

Eagle Lake Headlight.

BRUCE W. McCARTY, Editor and Proprietor.

"NOTHING EXTENUATE, NOR SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE."

One Dollar Fifty Per Year, IN ADVANCE.

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Reminiscences of Mrs. Dilue Harris.

DECEMBER, 1838—LEAVING HARRISBURG.

The farm father rented was called the Cartwright farm. The owner had a large stock of cattle. We were to have the use of the milch cows. It was in a good

and howled all night. The men had to fight their horses to keep them from running off. One of the men had a mare and colt. He couldn't catch the colt; it would kick at the men, run off, and back to its mother. Father

no physician living there, it was a desirable situation.

We left Harrisburg during Christmas, the weather warm and pleasant. Mr. Lytle helped us to move. He said it would take two days, the roads were so bad. Father had sent most of our movables by a neighbor from the country. We started prepared to camp. Mr. Lytle gathered pine knots and put them in the cart, saying he would need them for fire and lights. Mother, sister, and myself rode in the cart. It was rough traveling, Christmas two years before, in the year 1831, we rode ten miles in a sleigh from Grandfather Wells' to St. Louis. Christmas, 1832, we were in New Orleans.

They hid under the cart, and one of the men advised father to kill the dogs and feed the wolves. Mother, sister, and I slept in the cart, brother and the dogs underneath. The men sat up to guard the stock. Bray's Bayou was near. We were surrounded by wolves and water. There was a large Sycamore tree that stood in the water near us, and it was as white as snow. The buzzards roosted in it. We could hear owls hoot all night. Mother said it was a night of horrors, worse than the days and nights on the bar at Galveston. She said the owls were singing a funeral dirge, and the wolves and buzzards were waiting to bury us. At daylight the wolves and owls disappeared.

There were three young men with us, also Uncle James Wells. The men were going to Mr. Stafford's to build a cotton gin. They traveled on horseback. All the men were armed with guns and knives. We had to go four miles further, and wait for the cart. Father went with them to kill a deer, for we had bread, but no meat. Brother rode behind uncle. He was ten years old. He said he wanted to see the sport.

We continued our journey. Mother rode Uncle James' horse, and uncle stayed with the cart. Father went ahead to get another wagon. He met Mr. Stafford and his men. They had to go four miles further, and got to the house at one o'clock. Mother and brother were there. The young men went to Mr. Stafford's plantation, two miles in the bottom on Oyster Creek. There was a family in the house, that of a Mr. West, who had lived on the place five years. He had a wife and four children, and had built a house on Oyster Creek, a short distance away. He was our nearest neighbor. He moved next day. He had two daughters, one ten, the other eight years old. I was delighted to have them for playmates.

It was anything but fun before we got to the end of our journey. Three miles from town we left the timber. The prairie was covered with water. Bray's Bayou had overflowed and the road looked like a river. We hadn't traveled six miles when the sun set, and the party on horseback was not in sight. We came to a mound that was high and dry, and Mr. Lytle said we would camp. He hobbled the oxen and turned them loose so they could feed. He got pine knots to make a fire. We had a flint and steel, but couldn't strike fire. In those days there were no matches, and every man carried a flint and steel, and the guns all had flint locks.

The new year opened fair and bright with no cold weather. Mr. Lytle stayed a few days with us to rest, then returned to Harrisburg. Father said he felt like he had lost his best friend. Sister and I cried when he bade us goodbye. He would not let father pay him for moving us, but mother sent his wife some coffee, sugar, and dried apples, which father had brought from New Orleans. I never met Mr. Lytle again.

The men came back. Father had killed a deer. He soon made a fire, and the young men went to the timber to get firewood. They had to stand in water, cut down a tree, cut it up, tie it on their saddles, and walk back. While the men were gone, father skinned the deer and got it ready for cooking.

We were waiting for the wood men to return, when all of a sudden the wolves began howling. They surrounded the camp. Mr. Lytle drove the oxen back, and tied them to the cart. The wolves were after the venison. Father said the wolves were after the venison, but he had killed it the others would eat it and then kill the oxen. Our woodmen got back, and made a big fire, which scared the wolves. They ran a short distance, sat down, faced the cart, and barked

Union. Mother had been reared on a farm, and she knew how to spin and weave. There was a wheel, right living in the neighborhood, and he made mother a spinning wheel. She had cards. I soon learned to spin.

THE ROARK FAMILY.

Mrs. Roark, a widow lady, lived two miles from our house. She came to see mother. She had been a widow four years, and had a large family, two grown sons, two daughters, one daughter named Anne, and a boy named Andrew, and a girl, born several months after the death of the father. The family came to Texas from Illinois in the year 1824. They traveled by land, in a large wagon with six mules. They came with Austin's first three hundred emigrants. The husband, Mr. Elijah Roark, was murdered by Indians in December, 1829, near San Antonio. Mr. Roark, his eldest son, Leo, and a young man were going to San Antonio with a wagon load of country produce. It consisted of butter, cheese, lard, bacon, soap, candles, and various other things which they expected to exchange for dry goods and family supplies. San Antonio, at that time, was the only market in Texas. The inhabitants were mostly Mexicans. Mr. Roark's party had camped for the night. It was the 24th of December, and they were near the end of their journey. One day, Mr. Roark and his wife and others slept. Leo Roark said his father kept the first watch, and the other man the second. He went on guard about two o'clock, putting on his shoes and hat. It was the 24th of December, and they had been two weeks from home. The weather had been very warm, but while he was sitting by the camp fire, the wind began to blow from the north. It was getting cold, so he put on his coat, took his gun and knife, and walked a short distance. There was a large log near the road about one hundred yards from the camp. His father told the boys they must walk past the log and turn back. He got to the log and was afraid to pass it. He thought he would go back and wake his father. The mules were staked near, and were so restless he knew there was something close by. Before he got back, the Indians had surrounded the camp. He shot at them, and his shot woke the men. They did not get on their feet before they were murdered. He tried to catch a mule that was tied to a stake, but could not get near the mule. He hid down his gun, and tried to cut the rope. But before he could cut it, the Indians were so near he had to run. He lost his hat, knife, and gun. He was west of the camp, and knew the way to San Antonio. He said he left the road and ran into the mesquite thickets. He did not look back, nor realize what had happened till daylight. At sunrise, he stopped to rest. He couldn't find water, so he ate the mesquite beans. He traveled all day, and late in the evening he found water. He rested a few minutes, but was afraid to lie down, and returned to bury his father.

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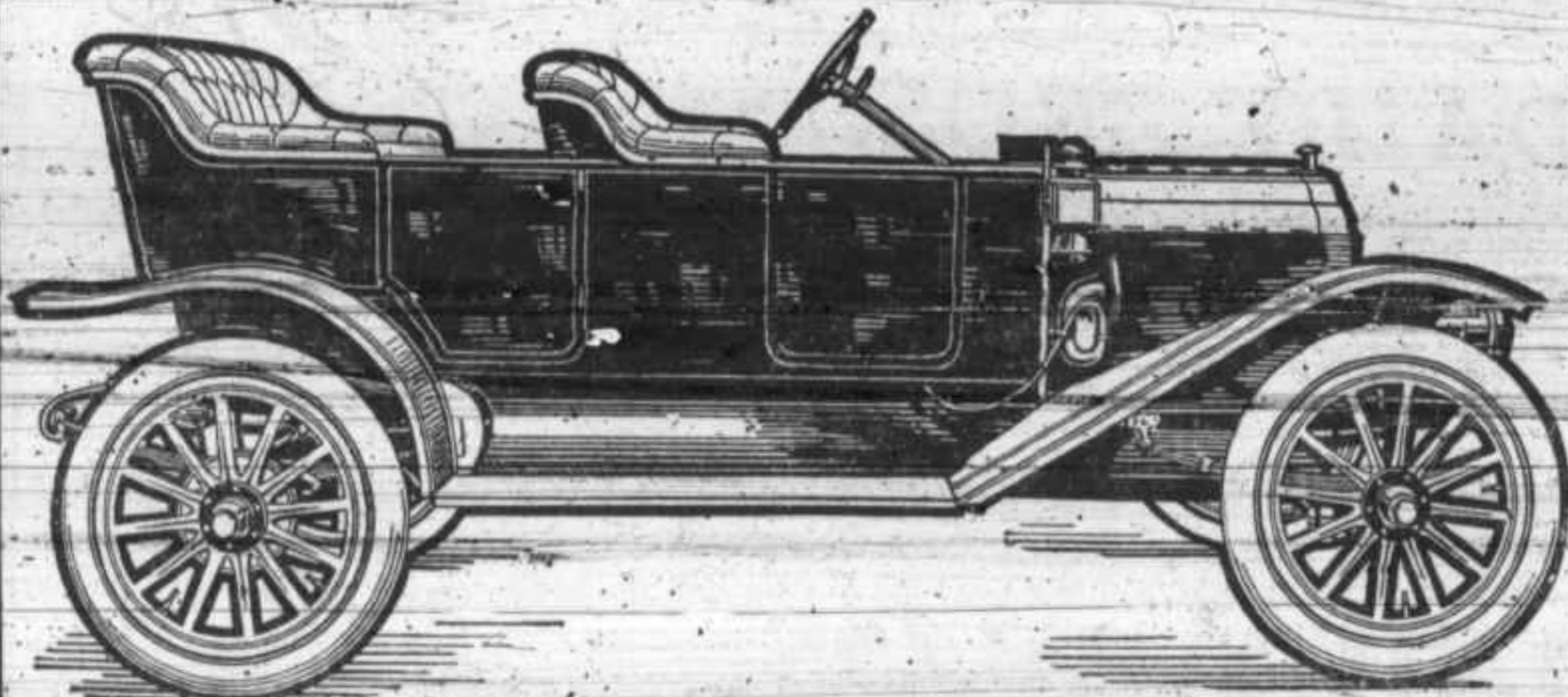
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He said when he arrived at the camp it was a horrid sight, both men stripped and scalped, the wagon burned, the mules carried off, and everything either taken

(Continued on last page.)

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REMINISCENCES OF MRS. DILUE HARRIS.

(Continued from first page)

and Richard, lived at the bridge on Vince's Bayou. Allen Vince was a widower. He had two sons. Their sister, Miss Susan, kept house for them. Mr. Bronson and wife lived at the mouth of Buffalo Bayou. He was trying to raise the steamboat. They did not succeed, but they saved the machinery and furniture. The boat belonged to David G. Burnet, who lived near Galveston Bay.

HARRISBURG, MAY, 1833.

There were two dry goods stores at Harrisburg. The export trade consisted of cotton and hides. Twice a year a schooner would bring groceries and other necessaries from New Orleans.

There was some talk of trouble with Mexico. Soldiers had been sent to Velasco and Anahuac. The people did not appear to anticipate danger. In the year 1832, several Texans had been put in prison at Anahuac, but were released without trial. Among them was W. B. Travis.

Our first summer in Texas passed very pleasantly. Father got well, bought a horse, and began the practice of medicine. He bought drugs and medicine, also dry goods and groceries from New Orleans for his family, but sold the flour, as there was none in Harrisburg. The merchants said flour would be brought from New Orleans in the fall, when the schooner came for cotton.

We were settled only a few days when sister and I asked mother if we could not go and gather dewberries. She said yes, but that we must not go away from the fence. We were so interested in gathering berries and flowers that we were soon out of sight of the house and were lost in the pine woods. It seemed like Providence guided our footsteps. We got on a foot path that led to the last house below town. Mr. Farmer lived there, and he went home with us. When we got home mother was calling us. We had been gone one hour, and were so frightened that we stayed in the yard afterward all the time.

HARRISBURG, JUNE, 1833.

Father met an old friend from St. Louis, Mr. Gattlin. Three of the young men that came to Texas with us came to visit us. They had gone with Mr. Johnson to Brazoria. We were glad to see them. They were going to San Felipe on a surveying expedition to locate land. One was a surveyor.

By the 13th of June, the Brazos and Colorado rivers overflowed, and the water extended from the Brazos to Buffalo Bayou. The crops were all lost. Not corn enough was raised to feed the people, and no cotton was raised that year. No boat came during the year. David Harris sent a schooner loaded with lumber to Tampico, Mexico, which brought back dry goods, but no provisions. It was many days before we got any flour. Soon times became hard. The steam mill was closed down, running only one day in the week to grind corn. That threw the men out of work, as sawing timber was the only branch of industry in the place. There was some corn raised on Buffalo Bayou and the

of the people was the Brazos farmers. They, the planters, didn't raise bread to feed their negroes.

Father concluded to move. He rented a farm near Stafford's Point, about fifteen miles from Harrisburg on the Brazos. We were very sorry to leave our new friends, but father thought it best to move.

(Continued next week)

Saved His Mother's Life.

"Four doctors had given me up," writes Mrs. Laura Gaines, of Avoca, Ia., "and my children and all my friends were looking for me to die, when my son insisted that I use Electric Bitters. I tried so, and they have done me a world of good. I will always praise them." Electric Bitters is a priceless blessing to women troubled with fainting and dizzy spells, backache, headache, weakness, debility, constipation or kidney disorder. Use them and gain new health, strength and vigor. They're guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Only 50c at Calvert's Drug Store.

The HEADLIGHT tries at all times to give the news of this section, both city and country happenings, and we are always glad when our friends and readers write to us. In this connection we will always be glad if our readers who live in the country will drop around to our office when they are in town and tell us of an occasional happening of their communities. If you don't know any news items, drop around to the newspaper office anyhow, for you will always find a hearty welcome.

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