

McMULLEN'S GHOST

James McGloin had seen many a strange thing in the three decades since he and John McMullen had started the San Patricio Colony—Indian raids, crop failures, epidemics—even a revolution, then statehood for Texas. But he'd never seen anything like what he saw on January 21, 1853.

A vapor seeped through the cracks around his closed door and gathered itself into human form. Blood flowed from a wound in its neck; it looked like his old partner!

"It can't be!" McGloin thought. "McMullen is in his home in San Antonio."

The form gasped; its lips moved. "Help me!" it tried to say.

McGloin ran out of his house and mounted his horse. Three frozen nights, he rode, and three days, and reined up before McMullen's home just at dusk. A man walked out from the gallery.

"You must have heard," he said.

McGloin stared as the man's words became vapors in the frozen air. "McMullen was stabbed to death three nights ago."

Three nights ago; January twenty-first. The night he'd seen the ghost. The night he'd heard the call. The night he'd headed out at top speed for San Antone.

ITC vertical files: McMullen, John.

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