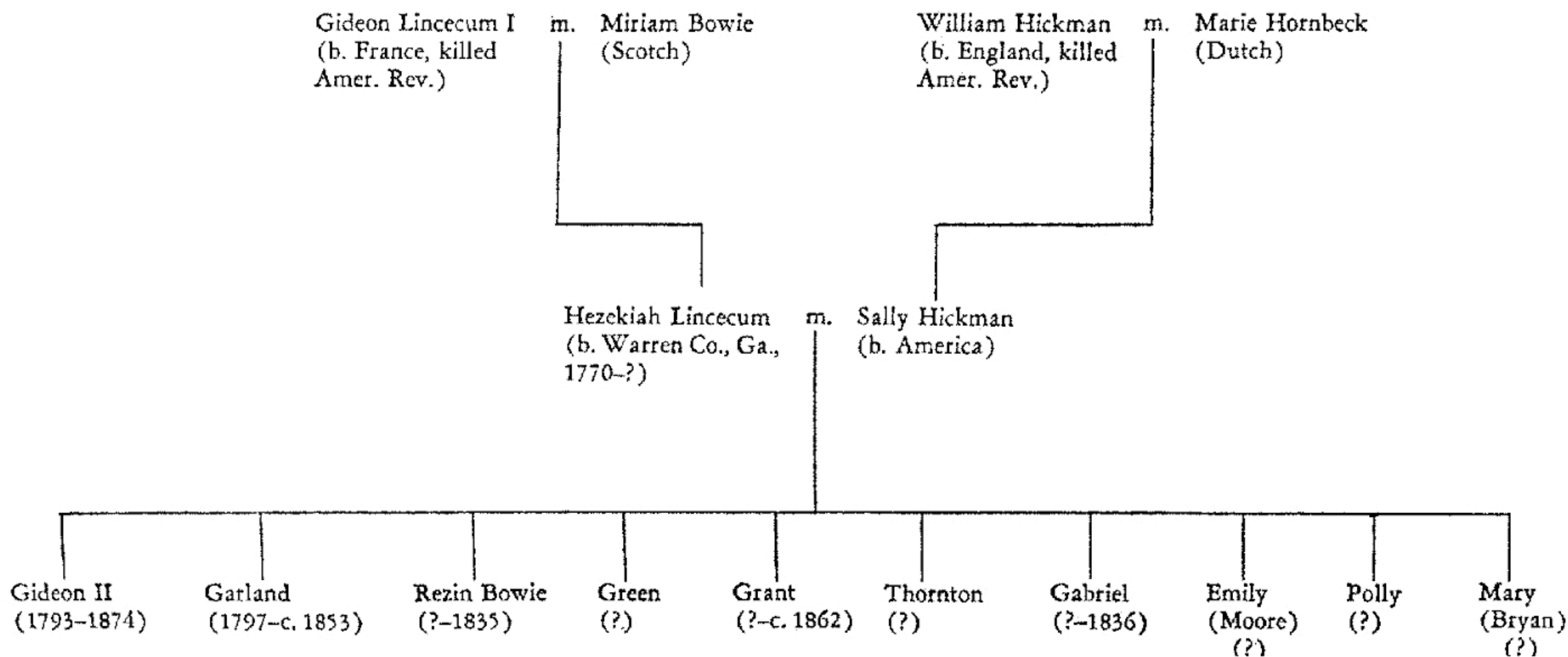
Gideon was rich in progeny but none of his sons and daughters possessed personalities as sparkling as his. He and Sarah Bryan were parents of thirteen children, all born before they came to Texas. The children, in order of their births, were Lycurgus, Lysander M., Martha Ann Elizabeth, Leonidas L., Leander W. C., Mary Catherine, Lachaon Joseph, Lucullus Garland, Leonora, Cassandra, Sarah Matilde, Lysander Rezin, and Lucifer Hezekiah.

Martha Ann Elizabeth died in Columbus, Mississippi, at the age of seventeen months. The first Lysander died in Mississippi in 1832. Gideon once explained his death: "I, with the assistance of another poison doctor, while I was practicing the old school of medicine, killed

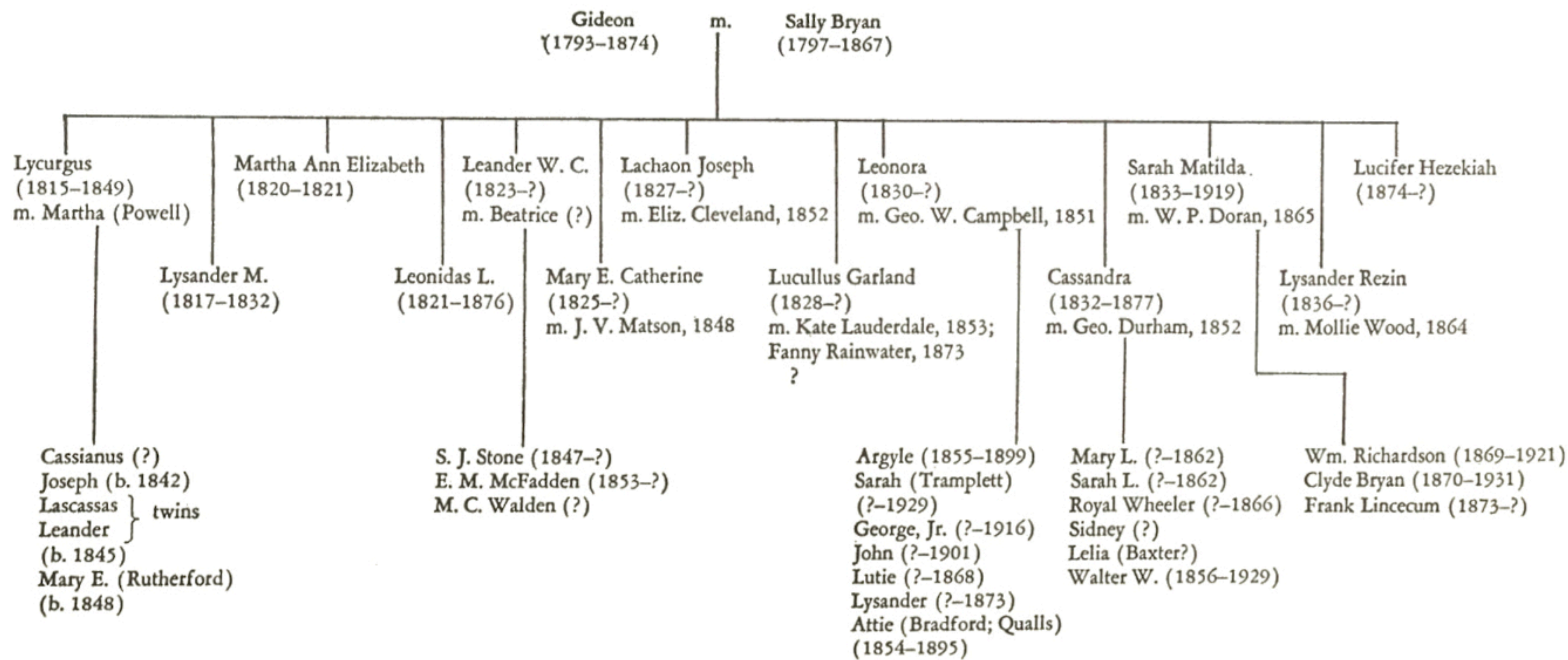
I. THE LINCECUM LINE



II. THE FAMILY OF HEZEKIAH LINCECUM



III. THE FAMILY OF GIDEON LINCECUM



one of my children, fourteen years old, by administering the tobacco smoke injection."

The thirteenth child, Lucifer Hezekiah, was born on October 18, 1847, and on that day Gideon noted: "Born on the 64th year of American Independence. May the boy and the country ever remain free and independent." One wonders if Gideon's strange sense of humor was at work when he belatedly bestowed his father's name on one of his sons and prefaced it with the name of the fallen archangel. It is likely, however, that he was merely continuing the alliteration of the letter *L* in his sons' names, and named his last son for Lucifer, the Sardinian prelate, and not Satan. Gideon's terse statement that No. 13 was dead is the only reference to this unluckily numbered and oddly named child. The family *Bible* in which Sarah Lincecum carefully recorded the births and deaths of her children and grandchildren, cannot be located. It reportedly was given by a descendant to a Galveston, Texas, minister.

Most of the children were born in Cotton Gin Port. When the top six were old enough to go to school, Gideon bought a house in Columbus, Mississippi, where he sent them, with their mother, to be educated, while he remained in Cotton Gin Port to continue the practice he had established as a doctor.

At the end of six months he went over to Columbus to see what progress the children had made. He expected great things of them, as they were all "sprightly minded." They clamored around him excitedly chattering about all the interesting things Columbus had to offer—shows, races, fights, shootings, dances, and parties. Gideon questioned them about geography, history, and arithmetic. Their answers were vague and evasive.

"What is the longest river in the United States?"

"We didn't study that, we just study geography."

"What kind of history do you study?"

"Oh, it's just history."

Gideon suggested they ask each other questions, one of them acting the part of the teacher. They brightened at this suggestion, eager to show their newly acquired knowledge.

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam."

"Who slew his brother?"

"Cain."

"Who was the hairy man?"

"Esau."

Gideon was appalled at this catechism.

I had strained every financial nerve in getting a house at Columbus for them and had exerted my utmost powers to furnish provisions, clothing, etc., to keep them comfortable, and from the oft-repeated high reputation given the teachers in the newspapers I had hoped that I should experience the gratification of seeing signs of progress in my children. I was overwhelmed with disappointment. I felt like the whole world was a sham. My children, after six months' constant attendance at that highly praised institution could answer no question of use; but they could tell me *who was the hairy man!*

Before the day was over, Gideon peremptorily ordered them all back to Cotton Gin Port. They did not remain there long. Gideon presently moved his practice to Columbus, where his children returned to school and quickly adapted themselves to city life.

The advance of civilization, which had long been choking Gideon, was greatly evident in his children's behavior.

My children were beginning to marry off and they seemed to think of nothing but frolicking. The boys drank and dressed extravagantly and the girls dressed and danced inimitably. They spent from three to five thousand dollars a year and seemed to act as though the source from which the money came was inexhaustible. I could not get them to set their minds on any kind of business. Parties and dancing schools, shopping and "charge it to Poppa" were all they seemed to care for. The entire community of young people were similar in their habits. To remain and let them marry their equals I could plainly see would terminate in the most abject poverty and wretchedness. So I determined to carry them to a country where the surroundings and conditions would be more promising. This is the untold cause of my breaking up so abruptly the lucrative business in Columbus.

Lincecum liquidated all his Mississippi property and collected as many outstanding due bills as possible. He had decided on Texas, a three-year-old state of the Union, as the proper place for his family.

The oldest son, Lycurgus, then thirty-three, was in charge of a wagon train taking the overland route to Texas. The wagons carried the household goods, Gideon's large collection of fossils and bones, and \$6,000 worth of medical supplies. With the caravan were ten slaves and ten extra horses; Lycurgus' wife, Martha, and their four children; and Leander, the third son. The trip was started in 1847, almost a year before Gideon's departure from Columbus.

On March 31, 1848, Gideon, his wife, Sarah, the remaining children, Gideon's mother, and ten additional slaves left Columbus on the Tombigbee River steamboat, *New Era*—Joseph Estes, captain—for Mobile, Alabama. Many years after his departure from Columbus, Gideon recalled: "Memory's pictures last longer than the objects they picture. My letters from Columbus tell me very few of the good people and friends who lined the shore the day we parted are now living; and while I write, undying memory holds up in vivid colors all the lineaments portrayed in that final sad separation."

The Lincecums reached Mobile on the third day and there transferred to another steamboat for New Orleans. There they were met by Gideon's brother Grant and his nephew John who lived in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana, where Grandmother Miriam's relatives, the Bowies, had settled in 1802 after leaving Georgia. The elderly Mrs. Lincecum and a devoted slave, Lewis, who afterwards took the surname of Lincecum, stopped in Louisiana with Grant Lincecum. Mrs. Lincecum died there the following month. Lewis, Gideon's age and a childhood playmate, after the Civil War went to Dallas, Texas, from where he corresponded with Gideon.

Gideon's family boarded the steamboat *Palmetto* at New Orleans for Galveston, Texas, where they arrived April 8, 1848. Three days later they were in Houston, united with Lycurgus and Leander. In six wagons they started across the prairie to Long Point, in Washington County, arriving April 22, Gideon's fifty-fifth birthday. The land he had marked thirteen years before was available. Gideon paid for it in gold and immediately started building a house.¹

¹ Lincecum's assertion that he purchased Long Point land from Moses Austin Bryan, who had inherited it from Stephen F. Austin, his uncle, was doubted because Bryan was not included in Austin's will. I am indebted to Dr. Andrew Forest Muir, of Rice University, for the following information: "According to a deed from Emily M. Perry, legatee, and James F. Perry, executor, to Moses Austin Bryan, dated 14 March,

Washington County is in a section of the vast area of Texas which was settled early in the state's history as part of the original Stephen F. Austin's grant. On his trip to Texas in the colonial days of 1835, Lincecum had looked longingly at the beautiful prairie land in south-east Texas. The fertility of the black prairie soil, the post-oak belt crossing the land, the Brazos River on the east, the Colorado River southwest, and the not-too-distant Gulf of Mexico indicated to Gideon that it was a good place for farming, grazing, fishing, hunting, and pleasant living. Many small creeks drained the county—New Years, Yegua, Caney, Jackson, Rocky, Boggy, Peach, Mill, Indian, Woodward, and others. The area had changed greatly since the Mexican colonial days of Gideon's first visit. From a Mexican colony Texas had been a short-lived Republic and now was attempting to conform to its recently acquired statehood. But Washington County still retained some of the characteristics Gideon sought on a frontier, and close at hand were unmapped and almost unknown lands still inhabited by Indians where few white men dared to go.

Lincecum was equally attracted by the cultural opportunities, rare on a frontier, offered in Washington County and the near-by county of Fayette. He did not, as did many others, come to Texas seeking a fortune. From Mississippi he brought adequate worldly goods and gold to provide comfort and meet his family's needs. He wanted no more than that, and the pursuit of money had no place in his plans.

1837, and of record in Deed Records of Washington County, Texas, (Mss. in County Clerk's office, Courthouse, Brenham) D, 189–192, Stephen F. Austin's will of 19 April, 1833, contained a codicil, 8 October, 1835, in which he left Bryan the whole of League No. 5 on the La Bahía Road in Clokey's settlement (the league next to the Stephen F. Austin league, on the west, was granted to one Clokey). I had not known of this codicil and have not seen it."

On November 9, 1848, M. Austin Bryan for \$1,371.00 conveyed to Gideon Lincecum the northeast corner of League No. 5, containing 1,828 acres (Deed Records, Washington County, H, 355–356). The Lincecum land was disposed of, in differing lots and acreages and over a period of time until Gideon's death, to the following (Deed Records, Washington County): Wayne S. Bishop, M, 19, 38; A. M. Dodd, M, 250; O. A. McGinnis and J. A. Denson, M, 583; J. W. Lynn, O, 533; Leonora Campbell, O, 591, U, 113, Vol. I, p. 231; Phillip Cronin, P, 181; Frederick W. Hegerman, P, 308–309; John Wilson, P, 603; Mary J. Rutherford, S, 122, U, 175, V, 46; W. J. Snellen, T, 268; R. S. Epperson, T, 439; E. J. Wood, T, 476; Henry Woods, T, 489; L. J. Lincecum, U, 80; L. W. Lincecum, U, 81; E. C. Lincecum, U, 83; L. W. C. Lincecum, U, 272; L. L. Lincecum, U, 288–289; L. R. Lincecum, U, 290; Sarah L. Doran, U, 378; Cassandra Durham, U, 519; Mary Matson, V, 57, W, 111; E. J. Neinast, V, 199; and G. W. Gentry, Vol. 4, p. 21.

Washington County offered him a refuge in his retirement. Here on his 1,828 acres of land, on an uncrowded frontier, were breathing space and freedom and, at the same time, intellectual companionship when he desired it. Lincecum planned to devote the remainder of his lifetime to a leisurely study of the natural sciences with the whole of Texas as his field laboratory. He made a token gesture of entering medical practice, announcing in a handbill, his availability as a botanic doctor, but that was intended primarily to introduce his doctor sons to Washington County and establish their practice. Except for experimenting and puttering, Gideon was free of farm work, which was performed by slaves brought with him from Columbus.

In Washington County, as a crumbling monument there today states, a nation was born. By the time Gideon arrived the original 1836 county seat had been moved from the historic old town of Washington-on-the Brazos to Brenham.

Brenham is in the center of the county, surrounded by rolling and partly timbered land producing cotton, corn, cattle, and hogs. Here the Giddings practiced law and operated stage and mail lines; the Shepards practiced law and ran for political offices; John Sayles taught school, practiced law, and wrote law books; the Bassetts established the first bank.

From Brenham, spokelike, roads led to all important settlements in the county. Ten miles east, is Chappell Hill, named for Robert Chappell, who settled there in 1841, and where presently were established Chappell Hill Female Institute and Soule University. Jacob Haller operated a stage coach inn there for the comfort of passengers on the Houston-Austin line.

Counterclockwise from Chappell Hill, and twenty miles from Brenham, is old Washington-on-the Brazos. A ferry on the river in 1825 was the beginning of a heavy traffic in Texas cotton and other products. Visiting missionaries found it a wicked town. The magistrate held court on the Sabbath and not a single professor of religion could be found in the town when Dr. Daniel Baker, Presbyterian missionary, arrived in 1838. The Reverend Robert Alexander, a Methodist there before him, had met with little success. He found the citizens "not at all religiously inclined and some . . . exceedingly wicked." Perhaps it was the memory of the laughing corpse that ultimately brought about

a religious revival. At one of the mock prayer meetings, where the "recklessly wicked" Washingtonians burlesqued the many missionaries, a pistol was discharged accidentally, so it was said, killing one of the laughing spectators. Death was so sudden that the victim died laughing, and the laugh frozen on the face of the corpse was a shocking and sobering experience to some of the mourners.

Old Washington was laid out in 1835 by Dr. Asa Hoxey of Mobile, Alabama. Soon afterwards the Reverend Anderson Buffington, a Baptist preacher, arrived and started a sawmill and a newspaper called the *Tarantula*. It was here that the Texas Declaration of Independence and the Texas Constitution were drafted, the Texas Congress was assembled, the Texas peace treaty with Mexico was at last concluded, and annexation to the United States was worked out. The insignificant raw little town was visited by most prominent and notorious Texans of those days and by almost every foreign visitor who came for a brief glimpse of Texas. At Washington and near-by Barrington, the plantation of Anson Jones, a suicidal wanderer who drifted to Texas and became the last President of the Republic, the affairs of state were conducted from 1844 to 1846.

South around the circle, twelve miles north of Brenham, is Independence, the Baptist stronghold, in 1824 known as Cole's Settlement. Here was the beginning of Baylor University and its female equivalent. Sam Houston lived here for a while, near his strong-minded mother-in-law, Nancy Lea, pillar of the Baptist church established in 1839. Margaret Lea, Houston's equally strong-minded wife, persuaded him to conversion, and Rufus C. Burleson, second president of Baylor, had the honor of immersing the Big Drunk in nearby Rocky Creek. Independence was the home of Dr. Harry Lea Graves, first president of Baylor, and Moses Austin Bryan, the son of Stephen F. Austin's sister, Emily Perry.

On around the circle, eleven miles from Brenham, is Gay Hill, settled in the 1830's and named for Thomas Gay and W. C. Hill, two early settlers. Later it was the home of the Live Oak Female Seminary owned by James Weston Miller.

Still leftward around the circle, eleven miles from Brenham, was Long Point, where Gideon lived on his plantation, Mount Olympus. It was on a long point of high ground projecting northward and over-

looking the valley of Yegua Creek. Toward the end of the point is a triangle of live-oak trees, all that remains today to indicate the location of Long Point.

Farther on, a few miles from Long Point and eleven miles from Brenham, is Burton, on Indian Creek, named for John H. Burton, where the Grocher family settled in 1838.

Inside and outside the periphery were other settlements: Jacksonville, three miles north of Chappell Hill, named for Terrell Jackson; Mustang, three miles east of Brenham, where Mabry (Mustang) Gray established a trading post and where William B. Travis lived and practiced law; Rock Island, on the west side of the Brazos River, named by Amos Gates, who came to Texas in 1821 with his father and four brothers, and chosen as the site for the Rock Island Academy, established in 1837; Mount Vernon Spring, six miles northwest of Brenham, laid out in 1841 by John Stamps, contractor and judge, and briefly the county seat; Glenblythe, the baronial plantation-settlement of the Scotchman Thomas Affleck, which was 7.5 miles northwest of Brenham; Union Hill, three miles northwest of Brenham, originally the Kerr Settlement, where Mrs. Lucy Kerr's brother, Alexander Thomson, held the first Methodist meeting in Texas, and where an early Indian massacre occurred; Tiger Point, six miles southwest of Brenham, where the Hensleys and Swishers lived; Turkey Creek, six miles east of Brenham, home of the Guyton family; Ayers, near Long Point, named for David Ayers; Evergreen on Waco Spring, where the Tonkawa and Waco Indians once had a savage battle; Hidalgo on a Brazos River bluff, where Dr. W. T. LeGrand collected fossils and where Dr. John G. Allen lived; Montville, where a girls' boarding school was opened in 1835 by Lydia Ann McHenry in the home of Mrs. David Ayers; Cedar Hill, where lived Henry Eichholt, the first of many Germans to settle the county; Berlin, the home of Valentine Hoffman; and Hickory Point, west of Independence, where Captain Horatio Chriesman once lived and offered his acreage as site for the capital of the Republic.

One need not go to Brenham to reach these various points. Travel between the outlying settlements, except in periods of high water, was across prairies, through post oak groves, and down numerous seasonally dry creek beds.

When Gideon arrived in Washington County the population was about 4,000, of which over half were slaves. Southern planters followed the original colonists after the Texas Revolution, bringing with them their regional customs and ways. The county had more of the feeling and character of the old South than of the new West.²

Lincecum became a colorful and influential citizen of the county. His influence was quiet, steady, and daily; to some it was insidious but to others, particularly to the younger citizens who sought him out, the effect was astonishingly beneficial and stimulating. Utterly unconcerned with public opinion, he was stubbornly resistant to civilization's insistence on conformity and was more pleased than offended when he was called "that old infidel Gid Lincecum."³

The history of Texas is rich in the lives of men who once called Washington County home—men whose power and personality determined the state's political destiny; missionaries of the faith whose power of persuasion was no less potent than that of the politicians; fighting men whose valor and love for battle made their cause appear right and glorious; slaves who rose to unexpected greatness; scientists who worked in the darkness of ignorance, indifference, and mockery; ruthless and greedy men who became giants among the quiet little gnomes now forgotten; men who became part of Texas folklore; sincere men of vision.

Even in this company Lincecum was an outstanding personality. His birdwatching, bug collecting and ant crawling made him a person of derision among some of the uninitiated, but his neighbors knew him to be a man of inherent honor with a deep regard for the dignity and rights of his fellow men, and scrupulously honest in his dealings with them.

The absence of blacksmiths and mechanics in the neighborhood

² Washington County sketch compiled from scattered data found in the *Texas Almanac*, (1854–1962/3); John M. Swisher, "Washington County: Remembrances of Texas and Texas People," *American Sketch Book*, IV (1879), pp. 131–136; D. W. C. Baker, *A Texas Scrap Book* (reprint of 1875 edition, by the Steck Company, Austin, Texas, 1936). Charles F. Schmidt, *History of Washington County* (San Antonio, Naylor Company, 1949); Mrs. R. E. Pennington, *The History of Brenham and Washington County* (Houston, Standard Printing and Lithographing Co., 1915).

³ Soule Kirkpatrick of Cotton Gin Port, Mississippi, "an old gentleman of high character who was a devout Methodist" characterized Lincecum as "that old infidel, Gid Lincecum" (Dr. Samuel Wood Geiser, *Naturalist of the Frontier* [Dallas, Texas, Southern Methodist University Press, 1937], pp. 253–274).

where Gideon settled suggested to him the need for a "mechanical village," and he offered to deed half an acre to any mechanic who would settle there. The only condition imposed was prohibition of the sale of intoxicants. There were no immediate takers. The mechanics who came to investigate his offer indignantly protested and declared they would not sell their liberty for a league of the best land in Texas. Gideon, confronted with other frontiersmen as jealous of their liberty as he, chided them for calling liquor liberty. Eventually, some accepted, and at one time his acreage at Long Point had four stores and cabinet, smith, and potter shops.

Lincecum found ministers more difficult to deal with than mechanics, but far less liberty-loving. He agreed to give land for a church provided he had a hand in decorating the structure. This was acceptable to the preachers until they learned that his plan for "ornamentation" called for an arch spanning the main entrance and bearing the words "Free Discussion" in letters eighteen inches high. During the twenty years Gideon lived in Long Point there was no church, a deficiency which proved somewhat of an inconvenience when all his daughters had to go to Brenham to be married.

The marriages came fast.⁴

The first Lincecum marriage recorded in Washington County is that of Leander W. C. Lincecum, the fourth son. He was married to Miss S. J. Stone, July 20, 1847, by John P. Dupuy, justice of the peace, after having previously married a girl named Beatrice in Columbus, Mississippi. A touch of mystery in the Lincecum Papers is provided by a small account book for 1846 and 1847 expenses and purchases of the couple, paid for by Gideon. The book is labeled "Beatrice's Affairs—Keep this book entirely secret on that depends much." Following the itemized account is an unaddressed letter in Gideon's handwriting dated January 31, 1847, giving instructions for the collection of notes due and advising against the incurring of debts and any pretension to prosperity. It obviously was intended for Leander. Gideon reported to a friend in 1865 that Leander "has married his third wife and is living 15 miles on the Yegua above Long Point and has an extensive practice in a tolerable poor community. . . . What is more uncommon still, has

⁴ Marriage Records, Washington County, Texas, MSS in County Clerk's office, Courthouse, Brenham, Vols. 1-4.

become a sober, respectable man, not having been intoxicated since some time previous to the war." Leander's third wife was E. M. McFaddin, whom he married on July 21, 1853, J. R. Nunn, magistrate, officiating. The Marriage Records (Vol. 3, p. 37) also record the marriage of Leander Lincecum to M. C. Walden, September 18, 1867, Thomas Alford, justice of the peace officiating. This, however, could have been Lycurgus' son, Leander. During the early Civil War period Leander was detailed as a physician to remain in Washington County and care for the sick in the families of absent soldiers, but in 1863, at the age of forty-one, he enlisted as a private under Captain James R. Hines.⁵

Mary, the oldest daughter, and James V. Matson were married on October 5, 1848, the Reverend David Fisher, officiating. Matson, as Gideon once described him, was a "money-making man." He was a farmer and large slaveholder and his prosperity and property increased with the years. At one time he and Gideon were partners in a grain mill.

James and his brother, Richard, were sons of a Captain Matson who had brought his family to Washington County from Missouri in 1839. The Matsons settled near Burton on land purchased from Asa Mitchell, who shortly thereafter killed Captain Matson.⁶ After Matson's death his widow married Captain E. M. Fuller.

James V. Matson bought 2,000 acres of the Long Point tract when Lincecum purchased his land. According to Lincecum, "Matson paid for his 2000 acres one fitified negro girl and the rest in Mexican ponies, at the same rate per acre that I paid." Captain and Mrs. Fuller died a few weeks apart in November, 1857. The Matson sons inherited their considerable property, and when Richard was killed in the Civil War, James inherited his brother's share. Lincecum never wholeheartedly approved of this son-in-law and, following a serious disagreement in 1860 over a slave, his hostility grew into bitter hatred, an emotion rare with Lincecum. Matson was the only person who ever felt the full force of Lincecum's venom. Gideon once confessed; "I shall hate to die with as bad feelings as I entertain against that man." When Lincecum divided his Long Point land among his children, Mary was left

⁵ Confederate War Records, State Archives, Austin.

⁶ Swisher, "Washington County," p. 133.

out. No deed was made to her, he explained, because of her "avaricious, plundering, trespassing, sordid-minded consort." He accused Matson of robbing the Lincecum land of valuable timbers and withholding earnings from the mill. The result was the permanent estrangement of his daughter, Mary. Twenty-three years after Mary's marriage Gideon wrote: "Damn Jim Matson. He robbed and withheld my just rights and made me poor now in my period of feeble old age." He was once delighted with news that Matson had trichinosis. "I hope he may be smitten with hemorrhoids and worms that shall loosen the flesh from his bones while he is yet alive."

Lycurgus, the first born, was the first of numerous Lincecums to be buried in Washington County. He died on February 3, 1849. Eleven years after his death Gideon was amazed to receive a letter from J. H. H. Woodward, a Houston lawyer, inquiring about Lycurgus' death in the Mexican War and mentioning the possibility that his widow and children were eligible for a pension. Gideon explained that his son enlisted in a Texas group, was discharged and paid off in Monterrey, Mexico, in August, 1847, and died two years later in Long Point. He served, Gideon recalled, with a "Captain McCullough or some such name."⁷

Gideon wrote Woodward:

I had not moved to Texas then. Col. John W. Dancy can tell all about it.⁸ He resides near LaGrange. My son, from the heavy service and exposure in guarding a train of wagons on their route from Laredo to Monterrey, contracted what he denominated the Mexican bowel complaint, was never well and of which complaint he finally died. Except the pay he received at Monterrey when he was discharged I have never heard of his getting anything. He left five children who are all living. His widow married John Powell of

⁷ Ben McCulloch, leader of a Texas Ranger spy group in the United States-Mexican War, was later a U.S. marshal, and a brigadier general in the Confederate Army. He was killed in the battle of Elk Horn Tavern, Arkansas, March 7, 1862, and buried with military honors in the Austin City Cemetery, April 10 (Victor M. Rose, *The Life and Services of Gen. Ben McCulloch* [facsimile of original ed. 1888, Austin, Texas, the Steck Company, 1958]).

⁸ Colonel John Winfield Scott Dancy (1810-1866) served in the Mexican War as commander of a regiment raised by Ben McCulloch (*Handbook of Texas*, I, 463). Dancy died in 1866, not 1856, as given in the *Handbook* (Tombstone, Old City Cemetery, LaGrange). Dancy and Lincecum became good friends.

this county.⁹ The children are scattered about and will not be able to procure a common school education.

The Mexican War records showed, according to Woodward, that Lycurgus Lincecum was on the company rolls of Captain Evans and was killed in action on December 22, 1847.¹⁰ Colonel Dancy cleared the situation, remembering that Lycurgus became ill after arriving at Monterrey with the Texas volunteers and that he hired a substitute to answer his name for the remainder of his term. The unknown substitute was killed in battle.

Lycurgus' children were Cassianus, Joseph, the twins Lascassas and Leander, all born in Mississippi, and Mary Eliza, born in Washington, Texas. Lycurgus' sons, known as Cass, Jo, Lass, and Andy, all served in the Civil War. At one time, when Jo lived with the William J. Busters in Chappell Hill, Gideon wrote him that he was "fortunate to be an inmate of so good and respected a family" and urged him to protect his good name and reputation and value them throughout his life.

The second Lincecum daughter, Leonora, married George W. Campbell, a notary of Washington County, on July 5, 1851, the Reverend Fisher officiating. Campbell was from Columbus, Mississippi, where he met and fell in love with Leonora. When Gideon moved his family to Texas, Campbell followed.

Campbell was captain of Co. F, 5th Regiment, Texas Mounted Volunteers under Colonel Thomas Green of General Henry Hopkins Sibley's New Mexican Brigade. Cassianus and Joseph, Lycurgus' two oldest boys, were in his company, as were many other Washington County boys. It was mustered September 5, 1861. At this time Campbell was thirty years old and the father of seven children. He survived

⁹ John A. Powell and Mrs. Martha Lincecum were married on December 28, 1855, J. G. Thomas, magistrate, officiating (Marriage Records, Washington County, Texas, Vol. 1, p. 25).

¹⁰ Moses Evans, who served in McCulloch's spy company during the Mexican War, later became part of Texas folklore because of his association with the wild woman of the Navidad (See J. Frank Dobie, *Tales of Old-Time Texas* [Boston and Toronto, Little, Brown and Company, 1928], pp. 27-33). Lincecum refers a number of times to Evans and in a letter to J. V. Drake, of LaGrange, Texas, wrote: "We are making, as poor Mose Evans used to say, 'good licks' at the infernal Yankees in the Trans-Mississippi these times."

the battles of New Mexico and the cruel and exhausting retreat to Texas, but was too ill and dejected to continue with Green's regiment. Gideon recorded his death: "George Campbell, after returning from the Arizona campaign, drank himself to death. He dropped dead in a doggerly in Brenham, leaving his wife and seven children poorly provided for." Gideon was devoted to Leonora, but his fondness for her seven children was qualified, as he told a friend, because though they were "well enough looking, [they were] tipped off with a little too much Campbell."

Cassandra, the third daughter, was married to George J. Durham, an Englishman of Austin, Texas, on December 23, 1852. The Reverend Fisher again officiated. This marriage pleased Gideon. He and Durham had been drawn together through a mutual interest in ornithology and grape culture and were friends before Durham met Cassandra.

Durham was born in 1820 in Norwich, England, and came to Texas from New Jersey with his parents in 1837. The next year, while Houston was the capital of the Republic, he was chief clerk in the comptroller's office. In 1839 he went with the government to Austin in the same capacity. In 1842, when the Mexican Army again threatened Texas, and Houston ordered the Archives removed to Houston, Durham assisted in keeping them in Austin.¹¹

Durham holds something of a record in Texas history, having held a political job during the administration of every president and governor until after the Civil War. He was mayor of Austin in 1852. It is a pity he did not keep a diary. Although he frequently defied Houston, as in the Archives War, Durham apparently was well regarded by the Governor. Houston told the 1861 extra session of the state Legislature that Durham had declined an assignment the previous November as courier to Washington to take muster rolls and vouchers of U.S. troops stationed in Texas. Documents of expenditures of the Eighth Legislative session are signed by Durham as chief clerk and acting comptroller. There is no record that Durham made the trip to Washington.¹² He was one of the signers of the petition for a people's secession convention. When Captain B. F. Carter organized the Austin Light

¹¹ *Handbook of Texas*, Vol. I, p. 527.

¹² *Journal of the House* (1861), Special Session, pp. 18-19.

Brigade, April 24, 1861, Durham enlisted as orderly sergeant and with its seventy-five members left for San Antonio; but he was called back to Austin as state war tax collector for the Confederacy. Durham was considered as candidate for state treasurer on the 1866 coalition ticket headed by James Webb Throckmorton, but Lieutenant Colonel Mart H. Royston of Terry's Texas Rangers, "a strong Union man" and Mrs. Sam Houston's nephew, was the final choice.¹³ Throckmorton, after his election, gave Durham a job as an accountant to examine Civil War Military Board records.

Durham was a talented ornithologist, an authority on Texas grapes, and an excellent marksman. In 1854 he shot and instantly killed young William H. Cleveland, son of Captain J. T. Cleveland, in front of the Metropolitan Hotel in Austin. The shooting, which followed an angry exchange of words the previous day, occurred when Durham defended himself with a quick shot from his pistol, against Cleveland's attack with a walking cane. Justice Allen ruled it justifiable homicide.¹⁴

Among the Lincecum Papers are invitations from the Durham Austin residence on Pecan, now Sixth, and Guadalupe, to funerals of their daughters, Sarah Lincecum, at 4:00 P.M., Thursday, April 10, 1862, and Mary Leonora, at 4:00 P.M., Friday, April 11, 1862. An explanation of this long-ago tragedy is found in the diary of Amelia E. Barr, an Englishwoman who lived for a while in Texas and was well acquainted with the Durhams:

April 9, 1862: In the evening to Mrs. Durham's. Poor little Sally, whom I suckled for two months when her mother had fever, just dead of diphtheria.

April 10, 1862: Went to see Sally for the last time. It was Ben McCulloch's funeral also. The cemetery was crowded. When we got back from Sally's funeral her sister, Leonora, was dying. She breathed her last at five o'clock.¹⁵

¹³ Claude Elliott, *Leathercoat* (San Antonio, Standard Printing Co., 1938), p. 121.

¹⁴ *Texas State Gazette*, Austin, April 29, 1854, Vol. V, Col. 1, p. 252.

¹⁵ April was a month of doom for the Durhams. A son, Royal Wheeler, named for Chief Justice Royal T. Wheeler, died on April 21, 1866; George Durham's father, George Durham, Sr. [?], died on April 10, 1866; George J. Durham died of typhoid fever on April 10, 1869. Cassandra Durham died on April 18, 1877, at the age of fifty-three, of pneumonia, and was buried with her husband and children in Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas (Tombstones, Durham family plot, Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas; sexton's records).

Mrs. Barr's Scotch husband, Robert, was an auditor for the state from 1856 to 1866 and shared a desk with Durham. Mrs. Barr wrote of Austin society in 1856:

Its leaders were Mrs. Tom Green and Mrs. George Durham. . . . Mrs. Durham was the wife of George Durham, an Englishman from my own north country and an attaché of the comptroller's office. Robert was his associate and they were excellent friends. . . . The Durhams lived in a small log house on the road to the ferry. Everyone coming into town and every one going out of town passed Mrs. Durham's. Her sitting room was as entertaining as the local news in the weekly paper. There was no restraint in Mrs. Durham's company; people could be themselves without fear of criticism. She was not pretty, not stylish, not clever, not in the least fashionable, but she was the favorite of women who were all these things. There were no carpets on the floors and there was a bed in the room wherein her friends congregated. She did not go to entertainments and I never saw a cup of tea served in her house, yet she was the most popular woman in Austin, and not to be free of Mrs. Durham's primitive log house, was to be without the hallmark of the inner circle.¹⁶

George and Cassandra's son, Walter W. Durham, became a prominent Austin cotton buyer and named one of his sons for his father. Another son, Sidney J. Durham, wrote (August 6, 1895) his Aunt Sallie Doran that he was in New York with the Lillian Russell Comique Opera Company, studying voice with Madame Skinner, and had become a Christian Scientist.

Gideon's youngest daughter, Sarah Matilda, always called Sallie, was married to William P. Doran, a telegrapher and newspaper man, on December 10, 1865. The Reverend Fisher was present to officiate at the marriage of the fourth and last Lincecum daughter. Again the bridegroom was one of Gideon's friends. It was Doran who was responsible for the publication of many articles and letters by Gideon in Houston and Galveston papers.

Doran, known as "Sioux" because of a by-line he used for forty-one years as a writer for Texas newspapers, was born in Rochester, New York, May 3, 1836. His first newspaper job in Texas was with Eber

¹⁶ Amelia E. Barr, *All The Days of My Life* (New York and London, D. Appleton), pp. 237-238.

Worthington Cave, publisher of the Nacogdoches, Texas, *Chronicle*. He was with the Houston *Telegraph* at the beginning of the Civil War; he enlisted as a private in John P. Austin's company of the Rio Grande in March, 1861; he was honorably discharged at Fort Brown from William Christian's company A, 2nd Regiment, Texas Volunteers, because of defective hearing. Despite this handicap Doran became a war correspondent for the *Telegraph*. In a note of November 19, 1862, E. H. Cushing, publisher, directed Doran to go to Galveston and report "whatever transpires there worthy of note while it is safe to stay there. If you can purchase New Orleans or northern papers, do so at any cost." With the rank of major, Doran reported the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Galveston. One of his published accounts is that of the Battle of Sabine Pass. Doran's 1862 passes into Vicksburg and Jackson are among the Lincecum Papers. At other times Doran was editor of the Houston *Evening Star* and correspondent for the Galveston and Dallas *News*. He died on November 25, 1901, and Sallie Doran died on April 11, 1919. They had three sons—Willard Richardson, Clyde Bryan, and Frank Lincecum Doran.

Sallie was the darling of Gideon's heart. When she was a girl he taught her to play the violin and the piano, and after the family concerts were broken up by marriages, Gideon and Sallie played nightly duets in the parlor of their Long Point home. The audience was usually made up of neighbors, but, if none was present, Sarah Lincecum rocked in her chair by the fireplace and listened with constant delight as she knitted for her ever-increasing grandchildren. Sallie was with her parents on their long travels through Texas and assisted Gideon in making his extensive collection of Texas botanical specimens.

Sallie walked with him in the woods and from him learned about plants, rocks, birds, and wildlife. She enjoyed the companionship of her father and showed such an obvious reluctance to be married that Gideon was convinced she never would. She rejected numerous suitors. Even after meeting Doran she delayed her marriage a number of years to remain with her ailing mother, and a few months after her wedding returned to the old Long Point homestead to care for Sarah when her condition became critical.

Gideon educated all his children, "male and female," to be doctors, trained all of them in the botanic method. All of his sons, at times, practiced.

Leonidas, or Lon, the second son, studied botanic medicine with Dr. Alva Curtis in Cincinnati in 1844. He shared Gideon's enthusiasm for climatology and meteorology and assisted him with many projects in these fields. The Long Point Democrats, in an effort to break the power of the "old line" county politicians, named Leonidas their candidate in 1859 for the state Legislature, but he was defeated. During the Civil War he was war tax collector for Washington County but in the last months of the war joined his brothers in the Confederate Army of the Rio Grande.

Lucullus Garland, called Cul, was a practicing physician throughout his lifetime. He married Kate Lauderdale, daughter of an old family friend from Mississippi, in 1853, and practiced in Washington County until he moved to Lampasas.

Lucullus was detailed in Washington County during the war to care for families of soldiers; but on January 5, 1863, he enlisted at Brenham and became a second corporal under Captain L. N. Halbert, Company G, 23rd Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General John Sayles.¹⁷ After the death of his first wife he married Fanny Rainwater, of Washington County, July 13, 1873, and later married a third time.

Lucullus had two notable doctor sons. John Louis Lincecum, a graduate of the University of Kentucky, practiced in Victoria, Texas and was the father of Mrs. Lucille L. Reed, of Goliad, and the grandfather of Mrs. Willie Reed Rowe, Fort Stockton, well-known Texas artist. Lucullus' younger son, Dr. Addison Lincecum, born in Long Point on April, 1874, seven months before Gideon died, is alive at this writing. There is much of the old Gid in him. He studied at Baylor and Texas University medical schools, working his way through medical school as an engineer on trains transporting granite blocks for Galveston jetties. He graduated in 1903, and acquired six additional medical diplomas. Dr. Addison was elected a vice president of the Texas Medical Association in 1912; he went to Cuba as a physician with Roosevelt's Rough Riders; he was commissioned a Texas Ranger in 1917; he served as captain with the 36th Division in World War I. In civilian life he served on the state

¹⁷ Confederate War Records, State Archives, Austin.

board of health, investigating bubonic plague in Texas; and he was mayor of El Campo, Texas, where he became a public institution: developing a long practice; serving as superintendent of a hospital and as postmaster; and conducting a weekly radio current-events forum.¹⁸ Dr. Addison and Letha Gandy were married in 1897. They had three children: Mrs. Ruth Crosby of Houston, Addison (Bill) of Brazoria, and Barney, with whom the doctor lives in the century-old Gandy house deep in the sandy swamp lands out of Morales in Jackson County on the Gandy Bend Road. The Addison Lincecums are a happy, gay, hospitable people and their household is much as Gideon's must have been. All the Lincecums are musical. Dr. Addison was regarded as the champion fiddle player in El Campo.

By his third wife Dr. Lucullus G. had a daughter, Teresa, who won considerable fame as a singer, musician, and Broadway actress.¹⁹

Lachaon Joseph, known as Doc, was a practicing physician for a while but preferred farming. He married Elizabeth Cleveland, February 27, 1852, the Reverend R. H. Belvin, officiating. Lachaon was a beef contractor during the war, buying up beef cattle and driving them to the Confederate Army. At one time he swam 956 head across the Mississippi at Natchez. Later he enlisted at Camp Randle under Captain Thomas L. Scott.

Lysander, the youngest son, did not marry until 1864. He remained at home, even after his marriage, learned medicine from his father, and practiced in Long Point. Lysander attempted several times to enlist in the Confederate Army, but "his asthma was so bad none of them would let him stay and the poor fellow does his wheezing at home." But the shy Lysander made himself useful at home during the war—daily cutting firewood for his sister Leonora's house while her husband was away, consuming all Gideon's shots in killing partridges for his ailing mother, and running errands for war widows. He was finally accepted for duty in 1864 and joined John S. Ford's command on the Rio Grande. A few days before he left Long Point he married Mollie Wood, daughter of Gideon's old friend, Silas Wood. From the Rio Grande he wrote Gideon an account of John S. Ford's routing Federal troops at Brownsville, and reported that Lascassus and Le-

¹⁸ El Campo *Leader-News*, March 16, 1960.

¹⁹ Interview with Dr. Addison Lincecum.

ander, twin sons of Lycurgus, were with him and "both make very good soldiers, they don't care for anything but to eat, sleep and ride a horse."

Except for Cassandra in Austin, Gideon and Sarah were able to keep their brood together. Despite his often expressed disappointment in his children and his impatience with them, Gideon enjoyed the role of a patriarch. He foresaw future generations of Lincecums occupying his Long Point domain and he opposed any plans of his children to live elsewhere. Cassandra, who yearned to live in Long Point, and George and their children were frequent visitors from Austin, especially during grouse season. Gideon was happiest when he had all his children about him and would have kept them ever so. In 1860 his children and grandchildren numbered fifty (ultimately to reach sixty-seven) and he wrote to a friend: "The old lady has the bold hardihood to get them all together sometimes; and they represent all the types of the genus. It affords one of the finest opportunities for observation on human character from the meek imbecile to the superfine hell cat."

While the Lincecum sons were away during the Civil War, the Lincecum homestead was usually full of grandchildren. On one such occasion, Gideon noted:

I had been dining with and making observations on the cerebral developments of a detachment, 15 in number, of our brood of grand dears, males and females. They sat thickly crowded on both sides of our long table, all under eight, glittering eyes and greasy lips. I was thinking of the part they were to perform in life's drama in the deep, dark, dubious future. They—with their fat, ruddy faces, laughing eyes, flowing crops of coarse black hair—will have but few reasons to praise and bless their progenitors.

Looking back to his children's formative years, Lincecum realized he was greatly negligent in parental training:

I was not fit for domestic responsibility. I was too soft. The parent must harden himself towards the child. Show no mercy. Make the child feel and know that there is no chance for anything but honesty and truth. Above all, avoid promises and falsehoods. . . . Children are all born liars, rogues and full of dissimulation. The first thing to teach them is the rights of property. In the enforcement of this rule you cannot be too rigid. Until you have this first principle thoroughly established . . . it is almost useless to teach them

other precepts. If, however, you succeed in this, you have laid a platform, a permanent stage upon which you may pile up all the just and righteous instructions you are capable of.

He discussed parenthood in a letter to Judge John A. Rutherford, Lamar, Texas, in which he also assured him there was no cause to worry about the Rutherford boys, Clinton and Calvert, while they were away from home. Gideon wrote:

If I can, I always keep the inferior types at home and encourage the superior ones to go out and familiarize themselves early as possible with the performers upon the stage with whom ultimately they must act a part in life's grand drama. The weak specimens are liable to be imposed on by justice-adoring society or commit depredations themselves on the community. Hence my care and effort to keep them around me. So long, however, as society continues to permit the badly developed types of the race to multiply themselves, so long will illshaped sinners be born and parents must grieve. . . . Society itself is not yet sufficiently unfolded to recognize the remedy for the diseases that are preying upon and disorganizing the moral lifestrings of its own body.

Convinced that he would never "shine forth" in his children, Gideon looked hopefully to his grandchildren. When Sallie's first son was born, Lincecum wrote her: "May his organs of self-reliance and honesty and truth be well cultivated and highly developed. Teach him intellectual courage, so that the love of money nor the fear of hell may never be sufficient to cause him to swerve from the truth."

But, discouraged at the offspring of his children's marriages, the arrival of a new family member seldom excited him. He once wrote a friend: "The families of Leander, Lachaon and Leonora have each increased . . . but as they produce only one young at a time there has been but little said about it."

Sallie frequently sought her father's advice on raising her sons, and when she told him that her second son cried too much, Gideon wrote:

Frank wants something that he can't make you understand. . . . There are many people in the world, preachers generally, who can't get the community to stand, drill and face about in accordance with their peculiar notions of propriety, and they quarrel and berate them from day to day. It may be so with children as well as adults. People never find out really what ails the preacher and they have to put up with his bleating as long as he lives.

You'll have to do the same with Frank if you can't find out the cause of his complaint.

There was another member of the Lincecum family, a member dear to Gideon's heart and much beloved by all the Lincecums. She was Aunt Polly, one of the slaves brought from Mississippi, who had been with the Lincecum family for fifty years. The Lincecum correspondence, back to Leonidas' letters as a schoolboy in 1844 when he sent Aunt Polly his love, reflects the affection they all felt for her. She was two years younger than Gideon and died shortly before he did "with her lamp all trimmed and supplied with oil, ready for the journey."

In his later years Gideon recalled his long illness and poverty in Mississippi and, referring to his dead wife, wrote:

. . . with what fortitude, patience and courage the dear *lost one* struggled and bravely bore up during that long seven years of disease and sore poverty. Aunt Polly, too, if a history was made out, would come in as a faithful aid, performing her part thoroughly during the disastrous period. I remember her faithful services with deepest gratitude. . . . Tell Aunt Polly to hold on. She and myself are all of our gang alive now that I know of. She will run a hundred.

Among the Lincecum Papers is an unsigned poem, bearing a notation: "Written for an aged family servant who had served in the family for fifty years." The note is signed by the initials, SLD:

Farewell, Aunt Polly, I'll see you no more,
Though together we have spent a long life;
A stranger I go to a far distant shore,
To escape from the coming bloody strife.
Then let me go to that far sunny land,
Where the coffee and sugar cane grow
Where the banana and orange trees stand
With the pineapples close by the door.

At the age of seventy-five Gideon made a candid confession to an old friend:

When I was a very young man I read Dr. Franklin's works. He advised early marriage and that advice, agreeing with unchecked and misdirected

amativeness, it was an easy matter for me to fall in with the old sage's directions. Accordingly, I sought out a companion and was engineering the matrimonial machinery before I was 21 years of age. The result is ten families of grown-up men and women, with their children, numbering together 61. I do not repine or regret anything about it, but I cannot avoid the recollection of the fact that in rearing this numerous brood, who average only from ordinary to middling, I lost 38 years of a life that could have been better employed. For the world is as full as it can hold of precisely the same sort of folks and there was no use in adding my brood to the already overdone business.

If Gideon ever regretted his divine divergence from the common pattern of life, he never voiced it. Only once did he indicate remorse. He was eighty years old then and his sorrow was not for himself but for his children, none of whom inherited his ability to squeeze nectar from the dry dullness of every-day life. Lincecum, at the end of his long and full life, remembered the stares of surprise on the faces of his children when he frequently attempted to instruct them in the rudiments of successful, happy, peaceful living, and their inevitable exclamation of protest: "But pappa, you aren't like other people!"

A NOTE ON SOURCES

To obtain biographical data on Lincecum's sons and daughters from the material comprising the Lincecum Papers, it was necessary to pick out scraps of relevant information and to fit them into the numerous puzzling gaps. Much of the information came from other sources.

Accounts of childhood events are found in Lincecum's "Autobiography." Some scattered references to the adult years of the Lincecum offspring were gleaned from newsy letters to old friends.

Information from the Lincecum Papers used in Chapter 6 is largely from letters to Dr. A. G. Lane, Lockhart, Texas, October 7, 1863; James Matson, no address, May 28, 1860; Jo Lincecum, Chappell Hill, Texas, March 20, April 14, 1860; Dr. W. A. Dunn, Winfield, Georgia, June 19, September 11, 1861; Dr. R. P. Hallock, New York City, 21 [March 1859]; Judge John A. Rutherford, Honey Grove, Texas, n.d., but January, 1862; Dear Brother and Sister [D. Boon and Emily Moore], Castroville, February 18, 1862; George J. Durham, Austin, Texas, August 4, 1863; Mrs. E. H. Lewis, Anaqua, Texas, August 13, 1863; Dr. A. Weir, Harmony Hill, Texas, May 20, 1865, May 4,

1866; David S. Greer, Memphis, Tennessee, November 29, 1866; and to Dr. Spencer F. Baird, Washington, D.C., December 11, 1867.

Lycurgus Lincecum's U.S.-Mexican War activity is related in Gideon's letters to J. H. H. Woodward, Houston, Texas, June 13–July [?] 1859, June 29, 1860; Haywood Lincecum, Noxubee County, Mississippi, June 13, 1859; and to J. W. Dancy, LaGrange, Texas, July 3, 1859.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

GIDEON AND THE OFFENDED DEMOCRATS

The embecility of old age is a dreadful thing and I have no desire to live that long, though it may be that I have already reached that point and am not aware of it. GID

SARAH BRYAN Lincecum became desperately ill in January, 1867, and Gideon's days were filled with despair and dread. His lonely, heartbroken spirit appealed to Buckley:

Oh what shall I do if she leaves me? To whom shall I go with my little tales of failures and successes? Will it not open a wide chasm in the chilly evening of my existence that has been so long closed by her presence? For 53 years she has occupied the center of all my hopes and desires. I did not know before that my old time worn heart could be afflicted with so deep a dread of consequence.

Early in the morning on February 2 Sarah, Gideon's good companion, died in his arms, uttering no word of fear or regret. Eight of her nine children were around her bed. The chasm in the chilly evening of Gideon's life never closed and everything he did for the remainder of his life was a time-passer until he could join Sarah in "the good hunting-ground."

She was buried by the side of her first-born, Lycurgus, at the Baptist Meeting House between Long Point and Union Hill. Afterwards Gideon wrote to an old friend in Mississippi: "She was 70 years, 10

months and 14 days old. She was, as you know, good and harmless. . . . She served as a prudent, frugal and constant-loving wife 52 years, three months and eight days."

Many times in the years ahead he was to recall poignantly every detail of their wedding day, October 26, 1814, beginning at 9 A.M. in the yard of Benjamin Whitfield¹ on Gladys Creek, Putnam County, Georgia. Gideon and his bride rode away together in a silver-mounted double-seated gig harnessed to a "large proud black horse with a very white face and glass eyes." With ribbons flying from the gig, the couple drove through the joyful crowd, taking the rough path to Hezekiah's house in order that they could be alone. The guests took the good path to the reception at Hezekiah's, where many neighbors danced throughout the happy day and consumed a beef, goat, sheep, three hogs, two turkeys, a fat goose, a chicken, a duck, numerous pies and cakes, eighteen gallons of peach brandy and six dozen bottles of wine.

Now, for the first time in his seventy-four years, Gideon experienced real loneliness, and the ache of it was never to be eased. The bereft old man felt a great urgency to take his grief into the woods, where always before his turbulent nature had found peace. He grieved: "The soul of my house is gone, has fled from my sight and I can not content myself here."

Except for Cassandra, all his children lived nearby on land he had deeded to them the year before, 170 acres each. He had kept 350 acres and the homestead, but now he turned the house over to his youngest

¹ Benjamin Whitfield, a Baptist minister, later settled in Clinton, Mississippi, where in 1834 he owned 2,000 acres and 140 slaves. His estate contained 20 acres of lawn and 2½ acres of flowers. He was "a godly man who believed in music, melody, and the ministry" (Charles Hillman Brough, "Historic Clinton," *PMHS*, Vol. VII [1903], pp. 281-311). The bride, Sarah Bryan, was Whitfield's stepdaughter, a fact Gideon never mentions. He once remarked that one reason he left Georgia was to get away from his wife's relatives, who were all wealthy, thus implying that they thought Sarah had not made a promising match. Sarah's relationship to the prominent Whitfield family is revealed in a letter from William H. Sparks, author of *The Memories of Fifty Years* (Philadelphia, Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, 1872; Macon, Georgia, J. W. Burke & Co., 1872), to Sallie Lincecum Doran, May 18, 1881, in which he writes: ". . . your grandmother . . . married my uncle, Benjamin Whitfield. . . . I knew your father as far back as 1808 when his father resided near Eatonton . . . and Gideon's mother still farther back." Sparks also knew Sarah Bryan Lincecum, "a grand lady," and her many nieces, nephews, brothers, and sisters (the oldest of whom married William Whitfield) and her half brothers and sisters.

son Lysander, his wife Mollie, and their baby daughter Daisy. He reserved the use of his little red-cedar house.

Gideon immediately planned his escape into the woods. Selling half his acreage, he used the money to buy a vehicle he called an ambulance, built by Epperson, his "first-rate mechanic," and a team of good grass-raised horses. The ambulance was equipped with a bed and a writing desk, as well as a large tent of his own making, and provided ample space for camping and scientific equipment.

He relinquished the role of the patriarch, which he had so long enjoyed but which now, without his good companion, was meaningless. He felt no hesitancy in leaving his sons and daughters, explaining to Durand:

It is, to be sure, a great pleasure to know that all my children are self-sustaining and laboring under no discreditable censure. I can see they are capable of maintaining their good reputation and on that account be where I may I shall suffer no uneasiness. . . . I signed up today the last deed in the distribution of my long-cherished and much-loved home. I don't care for it now. My lonely spirit longs for liberty. I am remaining here with but little consolation and shall be loath to come back again to look upon that old empty chair. . . . I can not look calmly upon the turned plate, nor upon the old empty chair on the left side of the fireplace where she so industriously worked, embroidering little presents for her very numerous grandchildren. Everything I see reminds me of the lost one. I am of no use here anyhow.

In a letter thanking Cresson for the gift of a fine pocket lens Gideon referred to a planned expedition: "As for the food needed for myself I always find plenty as soon as I find myself outside the marred and bloody tracks of unholy civilization. I shall have for company three young men, all well-armed and fish-hooked."

He very much wanted to take along a camera lucida, but since the space required for it could best be used for specimens, he decided to make his own diagrams with crayons. He asked Doran to send him crayons—black, gray, clay-colored and buff, explaining: "I can't succeed well in making diagrams with lead pencils. Enclosed you will find a specimen of pencil drawing and you will readily discover its defects."

Doran supplied the crayons and cautioned him against Indians,

whose raids that winter were widespread and particularly frequent west of Austin, where Gideon planned to go. He replied: "I shall not go too far among the Indians. I have engaged to perform a certain scientific feat and I must not let the Indians or anything else kill me until that engagement is accomplished."

Lincecum planned to camp out along the way: "My objection to stopping at people's houses lies in the fleas and the chinchies they harbor. I prefer a clean place in the woods alongways. Let me sleep in open air." His three companions were his two grandsons, William Lincecum and ten-year-old George Campbell and James Caldwell, of Fort Jessup, Louisiana, an amateur naturalist. William and James, "two bully soldiers," who served together in the Civil War, armed with rifles and six-shooters, rode horses, and young George rode with Gideon in the ambulance.

It was a beautiful March morning when the expedition got underway, "birds singing their songs of love and the insect world all on the wing." But it proved a false spring, a common delusion in Texas. They traveled thirty-two miles the first day before making camp. The north wind grew stronger and colder and before morning a heavy snow began to fall. Wolves howled about the camp, the horses suffered from the cold, and "poor little perishing sparrows" died, although a green-wood fire burned throughout the night and next day.

Less hardy travelers would have turned back, but the four remained in the snow for four days. Then the norther disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The birds were again singing and the sun shining when they continued to Austin, arriving there on the seventh day of their journey.

In camp near Durham's house Gideon catalogued fossils and dry land shells collected en route, and when the weather cleared he explored the Colorado River and Mount Bonnell. In the capital city of Texas he "saw one or two thinking men, but I did not bottle them up though they are very rare. I hope to find more of them." One, of course, was Buckley; and Gideon considered it great good fortune when the state geologist obtained a leave from Governor Throckmorton to accompany him on part of his expedition. Buckley was interested in locating coal, iron, and oil deposits.

They started out on March 25, going down Brushy Creek to the San

Gabriel and Little Rivers. Along the way they examined and explored creek bluffs, collecting marine fossils, insects, and everything of interest underfoot. They poked into springs, examined clays, and made diagrams of bluffs where fossils were found. On April 3 the expedition passed through Cameron, where Dr. J. R. Beauchamp² directed them to a deposit of coal five miles from Port Sullivan in a bluff on the north side of Little River. At the Brazos River they followed the river road toward the falls and stopped for a visit at the home of Churchill Jones.³

The falls of the Brazos, Gideon estimated, had moved up river at least four hundred yards during his thirty-two years' acquaintance with it. He wrote: "It is an interesting place from a geological point. The underlying stratum is blue shale or clay and is composed entirely of decomposed marine shells. The impressions of prints are plainly visible all through. The rock over which the water tumbles is of the same formation."

En route to Belton, the party stopped to examine the bluffs of Pond and Big Elm Creeks, where Gideon added a buffalo tooth and the bone of a large unidentified animal to his already overloaded ambulance. At Belton, where "they have a good courthouse and around the public square is pretty well built," Buckley and Gideon parted. Buckley returned to Austin and Lincecum and his three young companions continued toward Lampasas, stopping at a spring where they attempted to obtain swallow-tailed hawk nests and eggs, a pursuit in which Gideon seemed destined to fail. He complained: "They build their nests on the highest branch that will bear their weight, on the tallest tree they can find, beyond the reach of human ingenuity."

² Beauchamp, thirty-seven, a physician of Cameron, was a state representative from Milam County in 1866 (*Texas Almanac*, 1867, p. 231). He was one of the few champions of Gideon's sterilization memorial.

³ Jones settled on the Brazos River about 1850, owned land on both sides, and operated a ferry at the site of the present Marlin bridge. His home was at the springs of Rush Creek, called Jones Spring. The trail from old Port Sullivan passed his house. He opposed secession but "went along with his state" (Lillian Schiller St. Roman, *History of Western Falls County* [Austin, Texas State Historical Association, 1951]. Gideon referred to Jones as "Churchivell Jones—an enemy of freedom." The reference might have concerned Jones' Union sympathies but more likely had something to do with Jones' knowledge of an attempt by Shumard to discredit Buckley in private letters. After Lincecum returned to Long Point he wrote Buckley: "That's what was the matter with old Churchivell Jones that morning we called on him at his home. He had heard of the Shumard letter and was in a terrible twitter."

The next few days were spent exploring Nolans and Cowhouse Creeks and Coryell County, of which Gideon wrote: "No inhabitants. It is a very beautiful country but exposed to Indian depredation. We tied up our horses til midnight fearing they might be taken away by some thieves. We were told that the white rogues were worse than the red ones."

They crossed over to the Lampasas River and twelve miles below the town visited D. W. Taylor, a stock rancher whose limestone fence Gideon admired.⁴ Taylor was one of the men whom Gideon had written in his search for an Indian skull. After a "glorious thunderstorm with heavy rain and a norther" the travelers came to Lampasas Springs, which Gideon found greatly changed since his visit eleven years before:

The water is still gushing from the same places.⁵ Some of them, however, have greatly diminished in the quantity discharged. The largest spring discharged then 200 barrels of water per minute. Now I do not think it discharges exceeding twenty barrels of water per minute. There are a great many springs gushing out from the banks and bed of the creek to the distance of seven miles along the creek. It is a great place and will eventually be much resorted to.

The country grew rougher and wilder as they traveled toward Burnet, across acres of solid pink granite. At Mormon Mills by the falls of Hamilton Creek,⁶ Lincecum recorded in his journal:

The falls where the mill stands is 35 feet and the pool into which the water pitches has been tried with a rope 75 feet long but did not reach the bottom. In several places in the pool, quantities of some kind of gas is boiling up in considerable volume. They had no boat and I could not approach the gas

⁴ D. W. Taylor was chief justice of Lampasas County (*Texas Almanac*, 1863, p. 32).

⁵ Lampasas Springs in 1878 was "said to surpass the celebrated Virginia Springs." An article on its medicinal value, written by Lucullus Garland Lincecum, Gideon's son, appeared in the *Lampasas Leader*, May 23, 1891.

⁶ Lyman Wight, one of the founders of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a group of followers settled at the Falls of Hamilton Creek in 1851, but abandoned it in 1853. Wight had been one of the Quorum of Twelve at Nauvoo in 1841, but did not acknowledge the leadership of Brigham Young after the assassination of Joseph Smith. Convinced in his last conversation with Smith that the new Zion was in Texas, Wight went there in 1845 (C. Stanley Banks, "The Mormon Migration into Texas," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 49 [1945-1946], pp. 231-244).

spouts. Mr. Posey⁷ told me that deep down in the pool the water is strongly impregnated with sulphur.

At Marble Falls, on the Colorado, Gideon and the boys collected freshwater shells, plants, butterflies, and insects and caught a fine mess of catfish for supper. He wrote of the falls: "The scenery about these falls is very fine. The whole affair has been gotten up on a grand scale. The three ledges of black marble over which the water tumbles lies in the form of a crescent, with the swag downstream near the center of the river."

A severe norther on May 5 drove them away from the falls and into the hospitable house of a Mr. Tate,⁸ where they "received very kind treatment from his large and well-to-do family." His valley lands were productive in wheat, oats, and corn, and he had "plenty of everything necessary."

Leaving the ambulance to be repaired at Mr. Roper's smithy, a short distance from Mr. Tate's, Gideon went a few miles into Clear Mountain with Jacob Lacy.

The expedition continued to Doublehorn Creek, south of the Colorado River, a stony area marked with drifts of blue limestone. At the head of the creek lived Gideon's old friend Jesse Burnham, with whom he had stayed on his 1835 trip to Texas.⁹ Here they stopped a few days, and then moved on several miles to visit Robert Burnham, one of Jesse's sixteen children. With Robert, Gideon visited the west side of Marble Falls and predicted: "These falls afford superior water power and when the right kind of people take possession of them it will soon be made a great place. The inexhaustible quantity and great variety of marble that is deposited here will be worked and I predict it will attract the attention of the civilized portions of the globe."

Crossing broken marble rocks, the expedition reached Shovel Mountain, a 1,500 foot elevation of marble, and traveled across it without accident to the Fredericksburg road near the Pedernales River in the heart of Indian Country. While the boys made camp, Gideon walked

⁷ S. A. Posey is listed as a notary of Burnet County in the *Texas Almanac*, 1867, p. 232.

⁸ S. M. Tate was a notary in Burnet County (*ibid*, p. 232).

⁹ According to Noah Smithwick (*Evolution of a State* [facsimile of 1900 ed., Austin, Texas, Steck Co., n.d.], p. 312), who purchased and operated the Mormon Mills, Burnham and his many sons settled on the Doublehorn in the 1850's when civilization "crowded him out" of the site of his old ferry on the Colorado.

four miles to the Pedernales River and measured a drifted cypress tree—eight feet in diameter.

Gideon wanted to continue the expedition indefinitely, but next day, as they rode toward Fredericksburg, a driver of a wagon train warned that Indians were on horse-stealing raids and advised them to turn back or else keep their horses tied at night. This posed a new problem, as the driver also informed them that the nearest corn was fifty miles farther.

Gideon decided: "I could not think of starving my horses by tying them up from the grass. And besides, I came not to hunt Indians but bugs."

Reluctantly the group turned back to the road for New Braunfels and camped on Onion Creek. Next day they stopped briefly in the "neat little Dutch town" with its orderly farms. Here Gideon made his first and only contact with Ferdinand Jacob Lindheimer, a German-born botanist and editor.¹⁰ He failed to record the visit in his journal, but later wrote Engelmann, of St. Louis:

On my spring excursion I visited Lindheimer at his office in New Braunfels. But he was so much engaged at the time, getting his paper ready for distribution, and I, being in haste that day, had but few words with him. I look upon him as an intellectual, industrious good man and was sorry that I could not have an opportunity for visiting him in his hours of leisure.

Before leaving the German settlement Gideon visited Comal Springs and found the power potential "sufficient for any amount of machinery." That night the group camped on the Cibolo Creek in Bexar County ("an inhospitable country, no grass, no corn") where even the horses refused to drink the creek water.

Gideon intensely disliked San Antonio and all of Bexar County. After a visit to San Antonio during the War he said of it in a letter to Hannay:

As to the character of the money-loving people of Texas west, it is as natural as the cactus and other thorny growth of that region. [He described the people as having] flat-top heads, twinkling eyes, nasal organ large and hook-

¹⁰ Lindheimer was well known as a naturalist and many plants in Texas today bear his name. He was in Texas and Mexico in 1836, settled in New Braunfels in 1844, and died there in 1879. For many years he was editor of the *New Braunfels Zeitung* (Geiser, *Naturalists*, pp. 132–147).

ing, ample jaw and heavy back brain. The natural language . . . is, look out for No. 1., the longest stick gets the persimmons. I have no desire to visit that town anymore. There was nothing lovely to be seen in the place or on the road that goes there. The purifying knife is greatly needed in that city. . . . I never saw a more unlovely, unholy place. . . . The character of men I observed there, with few exceptions and the exceptions appeared to be straggling, were all of the same cast—all with money in their hands and begging for a chance to get more . . . it is the last stand on the broad road to perdition. The sooner I could make my escape from the hateful place—that filthy cancer on the posterior of Texas—the better it would be for me. And so at 9 P.M. of the same day I reached the place, I was ensconced in blanket 10 miles on the road towards home. A feeling of safety rested with me at my camp for I was perfectly enveloped in a vast ocean of mesquite bushes which have taken the place of the grass and placed the once boundless prairie out of sight. . . . It might be a lovely looking place to a man of your proclivities—to pass through a large town and see piles and piles of Mexican dollars sitting on the shelves and desks in every house—hear the continual jingle of it in the hands of everybody who seems to know of no other thing or business or place in this terrain adobe—might tickle the fancy of some developments very agreeably. Therefore I pray you not to let what I have said in regard to the foul scab have any influence on your arrangement at all.

Gideon entered in his journal on May 18, 1867:

From Cibolo to the Guadalupe is high, dry and stony. Soil looks good but full of waterworn flintstones of a red color. It is settled with Germans who are manfully struggling with the inconveniences of a poor, dry and, except for mezquit, timberless country. We crossed Guadalupe on a good boat and camped three miles of Seguin.

May 19.—Passed through the pretty little town of Seguin. Buildings nearly all concrete which are going rapidly into a state of dilapidation. The materials are good but they did not use sufficient lime. Here I saw the Yankee soldiers drilling before the church door while prayers were going on inside. I thought of the former happy condition of the U.S. and the fable of the Garden of Eden. Man is never satisfied with his present condition.

On Wilson's Creek, in Gonzales County, Gideon visited Dr. Walker¹¹ and his medicinal springs, which he thought would prove

¹¹ Probably Dr. T. S. Walker, a pharmacist and doctor, who built the first dam on the Guadalupe River at Gonzales and organized the first water works. His descendants still live in Gonzales. There was no flowing hot water in the area prior to 1909, but

to be more beneficial to a greater variety of complaints than those of Lampasas. Swinging back to Austin, where they arrived on May 29, Lincecum again camped near the Durhams' and spent the next day in the state geological rooms arranging his collection. Durham insisted that his father-in-law call on Governor Throckmorton and as a result of the visit the two became friends and correspondents. Throckmorton asked Gideon to write an account of his excursion for the benefit of Texans and foreigners seeking investments, which Gideon "partly promised" to do.

After his return to Long Point on June 3 Gideon wrote a long report for Throckmorton, detailing available resources, location of springs, condition of crops and soil, and the variety of industries found on his journey, concluding: "The extensive resources will, when the right kind of people shall occupy the land, greatly increase the wealth, comfort and well-being of our widespread population. . . . Every branch of industry may find lucrative employment in this country."

Gideon's report of his three months' exploration of twenty-eight Texas counties was gratefully received by Throckmorton,¹² but before

an abundance of springs of varying degrees of sulphur and other chemical ingredients, as well as mud boils and quaking bogs. Gideon could not have known of the use of the hot water since 1937 by the Gonzales Warm Springs Foundation, which was of such benefit to children stricken by polio before the Salk vaccine. The flowing hot water was the result of a wildcat oil company drilling at Ottine, ten miles north of Gonzales, which at 1,600 feet yielded approximately 200,000 gallons of 106-degree water daily (Information courtesy of Joseph H. Grant, Gonzales, a member of the board of the Foundation.)

¹² James Webb Throckmorton (1825-1894), Tennessee-born, came to Texas with his father in 1841 and settled near present McKinney. He trained as a doctor, served in that capacity during the U.S.-Mexican War, but gave up medicine in 1861 to enter law and politics. He was state representative and senator, made a dramatic stand against secession but soon after Texas joined the confederacy took the oath of allegiance and intermittently served in the state and Confederate services. He won his name "Leathercoat" when he was Confederate commissioner to Indian Territory and was presented an Indian-made embroidered and beaded leather coat which he constantly wore. In 1866 he was elected governor of Texas as a conservative Unionist over the way-out Unionist candidate, E. M. Pease. He was accused in *Flake's Daily Bulletin* (May 18, 1866) of being able to sing "Dixie" and "The Flag of Our Union" at the same time. Throckmorton was sickened and discouraged by the vindictiveness of the reconstructionists, the actions of some of his fellow Texans, and his own inability to be a constructive power. His dismissal as "an impediment to reconstruction" (General P. H. Sheridan's phrase) came as a relief. While Sheridan's phrase is frequently repeated in Texas histories, seldom appears the reply of President Andrew Johnson to a newspaperman's query as to whether he thought Throckmorton had attempted to thwart Sheridan in the execution of Reconstruction laws: "No, sir, the records prove

he could make use of it he was removed from office. Gideon's faint hope for Texas collapsed and he predicted: "Everything he [Throckmorton] has done during his administration goes to prove that he is a *man*. They have not killed him yet. He will rise again with banners and dismay will fill the hearts of the now dominant usurpers."

Back in Long Point loneliness seized Lincecum immediately, and his grief for his lost one deepened in the familiar surroundings. He was eager to be away from his sad home and memories. Neighbors and friends showed their affection in many small ways. Mrs. Sallie Turly of Houston sent a fossil found in excavating a well and Samuel Hammer brought the skull of a leopard cat. Doctors Maney and Ruff, of Long Point, called and examined his specimens and Dr. J. F. Matchett of Houston frequently spent the afternoon with him.

The numerous visitors interrupted his cataloguing, and after the visit of a young man, probably one of his grandsons, Lincecum wrote in his diary:

Had company all day, in consequence of which I attended but little to entomology. I, however, made observations on the natural history of man. Found the back and basilar brain hot and much larger than the front and top head, obviously a manifestation that the poor fellow is in a twitter to get married. What a pity it is that such cases can't be relieved of such society—spoiling desires.

A few days later the visit of an obvious bore prompted him to write:

I did not go out today. Had loafering company that kept me in all day. What a dull thing a loafer is! He knows nothing that is useful and he won't try to learn. But he can eat and has pride about his raiment. Well, he must be fed or he'll die and stink about your house.

the reverse. The Governor of Texas placed the whole civil machinery of his state at the disposal of the military power, and aided it in every way possible, except in the manufacture of a radical majority of voters and securing Negro supremacy. That was Governor Throckmorton's sinning and for which he was arbitrarily removed by General Sheridan" (Houston *Daily Telegraph*, September 3, 1867; Claude Elliott, *Leathercoat* [San Antonio, Standard Printing Co., 1938]). In a summary of his administration (*Texas Almanac*, 1868, pp. 184-201) Throckmorton comments on Buckley's geological tour and mentions that he was accompanied by Dr. Lincecum. Buckley's account of the expedition appears in "The Mineral Resources of Texas," *Texas Almanac*, 1868, pp. 79-82.

But there were other days when he yearned for companionship and on one such day, after an illness, Gideon entered in his diary:

Went twice to town today. I sought for someone who would converse on topics of interest. They were not in town today. I returned to my room to try solitary reflections once more. I think I can work before long and then I shall not be so lonesome. My strength is returning and energy will soon follow. It will be horrible for me to remain indolent and have to pass the remainder of my life in idleness like other old men. Awful!

A visitor who was always welcome to Gideon's little cedar house was A. W. Ruter, son of Dr. Martin Ruter, for whom Rutersville College in Fayette County was named. Gideon did not mind when Ruter interrupted the work of nailing boxes of specimens for shipping, because the two always had "a very agreeable time." He found Ruter "a highly educated gentleman with a mind well-stored with profitable knowledge."

Lincecum allowed even people far removed geographically also to make demands on his time. His correspondence often indicates his willingness to give advice or to help answer questions by mail, and it reveals with equal frequency the many sides of his personality, from his cynicism in evaluation of the human race to his whimsical humor. A letter of November 29, 1866, to David S. Greer, of Memphis, Tennessee, is of this sort:

My Dear Sir:

I received today a letter from your Cousin Crawford Greer, enclosing one from you to him making certain inquiries in reference to the affairs of Dr. Thomas Hunt; and as he, Crawford, does not reside in Washington County he enclosed your letter to me with a request that I should answer your questions.

Before I commence the replies to your interrogatories I must indulge in a few remarks on my own account. I always considered the two Greer families a rather rare variety of the genus homo, and now in your letter I find sufficient testimony to confirm my opinion, "*by damn.*" You and your Cousin Crawford were raised all but in the same yard and you had so far lost your dear Cousin that you were only able to state that before Morgan told it you knew Crawford lived somewhere in Texas. Texas is a broad territory. It is about 900 miles long and 700 miles wide. I can come nearer

telling where every member of the Greer family is than that. But it makes no difference about that, no way. Humanity is a dang poor thing at best. . . . Your Cousin Crawford Greer's family are all well, but terribly nonsuited at the loss of the negroes. Your Cousin Dick Greer went off two or three weeks ago on an exploring tour to Brazil, S. America; he carried away with him \$18,000 in gold. Your Cousin Nancy Ragsdale resides on Galveston Bay. She went there this year. She formerly dwelt at Austin and had a large farm in Brazos Bottom but since the break-up became dissatisfied and retired to the seacoast. It being 100 miles from my place she, Greer-like, never writes. I am not able to state whether her health has improved down there or not. Your Cousin Stephen Greer resides in Limestone County east of the Brazos, about 40 miles north of me.

Dr. Thomas Hunt died in 1861, I think. I know he died in the early stage of the war. I don't think anybody administered for the very good reason that there was no property found belonging to his estate. He and his old lady had, some years previous to his death, deeded his property to his son William the only child he had that was not deeply in debt; soon after which William died and his widow, who seemed to know nothing about the private nature of the conveyance, held on to the papers and the property too, and so the old doctor died insolvent.

William Hunt's widow has, since the old doctor's death, married a very clever fellow by the name of Bishop and resides about six miles from here.

There were several other of the old Dr.'s sons; they are all dead now. Albert Hunt was shot and killed in a drunken scrape; Tom died drunk; there was no other that I recollect, but had there been, he'd died drunk too.

Very Respectfully Thine
Gideon Lincecum

Nor did Lincecum begrudge the time to write to three young men whose lives doubtless were changed and influenced by their association with him. One was his nephew Grabel Huckaby, in Brooksville, Mississippi: "You desire to become a physician and to study that profession under me. Well, come on, and though I am not a doctor now you will find what you want with some of my sons. Lucullus is in the practice and will take pleasure in teaching you medicine."

In behalf of the second, young Snively, his Civil War hospital attendant friend who had entered medical college in Philadelphia, he wrote letters of introduction to his Philadelphia scientist friends.

Young James Caldwell, the third, who had returned to Fort Jessup after the expedition, decided he wanted to be a doctor and Gideon

encouraged him: "I am glad you have decided to study medicine. You have the energy and character to make a good and useful practitioner. That is, if you learn and practice the natural, sanitary system of medicine. Let Howard's or Thomson's works be your guide."

On his spring expedition Gideon had talked to many old Texans who were dissatisfied and uneasy about conditions under Reconstruction and wanted to leave the country. Gideon called them "offended Democrats." Many Confederates had founded colonies in Latin America and Texas' John Henry Brown and a group had established colonies along the Tuxpan River in Mexico. Gideon began to think of going to Mexico or Honduras and wrote Durand: "The northers of another Texas winter may not find me here. Farther south as I grow older is healthier." He thought of sitting on some shady tropical river bank sipping delicious juices of tropical fruits "that are always ready for those who need them."

Daily, as Gideon saw the advances of reconstruction and retaliation which increased after Throckmorton's dismissal, he lost his resolve to make the most of things. He read Brown's book on the Tuxpan area settlements, *Two Years in Mexico or the Emigrants' Friend*,¹³ and determined to go to Mexico. He wrote Engelmann: "Now society, villainous, *civilized* society has gradually thickened around me until there is no little, sacred, untramped nook to which I might retire and hide myself from the unholy gaze of meddling civilization."

Lincecum marked time by completing his collections for northern scientists but was eager to be off to his new frontier. Sallie and Doran agreed to accompany him and a small Negro boy on an expedition in the ambulance to Sour Lake.¹⁴ They left Long Point on July 31. The

¹³ John Henry Brown's book was printed at the New Book and Job Office in Galveston in 1867 and it is reported that 10,000 copies were printed. Considering the scarcity of the volume this seems unlikely. The University of Texas Library has a photostatic copy which is treated as rare. Recently a Dallas book dealer sold what is purported to be the only known copy for \$1,200. The contents are meager and disappointing and names are handled in a most careless manner.

¹⁴ Sour Lake in south central Hardin County was a mineral spring settled in 1835. Its pitch and oil seepage was of great medicinal value but proved more valuable when oil was discovered there in 1901. The lake and Sour Lake Springs Hotel, considered promising as a winter resort, were later purchased by the Texas Company (*Handbook of Texas*, Vol. II, pp. 638-639). F. H. Merriman of Galveston wrote Gideon in 1856 that "Col. [W. C.] Lacy has bought Sour Lake and is keeping a hotel there and improving in health."

weather was miserably hot and their camp at Navasota the first night was a mass of mosquitoes, black gnats, cicadas, and katydids. The second night they camped a mile south of Anderson when Gideon visited Mr. Roger's sick family and "prescribed for his wife who is confined from having hurt her knee in a fall six months ago."

A mile north of Anderson¹⁵ he saw "the unmistakable signs of the recent war in the form of bomb shells, conic, round, and all forms of missiles scattered along the road half a mile." In the sandy pine country at Coldspring, Gideon visited his old friend, Professor C. G. Fitze, who rode him out to examine his cornfield, where Gideon "captured the yellow boll worm fly."

Several days were spent exploring the magnolia forests and gathering botanical specimens and medicinal roots. They were constantly exposed to seed ticks and mosquitoes. Gideon wrote in his diary: "I do not think this is a healthy country. There are many cases of fever now."

He stopped on his journey to administer to a number of sick families, one of them the family of Dr. Anthony M. Branch¹⁶ at the Red Fork of the San Jacinto River.

The weather continued oppressive, mosquitoes and ticks numerous. Gideon became too ill to make observations and the party turned back on August 14. Doran, Sallie, and the Negro boy were also sick. It was a miserable return, each alternating between high temperatures and long chills. Gideon administered lobelia, an emetic, which caused frequent vomiting.

Unknowingly they had entered an area where the disastrous yellow fever epidemic of 1867 had spread. It was to continue to grow and claim countless victims, a tragedy second only to the Civil War. In his diary of this period Gideon makes no reference to the yellow-fever epidemic until September 8, although he apparently had been one of the victims. Before beginning his expedition toward Sour Lake he noted the frequent showers and oppressive heat at Long Point. On July 28 the temperature at 2:00 P.M. was ninety-seven degrees. When Gideon started on his expedition the epidemic was well under way in

¹⁵ During the Civil War a munitions factory was established in Anderson (*ibid*, Vol. I, p. 46).

¹⁶ Dr. Branch died of yellow fever October 3, 1867 (*ibid*, Vol. I, p. 206).

coastal towns, but authorities had not admitted its presence. At Cold-spring on August 9 Gideon noted the presence of many cases of fever. He treated the sick Branch family on August 10 and on August 12 was in Huntsville, where the town's first official epidemic death (of a total of 123) had occurred on August 9. As late as September physicians there still maintained that the disease was congestive fever. Three days after treating the Branch family, Gideon was too sick to make any collections, and on the fourth day he had a four-hour chill. He was in Navasota on the fifteenth, when the first epidemic death (of a total of 154) occurred. He made no more entries until August 26, when he wrote that he was dropsical from the use of quinine, adding: "It is very foolish to take quinine for fever."¹⁷

Gideon and his three traveling companions were among the survivors and the old botanic doctor attributed it all to lobelia. His illness left him "as thin and flat as a wet rag" and it was long weeks before he could return to his specimens.

It left him also restless and more than ever determined to get away. He explained his unhappiness in a letter to Durham in which he congratulated his son-in-law on the discovery of a new bird of the stork family and the resultant praise from John Cassin, the noted ornithologist:¹⁸ "My soul is sad and seems to be satisfied with nothing so much as the anticipation of far-off adventures. I am sad and melancholy when I can find no exciting employment and that is not to be found in any of my old haunts."

John Henry Brown wrote from Tumbadero, Mexico, assuring Gideon that he would find on the Tuxpan River a rich field for explorations in geology, botany, and ornithology and that the forests and jungles abounded in medicinal roots, herbs, and gums.

Gideon decided to go to Mexico without further delay and planned

¹⁷ Statistics from Franklin W. Baldwin's "Yellow Fever in Texas in 1867," B.A. thesis, Rice University, 1961.

¹⁸ This was a jabiru (*Mycteria americana*), the head of which Durham sent to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. It was the first ever obtained in the United States (S. W. Geiser, "Men of Science," *Field and Laboratory*, XXVI [1958], p. 126).

John Cassin (1813-1869), an American ornithologist, was with the Perry expedition to Japan in 1853. As a "closet naturalist" and lithographer, he arranged and identified 26,000 specimens of birds. His most notable work was illustrating *The Birds of California, Texas, Oregon, British and Russian America*, 1856 (DAB, Vol. 3 [1929], pp. 568-569).

to take his ambulance overland. He placed in the *Galveston News* an announcement of his plans, asking interested parties to send inquiries to him. He was bombarded with letters from offended Democrats, all wanting to join his party.¹⁹ Groups from Montgomery and Seguin were already forming companies to go to Mexico, and each urged him to join them.

Lincecum's bout with yellow fever had left him much weaker than he realized and he fretted:

I am so old and worn out that a little sickness goes a good way with me. It is hard to be sick now when time is so precious. I desire to be well-fixed for my big exploring expedition and if I continue sick much longer I can't fix good for it. . . . I am but little account at best. I think it quite probable that my course of usefulness is about coming to a close. Well, I have done nothing to brag of, but what I have done was done in hard earnest. I have misled no one, made no misrepresentation on any serious subject, quarreled with no one, had no lawsuits nor difficulties of any kind.

By September 24 yellow fever had reached epidemic stage:

There is so much trouble about the prevailing epidemic that the mind of the investigator cannot be well brought to bear on the subject of natural history. The yellow fever has been carried out from the towns to many houses in the country and while the disease is abating in the towns it is rapidly spreading in the country. It is said there is a case here.

Long Point was emptier than during the war. Only the doctors, Mrs. Campbell and family, Mrs. Wood and four or five of her hotel boarders, and Gideon remained. Gideon left Long Point on October 1, but only to go to Austin to say farewell to the Durhams and Buckley. Buckley and his wife considered going to Tuxpan if he could collect his year's back pay from the state. Gideon urged Throckmorton to join them.

He promised to send Mrs. Buckley a present from Tuxpan. "I did not say what I would send her for I didn't know then. . . . since I parted

¹⁹ Among those Gideon corresponded with on the subject of going to Tuxpan were: W. R. Hampton, J. T. Holland, H. Terrell, Jr., and Dr. M. B. Franklin of Seguin; C. E. Jones, Oakland Post Office; D. R. Wallace, Waco; E. Uzzell and his father-in-law, Dr. James A. McQueen, Anderson; Dr. H. C. Parker, Galveston, whom Gideon had known on the Noxubee River in Mississippi; S. D. Ezell, Cameron; W. H. George and B. F. Brown, Chappell Hill; and William H. Russell, Rutersville.

with her I have concluded that one of the smallest species of black monkeys would be a very appropriate and very pleasing present for her."²⁰

On the way home he forgot Tuxpan long enough to observe the good grass and fat cattle in the pastures and to wonder: "Why is it that Texas cannot have a beef packing establishment and send her good fat beef to market for the world's consumption? There are beef packing houses in some countries and they make money. Such houses could be carried on in this country at less expense. . . . Average price of beef is 1½ to 2 cents."²¹

Home again, Gideon was eager to ship his collections, "wind up his business," and be off, but: "The yellow fever continues to rage with so much violence on the route that there is no certainty in the express offices, the clerks having mostly passed away. The fever seems to be on the increase in Brenham. One hundred and fifty cases yesterday, all negroes."

The rains, the fever, and the lack of companionship depressed him: "My mind is gradually becoming more indolent and indisposed to grapple with serious or heavy propositions. It requires exciting subjects to stimulate it into action. It would become useless if I lie up in dull society. I must wander over nature's rugged fields."

In November nature sent him an excitement—a plague of grasshoppers. There were millions—eating every growing thing and covering acres with their eggs; clouds of them blown by the wind darkened the skies for weeks. Gideon came alive with interest and watched hour after hour: "People are wondering where the grasshoppers come from and what calamity will come after them. They know it is a sign if anybody could interpret it. Superstition is not dead yet. Ignorance is the cause of all our suffering. No remedy for it."

²⁰ However, finding no monkeys available when he got to Tuxpan, Gideon sent Mrs. Buckley a parrot. In the first letter Gideon wrote Buckley after the War he asked: "Do, pray, inform me how many times you have been married since I saw you?" Buckley had married only once during the War, to Libbie Myers of Elbridge, New York, in 1864. His first wife, Charlotte Sullivan, died in 1854 and his second wife, Sarah Porter, died in 1858. Both were of New York (*DAB*, Vol. 3 [1929], pp. 232–233).

²¹ In 1871 D. C. Holden chilled and cured beef at Fulton but it was not until 1901 that two major meat companies established packing plants at Fort Worth (*Handbook of Texas*, Vol. II, p. 455).

At last he was able to send off his specimens: "I send them for the purpose of increasing the stock of knowledge among mankind. I am not sending them to men for their individual benefit but to their charge and guardianship for the coming generations." The shipment included fifty-two specimens of ants with their history in manuscript and other entomological items for Cresson; lizards, centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, and spiders for Cope; fossils, shells, moths, and butterflies for the Smithsonian; hymenoptera for Packard and 2,000 butterflies for Peck. "And that," as Gideon told Buckley, "ends my attention and labors for northern naturalists. They are a small people."

On a beautiful calm day in late November he entered in his diary:

I should be proud of such weather on my journey at sea. It is a curious fact and one belonging to natural history that a certain class of people when they meet me nowadays have old rusty pistols, broken-down mules or horses which they offer to sell me. They know I am going away and thinking I may have some money they desire to get hold of it, let what may become of me in the far-off country.

November, 1867, was an unusually warm month, the temperature at Long Point averaging eighty degrees. On November 28 Gideon recalled his first winter in Texas: "This day 19 years ago the ground here was covered three inches in snow. The norther continued six days more or less, each day, till the cattle that were all very fat came very near perishing. It was the severest spell of cold I have witnessed in any country."

Gideon encountered unexpected difficulty in raising money for his journey. He offered to sell the Chahta Tradition to Cushing of the *Telegraph* for \$1,000 and told him he had turned down \$10,000 offered by a Union soldier who stopped at his house during the war. Cushing did not think the public was interested in Indian lore at that time, being too involved and worried by the problems of Reconstruction and poverty.

December arrived, warm and springlike and Gideon commented on the few remaining grasshoppers: "They are greatly encouraged and seem to hope that winter has passed. I saw today numbers of them coupled which indicates they think winter is over. That is what theol-

ogy styles unerring instinct. Well, if we have no more frost the grasshoppers are right."

Yellow fever still lingered in the area. Gideon grew weary of the house and decided to sleep in the woods, at least for a night. "Anything for amusement. I am worn out with the confinement of the house."

He was annoyed that his friends and family were so dead-set against his going to Tuxpan and that they withheld encouragement and help in furthering his plans to get away. To placate him, some of his children agreed to go with him, but it was obvious they temporized hoping he would change his mind. Even his devoted friend, Durand, writing to Sallie opposed it:

I do not approve of this new undertaking. At our advanced age he ought not, I think, to hazard himself so far from home and the family. There are good people everywhere, but in that unsettled country there are many bad people, robbers and murderers. Scientifically disposed as your father is I have no doubt that Texas contains as many interesting subjects of inquiry as any part of Mexico.

No one, not even Sallie, fully realized Gideon's determination to leave Texas. He easily detected all the schemes and plots to trap him into remaining safely with them. His children did not understand that it was not the comfortable old life he wanted, but a new one in a strange and unsettled country which offered endless novelties to stimulate his mind and imagination. He knew only too well that he was waiting for death, an event which held no fear for him; but while he waited he wanted to live fully. Gideon often remarked that one died only once and it mattered little where—one place was as good as another.

But deeper than a desire for excitement and a new environment was Gideon's deep-rooted love of liberty, a personal thing to him, a search for which had taken him from one frontier to another. He had pushed toward new frontiers all his life and there were still new ones to be crossed. Liberty had always been to him a condition of life, and there was no liberty for him in postwar Washington County in 1867. Even at seventy-five he considered liberty worth fighting for. The battle at hand was not with the Unionists but with his own children.

He wrote Baird about his frustration:

They, now that I have got all ready for my contemplated excursion of observation, get around me and cry and grieve and cut up shines, declaring that it will never do for me to leave them. That I must not go so far away, etc., etc. They have confused me. They have shaken my heretofore strong unwavering resolution and unfitted me for future progress. I shall be compelled to abandon my Mexican exploring trip.

Gideon suspected his children were responsible for the long delay in payments of debts due him with which he hoped to finance the trip. In vexation and "a delirium of disappointment" he was determined to demonstrate that he was not the decrepit old man his children appeared to consider him. Harnessing Charlie to the ambulance, Gideon headed toward the Texas coast. James Fowler, a young man of Long Point, and George Campbell, Gideon's grandson, went with him. The flight was likely a deliberate plan to absent himself from home on his first Christmas without his good companion.

Moving leisurely toward Chocolate Bayou in Brazoria County, they stopped frequently to shoot quail, squirrel, duck, deer, and geese. Following the Bayou a short distance below Liverpool, the group arrived at the home of Gideon's old friend, Samuel Adams.²² It was Christmas Day and the arrival of the visitors called for a big bowl of eggnog. Not wanting to offend his "dear Methodist Christian friends" Gideon sipped a teaspoon of the "frothy stinking stuff" in a merry Christmas toast and passed the remainder of his cup to his host's young daughter.

Gideon watched as she finished it off and noted: "She seemed to carry it well."

Early next morning the men and boys departed for a fishing area. Gideon and Fowler went by boat, and Adams, his son, and George went in the ambulance. Writing later of the trip to Cassandra, he described the scene:

We were looking out along the low, flat shores, anxious to discover the campfire of our friends when just at that moment the glorious sun flamed above the glittering waters. There, as if thrown by a daguerrotype, was the ambulance. . . . In the glare of the sun no land was visible, just the black

²² The 1870 census of Washington County shows that a Samuel Adams, farmer, fifty-eight, born in Virginia, lived in Chappell Hill with his wife Frances, born in Georgia, and five children, the two oldest, born in Mississippi.

carriage and the harnessed horse, seeming to hang in space in the very center of the blazing sun. . . . It was a most beautiful scene. A sweet, serene, clear morning and the sight was not only beautiful and wonderful but one that will not be presented more than once in a lifetime. It lasted but two or three minutes and then the splendor of the scene changed. The ambulance dwindled to a toy wagon—about five miles away.

Redfish and flounders were numerous. Gideon used a bow and arrow to spear the flounders. In the afternoon sun he bathed and splashed in the salt water and at night slept in the deep damp grass. On New Year's Day Gideon and the boys left Adams' house and rode over the pathless prairie to Dickinson Bayou, which flows into Galveston Bay. He wrote:

In all our coast country as far as twenty-five miles from the Gulf there are no roads or paths to be found and, except for an occasional bayou, no timber. Nothing to be seen as far as the eye could reach many times but grass, grass, grass; and it clothes the ground with a thick carpet down and in many places to the very sea beach. In all this grassy region there are but few inhabitants. I like that quiet country exceedingly.

At Dickinson Bayou, Gideon rented a little house in a good fishing and hunting area and hurried to Houston, where Sallie and Sioux had planned to meet him. They had agreed, if he could find a suitable house, to spend the winter with him on the bay—another plan, doubtless, to postpone his departure for Tuxpan. Gideon was utterly downcast when he arrived in Houston and learned that the Dorans, not hearing from him, had gone to Richmond, Texas. He felt they had dodged him and wrote to Cassandra: "They expected me to go to Richmond. But I can't fool my time away trotting after them."

The Dorans urged him to come to Richmond, where they had found a comfortable house, and told him many old Texans there were eager to see him. Gideon scoffed at the idea that any one was in the least eager to see him:

I passed through that town not long since. It was a beautiful day, people all out on the sidewalks. I passed slowly down the main street, went into a store where I found half a dozen clever looking men. Did not know any of them. Got some lead and some buckshot. Stepped out on the pavement, saw a number of strangers. Saw a crowd of men lower down the street. Went

there, made enquiries about the action of their negroes, talked about yellow fever. One gentleman, after gazing intently for a moment at me asked my name. I told him: Lincecum.

He seemed to reflect a moment, but he did not go into spasms nor did he look like he had ever heard the name before. I remained in the town perhaps half an hour; saw a good many intellectual faces, but none that I recognized. Think of that! And I declare to you that after I left Brenham, although I passed through eleven towns, met many people on the road, was at many houses, I did not see but one man that I knew. No sir. Everywhere, Charlie and the fishing rods tied on top of the ambulance attracted more notice.²³

Friends and relatives threw many lures to distract him from Tuxpan. Buckley and the Durhams invited him to Austin, Adams urged him to return to Chocolate Bayou, Lysander and Mollie worked diligently to make him happy, and Sallie pressed him to come to Richmond. He became "like a wild turkey gobbler, not wanting to roost twice in the same place" and yearned for the good companion who had always eagerly shared his excursions and who would have gaily gone off with him to Tuxpan.

Gideon attempted to make Sallie understand the urgency of his leaving Long Point:

Lysander, poor fellow, has spent his whole life in my service. And you, like Lysander, spent at least an ordinary lifetime waiting on me and your mother. For this my waning spirit feels and acknowledges the deepest gratitude. . . . But a great change has taken place. The family ties—the golden bowl—have been broken and the occupants of a long-loved and highly cherished homestead have been scattered. The fields and the houses are filled with strangers and I, as the once acknowledged head of that flourishing family, stand alone and howl like a lost dog in utter amazement at my irremedial loneliness.

He recalled how Gideon, the patriarch, under happier circumstances broke up his Mississippi home when civilization pushed him to the Texas frontier. He remembered that a compelling reason for the move

²³ The end of the war saw an increase in population and growth of Texas towns and the extension of the state's western frontier. In a letter to Hannay, Gideon reported the main street of Navasota was a "solid wall of houses continuing all the way to Gen. Blackshear's farm and they have a south Navasota rapidly going up. Old Camp is at the breast of that enterprise. They have 12 sawmills in the pinery over there and they can't do half the work called for. . . . Long Point has caught the spirit of progress and is improving smartly. Inhabitants 1500."

was to take his children from the "crushing and demoralizing civilization" of Columbus and into a new land of opportunity and sounder values. Slyly and silently he conceived a plan which offered a solution to his loneliness and relief for the ache for a new land. Lincecum's plan placed him again in the role of the patriarch, leading his flock into a new country. Again, he could be the great provider; his could be the guiding hand. Again, life would have a purpose instead of being a mere day-to-day existence of aimlessness.

There was his widowed and unhappy daughter, Leonora, with her seven children, fatherless and without guidance, growing up in the postwar violence of Texas, under the heel of the victors in an atmosphere of terror, mistrust, defeat, and despair.

To his great joy Leonora agreed to go to Tuxpan with him.

Now that his goal was closer in sight, Gideon journeyed to Richmond to visit Sallie. As always when he was with her, Gideon enjoyed life. His youngest daughter had charmed Richmond and the Doran house was a popular spot. She had a "fine-toned cabinet organ" and borrowed an excellent violin for Gideon. People dropped in every night to hear them play and it was almost like old times again except that his dear old lady was not there to rock happily to their tunes. Gideon thought his Richmond audience was not as fascinated by their music as it was amazed at a seventy-five-year-old man with a long white beard nimbly playing waltzes, cotillions, reels, and marches on a violin.

When he returned to Long Point the report that two hundred Virginians were moving into Texas spurred Gideon to be off to Tuxpan. He foresaw the "country filling up, the grass plowed under, cows starved out of existence, trees cut down and the land turned into ravines and gullies."

Fortunately he was able at long last to collect money due him and to find a buyer for Leonora's house. Leonora sold her property to Jim Holt—\$5 an acre for forty-five acres of woodland, and her home place, fifteen acres, for \$51 66/100 an acre. In April Lincecum wrote to Baird:

I will take the family out of the reach of the relentless tramp of radical influence with his black thieving associates. I can set them down on some wild river shore and teach them self reliance. I *must live* until this project

is fully accomplished. She, Leonora, is a noble woman and her children all possess sprightly and promising developments. Taken away from the demoralizing influences by which they are now surrounded it may be that some of them will be useful. I shall do it anyhow and in performing that service for my progeny I shall traverse new fields for investigation.

On his birthday, April 23, 1868, Gideon wrote in his journal: "I am this morning going on my 76th year. My great recuperative forces got me again well as ever and we are all about ready to be off. I sold my ambulance and horses, Leonora her land. We have nothing to do now but wait for the ship."

But there was one other thing for him to do. Gideon had no will, for he had already divided his land among his children and there was little left. But he noted a few bequests:

Give Leonidas, as he is the most superstitious, the old Bible.

Give Leander, the anatomical paintings and the two books.

Give Lachaon, (this was left blank)

Give Lucullus, the Moccasin tracts (Gideon's manuscript work of botanical medicine).

Give Lysander, Howard's, Matson's and Thomson's works. The rest all having backslided do not need such books.

How I disposed of my small property. My poastoak table, cedar table and secretary head, I sold to W. P. Doran on 22nd October 1867 for cash paid \$10. I am to use them till I go away.

To my granddaughter, Attilia Campbell, for her kind attentions to her suffering Grandmother I give my fine large bed, two pillows, the sheets and quilts belonging thereto.

To my granddaughter, M. E. Lincecum, the fine bedstead and woolen mattress, two quilts, two sheets and one bolster. This I do for her kindness to me.²⁴

Departure date by boat from Galveston was May 15. Gideon planned to travel light, carrying only clothing, axes, a grub hoe, saw, auger, chisel, draw knife, blankets, tableware, a sewing machine, and one hundred pounds of bacon. But there was another delay and disappointment. The schooner on which he was to sail to Tuxpan could not accommodate him and his brood because it was taking a large sugar mill and machinery to Mexico for Munger.²⁵

²⁴ The daughter of Lycurgus.

²⁵ Probably Henry Martin Munger, one-time resident of Ruttersville. His son,

The unfortunate delay gave his children time to continue their campaign to keep him at home, resulting in a bitterness which Gideon carried with him to Mexico. But his farewell message to Sallie was: "My affection for *you*, Sarah, is as fixed as fate and will only cease with my existence."

Finally, on June 6, 1868, Gideon, once more the patriarch, his daughter Leonora and her seven children—Attie, a handsome young lady; Argyle, thirteen, nicknamed Bud, the oldest son; George, John, and Lysander; and the girls, Sally and Lutie, the youngest—stood in the hallway of the family home in Long Point and said farewell to the other Lincecums and to the many neighbors who came to wish them well. Silently, Gideon shook hands with each one. As the carriage taking them to Galveston reached the top of the hill toward Brenham, he looked back briefly.

Gideon had lived this scene before. Twenty years ago it had been like this, the sad parting from loved ones, leaving the safe and familiar for an unknown new land where one was sure to find problems and hardships. Many years later he recalled the pangs of his departure from Long Point: "The scene that occurred on parting with children, grandchildren and friends was almost beyond my power to bear calmly. It was a very serious hour with me."

Three days later he stood on the deck of the schooner *San Carlos* and watched the Island of Galveston disappear in a fog. The wind rippled his long white beard and he stood tall and straight as a Moses leading his people. Leonora and her children sparkled with excitement, but Gideon, in serious conversation with Captain Kried, was calm and in control of the situation. He felt his responsibility greatly, for ahead, he well knew, were many heartaches; but he felt fully confident he was man enough and young enough to meet them. He had just solved the first one—the shock of learning that the boat fare to Tuxpan was \$25 each. He negotiated with Captain Kried and was successful in getting a wholesale reduction to a total fare of \$150 with luggage.

On June 16 they had their first view of the beautiful Tuxpan River. Two years later, in a letter to Sallie, he recalled their arrival: "4 P.M. At this hour two years ago we were majestically sailing up this beauti-

Robert Sylvester, was a pioneer manufacturer of farm machinery, especially cotton gins (*Handbook of Texas*, Vol. II, p. 249).

ful river and passing by the place I am now sitting. The thrill of gladness that swelled this old time-battered heart of mine will fully compare with the glowing sensation of delight that throbbed in the same old organ as I sailed into the mouth of Buffalo Bayou 14 April 1848."

A NOTE ON SOURCES

Much of the material in this chapter is taken from Lincecum's 1867 diary of expeditions in Texas, in which he reveals his deep love for nature and indicates a growing interest in geology. Doubtless Lincecum kept a diary for many other years, but only a few scattered pages are found in the Lincecum Papers.

The diary is written in a terse but natural and relaxed style. It is of particular value for the glimpse it affords of Gideon's personal life and private thoughts. For example, his entry for July 16 summed up his opinion of his scientist correspondents: "I consider Leidy the busiest and most liberal-minded man in the Academy of Natural Sciences. Cope is a religious fanatic. Durand is a religious pretender. Wood is a light-gutted Puritan and Cresson is a gentleman. He is a good man and wishes to improve rapidly."

There are many gems buried in the Lincecum Papers which have not been presented in this biography but which are worthy of permanent record.

Correspondence used in this chapter includes letters to: E. Durand, Philadelphia, January 24, February 5, March 3, 1867, January 29, February 16, April 25, 1868; S. B. Buckley, Austin, Texas, January 20, 1867; Reuben Davis, Aberdeen, Mississippi, February 13, 1867; Oliver Fields, Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 30, 1867; Governor James Webb Throckmorton, Austin, Texas, June 15, July 1, 27, 1867; Walter W. Durham, Austin, Texas, November 24, 1867; Frank Greer, Navasota, Texas, January 10, 1868; Cassandra Durham, January 19, April 21, 1868; W. P. Doran, Richmond, Texas, January 22, April 3, May 14, 1868; Sarah Doran, Richmond, Texas, January 31, February 8, 19, May 6, 17, June 3, 1868; D. B. Lincecum, Lockhart, Texas, April 3, 1868; R. B. Hannay, London, England, April 5, 1868; George Durham, Austin, Texas, July 17, 25, September 7, November 23, December 5, 1867, April 30, 1868; John A. Rutherford, Honey Grove, Texas, April 2, 1868; D. B. and Emily Moore, Castroville, Texas, June 4, 1868; Grabel Huckaby, Brookville, Mississippi, June 6, 1867; James Caldwell, Fort Jessup, Louisiana, October 18, 1867, April 1, 1868; Henry Hinck, Galveston, Texas, July 30, 1867; U. S. G. Owens, San Marcos, Texas, April 12, 1868; J. C. Snively, Philadelphia, December 28, 1866; Mrs. Sallie E. Ketchum (a niece) Medina County, Texas, September 7, 1866.