

Weatherford July 9th 1860.

My Dear Mother

I avail myself of the first leisure moment to write to you, I have been at home a week, but there has been such a fuss of excitement about my fight with the Indians, that I have not had time to do any thing. I have had two large Barbours and a ball given to me and my men, and if you could have been here on my arrival you would have thought Col Baylor the greatest man in Northern Texas. I attended a barbecue given in this County at which there were near two thousand persons, I spoke for an hour on frontier matters, and greatly to the satisfaction of my hearers, who curse Sam Houston and Col Johnson, and puff me, I know well what estimate to put on these demonstrations but then it gratifies me to think that I with five men have done more than Col Johnson with five hundred. And this is talked of by every body. And just at the time when Old Sam and his tools are trying to prove that I am the author of all the mischief

on the frontier, swearing it is not Indians
but white men, I happen to find and
kill ten Indians, wounding three or
four others badly. And then the scalps
come, which as we'll show for it.
This is a death blow to Haverly & Johnson
and sends me to the top of the ladder
I am sure I could raise five hundred
men in ten days. But I have no idea
of any thing of the kind. I could not avoid
following the Indians who killed young
Browning. he was my friend, and the
~~son~~ of an old and intimate friend,
such distress I hope soon to see again,
one son killed & scalped, another dangerously
wounded, I felt just like killing every Indian
in the world. I took four men besides Gatz
and myself and returned in five days, with
nine scalps & thirty horses, & recovered the scalp
of Browning. This is the best fight by far
that has been made in fifteen years.
And comes just in time to upset all
the plans of my enemies against me.

Gatz and I did the principal part of
the fighting. I killed three myself. George
Crown did (he had a shot gun) fire in one
fight, and is the best soldier in the
frontier, he is universally esteemed and

has by his gallantry won a name any man
might be proud of.

I shall return to finish
gathering stock and will send my horse to
Jiths peak by a friend who is going.
He will come to see you as soon as
possible and can talk over all our
plans for the future. I will bring my
trophies with me and you can see what
border ruffians for and I have in my
own shield has on it a girls scalp, it is
fair brown hair, and is enough to make
any mans blood boil to see such a
sad relic of what was once a loved
daughter or wife, he should have seen
the scalps and I am going to send
them to J. & Worth & Dallas for exhibition
I want the world to know that there are
Indians on the frontier and that they were
not on equal terms and killed in fair
fight by the very man Sam Houston
wrote make the world believe, is doing the
mischief on the frontier.

Well I have time
you dear Mother I can say with my
eyes, but you will pardon a little
sanity under the circumstances.
It tickles me to think that I killed ^{Sam} old

as well as the Indians, the rich part of
the whole is, that in one shield is a paper
and the first thing I saw was, "Gen President
Gen Sam Houston", I stopped his hopes
of getting to the polls to vote, Court was
in session when I returned and hundreds
of people in town, I was soon saluted
with 32 guns, and then Chorus, then drag-
ged in to the Court house and had to speak.
I took occasion to give old Sam a filio
and to judge from the applause and
chanting I was in triumph with it seemed
to please the crowd.

I am now resting
after a week of fooling and Emily is
the proudest woman in Texas, and I
feel that I have "made my gack" as the
gamblers say.

Love to all the dear ones
and tell Mrs Mc Stinger I recollect
her distinctly, but haven't heard from her
for some time.

your young dear Mother

Frank Baylon

Return this to Mr and Mrs,