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THE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. DILLIE HARRIS.

(Continued from first page)

burning of Vince's bridge prevented us from going directly home. We could hear nothing but sad news. San Felipe had been burned, and dear old Harrisburg was in ashes. There was nothing left of the Stafford plantation but a crib with a thousand bushels of corn. The Mexicans turned the houses at the Point into a hospital. They knew that it was a place where political meetings had been held.

Leo Rodrik told father while we were in the camps that he was a colonel. General Cos, who was the Mexican that had the horses for sale in our neighborhood the fourth of July, '34. Father could not get to see General Almonte, for he was anxious to get us away from the battle ground.

During the day we saw Harrisburg and the buildings on Stafford's plantation was a calamity that greatly affected the people. On the plantation there were a sugar-mill, cotton-gin, blacksmith-shop, grist-mill, a dwelling-house, negro houses, and a stock of farming implements. The Mexicans saved the corn for bread, and it was a great help to the people of the neighborhood.

APRIL, 1836—GOING HOME AFTER THE BATTLE.

We camped one evening on Sims' bayou. We met men with Mexicans going to the army, and heard from brother Granville. Mr. Adam Stafford had got home with the boys, and they were all well. We heard that the cotton that the farmers had hauled to the Brazos with the expectation of shipping it to Brazoria on the steamer Yellowstone, then at Washington, was safe. Father said if he got his cotton to market I should have two or three sun-bonnets, as he was tired of seeing me wearing a table-cloth around my head.

We heard that Uncle James Wells was at Stafford's Point. He made a narrow escape from being captured by the Mexicans. When he and Messrs. Secrest and Fulcher were run into the bottom, his horse ran against a tree and fell down, and uncle was badly hurt. He lost his horse and gun. He went into the bottom. He saw the houses burning on the Stafford plantation. As he was overseer there when he joined the army at the time when Colonel Travis called for assistance, it was like his home. General Cos marched on the next day, but left a strong guard at the Point.

While mother was talking about Uncle James, he and Deaf Smith rode up to our camp. It was a happy surprise. Uncle James's shoulder was very lame. The night after he lost his horse and gun he crawled inside the Mexican line and captured a horse and saddle. He then went into the bottom at Mrs. M—'s house, where he found corn and bacon and a steel mill for grinding the corn. His arm was so lame he could not grind corn, so he ate fried eggs and bacon. He had been to our house, and he said everything we left on the place had been destroyed. He watched on the prairie that night till he saw so many Mexican fugitive wandering about that he knew there had been a battle. He met Deaf Smith and other men sent by General Houston to carry a dispatch from Santa Anna to Filisola. Deaf Smith told uncle all about the battle, and said he had captured General

Cos the next day six miles south of Stafford's Point. Cos had a fine china pitcher full of water and one ear of corn. He carried Cos to the Point, where he got a horse and then took him back to the San Jacinto battle ground. He left the fine pitcher at the Point, and he gave it to Uncle James. Uncle stayed there till Mr. Smith returned from Filisola's camp with an answer to Santa Anna's dispatch.

Mr. Smith could speak Spanish. He said that when he captured General Cos, whom he did not know, he asked him if he had been in the battle. On being answered in the affirmative, he asked him if he had been a prisoner. General Cos replied that he had not, but that he escaped after dark the evening of the battle, and that he abandoned his horse at the burnt bridge. Smith then asked him if he had seen General Cos, and he said that he had not. Smith continued: "I am Deaf Smith, and I want to find General Cos. He offered one hundred dollars for his capture."

and I can find him. I will cover his head and send it to Mexico." When they arrived at the battle ground he was very much surprised to find his prisoner was General Cos. He took the horse and saddle back to Uncle James, and gave him the fine pitcher, and when we got home uncle gave the pitcher to mother.

Father examined uncle's shoulder, and said there were no bones broken, and that he would be well in three or four weeks. Mother had some of Uncle James' clothing. She trimmed his hair, and made him go to the bayou, bathe, and put on clean clothes. All our soldiers were dirty and ragged. As Uncle James had fever, mother wanted him to go home with her, but he would not. He said that he had been absent from the army ten days, and must report to headquarters.

Deaf Smith was very anxious to get back to the army. He was dark and looked like a Mexican. He was dressed in buckskin and said that he would be ashamed to be seen in a white shirt. He said that Uncle James would be taken for a Tory or a stay-at-home.

Deaf Smith was the man that helped burn the Vince bridge. He said if the bridge had not been destroyed, General Filisola would have heard of Santa Anna's defeat and would have marched to his assistance, as he was not more than thirty miles from the battle ground. General Urrea was also on the west bank of the Brazos river with a division of the Mexican army. When the first fugitives from the battle field arrived at the headquarters of Filisola, he did not believe their report, but when others came with the horrid tidings, he became convinced. The Mexican fugitives gave such a dreadful account of Santa Anna's fall that General Filisola, when Deaf Smith arrived, was preparing to cross the river to join General Urrea.

Mr. Smith left our camp before daylight. Uncle James Wells stayed with us until we were ready to start home. He was sick all night, and father gave him medicine and bound up his arm.

General Santa Anna was captured the next day after the battle. He was seen by Captain Karnes to plunge into the bayou on a fine black horse. He made his escape from the battle ground on Allen Vince's horse, but not the fine saddle. The horse went home carrying a common saddle. He was taken to headquarters and after a few days was restored to Allen Vince. James Brown went to General Sherman and pointed out the horse. General Santa Anna was captured by James A. Silvester, Washington Secrest, and Simon Bostick. A Mr. Cole was the first man that got to Santa Anna. He was hid in the grass, was dressed in a soldier's uniform, and was a common soldier. He rode to the camps behind Mr. Robinson. The men had no idea that they had Santa Anna a prisoner till the Mexicans began to say in their own language, "the president."

(Continued until next week)



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VOLUME IX.

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1911.

NUMBER 8.

Reminiscences

Mrs. Dillie Harris.

April 30, 1836—Going Home.

Mrs. Brown's Family.

We stayed one day on Sim's bayou. There were more than one hundred families, and all stopped to rest and let the stock feed. We met a Mrs. Brown, who was living at William

Allen Vince's fine black horse. Mrs. Brown's son, James, a lad aged thirteen, went and mounted the horse and would not give him up. The Mexicans made the boy a prisoner. His mother came out and asked for General Santa Anna. Colonel Almonte came out and asked in English what he could do for her. She told him she was a subject of the king of England, and demanded protection. Almonte assured her that she and her children would not be hurt, and ordered her son to be liberated. Santa Anna's servant put a fine saddle on the horse. It was ornamented with gold, and had solid gold stirrups. When the captured plunder was sold at auction, the Texas soldiers had it in and present-ed it to General Houston. Mrs. Brown stayed at Mr. William Vince's till after the battle. We met some English friends from Columbia that were going home. The Adkinses that lived in our neighborhood were relatives of Mrs. Brown. We met the pretty English girl, Jenny Adkins. She was married and was the mother of two children.

April 30, 1836—Home, Sweet Home.

We camped one day and two nights on Sim's bayou. We had traveled since the twenty-first, without resting, half the time in mud and water. It was only fifteen miles home.

Early in the morning we broke camp. We were alone; the other families lived further down the country. The weather was getting warm, and we stopped two hours in the middle of the day at a water hole. When the sun set we were still five miles from home.

We overtook our nearest neighbor, Mrs. M—. She had left Sims' Bayou that morning with the Shipman family, but had separated from them, saying she could find the way home. One of her oxen got down, and she could neither get it up nor get the yoke off the other ox. When we drove up she had her four children on her horse and was going to walk to our house. She knew that we had started home that morning. If we had not stopped two hours we should have been with her about the middle of the afternoon. Father unyoked her oxen, and turned loose one of his that was broken down, and put the other along with Mrs. M—'s stronger ox to her cart. It was now dark and we traveled slower. The oxen were tired and kept feeding all the time. One of Mrs. M—'s daughters and I rode her horse; it was a great relief to me, for I was tired of riding in the cart.

It was ten o'clock when we got home. We camped near the house. Sunday Morning, May 1, 1836—Home.

til morning. Uncle James told mother that the floor had been torn up by the Mexicans in searching for eggs. He would have put the house in order, but his shoulder and arm were so painful he could not work. As soon as it was light enough for us to see we went to the house, and the first thing we saw was the hogs running out. Father's bookcase lay on the ground broken open, his books, medicines, and other things scattered on the ground, and the hogs sleeping on them. When Mrs. M—'s children, sister, and I got to the door, there was one big hog that would not go out till father shot at him. Then we children began picking up the books. We could

not find those that Colonel Travis gave us, but did find broken toys that belonged to our dear little sister that had died. Through the joy and excitement since the battle of San Jacinto, we had forgotten our sad bereavement.

The first thing that father did at home was to plant corn in the field. He had planted corn the first of March, and it needed plowing. He did not wait for Monday, or to put the house in order, but began plowing at once. His field was in the bottom, and he had hidden his plow.

Mother said I should ride Mrs. M—'s horse, and go to Stafford's Point and bring Brother Granville home. I did not want to go. Sister said that I could wear her bonnet. My dress was very much the worse for wear. It was pinned up the back, my shoes were down at the heels, and my stockings were dirty.

I was greatly embarrassed, for I knew all the boys were at the Point. I did all the primping that the circumstances would permit, plaiting my hair, etc. I had had my face thoroughly blanched. When I got to the Point there were more than one hundred people there, men, women, children, negroes and Mexicans. Many of the Mexicans were sick and wounded; I had never seen such a dirty and ragged crowd. The boys were without shoes and hats, and their hair was down to their shoulders. After I had met them I did not feel ashamed of my appearance. Brother got his horse, and we went home.

I was not near the burnt buildings; the plantation was in the bottom, on Oyster Creek. The Stafford family used the house at the Point for a summer residence; and as they brought their negroes out of the bottom in the summer, there were a good many houses at the Point.

When brother and I got home we found mother and Mrs. M— at the wash tub. I was shocked, for mother had always kept the Sabbath. At noon father and brother put down the floor, Mrs. M—'s girls and I scoured it, and we moved in.

Mrs. M— took a bucket and went back to give water to her sick oxen, but found the ox dead. Brother Granville helped her to move home that evening.

Mother was very despondent, but father was hopeful. He said Texas would gain her independence and become a great nation.

Uncle James Wells came home with two Mexicans for servants, and put them to work in the corn field. There was no security of life. The people came back in crowds, stopping at Harrisburg and in our neighborhood. A colony of Irish that had left San Patricio in February stopped at Stafford's Point.

Father had hid some of our things in the bottom, among them a big chest. Mother had packed it with bedding, clothes, and other things we could not take when we left home.

hauled it to the house, and that old blue chest proved a treasure. When we left home we wore our best clothes. Now our best clothes were in the chest, among them my old sunbonnet. I was proud of that old bonnet, than in after years of a new white lace one that my husband gave me.

By the middle of May our neighbors that we had parted from came home. They had got to the Sabine river before they heard of the battle of San Jacinto.

Father and the men that had cotton on the banks of the Brazos went to the river to build a flat boat to ship their cotton to Brazoria. Mother said that it would be best for them

Col. Whatley Killed in Runaway.

Col. L. A. Whatley, 72 years of age, father of Mr. J. J. Whatley of Eagle Lake, and widely known as a former State official of Texas, was thrown from his horse at the aviation grounds in Texas, Tuesday, and killed.

His horse became frightened at the noise made by the airship engine and bolted. Mr. Whatley was thrown from the vehicle, and when picked up was found to be suffering with concussion of the brain. He was placed in an automobile and taken to a physician.

Mr. Whatley had been a member of the Texas house and senate, and was later superintendent of penitentiaries under Governors Hogg and Robertson. He has often visited his son here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whatley received the message of his death after the evening trains had gone. They went to Wallis in an automobile, where they made connections for Texarkana.

Frank Koehl Seriously Hurt.

Mr. P. H. Burger informs us of the serious injury sustained by Mr. Frank Koehl of Ellinger at that place last Saturday. In diving from a steep bank into a creek or river while in swimming he struck in shallow water, badly breaking his back. He was taken at once to the hospital in San Antonio. Mr. Koehl was at one time operator at the Sunset here and made many friends during his stay, who will be pained to learn of his sad misfortune.

Governor Pardoned Twin Convicts.

Charlie and Harry Marshall, the twin brothers who have been serving a two year term in the penitentiary, stationed at the Eldridge camp, were given a Fourth of July pardon by Governor Colquitt and the board of pardons. They were sentenced from Fort Worth on a charge of embezzlement, and had served about a year and a half of the sentence. Their father came for them and accompanied them back to Fort Worth.

County's Oldest Citizen Dead.

Mr. James A. Tolver, 70 years of age, probably the oldest native citizen of Colorado county, died at his residence in Columbus at 7 o'clock last Friday evening. Mr. Tolver was formerly engaged in the lumber business at Columbus and at the time of his death was county surveyor. He leaves one son, W. H. Tolver, cashier of the Galveston National bank, and one daughter, Mrs. Fannie Andrews, of Columbus. Mr. Tolver was at the time sheriff and tax collector of this county. The funeral took place in Columbus at 4 o'clock Sunday evening at Odd Fellows' Rest.

Change in Schedule.

Both the San Antonio & Aransas Pass and the Sunset railroads have this week made changes in their passenger schedules, which are now as follows:

Aransas Pass—West bound, 11:15 a. m. and 11:30 p. m.; East bound, 4:53 p. m. and 4:29 a. m.
Sunset—West bound, 1:17 p. m. and 2:28 a. m.; East bound, 3:15 a. m. and 4:05 p. m.

Dr. P. T. Gordon, A. M. McCarty, M. E. Guynn, J. W. McCarty and L. Guldsmith made a trip to Houston on Monday afternoon. They had made record-breaking time until when about six miles out of Houston when one of the front wheels came off. At the time of the accident the machine was running only about fifteen miles an hour and no one was hurt.

Fred Haney Killed Accidentally at East Bernard.

Mr. Fred Haney of Cushing, Texas, who had been visiting the family of his friend, Dr. W. D. Holleman, at East Bernard, was accidentally shot at East Bernard at about 7:30 o'clock Sunday morning. A young son of Dr. Holleman and Mr. Haney were examining a pistol, which was in some manner accidentally discharged, the bullet striking the unfortunate young man, passing through his right leg, entering the left leg and severing the femoral artery. A doctor

performed an operation, but to no avail, the young man dying at 1:30 o'clock the same day. Mr. O. R. Davis, our local undertaker and embalmer, prepared the remains for shipment to his home at Cushing. The deplorable accident is deeply regretted.

The Santa Fe will run another excursion to Matagorda next Tuesday. The train will leave Eagle Lake at 4:55 p. m., arriving at Matagorda at 8:10 p. m. The fare for the round trip is \$1.50.

Mr. Seth Cooper returned Sunday from a visit of several weeks to Marlin.

Mrs. W. H. Rather spent a few days in Houston the latter part of the week, accompanying home Saturday. Miss Bessie Pryor Rather, who had been the guest of Miss Vera Hurd for a couple of weeks.

The music was furnished by the Eagle Lake orchestra.

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