

covered with black oilcloth. Thus he spent many years of his life, and he would not venture out on any day until his wife and children had made an inspection of the neighborhood and found the coast clear. Strange men were seen in April and May, 1869, in Pilot Grove, conferring with Peacock and his gang. Word was carried to Bob Lee within the hour, and he was on more active guard. His father, Dan W. Lee, and his brothers were co-operating with him. They expected the "Red Legs" one night, and on the road that led from Pilot Grove, the headquarters of the Union League, Dan W. Lee and his sons tied ropes in three places across the narrow roadway, which was bordered by dense growth on each side. All night long they guarded the roadway, watching every outlet, but nothing appeared by 7:00 a. m. The Lees then removed the ropes from across the road but were still on guard. About an hour later the "Red Legs" appeared in broad daylight but they found the Lees ready and waiting. There was boarding in Bob Lee's home at this time a Miss Pierce, who was a sister to Dr. William Hartwell Pierce, who was killed two years before in Pilot Grove (Miss Pierce is now living in Trenton, Texas, and is Mrs. John Hancock). She was teaching the school in the neighborhood, and just before she started to school the shot-guns turned loose between the home of Bob Lee and that of his father. She was talking to Mrs. Bob Lee when the first gun was fired. Mrs. Bob Lee wrung her hands and cried,

"I know they have killed Bob."

Miss Pierce replied, "Why don't you go to him? Perhaps you can reach him in time to hear his last words."

Mrs. Lee eagerly inquired, "Will you go with me?"

"I surely will," replied the intrepid Miss Pierce.

They started down the trail and soon met a riderless horse, and then they found a dead man across the path. Miss Pierce put her hand on his heart and called to Mrs. Lee, who was standing off some distance, that the man was dead. Mrs. Lee came next, looked at the dead man, and said, "He is not one of Bob's men." They went on down

the road and found a hat, then another dead man. Miss Pierce examined him and found him stone dead. Along farther towards the home of Dan Lee, they found the third Kansas "Red Leg," all of whom had been killed in the space of a few minutes. They went on to the home of Dan W. Lee, but there were no men at the Dan Lee home. These two ladies returned by the trail. Miss Pierce placed the hats over the faces of two of the men and removed her white apron and tied it around the head of the third, which was bleeding, having been shot in the face. Miss Pierce started to the school house to dismiss the children from school so that she could return and assist Mrs. Bob Lee. While approaching the schoolhouse, she saw Bob Lee uninjured. The friends of the three dead men from Pilot Grove were afraid to bury them and afraid to venture into the Lee territory. Tradition says that no men in the neighborhood would bury the dead "Red Legs;" and the women dug a shallow grave, rolled all three men into it with their clothes on, and covered them up hastily.

The killing of the three Kansas "Red Legs" aroused the Peacock crowd to action. They made another call for soldiers, which was answered, and they induced Henry Boren, who lived four miles south of Bob Lee, and another citizen to go with them to kill Bob Lee. Very early one Monday morning, either May 31st or June 7th, 1869, they surrounded the home of Bob Lee, and secreting themselves in the thicket, patrolled the five roads or paths that led from his house. Bob Lee was making all arrangements to leave for Mexico, and some assert that he was on his way to Mexico on that Monday morning. He happened to ride along the road where Henry Boren, the other citizen, and a squad of soldiers were stationed. The first shot fired at Bob Lee was by Henry Boren from the ambush about 8:00 a. m. The others fired a fraction of a second later and Lee's body was pierced by eight bullets. He was mounted on a splendid horse, carried his four six-shooters and his gun. He fell, and Henry Boren rushed to him and tried to get him to talk, but he refused. His horse rushed home, riderless, and

Mrs. Lee knew that her husband had been killed.

Henry Boren that very night gave a dance at his home four miles south of the spot where he had assisted in killing Bob Lee that morning. It seems that Bill Boren, a nephew of Henry Boren, was not at the dance; but during the night he heard about the way Bob Lee was killed by his Uncle Henry. He went to Henry's house the next morning, less than twenty-four hours after Henry had shot Bob Lee, called him to the back of the house and shot him down like a dog. The Southern sympathizers applauded Bill Boren's act in avenging the murder of his friend.

The following description of the killing of Bob Lee is taken from the Bonham News, copied from the Marshall, Texas, Weekly Harrison Flag of Thursday, June 17, 1869.

#### BOB LEE KILLED

On last Monday morning, about 8 o'clock, this unfortunate man met with a violent death by the hands of Federal soldiers. From a son and younger brother of the deceased, we got the following particulars of his death:

After eating breakfast with his family on Monday morning, Lee mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of a neighbor's house some two miles distant. While passing through the thicket about a quarter of a mile from his own residence he was ambushed by a squad of Federal infantry, eight balls striking him in different parts of the body. After killing him, they robbed his person of everything; a gold watch, four six-shooters and all the money he had with him, and left his body where he fell. His family recovered his horse, saddle, bridle, and gun—the horse becoming frightened at the report of the guns, ran off, with the gun swung to the horn of the saddle.

The first intimation that Lee had of danger was the flash of Federal muskets that lightened his pathway to the Great Unknown hereafter. But we will not here attempt to defend or justify his life—its dark as well as its bright side—but an outline of the causes which led to Lee's outlawry, and subsequent courses of life, and the closing scene in the horrid drama of yesterday, may be

of interest to our readers. We know whereof we write, and endeavor to relate as briefly as possible the true facts of the case.

During the late war, Bob Lee was the captain of a company of confederate scouts and belonged to the army of Tennessee, operating a portion of the war in the State of Mississippi, and on the Mississippi river. At the close of the war, he returned to his family and home, in the Southwest portion of this country and engaged in agricultural pursuits. This was in the year 1865. After his return, probably two or three months a party of some six or seven men dressed in Federal uniform, went to Lee's house at night, arrested him, and with the avowed purpose of taking him to Sherman, took him from his family under arrest. They proceeded with him in the direction of Sherman; but when they reached Choctaw creek, some four or five miles from that place, they left the road and went some distance into the bottom. 'Twas here that Lee discovered that his captors were not United States soldiers, but were robbers—men who lay in the brush during the war, and at its close were the most "loyal" men to the government in the State of Texas. He was robbed of all he had with him, and forced to execute his note, and sign his father's and his own name for \$2,000. He appealed to the civil authorities for redress by instituting suit against the parties for damages. The parties were arrested, and those who could not give bond were confined in the jail at this place. Nothing was effected—the jail was broken open, and the leaders in the affair escaped. Finally, during the same year, a deadly feud was inaugurated between the two parties, and known as the "Lee-Peacock War," which has been bitterly and unceasingly waged up to the time of his death. The Peacock party reported to the Federal authorities, and were, for a time (until their true characters were discovered) protected by Federal bayonets. Lee was outlawed, and a reward of one thousand dollars offered for his head by the military commander. He swore a vendetta against the Peacock party, and how well that oath had been kept, numbers of little

hillocks, 3x6, in the different parts of this and adjoining counties, can abundantly testify.

We do not sanction, nor will we attempt to justify, all of Lee's acts; but we would suggest that every honest thinking person take the case home to himself, and ask the question: "What would I have done had I been so situated?" ere you give in your verdict.

A wife and five children are left to lament his untimely death.—Bonham News, Marshall, Texas —Weekly Harrison Flag, Thursday, June 17, 1869.

After the killing of Bob Lee, his forces were somewhat discouraged, but there were a few that were unawed by the Union League or the Federal Officers and soldiers. Peacock had gone unscathed and untouched. He and his crowd had followed some of Lee's men to the present town of Cumby, known then as Black Jack Grove. He there killed Charley Dixon and wounded Dick Johnson, a step-brother of Charley Dixon. Dick Johnson and his step-brother were very much attached to each other, and it was war to the knife between Johnson and Peacock. In 1871 Joe Parker, a friend of Bob Lee's, was from home one day; and someone in Dr. Kuykendall's drug store at Pilot Grove told Peacock that Parker was at home; he remarked, "Well, some morning I'll get him."

The news went to Parker. And he kept watch on Peacock, who was also in hiding. Dick Johnson was co-operating with Parker, and one day one of them went near Peacock's home, climbed into the heavy foliage of an elm tree, and stayed all day, keeping watch on the Peacock home. Late in the afternoon he saw Peacock come home. After dark he descended from the tree, and all night long Joe Parker and Dick Johnson stayed behind a wood pile in Peacock's yard, waiting for daylight to come. Shortly after daylight, Peacock got up, walked out into the yard to get some wood with which to cook breakfast, when the shotguns from Parker and Johnson turned loose and riddled him with bullets. Mrs Peacock ran out of the house screaming and begged them not to kill her. They told her that she was in no danger, that they had avenged the death of Bob Lee.

The "Scalawag administration" of E J. Davis ran true to form, and Davis responded to the demands of the Union League and offered a reward of \$400 for the arrest of Joe Parker, who killed Lewis Peacock about July 1, 1871, in Fannin county.

Joe Parker was then an outlaw and went from bad to worse, and another reward was offered for him. He was killed northeast of Farmersville by Jim Jones. The writer has been unable to find the name of the other citizen who led the soldiers to the killing of Bob Lee. Henry Boren, the main leader, was killed by his own nephew in less than twenty-four hours; and the other citizen was killed by Bob Lee's own son, twelve years old, three months later. The following is a clipping from a newspaper of that day: Dallas Herald, Sept. 4, 1869.

#### BOB LEE'S MURDERERS KILLED

The two citizens who assisted the Federal Cavalry in the killing of Bob Lee some three months since, were both killed last week in Fannin county. One fell by the hands of Bob Lee's son, twelve years of age, and the other by one of Lee's friends. We learn from a private letter from Bonham—From Waxahachie Argus

[Mrs. John Lee of Upland, California, states that the newspaper account quoted above to the effect that Bob Lee's son, twelve years old, killed one of the citizens that waylaid him, is news to her and added "I never heard of it before and I do not believe it." The writer has interviewed old citizens around Leonard, Trenton, and Whitewright and not one of them ever heard of this so-called killing.]

The writer has refrained from mentioning all of the names involved on either side. There lived near Pilot Grove in that day, two brothers by the name of Maddox, Uncle Billy Maddox and Nicholas Maddox, formerly mayor of Austin, and William S. Maddox, now in the Confederate home in the city of Austin. Uncle Billy Maddox was the father of James W. Maddox and of Ike Maddox. About two months ago the writer spent one whole Sunday morning with the two bothers, Frank M.

Maddox and William S. Maddox, and they called on Ike Maddox. Their ages ran: 74, 84, and 94; Frank Maddox being the younger, and Ike Maddox, still living in South Austin, at the age of 94.

James W. Maddox, who shot Bob Lee at the blacksmith shop in Pilot Grove, died five years ago in Hornsby's Bend on the Colorado River below Austin. Relatives of both sides still live around Pilot Grove. Whitewright Trenton, and Leonard.

The writer lived on the edge of the territory concerned from 1872 on. By the time he arrived in the neighborhood, the echoes of the Lee-Peacock feud had almost died away. The Lees often went to Bonham. They passed within a quarter of a mile of the writer's home, and he often saw them. And on their return late in the afternoon, from Bonham, each man with a shotgun across his lap and six-shooters either hanging from his waist or from the saddle horn, riding not in a bunch but somewhat strung out, indicating a degree of preparation that rendered them ready for a conflict at a moment's notice. One afternoon the writer, a fifteen year old schoolboy, was in the edge of the bottoms near the old Grove Hill schoolhouse, when the Lees were passing on their way home. The shotguns were muzzle loaders and required some time to load. The Lees turned loose their shotguns one barrel at a time, but never in unison. Some of them always had guns loaded, ready for action. You never caught the Lee crowd all together with empty guns.

On the edge of the Mustang Thicket at a point about half way between the present town of Leonard and Trenton, there was a small frontier church where the unpaid Men of God of frontier times preached to the frontier people. Reverend John Connally often preached at this little church in the edge of the thicket. There would often congregate there members of the Quirt Gang, full of fun and boisterousness. When the noise reached a point that it disturbed the congregation, handsome Bob Lee took matters in hand, appointed himself outside guard, and issued orders that there be no disturbance inside or outside of the church. After this order,

it was one of the quietest churches in the whole of Texas. Like the centurion of old, Bob Lee issued the order "Do it," and it was done. At one time when Bob Lee was away, the disturbance reached such a point that while the minister was administering the holy communion some of the wild boys sitting in the back seats got hold of a piece of bread left by the school children the week before, called up a dog in the back part of the church, and proceeded to administer the communion service to the dog, assuring him that he was as worthy as any of the people taking the real communion. They were all indicted, heavily fined, and received no sympathy from anyone.

After the death of Bob Lee in June 1869, his followers scattered to other parts of the state and the Peacock gang broke up, but a few of them stayed together. Peacock was the ring leader of the force. Dick Johnson had gone out to West Texas to keep out of the trouble. Peacock and his gang had killed his three half brothers, Simp Dixon, Bob Dixon, and Charlie Dixon. Charlie was killed at Black Jack Grove, now called Cumby. Charlie and his father had started to the lumber mills near Winnsboro for lumber. Peacock and his gang followed them to Black Jack Grove, and shot Charlie to death. Dr. Dixon brought the body of his son home in an ox wagon and buried him. Dr. Dixon soon died and left three daughters. The Peacock gang sent them word that they were going to burn them out of house and home and they would not have a rail left on their farm. The girls wrote to Dick Johnson out in West Texas to come home and protect them. He came in a hurry, and the news soon reached Pilot Grove that Dick Johnson was back home. When Peacock heard the news he was in the drug store of Dr. Kuykendall. He remarked: "Some morning when Dick gets up and comes to the door to get wood to make a fire, I will be laying for him and will get him." The remark was carried to Dick Johnson without delay and this remark cost Peacock his life. Joe Parker was another of the Lee crowd who was still in the country and he and Dick Johnson were both anxious to have the honor of slaying Peacock. About the



first of July, 1871, one of them climbed a lone elm tree on the prairie in sight of Peacock's home and hid himself in the thick foliage. One writer claims that this watchman was Dick Johnson, while others claim it was Joe Parker. It is unimportant as to which of these was on watch in the elm tree. The two were working in unison and with the same object. Late in the evening Peacock was seen to approach his home and Johnson and Parker that night made preparations to kill him the next morning. They put Peacock's threat into action and waited until early next morning when Peacock came to the door to get wood to make a fire. He was slain in his own yard.

Dick Johnson was never arrested and he and his wife moved to Missouri where they lived for many years. He was seen in Fannin county in 1920 and was last heard of in Red River county.

Joe Parker became a desperado and would not fulfill the Tenth Commandment. He developed quite an acute desire of coveting his neighbor's horse. He not only would covet the horse, but he took him and in the earlier days of Texas, stealing a good horse was a greater crime than shooting a man.

In 1874 Wilbur L. Allison, an old personal friend of the writer, now living at a ripe old age in Leonard, Texas, saw Joe Parker at Valley Creek at a store store and that very night between Floyd and Farmersville a posse of officers and citizens surrounded the house in which Parker was hid and called on him to surrender. He came out shooting, but one of the posse by the name of Jones shot him in the head, nearly severing his head from his body.

#### LATER LEE HISTORY

There are none of the Lees living in the old neighborhood in the corners of the four counties. The oldest survivor of the Lees of which the writer has any information is Mrs. John Lee, sister-in-law of Bob Lee, who is now eighty-four years old, rather feeble in health, but has a clear and distinct memory. She recites that on the morning that Bob Lee was killed he was riding along sing-

ing a little song a quarter of a mile from where she lived when Henry Boren shot him in the breast with a shotgun. She preserved the shirt with the holes in it that Bob Lee was killed in.

Perhaps it will be interesting here to trace the Lee family. Daniel W. Lee was born June 5, 1810, and settled in Lamar county, Texas. His first wife was Polly Davis, whom he married in Arkansas; and by her he had ten children. She died in Lamar county not far from Honey Grove. Later he married Betty Ward, known in the Leonard neighborhood in the writer's day as "Aunt Betsy." In 1859 Dan W. Lee patented 157 acres of land on the line between Hunt and Fannin, the land being located wholly in Fannin county. There Daniel W. Lee established his stock ranch and lived until he was killed by Will Smith in 1877. His children by his first wife were Minerva, who married Martin Smith; Susie, who married Frank Mahan; Bob Civil who married Linda Mahan, sister of Frank Mahan; Bill, who died in the war; John, who married Jane Eby; George, who died in the Confederate service; Henry, whose first wife was Nanny Brown. The writer has not secured a list of the other three children by his first wife.

The children of Daniel W. Lee and Betsy Ward were Mary, who married Pete McClanahan; Nancy, who married Bill Freeman; Jim, who died single; Danny, who married Celia Durham; Amos, who married Matty Durham (Celia's sister); Lucy, who married Elijah Miller; Marcha, who married——— and Frances, who died young.

On account of the Union League the Lees were ever on the defense. Daniel W. Lee would come to Bonham and do trading and buy his merchandise from the leading merchant of Bonham, T. R. Williams. He would buy powder by the twenty-five pound keg and blue whistlers (buckshot) by the twenty-five pound sack. He always informed Mr. Williams that he wanted to kill his hogs. Peacock and his gang suspected that T. R. Williams was giving assistance to the Lees. An old negro by the name of George Bumpas was employed by