

WPA Alabama Writers Project
FOLKLORE
DeKalb County, #2

DE KALB COUNTY

District 2

B'AR IN THE SYRUP BAR'L

They celebrate Thanksgiving up in the mountains of DeKalb County. There will even be a dance in such "coves," deep and narrow valleys, where the Primitive Baptists or the Shouting Methodists are not too strong.

None of these round dances! Those are still a device of the devil. Good old-fashioned square dances they are, with the fiddler calling the numbers as his heavily resined bow draws out:

"Alabama girl, won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight.

Alabama girl, won't you come out tonight and dance in the light of the moon."

At once such dance, the ancient of the cove sat outside in the crisp November moonlight, drawing on his charred corncob pipe and looking through the window now and then with a glance of scorn at the groaning table loaded with food. Turkey, chicken, a barbecued ^{at} shote, sweet and Irish potatoes and heaps of cabbage stood at one end, while pies loaded down the other.

"They call them vittles," the oldster spat contemptuously across the porch. "That wouldn't^a been a good snack to my pappy back in the days when this was new ground and you had to catch a b'ar ef you wanted to keep warm.

"Yessuh, my pappy knew this country when she was somepin'. He come over the mountains from South C'liny with his pappy, my gran'-pappy, and gran'maw when he was jus' a boy. When they decided to 'light here a spell, this wasn't overrun with folks like now when you can't go two whoops and a holler without runnin' into a cabin.

Back in them days it was a good ten-mile to the nearest folks, lessen you count Injuns, which pappy said nobody did back then, 'cept when they got to drinkin'.

"Pappy says times like that was when dead Injuns was surely the only good Injuns. But gran'papy didn't wait for 'em to git good. He used to take gran'maw and pappy and the other kids down ^{to} a cave a short piece from here and hide out till them Injuns sobered up. Other times, pappy says they didn't have to trouble with the Injuns. They didn't get no hope (help) from 'em neither, and that was a time when gran'pappy sure needed hope.

"He brang a load of truck in the kivered wagon they rode from South Ca'liny here and he had young steers on the front end fitten to work when piled high with a plow and hoes and axes and adzes and such like tools, along with cotton and corn and wheat seed. What little room was left, pappy said they shoved in some household things but not much. Pappy said he was real sorry that they hadn't put in more kivvers until the time come when they cotched the b'ar.

"Leastways they didn't have no trouble finding logs to build 'em a cabin. Pappy says the trees was so thick you had to squeeze between 'em and they just took their pick of big fine logs to cut and peel and notch to build the cabin. Whilst it was building they slept in the kivered wagon and tried to get the Injuns to hope out. A few friendly ones would work now and then but they warn't worth a lick, pappy says. He claims he and gran'pappy did most of the building and scratching up a little patch of dirt to get some seeds in.

"They come along here in the Winter time and pappy says the

frosties in them days was like a light snow it lay so thick on the trees and the rocks. Took two or three hours after good sunup to melt it off, so he says you just naturally humped yourself aworking to keep from freezing to death. They got a good patch cleared up by the time frost broke and got in planting of all them seeds they brang and some millet seed the Injuns give 'em.

"They made fine crops and things rocked along thataway for two year and pappy says they fin'llly got along to building another room to the cabin. About that time some neighbors moved in, not more'n five mile away, and he says gran'pappy was afeared for a while things would get crowded. But they hope the neighbors r'ar 'em up a cabin and got to visiting around frequent, much as oncet a month or so.

"The second Summer gran'pappy laid out to make him some sorghum cane and got in a right good crop. That there sorghum just about saved 'em from freezing to death pappy say, 'caze even with some blankets gran'pappy had traded offen the Injuns and gran'mammy biled in lye for going on a week, it was pretty cold that second winter.

"We knowed there was b'ars up in the hills. They come down in the corn, but gran'pappy didn't mess around with 'em none. He was right handy with his rifle but he didn't put faith in ^{it} against b'ars. Anyhow this Summer he really turns out some fine sorghum cane and when the steers git through grinding he had a sight of syrup.

"Pappy says the kids had all the long sweetening they could hold and gran'mammy filled up all the big gourds, what she had done scraped and washed during the Summer, to lay by a store for the winter. Even then there was plenty left over, so gran'pappy traded off with the Injuns for a keg that they'd had whiskey in on one of their big drunks. Gran'mammy talked with him a long time about the evils of drink and

putting sweetening innocent chillun would eat into a barrel where rum had been, but gran'pappy convinced her that sorghum was strong enough to lick any rum. So they filled up the bar'l and set it out in the store shed where they was hams and bacon and the chickens roosted when it was cold.

"One night after 'simmon time and when the wild turkeys was a calling down in the holler, they all come wideawake, pappy says, with the biggest racket out in the store shed anybody ever heard. Gran'mammy yelled 'Injuns' and started packing up to get down to the cave, but gran'pappy said 'Twarn't Injuns 'caze nobody yelled. So he gits his rifle, pappy gits the axe and afterwards, 'caze they didn't notice then, they found out gran'mammy come traipsing after 'em with her sedge broom. She made that broom herself, too; cut a straight hickory sapling, scythed her down some ripe sedge and tied it on with cotton thread she spun herself.

"Anyways the three of them git on out to the store shed where the chickens is a squawking and there's a beating and a thumping and a sorta groaning going somep'n awful. The door bust open and out come a big black thing with somepin' on its head. Gran'pappy fired and missed.

"'Hit's a b'ar,' he yelled, and pappy says he went in aswinging with his axe.

"'Don't you tech that b'ar,' granmammy yelled at him. 'We needs that hide.' With that she just naturally laid into that b'ar with her broom, pappy hopping round trying to git in a lick with his axe without cutting the hide, and gran'pappy hopping fust on one foot and then t'other, to keep his toes from freezing in the deep frost, while he tried to load his gun.

"What with gran'mammy a whooping him with that broom, pappy ayelling and gran'pappy cussing a streak every time he hopped, that b'ar was just plumb skeered to death, I reckon. Anyhow, pappy says he r'ared up on his hind legs and started slapping at that bar'l trying to git it offen his head. By and by he slaps feeble like and in about three-four minutes he just rolled over on his side, dead. That long sweetening had just choked him to death.

"By the time gran'mammy got through scraping and curing his hide they sure slept warm that winter and all his sinews made good strings for fixing up the plow drags for the steers next Summer so gran'pappy was able to git in a fine crop. So did the neighbors and there was cornshucking frolics all that Fall. Everybody went in together and after the corn was shucked, there was eating as was eating."

The old settler paused long enough to cast another contemptuous look toward the greaning table beyond the window. He spat across the porch again and puffed once or twice in meditative happiness on his pipe before he took up his tale.

"Yessuh, that was eating," he smacked his lips. "Pappy says they all got together and barbecued a whole cattle. They was two pigs, too, not just one little old shoe ^{at}. Wild turkeys, stuffed, ~~with~~ wild pigeons, venison, chickens, roasten y'ars, preserves, pies, cakes--"

The clang of a bell interrupted the narrator and despite his years he was up and out of the chair and off the porch with a speed that almost defied vision. My host laughed at my elbow.

"The 'b'ar been in the syrup bar'l' again?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "but where did the old man go?"

My host waved a hand toward the window, and as I stared at the vision of the oldster with a turkey leg in one hand and half a pie in the other from which he was alternating bites, my informant laughed and

said:

"If that old boy ever got caught in a syrup bar'l he'd eat his way out."

R.L.D.

7-23-37

B'AR IN THE SYRUP BAR'L

They celebrate Thanksgiving up in the mountains of DeKalb County. There will even be a dance in such "coves," deep and narrow valleys, where the Primitive Baptists or the Shouting Methodists are not too strong.

None of these round dances! Those are still a device of the devil. Good old-fashioned square dances they are, with the fiddler calling the numbers as his heavily resined bow draws out:

"Alabama girl, won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight.

Alabama girl, won't you come out tonight and dance in the light of the moon."

At once such dance, the ancient of the cove sat outside in the crisp November moonlight, drawing on his charred corncob pipe and looking through the window now and then with a glance of scorn at the groaning table loaded with food. Turkey, chicken, a barbecued shote, sweet and Irish potatoes and heaps of cabbage stood at one end, while pies loaded down the other.

"They call them vittles," the oldster spat contemptuously across the porch. "That wouldn't been a good snack to my pappy back in the days when this was new ground and you had to catch a b'ar ef you wanted to keep warm.

"Yessuh, my pappy knew this country when she was somepin'. He come over the mountains from South G'liny with his pappy, my gran'-pappy, and gran'maw when he was jus' a boy. When they decided to 'light here a spell, this wasn't overrun with folks like now when you can't go two whoops and a holler without runnin' into a cabin.

Back in them days it was a good ten-mile to the nearest folks, lessen you count Injuns, which pappy said nobody did back then, 'cept when they got to drinkin'.

"Pappy says times like that was when dead Injuns was surely the only good Injuns. But gran'papy didn't wait for 'em to git good. He used to take gran'maw and pappy and the other kids down a cave a short piece from here and hide out till them Injuns sobered up. Other times, pappy says they didn't have to trouble with the Injuns. They didn't get no hope (help) from 'em neigher, and that was a time when gran'pappy sure needed hope.

"He brang a load of truck in the kivered wagon they rode from South Ca'liny here and he had young steers on the front end fitten to work when piled high with a plow and hoes and axes and adzes and such like tools, along with cotton and corn and wheat seed. What little room was left, pappy said they shoved in some household things but not much. Pappy said he was real sorry that they hadn't put in more kivers until the time come when they cotched the b'ar.

"Leastways they didn't have no trouble finding logs to build 'em a cabin. Pappy says the trees was so thick you had to squeeze between 'em and they just took their pick of big fine logs to cut and peel and notch to build the cabin. Whilst it was building they slept in the kivered wagon and tried to get the Injuns to hope out. A few friendly ones would work now and then but they warn't worth a lick, pappy says. He claims he and gran'pappy did most of the building and scratching up a little patch of dirt to get some seeds in.

"They come along here in the Winter time and pappy says the

frosties in them days was like a light snow it lay so thick on the trees and the rocks. Took two or three hours after good sunup to melt it off, so he says you just naturally humped yourself aworking to keep from freezing to death. They got a good patch cleared up by the time frost broke and got in planting of all them seeds they brang and some millet seed the Injuns give 'em.

"They made fine crops and things rocked along thataway for two year and pappy says they fin'lly got along to building another room to the cabin. About that time some neighbors moved in, not more'n five mile away and he says gran'pappy was afeared for a while things would get crowded. But they hope the neighbors r'ar 'em up a cabin and got to visiting around frequent, much as oncet a month or so.

"The second Summer gran'pappy laid out to make him some sorghum cane and got in a right good crop. That there sorghum just about saved 'em from freezing to death pappy say, 'caze even with some blankets gran'pappy had traded offen the Injuns and gran'mammy biled in lye for going on a week, it was pretty cold that second winter.

"We knowed there was b'ars up in the hills. They come down in the corn, but gran'pappy didn't mess around with 'em none. He was right handy with his rifle but he didn't put faith in against b'ars. Anyhow this Summer he really turns out some fine sorghum cane and when the steers git through grinding he had a sight of syrup.

"Pappy says the kids had all the long sweetening they could hold and gran'mammy filled up all the big gourds, what she had done scraped and washed during the Summer, to lay by a store for the winter. Even then there was plenty left over, so gran'pappy traded off with the Injuns for a keg that they'd had whiskey in on one of their big trunks. Gran'mammy talked with him a long time about the evils of drink and

putting sweetening innocent chillun would eat into a barrel where rum had been, but gran'pappy convinced her that sorghum was strong enough to lick any rum. So they filled up the bar'l and set it out in the store shed where they was hams and bacon and the chickens roosted when it was cold.

"One night a'ter 'simmon time and when the wild turkeys was a calling down in the holler, they all come wideawake, pappy says, with the biggest racket out in the storeshed anybody ever heard. Gran'mammy yelled 'Injuns' and started packing up to get down to the cave, but gran'pappy said 'Twarn't Injuns 'caze nobody yelled. So he gits his rifle, pappy gits the axe and a'terwards, 'caze they didn't notice then, they found out gran'mammy come traipsing a'ter 'em with her sedge broom. She made that broom herself, too; cut a straight hickary sapling, scythed her down some ripe sedge and tied it on with cotton thread she spun herself.

"Anyways the three of them git on out to the storeshed where the chickens is a squawking and there's a beating and a thumping and a sorta groaning going somep'n awful. The door bust open and out come a big black thing with somep'n' on its head. Gran'pappy fired and missed.

"'Hit's a b'ar,' he yelled, and pappy says he went in aswinging with his axe.

"'Don't you tech that b'ar,' granmammy yelled at him. 'We needs that hide.' With that she just naturally laid into that b'ar with her broom, pappy hopping round trying to git in a lick with his axe without cutting the hide, and gran'pappy hopping fust on one foot and then t'other, to keep his toes from freezing in the deep frost, while he tried to load his gun.

"What with gran'mammy a whooping him with that broom, pappy ayelling and gran'pappy cussing a streak every time he hopped, that b'ar was just plumb skeered to death, I reckon. Anyhow, pappy says he r'ared up on his hind legs and started slapping at that bar'l trying to git it offen his head. By and by he slaps feeble like and in about three-four minutes he just rolled over on his side, dead. That long sweetening had just choked him to death.

"By the time gran'mammy got through scraping and curing his hide they sure slept warm that winter and all his sinews made good strings for fixing up the blow drags for the steers next Summer so gran'pappy was able to git in a fine coop. So did the neighbors and there was cornshucking frolics all that Fall. Everybody went in together and after the corn was shucked, there was eating as was eating."

The old settler paused long enough to cast another contemptuous look toward the graining table beyond the window. He spat across the porch again and puffed once or twice in meditative happiness on his pipe before he took up his tale.

"Yessuh, that was eating," he smacked his lips. "Pappy says they all got together and barbecued a whole cattle. They was two pigs, too, not just one little old shote. Wild turkeys, stuffed with wild pigeons, venison, chickens, roasten y'ars, preserves, pies, cakes--"

The clang of a bell interrupted the narrator and despite his years he was up and out of the chair and off the porch with a speed that almost defied vision. My host laughed at my elbow.

"The 'b'ar been in the syrup bar'l' again?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "but where did the old man go?"

My host waved a hand toward the window, and as I stared at the vision of the oldster with a turkey leg in one hand and half a pie in the other from which he was alternating bites, my informant laughed and

Alabama

- 6 -

Handwritten:
said:

"If that old boy ever got caught in a syrup bar'l he'd eat his way out."

R.L.D.

7-23-37

An

Recollections

DeKalb -

2

~~THE OLD SETTLER TALKS~~

David

"I reckolect how we set 'round the fire in the long winter evenin's when the wind roared through the mountains, and the pines moaned, how we all pulled up close together, and pap told us 'bout them days when he wuz a boy-and his pap hed just moved up in the mountains-how ther wa'nt no other house fer miles-an they lived ther' a long time, 'fore they knowed they had any neighbors 'cept the Injuns. The Injuns moved about in the woods, and they wuz always friendly, unless they had some "fire-water" as they used fer always call liquor. They howled and screeched, and shore wuz dangerous. When pap an' them heard 'em cuttin up, they all went down inter the valley, and hid in a cave, waitin' fer 'em to sober up.

Pap told us as how his pap come over inter the valley from South Caliner-and went up inter the mountains. The land there was wild and rich and free, except fer the Injuns.

He said they beought whut tools they hed fer farmin', and some seeds uv cotton, and corn and wheat,--and some things, but not many-fer the house, in a kivered waggin-The steers that pulled the waggin was young and healthy, and would be handy fer all the haulin' as well as breakin' the ground.

It wa'nt no trouble out uv them solid forests of wavin' trees, to pick out trees fer the house. They lived in the kivered waggin until the trees wuz cut down and peeled, and hewed out, and the house wuz built. They cum early in the Spring, and the land had to be cleared enough to plant spots about, uv cotton and corn, and sum wheat. Sum friendly Indians helped my grandpop with the clearn' an give him seeds fer the garden-and sum of corn-and some uv a grain called millet.

Grandpap used the days he couldn't work that Spring, to scrape the logs he had cut down in clearin', an them he had cut special for the house and an good barn fer the critters, and a crib fer the corn and to be built.

That fust winter in the mountains wuz purty cold-with heavy frosts that looked like light snow-and fer two-three hours in the mornin' hung on the pine trees, and laid, heavy, on the rocks, and when the sun shone, it give out all the kullers uv the rainbow. An' yer breath would freeze on the air.

But sum bears wuz in them hills, an my grandmam traded some sausage, and hogs-head cheese she had made from the wild-hogs my grandpa had killed to the Indians fer some extry blankets-but they shore had to be washed, good, afore my grandmam 'ud sue 'em- But grandpap got a gears skin in a funny way-They had raised a crap uv sorghum-cane, and the land was so suited to it, that they had plenty to do the year through, until they made agin next Fall-One Cold night atter mid-night, the hardest time to git up in the cold and go out doors, grandpap heerd somethin' in the smoke-house. When he got there, a hulkin' big bear had his nose down in the syrup-bar'l. Ye know bears love sweet things, an' will risk a stingin' any time ter git inter a bee tree.

Wall, grandpap slipped up while the bear wuz enjoyin' hissself so he didn't even, turn 'round, an' got him. We had the warm skin, as well as enough bears meat to last a long time, and the grease, too, which is fine fer hair-ile. None uv these hair tonics, er salves, that cost good money, is any better, if as good.

Among the seeds the Indians give, wuz gourd seeds-Atter the house wuz put up, and the land cleared a little around it, grandmam planted the seeds, and the ground wuz so rich, that the vines growed heavy, and hung thick with gourds and grandmam said no one thing was moar help.

Atter they wuz cleaned, and scalded, and scraped inside, out side the big ones wuz used to hold lard, er buttermilk, er salt, and sometimes even dried fruit.

The buttermilk, poured inter one uv them big gourds, and put down at the spring ter git cold, and drunk out uv a little gourd, wuz the best drink in the world. Plates and saucers could be made out uv them, scraped until you could might nigh see through them. They wuz as purty as you could want. Some times candle holders was made out uv 'em. There wa'nt no lamps in those days. We made our own candles out uv taller and beeswax an moulded 'em in homemade moulds. In sum places a very special kind uv candle was made from the berry of a tree, called the candleberry tree-but commonly called the bay-berry tree.

The fust lamp that my pappy ever seed, wuz bought by my grandpap out in Rome, Georgy, It wuz a tall, slim lamp, and used a narrer wick-whut we call a #1 wick-but pa thought that wuz the brightest light he ever see. Befo' that, they allus worked in the mornin' by the light from the logs, and pine-knots in the big fire-place. It ook two-three years to git a second room in the house, they wuz allus so much to do, inside and out. Atter awhile the Injuns left, and other settlers moved in, on the ridge, and when a new settler come, anywhere on the mountain, the ones already there divided with him, an had workin's to cut down the trees an to clear the land, and help build the house.

The fust roekin' my pappy ever went to, wuz a log-rollin and corn shuckin' an lasted all day, an part ov the night. The women in the house quilted quilts called the Ragged Robin, The Tree of Paradise, Flower Garden and mighty purty they wuz.

'An outside, the men piled the logs in big piles to be burned, and the settler what owned the place, drew in waggin loads uv corn to be shucked and piled it in big piles over by the corn crib away from the pile uv logs.

Then we had supper. Everybody had brought baskets uv vittles. We had all kinds uv meat killed in the mountains-er raised on the place and pickles, raised bread, corn-bread, pies and cakes-most of em sweetened with long sweetnin', as molasses wuz called. Everybody et as much as they wanted an they had good appetites, from workin from befo' day to good dark. After supper the piles of logs wuz fired, and fine, bright flares uv lite they made, so high on the ridge, they sent light out over the valley.

By that lite, which wuz as bright as day, they shucked the corn, an uv all the jokes, and riddles, and laughin and fun, they had it, until long in the night, by the glare uv those fires! An' the kids played "ring around the rosy", and "hide and go seek", and "Go in and out the winder", and even "anti over", the light wuz so bright. They played until they wuz plumb tuckered out, and drapped down, right where they wuz, an' want to sleep.

The fust Thanksgivin, the settlers begun to live on the ridge, they had a big party barbecue and dance. Them long tables built out among the trees, wuz a pictur, and a big oven, built in the ground, where pigs, and even, a calf wuz roasted an a possum baked fat an juicy, with sweet taters all 'round in the gravy- an' wild turkey, baked with dressin', an baked squash, an cabbage slaw, and cucumber pickles, and eights uv cakes an custards why my pap said it jest couldn't be beat no ways.

Atter the dinner wuz over, the fiddles struck up a tune, and the dancers whirled, and dipped and curtsied, "The ladies bow, the gents know how" in the Virginny Reel, and then in the square dance, to the old favorite.

"Alabama girl, come out to-night, come out to-night, come out to-night,
Alabama girl come out to-night, And dance in the light of the moon".

Margaret Fowler

KeKalb County, Alabama

Mrs. Margaret Fowler,
Collinsville, Alabama-

De Kalb County-

Galt

An old negro man, who was guard at the Fort Payne Coal and Iron Co's Bank, in the most prosperous of the boom days, relates this experience of the near-robbery of the Bank-

"Yassum, mistis, I were the gyard at the Bank, an' dis ha p'en'd some time'n the late summer, 'r th' early fall-ob 1889-

U

It was on a We'nsday, right soon attter dinner-time, sometime early in the atternoon. I wuz a settin in the bank, at that same place, facin the cash winder, whah I allus set-an I see thro a winder, a man come ridin' down Galt avenue, the main therofare, a man on a bay horse. He stopped, an' fastened the horse to the hitchin'-post in front of the bank, the bank wuz so old, and loose-built, you coulda throwed a dog through th' holes-
id'tween planks.

Then he cum on in the bank, an I noticed him pertickler. He wuz dres - sed all in red- red suit; red shoes; red bandanner hankchief, round his neck; he had on riding-gloves that wuz red; an a broad red hat, like cow boys wear, but it was red, a bright red.

Well, he went up to the Cashiers winder, an asked him fer change for a hundred-dollah bill- Atter gittin it, he went on out. But I had noticed, under that red stubble on his face, like he wa 'nt shaved, but had out the hair on his face as clost as he could, leavin a stub o' growth, that he had a scar on his cheek-it might ha' been a birth-mark-it wuz on the cheek-bone, and run from up under the eye, down towards the mout-

O

In less than a hour, another man, dressed all in black, ridin a black horse, came down Galt avenue, hitched his horse to the hitchin' -post, an cum in-an this time axed change for a fifty -dollar bill. He wuz all in black-close, shoes, hat, gloves, even the scarf round his neck-his hair, beard and even his eyelashes wuz black-but I mighty quick noticed that in the black, stub growth on his cheek, wuz that same scar; an' I knowed it wuz the same man in difrunt close.

Atter he left, I axed the cashier, Mr. Hemphill, ef he'd noticed that man-He said, "Why no-he just wanted change fer a bill-" "Yes," I said-"It was a fifty dollah bill, an a man come in here, less than an hour ago, and wanted change fer a hundred-dollah bill-" an then I told him what I had noticed about the scar, at that, he got pretty excited, and began tak talkin' an askin' questions-an in the time uv it, another man rode up-

He wuz on a dappled grey horse; he was dressed all in light-grey close shoes, gloves an' hat-an his hair an beard wuz grey, too.

When he axed to change twenty dollars from silver to currency, the cashier, he noticed it, too, fur he had it, same as them other two-exactly. Well, atter he got his change, he moved eround in the room, lookin at the walls, and winders, an then he axed the cashier-"What is the capacity of this Bank?" and the cashier, he said, "Three millions"- an the man said, a pretty shabby bank to house so much money-"The cashier said, "Yes, but we got good safes"- "What kind" the man asked-"Clock safes"- Mr Hemphill answered- "They are good safes" the man said, and went out and got on his horse-an rode off.

By tha t time the cashier was shakin' like he had an ager-and sent fr fer the directors; an they had an excitin' time fer a while-

In the time uv it, three men came ridin' right down Galt avenoo- One was dressed all in red, on a bay horse-one was dressed all in black, on a black horse, and one all in gray, on a grey horse. They all had holsters, with big pistols, showin'- They rode right through town at a sweepin' gallop -when it wuz agin the law to ride through town faster'n eight miles an hour-on account of the men, and women, and chillens- The streets wuz so crowded them days-They rode right through, to the rollin' mill, and back, at that same sweepin gallop, and den on outer town-

Dat war We'nsday atternoon; afore night, the bank's gyards was increased to twenty-seven. The sheriff took on a lot o' new deputies; an the police force was increa sed-heavy.

I tell you, mistis, dis town wuz ready fer 'em- but nuttin woulda ben ready, ef I hadn't'a noticed that scar on that man's face. But dat wuz, atter all, whut I wuz there fur; I wuz a gyard, under oath-I had done took en the oath, to pertect the money, with my life, ef it come to that, an then to fly wif my life, if possible-an dat's what I would'a done.

Well, on Thursday evening news come to town, that these men wuz camped outside uv town, out North west of Beason's Gap-Some people, in passin' had seen them there-

Well, on Friday evenin' a Bank just over in Tennessee-at Janestown, I is shuah, was robbed of 60,000 dollars- Well, the bank officers, an de town, had a runnin' fight wid de robbers-run after dem, clean to de line ob Texas-Dey killed one robber, an his horse; an dey wounded one robber, an his horse. De horse wuz kilt, but dey brought de robber back-but dey neber could make him tawk-an he served a long time in the penitentiary-

Less dan one mont atter dat, Rube Barrow wuz kilt, at Demopolis, an it wuz beleevved dat it wuz his gagg, that wuz here, and that robbed the Bank in Tennessee-

Atter he wuz kilt, they brought a great big pictur' uv him, in his coffin-bout life-size, it wuz-an put it on display, here in Fort Payne- in my honsh- Dey allus said that I had saved the Bank fer the Town"-