

"Long before the boys had arrived at legal age they had killed the nine men."

William Leaton finally killed John Burgess at Fort Davis, December 25, 1875.

JOHN BURGESS

One of the Pioneer Settlers of Presidio

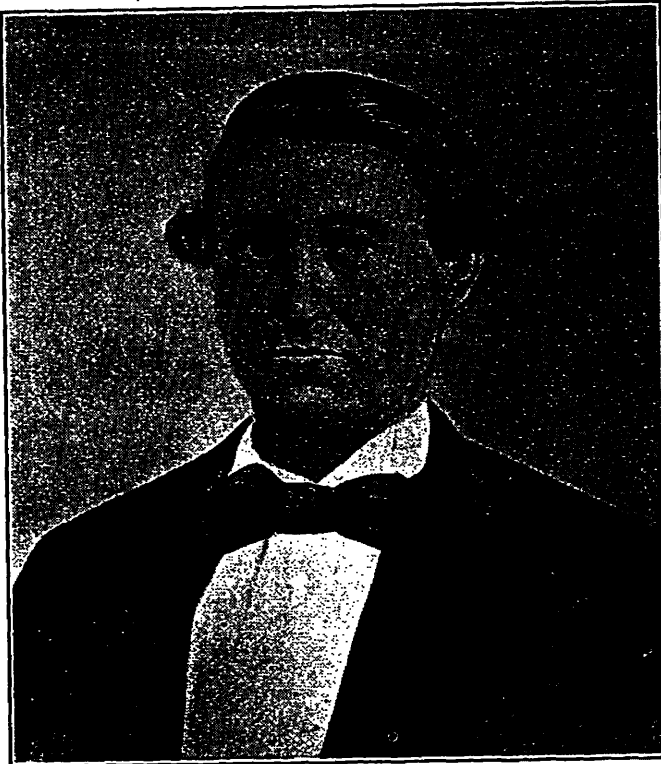
John Burgess, had a contract to haul supplies from San Antonio to Fort Stockton and Fort Davis. From Fort Davis he would drive to his home at Presidio, where he would let his animals rest, and make necessary repairs on his wagons, then load them with corn, wheat and flour and take this produce to the Forts and sell it to the quartermasters.

On one of his freighting trips, Burgess was camped at San Lorenzo, a spring north of the present town of Alpine, when an Apache Chief with a large band of warriors came upon him. Burgess immediately formed his forty freight wagons into a defense circle with his well armed men inside the circle. The Indians greatly outnumbered them and, with the usual Apache cunning, surrounded the freighters and sent an Indian runner for additional warriors. Burgess

The Passing of the West

By R. W. Ginter

FAREWELL to the open plains, with their sunsets golden skies.
Where there is more of song and less of sighs.
With the canter of the longhorns, the green beneath and blue above,
With its dash and danger, life and love.
Gone are those big hearted fellows of the west,
Where the buffalo pawed o'er the prairies crest.
They would stake their all on the speed of a hooss
And they never piked at the amount of their loss.
Their word was law and they stood no bluff,
Straight shooting with their language a little rough
An awkward bunch of men when they got in a row,
For they never took back for they never knew how.
Taking these men as you find them you have the worst and the best,
But beneath the surface they were all classed good in the west;
So we will all breath a deep sigh as the Old West passes by,
For beneath the praries crest the remains of these marters lie.



J. D. BURGESS

Who By Due Process Of Law
Acquired Fort Leaton

knew he could not hold out against the Indians when their re-enforcements arrived. He had a very swift race horse with him. That night he mounted his lightest man on his race horse, wrapped the horses feet in pieces of tarp, so his feet would make no noise when they struck stones. With careful planning the fellow made a successful dash through the Indian lines, and headed for Presidio.

The Indians gave chase, but the race horse easily outran them. It is easy to visualize this desperate ride over hill and valley. Juan Burgess, son of John Burgess, told how the messenger ran the horse until he fell dead twenty miles out of Presidio, and the Messenger made the remaining twenty miles on foot in four hours. A party left Presidio at once to rescue Burgess and arrived at the spring before the Indian re-enforcements. Chagrined at the turn of events, the Indian Chief and his tribe made a quick departure.