Primary Source Adventures: Lone Stars And Gun Smoke

From Dan W. Roberts’s, *Rangers and Sovereignty*

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From Mrs. D. W. Roberts’s,
A Woman’s Reminiscences of Six Years in Camp with The Texas Rangers

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At Laredo, we found the old conditions of bandit trouble still rampant, and white men and Mexicans plying their trade, on both sides of the river. We were not diplomats, and were not sent there for that purpose, but we formed a sort of a "Junta" with the Mexican Major, who was commanding the Mexican soldiers at New Laredo. We interpreted our junta into international law, but we fear it would not have looked much like it at Washington City. I was afraid of our good old Governor Roberts, for he was certainly a "straight edge" but, if our doings had been reported to Major Jones, we think he would have turned his head in a different direction. I think I had some of the best of the Mexican Major in our treaty.

The Mexican government had what they called a Zona Libre (free belt) extending back one mile into
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Mexico, from the Rio Grande River. This may have been regarding customs duties, but we interpreted it to mean "catch them if you can, in one mile of the river." The Mexican Major was a shrewd man, and a gentleman, and although we had not met each other many times, our work was done through agencies. We may be telling too much, but, if Uncle Sam wants to try us, at this late date, prison life would not cheat us out of many years. He would find no documentary evidence, and not many witnesses living. If the Mexican Major is living, we think his government should give him a pension.

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Shortly after that, a Mexican was coming into New Laredo, from the interior of Mexico, with some fancy goods to sell at New Laredo, including some very fine Mexican hats. He was held up about twenty miles from Laredo, and robbed of everything he had by Mexicans. He came into Laredo and reported it to the Major in command, and he sent him right over to me. The Major advised me to send a scout up the river, and he would send a scout up the river on his side. I sent a scout up the river, and about 25 miles above Laredo they came in sight of an old ranch located on the river. When they got near the ranch they saw some men running away from the ranch, and making for the river. The Rangers ran up to the ranch, looked in the old building, and saw some fine Mexican hats and other goods in there, which told them that those men were the robbers. The Rangers put spurs to their horses and made the gravel fly in pursuit. They got to the river just as the robbers were getting out of the water on Mexican soil. That water didn’t stop the Rangers much. They were “onto their job”. Very soon the bullets began to fly at the robbers, and they ran into a chaparral thicket and the Rangers kept “fogging” them, until they all quit their horses, and took cover through the thick brush. Just then the Mexican scout came up from the Mex-
They had heard the firing of the Rangers’ guns, but were not alarmed about any war in Mexico, as they knew what it meant. The Rangers and Mexican soldiers all came back across to the old ranch, and the Rangers were armed of course. They rested there together and had a jolly time. The Rangers turned over the horses to the Mexican soldiers, that they had captured in Mexico, and brought the old Mexican peddler’s goods back to Laredo. He was notified that we had his goods, and came over and got them. I don’t know whether he paid any duty on them or not.

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RANGERS AND SOVEREIGNTY.

We had stayed there to try our hand as detectives. We surveyed the appearance of things in sight, and concluded that the man had been thrown off of a big bluff, on the west side of the river, and that the rock held him at, or near the bottom, until he floated to shallow water and came to the surface. He was so bleached by the water that we couldn’t tell whether he was a white man or a Mexican. We climb-

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I crawled up again to footing and examined the knife. It had a wooden handle, and on the handle some cattle brands were cut, the insignia of where the knife belonged. I back-tracked the horse to a big road that led up to Dillard’s ranch, about two and a half miles from the river; then I had brought mystery to a more reasonable conclusion, that that ranch could tell something about it. I sent Sergeant L. P. Seiker to the ranch with three men, and told him to arrest every man on that ranch, and we would see if the old maxim would work, that “murder will out”. I knew that Sergeant Seiker could “pull them” if any other man could. He arrested every man that he could find on the ranch, and they looked phenomenally

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wild. Seiker told them what he had found, and tracked it to their door and told them that they better "fessup". He was using a "writ of rouster", but it worked all right. Finally a Mexican stepped up, and said "I am the man that killed him". Then his explanation followed. The man that was killed was a Mexican. The man that had killed him had bought some horses from him, which all proved to be stolen horses, and were taken from him. The Mexican that was killed had brought another bunch of horses to sell him, but, he was so mad over the first transaction that he took his gun and shot him. The horses he brought the last time were there for inspection. We looked them over and found a fine buggy horse that belonged to Joe Rogers who was a friend of mine, and lived near Austin. We knew the horse, as well as our own saddle horses, and when we saw him we said "good shot". But, Sergeant Seiker took the Mexican, and the Dillard boys up to Uvalde, put the Mexican under bond to await the action of the grand jury. We whispered to the boys, "Don't appear against them," and that ended it.
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