In Their Own Words: Dilue Rose Harris

Dilue Rose Harris immigrated to Texas with her family in 1833. Dilue was ten years old at the time of the Texas Revolution. Her family was caught up in the Runaway Scrape that followed the news of the Alamo's fall. "The Reminiscences of Mrs. Dilue Harris" was published as a series of articles in The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association from 1901 through 1904. Although Dilue was very young at the time of the Runaway Scrapes, her reminiscences are quite detailed because they are a combination of a diary kept by her father Pleasant Rose, stories she heard from fellow refugees throughout her life, and her own memories.

We had been several days without any news from the army, and did not know but that our men had been massacred. News was carried at that time by a man or boy going from one neighborhood to another. We had heard that the Convention had passed a declaration of independence, and elected David G. Burnet president, and Sam Houston commander-in-chief of the army. On the 12th of March came the news of the fall of the Alamo. A courier brought a dispatch from General Houston for the people to leave. Colonel Travis and the men under his command had been slaughtered, the Texas army was retreating, and President Burnet's cabinet had gone to Harrisburg.

Then began the horrors of the "Runaway Scrape." We left home at sunset, hauling clothes, bedding and provisions on the sleigh with one yoke of oxen. Mother and I were walking, she with an infant in her arms. Brother drove the oxen, and my two little sisters rode in the sleigh. We were going ten miles to where we could be transferred to Mr. Bundick's cart. Father was helping with the cattle, but he joined us after dark and brought a horse and saddle for brother. He sent him to help Mr. Stafford with the cattle. He was to go a different road with them and ford the San Jacinto. Mother and I then rode father's horse.

We met Mrs. M--. She was driving her oxen home. We had sent her word in the morning. She begged mother to go back and help her, but father said not. He told the lady to drive the oxen home, put them in the cow pen, turn out the cows and calves, and get her children ready, and he would send assistance.

We went on to Mrs. Roark's, and met five families ready to leave. Two of Mr. Shipman's sons arrived that night. They were mere boys, and had come to help their parents. They didn't go on home; father knew that Mr. Shipman's family had gone that morning, so he sent them back for Mrs. M--'s.

It was ten o'clock at night when we got to Mrs. Roark's. We shifted our things into the cart of Mr. Bundick, who was waiting for us, and tried to rest till morning. Sister and I had been

weeping all day about Colonel Travis. When we started from home we got the little books he had given us and would have taken them with us, but mother said it was best to leave them.

Early the next morning we were on the move, mother with her four children in the cart, and Mr. Bundick and his wife and negro woman on horseback. He had been in bad health for some time and had just got home from visiting his mother, who lived in Louisiana. He brought with him two slave, the woman already mentioned and a man who was driving the cart; and, as Mr. Bundick had no children, we were as comfortable as could have been expected.

We had to leave the sleigh. Sister and I had grieved all the day before about Colonel Travis, and had a big cry when our brother left us. We were afraid Mrs. M-- would be left at home. We had a fresh outburst of grief when the sleigh was abandoned, but had the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. M-- and her children.

Mr. Cotie would not go to the army. He hauled five families in the big blue wagon with his six yoke of oxen, besides negroes, provisions, bedding, and all the plunder the others could not carry.

March, 1836 - The Runaway Scrape

We camped the first night near Harrisburg, about where the railroad depot now stands. next day we crossed Vince's Bridge and arrived at the San Jacinto in the night. There were fully five thousand people at the ferry. The planters from Brazoria and Columbia with their slaves were crossing. We waited three days before we crossed. Our party consisted of five white families: father's, Mr. Dyer's, Mr. Bells, Mr. Neals, and Mr. Bundicks. Father and Mr. Bundick were the only white men in the party, the others being in the army. There were twenty or thirty negroes from Stafford's plantation. They had a large wagon with five yoke of oxen, and horses, and mules, and they were in charge of an old negro man called Uncle Ned. Altogether, black and white, there were about fifty of us. Every one was trying to cross first, and it was almost a riot.

We got over the third day, and after travelling a few miles came to a big prairie. It was about twelve miles further to the next timber and water, and some of our party wanted to camp; but others said that the Trinity river was rising, and if we delayed we might not get across. So we hurried on.

When we got about half across the prairie Uncle Ned's wagon bogged. The negro men driving the carts tried to go around the big wagon one at a time until the four carts were fast in the mud. Mother was the only white woman that rode in a cart; the others travelled on horseback. Mrs. Bell's four children, Mrs. Dyer's three, and mother's four rode in the carts. All that were on horseback had gone to the timber to let their horses feed and get water. They supposed their families would get there by dark. The negro men put all the oxen to the wagon, but could not move it; so they had to stay there until morning without wood or water. Mother

gathered the white children in our cart. They behaved very well and went to sleep, except one little boy, Eli Dyer, who kicked and cried for Uncle Ned and Aunt Dilue till Uncle Ned came and carried him to the wagon. He slept that night in Uncle Ned's arms.

Mother with all the negro women and children walked six miles to the timber and found our friends in trouble. Father and Mr. Bundick had gone to the river and helped with the ferry boat, but late in the evening the boat grounded on the east bank of the Trinity and didn't get back until morning. While they were gone the horses had strayed off and they had to find them before they could go to the wagons. Those that travelled on horseback were supplied with provisions by the other campers. We that stayed in the prairie had to eat cold corn bread and cold boiled beef. The wagons and carts didn't get to the timber till night. They had to be unloaded and pulled out.

March, 1836 - Crossing the Trinity River

At the Trinity river men from the army began to join their families. I know that they have been blamed for this, but what else could they have done? The Texas army was retreating and the Mexicans were crossing the Colorado, Col. Fannin and his men were prisoners, there were more negroes that whites among us and many of them were wild Africans, there was a large tribe of Indians on the Trinity as well as the Cherokee Indians in Eastern Texas at Nacogdoches, and there were tories, both Mexican and Americans, in the country. It was the intention of our men to see their families across the Sabine river, and then to return and fight the Mexicans. I must say for the negroes that there was no insubordination among them; they were loyal to their owners.

Our hardships began at the Trinity. The river was rising and there was a struggle to see who should cross first. Measles, sore eyes, whopping cough, and every other disease that man, woman or child is heir to, broke out among us. Our party now consisted of the five white families I first mentioned, and Mr. Adam Stafford's negroes. We had separated from Mrs. M-- and other friends at Vince's bridge. The horrors of crossing the Trinity are beyond my power to describe. One of my little sisters was very sick, and the ferryman said that those families that had sick children should cross first. When our party got to the boat the water broke over the banks above where we were and ran around us. We were several hours surrounded by water. Our family was the last to get to the boat. We left more than five hundred people on the west bank. Drift wood covered the water as far as we could see. The sick child was in convulsions. It required eight men to manage the boat.

When we landed the lowlands were under water, and everybody was rushing for the prairie. Father had a good horse, and Mrs. Dyer let mother have her horse and saddle. Father carried the sick child, and sister and I rode behind mother. She carried father's gun and the little babe. All we carried with us was what clothes we were wearing at the time. The night was very dark. We crossed a bridge that was under water. As soon as we crossed, a man with a cart and

oxen drove on the bridge, and it broke down drowning the oxen. That prevented the people from crossing, as the bridge was over a slough that looked like a river.

Father and mother hurried on, and we got to the prairie and found a great many families camped there. A Mrs. Foster invited mother to her camp, and furnished us with supper, a bed, and dry clothes.

The other families stayed all night in the bottom without fire or anything to eat, and the water up to the carts. The men drove the horses and oxen to the prairies, and the women, sick children, and negroes were left in the bottom. The old negro man, Uncle Ned, was left in charge. he put the white women and children in his wagon. It was large and had a canvas cover. The negro women and their children he put in the carts. Then he guarded the whole party until morning.

It was impossible for the men to return to their families. They spent the night making a raft by torch light. As the camps were near a grove of pine timber, there was no trouble about lights. It was a night of terror. Father and the men worked some distance from the camp cutting down timber to make the raft. It had to be put together in the water. We were in great anxiety about the people that were left in the bottom; we didn't know but they would be drowned, or killed by panthers, alligators, or bears.

As soon as it was daylight the men went to the relief of their families and found them cold, wet, and hungry. Many of the families that were water bound I didn't know; but there were among them Mrs. Bell's three children, and Mrs. Dyer and her sister, Mrs. Neal, with five children. Mr. Bundick's wife had given out the first day that we arrived at the river. Her health was delicate, and as she and her husband had friends living near Liberty they went to their house. When the men on the raft got to those who had stayed all night in the Trinity bottom they found that the negroes were scared, and wanted to get on the raft; but Uncle Ned told them that his young mistress and the children should go first. It was very dangerous crossing the slough. The men would bring one woman and her children on the raft out of deep water, and men on horseback would meet them. It took all day to get the party out to the prairies. The men had to carry cooked provisions to them.

The second day they brought out the bedding and clothes. Everything was soaked with water. They had to take the wagon and carts apart. The Stafford wagon was the last one brought out. Uncle Ned stayed in the wagon until everything was landed on the prairie. It took four days to get everything out of the water.

The man whose oxen were drowned sold his cart to father for ten dollars. He said that he had seen enough of Mexico and would go back to old Ireland.

It had been five days since we crossed the Trinity, and we had heard no news from the army. The town of Liberty was three miles from where we camped. The people there had not

left their homes, and they gave us all the help in their power. My little sister that had been sick died and was buried in the cemetery at Liberty. After resting a few days our party continued their journey, but we remained in the town. Mother was not able to travel' she had nursed an infant and a sick child until she was compelled to rest.

A few days after our friends had gone a man crossed the Trinity in a skiff bringing bad news. The Mexican army had crossed the Brazos and was between the Texas army and Harrisburg. Fannin and his men were massacred. President Burnet and his cabinet had left Harrisburg and gone to Washington on the bay and were going to Galveston island. The people at Liberty had left. There were many families west of the Trinity, among them our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Roark and Mrs. M--.

April, 1836 -- The Battle of San Jacinto

We had been at Liberty three weeks. A Mr. Martin let father use his house. There were two families camped near, those of Mr. Bright and his son-in-law, Patrick Reels, from the Colorado river. One Thursday evening all of a sudden we heard a sound like distant thunder. When it was repeated father said it was cannon, and that the Texans and Mexicans were fighting. He had been through the war of 1812, and knew it was a battle. The cannonading lasted only a few minutes, and father said that the Texans must have been defeated, or the cannon would not have ceased firing so quickly. We left Liberty in half an hour. The reports of the cannon were so distant that father was under the impression that the fighting was near the Trinity. The river was ten miles wide at Liberty.

We travelled nearly all night, sister and I on horseback and mother in the cart. Father had two yoke of oxen now. One yoke belonged to Adam Stafford and had strayed and father found them. The extra yoke was a great help as the roads were boggy. We rested a few hours to let the stock feed. Mr. Bright and two families were with us. We were as wretched as could be; for we had been five weeks from home, and there was not much prospect of our ever returning. We had not heard a word from brother or the other boys that were driving the cattle. Mother was sick, and we had buried our dear little sister at Liberty.

We continued our journey through mud and water and when we camped in the evening fifty or sixty young men came by who were going to join General Houston. One of them was Harvey Stafford, our neighbor, who was returning from the United States with volunteers. Father told them there had been fighting, and he informed them that they could not cross the Trinity at Liberty. They brought some good news from our friends. Mr. Stafford had met his sisters, Mrs. Dyer, and Mrs. Neal. He said there had been a great deal of sickness, but no deaths. He said also that General Gaines of the United States army was at the Neches with a regiment of soldiers to keep the Indians in subjection, but didn't prevent the people from crossing with their slaves. General Gaines said the boundary line between the United States and Mexico was the Neches.

The young men went a short distance from us and camped. Then we heard some one calling in the direction of Liberty. We could see a man on horseback waving his hat; and, as we knew there was no on left at Liberty, we though the Mexican army had crossed the Trinity. The young men came with their guns, and when the rider got near enough for us to understand what he said, it was "Turn back! The Texas army has whipped the Mexican army and the Mexican army are prisoners. No danger! No danger! Turn back!" When he got to the camp he could scarcely speak he was so excited and out of breath. When the young men began to understand the glorious news they wanted to fire a salute, but father made them stop. He told them to save their ammunition, for they might need it.

Father asked the man for an explanation, and he showed a despatch from General Houston giving an account of the battle and saying it would be safe for the people to return to their homes. The courier had crossed the Trinity River in a canoe, swimming his horse with the help of two men. He had left the battle field the next day after the fighting. He said that General Houston was wounded, and that General Santa Anna had not been captured.

The good news was cheering indeed. The courier's name was McDermot. He was an Irishman and he had been an actor. He stayed with us that night and told various incidents of the battle. There was not much sleeping during the night. Mr. McDermot said that he had not slept in a week. He not only told various incidents of the retreat of the Texas army, but acted them. The first time that mother laughed after the death of my little sister was at the description of General Houston's helping to get a cannon out of a bog.

April, 1836 - On the way back Home

We were on the move early the next morning. The courier went on to carry the glad tidings to the people who had crossed the Sabine, but we took a lower road and went down the Trinity. We crossed the river in a flat boat. When Mr. McDermot left us the young men fired a salute. Then they travelled with us until they crossed the river.

We staid one night at a Mr. Lawrence's, where there were a great many families. Mrs. James Perry was there. She had not gone east of the Trinity. Her husband, Captain James Perry, was in the army. Mrs. Perry was a sister of Stephen F. Austin. My parents knew them in Missouri. She had a young babe and a pretty little daughter named Emily.

After crossing the Trinity River we had a disagreeable time crossing the bay. It had been raining two days and nights. There was a bayou to cross over which there was no bridge, and the only way to pass was to go three miles through the bay to get around the mouth of the bayou. There were guide-posts to point out the way, but it was very dangerous. If we got near the mouth of the bayou there was quicksand. If the wind rose the waves rolled high. The bayou was infested with alligators. A few days before our family arrived at the bay a Mr. King was caught by one and carried under water. He was going east with his family. He swam his horses across the mouth of the bayou, and then he swam back to the west side and drove the cart into the bay.

His wife and children became frightened, and he turned back and said he would go up the river and wait for the water to subside. He got his family back on land, and swam the bayou to bring back the horses. He had gotten nearly across with them, when a large alligator appeared. Mrs. King first saw it above water and screamed. The alligator struck her husband with its tail and he went under water. There were several men present, and they fired their guns at the animal, but it did no good. It was not in their power to rescue Mr. King. The men waited several days and then killed a beef, put a quarter on the bank, fastened it with a chain, and then watched it until the alligator came out, when they shot and killed it. This happened several days before the battle.

We passed the bayou without any trouble or accident, except the loss of my sunbonnet. It blew off as we reached the shore. The current was very swift at the mouth of the bayou. Father wanted to swim in and get it for me, but mother begged him not to go in the water, so I had the pleasure of seeing it float away. I don't remember the name of the bayou, but a little town called Wallace was opposite across the bay. We saw the big dead alligator, and we were glad to leave the Trinity.

April, 1836 -- On the San Jacinto Battle Field

We arrive at Lynchburg in the night. There we met several families that we knew, and among them was our neighbor, Mrs. M--. She had travelled with Moses Shipman's family.

We crossed the San Jacinto the next morning and stayed until later in the evening on the battle field. both armies were camped near. General Santa Anna had been captured. There was great rejoicing at the meeting of friends. Mr. Leo Roark was in the battle. He had met his mother's family the evening before. He came to the ferry just as we landed, and it was like seeing a brother. He asked mother to go with him to the camp to see General Santa Anna and the Mexican prisoners. She would not go, because, as she said, she was not dressed for visiting; but she gave sister and me permission to go to the camp. I had lost my bonnet crossing Trinity Bay and was compelled to wear a table cloth again. It was six weeks since we had left home, and our clothes were very much dilapidated. I could not go to see the Mexican prisoners with a table cloth tied on my head for I knew several of the young men. I was on the battle field of San Jacinto the 26th of April, 1836. The 28th was the anniversary of my birth. I was eleven years old.

We stayed on the battle field several hours. Father was helping with the ferry boat. We visited the graves of the Texans that were killed in the battle, but there were none of them that I knew. The dead Mexicans were lying around in every direction.

Mother was very uneasy about Uncle James Wells, who was missing. Mr. Roark said uncle had been sent two days before the battle with Messrs. Church Fulcher, and Wash Secrest to watch General Cos. They had gone to Stafford's Point, and were chased by the Mexicans and

separated. Fulcher and Secrest returned before the battle. Mr. Roark says the burning of Vince's bridge prevented several of the scouts from getting back.

Father worked till the middle of the afternoon helping with the ferry boat, and then he visited the camp. He did not see General Santa Anna, but met some old friends he had known in Missouri. We left the battle field late in the evening. We had to pass among the dead Mexicans, and father pulled one out of the road, so we could get by without driving over the body, since we could not go around it. The prairie was very boggy, it was getting dark, and there were now twenty or thirty families with us. We were glad to leave the battle field, for it was a grewsome sight. We camped that night on the prairies, and could hear the wolves howl and bark as they devoured the dead.

April, 1835 -- Leaving the San Jacinto Battle Ground

We met Mr. Kuykendall's family from Fort Bend, now Richmond. Their hardships had been greater than ours. They had stayed at home and had had no idea that the Mexican army was near. One day the negro ferryman was called in English, and he carried the boat across. On the other side he found the Mexicans, who took possession of the boat and embarked as many soldiers as it could carry. While they were crossing some one said it was Captain Wiley Martin's company. They knew he was above, near San Felipe, and men, women, and children ran down the river bank expecting to meet their friends; but just as the boat landed the negro ferryman called out "Mexicans!" There were three or four families of the Kuykendalls, and they ran for the bottom. Mrs. Abe Kuykendall had a babe in her arms. She ran a short distance and then though about her little girl and went back. She saw her husband take the child from the nurse, and she afterwards said she was the happiest woman in the world.

April, 1836 -- Camping near the Battle Ground, The Kuykendalls

One old gentleman ran back to the house, got his money, went through a potato patch and buried it. The money was silver and was so heavy he could not carry it away. One young married woman with a babe in her arms ran into a big field and followed the party that was on the outside. The fence was high, and they had now gotten out of sight of the Mexicans, so the woman's husband came to the fence and she gave him the child. He told her to climb over, but she turned and ran in a different direction. Her husband followed the other families. They stayed the night in a cane-brake without anything to eat, and the children suffered terribly. The next day they made their way to Harrisburg and got assistance. They were at Lynchburg during the battle, and were helped by General Houston, and furnished the means to get back home.

Mrs. Abe Kuykendall nursed the child that had been left by its mother. She said they had heard from the mother. She had gone through the field and got out, and had gone twenty miles down the river to Henry Jones' ferry, where she fell in with some people she knew. She thought her husband and friends would go there. She was alone the first day and night, and the next day she got to Henry Jones'.

April 1836, Hearing bad News

Early the next morning we were on the move. We had to take a roundabout road, for the 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 it was a place where political meetings had been held.

Leo Roark told father while we were in camps that he was confident Colonel Almonte, General Santa Anna's *aide-de-camp*, 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 before night.

Burning the saw mill at Harrisburg and the building 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 that 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.

April, 1836 -- Camping on Sims' Bayou. Meeting Deaf Smith

While mother was talking about Uncle James, he and Deaf Smith rode up to our camp. It was a happy surprise. Uncles 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 boom 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 fugitives 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 had 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 thousand dollars for my head, and if I can find him I will cut off 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 on 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 Ann was captured by James A. Silvester, Washington Secrest, and Sion Bostick. A Mr. Cole was the first man that got to Santa Anna. He was hid in the grass, was dirty and wet, and was dressed in 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."

April 30, 1836 -- Going Home. Mrs. Brown's Family

We stayed one day on Sims' 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 Vince's when the Mexican army crossed the bridge. They took possession of 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 bid it in and presented 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 farther 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 on 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.

SOURCE: Dilue Harris. "The Reminiscences of Mrs. Dilue Harris. II." *The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association.* Vol. 4, No. 3 (Jan 1901), pp. 161 - 177.