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SUNDAY CALL

SOLDIER of fortune, man of ups and downs, and at last, on the final, down—that's Colonel Travis.

Hero of many battles, winner in many struggles, friend of big and good men, defender of poor and weak men—and he's dying in a little room at 215 Taylor street, whose rent keeps him on one 10-cent meal a day.

He has stories to tell.

That is all he has—his stories. He sits there day after day on the edge of his bed and tells the stories over and over, whether anybody is there to listen or not. They begin away back in the time of the Alamo and they come down through the Mexican War. There isn't so much after that—there wasn't very much left of him to make stories—and of late he has been only poor and sick and hungry and old, and that is all uninteresting. He likes better to think back to the days when old Tennessee was the home of prosperous people and before the war left them stranded.

He was not born in Tennessee, although that is where he wants to go home to, because it is the one-time home of his father and his father's father before him, and there are people there who will take care of an old soldier, a lieutenant colonel in their army.

Texas is the first home he remembers. His father had gone there in early years and settled on some of the land that was being granted to settlers in the new republic. Then fighting sprang up and the Alamo made history of itself through the men who fell for it, and Travis' father was one of them.

Travis grew up in the knowledge of that battle. He outgrew some of the grief but none of the pride. He wanted to be a soldier, too, and fight like his father. Only too like his father, alas! fated to be on the losing side more than on the winning.

The famous "babe" of the Alamo was one of his schoolmates. He watched her on her varied career from the time she was chosen for the daughter of Texas until she drifted back there in the end, after a lot of adventure in other places, and finally died in a Texas gutter.

"I don't mean the gutter as we generally say," he explains. "I mean it literally—the gutter. She was picked up there dead one morning."

Travis was still a young fellow when his mother took him back to Tennessee. There he stayed upon his grandfather's plantation, unwilling to leave even when a second marriage took his mother back to Texas. In time he came to be old enough to go to Annapolis, and he received his appointment—the first native Texan to receive an appointment in the United States navy. General Sam Houston, his guardian, and Thomas A. Rusk got it for him.

"Sam Houston lived a romantic life, if ever there was one," he says. "Married on the day of his inauguration, he resigned both wife and office that very night, leaving the country. He went down into the Choctaw country and made what the garkers call a hop-over-the-broom-stick marriage with a Choctaw woman, and left Choctaw children who are living down there now and who go by the name of Houston."

"He left the place at last, weary and disgusted with his life, I suppose, and went to Texas. There he led the best-known part of his life. My father knew him, and he was afterward to become my guardian."

Somehow in the early fifties, while the gold fever was still high, Travis boarded the ship-of-war John Adams as her midshipman and came to California. Here he saw all that was going on in those bustling times. The ship went to China, and he along with it, and then back to San Francisco. She lay here a good while—while enough for plenty of adventures. At the time that Terry was in trouble she sailed up, opened two portholes and fired, securing Terry's release. Travis' resignation came about after he had fought and thoroughly liked Lieutenant Henderson on shore, in civilian's clothes. He had disobeyed orders in wearing them, so he was unable to report Travis and make trouble for him directly, but he did everything he could to cause his discomfiture in petty and malicious ways.

Travis' next adventures were with Walker. With him he went filibustering in the Nicaragua expedition; with him he was taken and saw him shot.

In the battle of St. George Travis did his first real fighting. There at St. George he was a lieutenant on the staff of General Hornsby, and there he charged alone on a mule. There were dark faces crowding around him and relief was slow, but "I stuck to my mule," he says, "and when I saw that it was no coward I didn't mean to let one either. So I just went ahead and kept on slashing away with my sword, and I didn't know much what was going on, and I hardly realized that I was alone; but at last I began to see that the black fellows were falling back. Then all of a sudden I realized that they had retreated and I was alone, and I heard voices and knew that relief had come when it wasn't needed, and I heard Walker shouting, 'Look at Travis charging alone on a mule.' Then he called me to him and says he: 'Travis, what is your rank?'"

"Lieutenant, sir, on the staff of General Hornsby," I says.

"Then you're promoted to the rank of captain," he says.

"And I had to have my little joke then, as I have it even now and always will, no matter how much sooner I get to be, so I says respectfully: 'Sir, I think you should promote the mule.'"

"He laughed then—the only time I ever saw him laugh, though I do say it of my own joke."

The last of the expeditions set out on the schooner Susan from Mobile. One hundred and eighty-five filibusters composed it and made for Truxtun. The men knew the country well by that time, and there seemed every likelihood that all would go well. They proceeded quickly and took both town and castle soon after arriving. Afterward, while waiting for further orders, part camped on the beach and part in town. Then, the story is known of how along came the British man-of-war Bulldog, and taking matters into his own hands, demanded the surrender of Walker. He finally gave in, under the condition that he be landed in a United States port. His surrender was made, but the other side of the agreement was never fulfilled. Walker was shot instead and his body buried beside the castle.



COL. TRAVIS



THE WHITE ONE WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD



He Just Went Ahead and Kept on Slashing Away.

"I could go there blindfolded and pick out the spot this very day where I saw him buried," says Colonel Travis.

After that came terrible times for the surviving filibusters. Each morning for three days a calabash was passed along the line of them. The gourd contained a lot of white beans and three black ones; the lined-up filibusters drew lots. Each morning for three days three holders of black beans were led out to their execution.

"I was getting pretty tired of sweeping the streets for my captors. That's what they were making the whole lot of us do every day. We wore shackles and we had to sweep as if the devil was

THE ADVENTURES OF COL. TRAVIS

into the Civil War on the Confederate side. From first to last he fought it out and watched his South, dear to him as the home of all those who were his, leaving the ground she tried so vainly to gain.

"When the final surrender came I made off across the Mississippi—I never surrendered, being on detached service—and joined Harris, Selby and Terry in Texas."

"They were looking round in an aimless sort of way, wondering what to do next. 'Why not go to Mexico?' occurred to me and I proposed it to the three men. War was on in Mexico; Maximilian was hard at it, and I thought we might as well go in for profit and see what we could make out of the thing. I said: 'Let's find out which side seems to be having the best of it and attach ourselves to that,' and it was agreed."

"When we got there we decided that Maximilian was playing in luck. Wrong again. But we were ready to fight anything, even windmills, and at it we went. 'Recruits were made from across the river, they were bound together into the Foreign Legion and I was given command of them. They were a wild lot. My colonel was one of the most terrible desperadoes that ever slew and robbed. He had a record of something like twenty lives laid to his account at the time and he's done better since, I reckon."

"Well, it wasn't a very long story, the conquering and shooting of Maximilian. I was taken prisoner and for six months I suffered miserably in the confinement of a Mexican prison. At last I was escorted across the Rio Grande and upon parting with me the authorities told me that if I ever returned there I would be shot upon short notice. I never did return," he adds, with his twinkle that trouble can't quite do away with. "I always thought it was just as well not to."



"MY COLONEL WAS ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE DESPERADOES THAT EVER SLEW AND ROBBED."

Travis drifted to Arizona and there he practiced law. Not that he had ever studied it or thought of doing so, although his father was a lawyer; but he happened to see one man shoot another in the infernal way that was in vogue in that country, and in a casual conversation he remarked that he would bet he could clear him. "Done," with the swiftness that things are done in that land and \$50 was fixed. One was permitted then to practice law for six months before being admitted to the bar.

He won. He cleared his man by admitting the crime and bringing a sister of the murderer and her little baby as witnesses. "When I brought in the latter I said, 'Gentlemen, this child hasn't the power of speech, but I offer it as a witness to justify the killing.' That settled it."

Travis continued to practice law as long as he stayed in Arizona, being admitted to the bar. Later he joined the Texas Rangers and at last drifted to California, broken in health, a ruined soldier of fortune.

"I have been in different parts of the State working when I was able," he says. "I have done everything, from road making to dishwashing. Now I have reached the point where I can't work, and one thing I have to give God thanks for is that Dr. McLean says I haven't much longer to live. He's been so good to me, Dr. McLean has. He's treating me all the time, but he says he can't cure me—only make it a little easier for me. I've managed to get along by selling some clothes, and some kind people who have not let me know who they were have sent me a little money. I am as rich as Croesus to-day, for I have received \$7, but that won't take me back to Tennessee, where I want to go. There are homes there for Confederate soldiers, and if I could go there I could die among my own people."

Then Colonel Travis opened a bureau drawer and displayed his neat little ladder containing a bag of crackers, a tea steeper and tea.

"I am so rich to-day that I can have a fine dinner of crackers and tea," he said.

away with two gamblers, one at a time, and had wound up in New Orleans. She was as homely as ever; there was never any attraction about her except her money, which Texas made her heir to. Captain James Martin of Houston was the first of the gamblers and she left him to go with a man named Duffield. A man named Lee cut Duffield out in the end and he made away with Babe's money and finished her career for her."

Travis' next adventures were with General Robert Wheat. With him he went on the Sardinian expedition under Garibaldi and although the fight was a winning one still there were no profits for the winners. "Always I have been playing in bad luck," the old man says. "No profit or glory, either one."

When he returned to America he went