

3-1991

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### Recommended Citation

Hardin, Stephen L. (1991) "'A Hard Lot:' Texas Women in the Runaway Scrape," *East Texas Historical Journal*: Vol. 29: Iss. 1, Article 8. Available at: <http://scholarworks.sfasu.edu/ethj/vol29/iss1/8>

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"A HARD LOT":  
TEXAS WOMEN IN THE RUNAWAY SCRAPE

by *Stephen L. Hardin*

The women of Gonzales supported the Texas revolt from the beginning. In October 1835, when Mexican dragoons attempted to remove the town's cannon, the ladies urged their men to resist. When the shooting started, Naomie De Witt took scissors to her wedding dress to provide a flag that depicted a lone star, the cannon, and a belligerent challenge to the Mexicans: "COME AND TAKE IT."<sup>1</sup> Later the women saw their husbands off to the siege of B exar and welcomed them upon their triumphant return. Many thought the war over until February 24, 1836. On that day couriers galloped into the settlement with grim news: the Alamo garrison was surrounded by a Mexican army and desperately needed reinforcements. On the February 27, the "Gonzales Ranging Company of Mounted Volunteers" rode to the aid of their fellow Texans.<sup>2</sup> Again the Gonzales women saw their men off to battle — this time with more apprehension.

The anxiety of the women of Gonzales was not misplaced. They eagerly awaited news from loved ones inside the old mission; when it finally came it was shocking. On March 11, two B exar *rancheros* reported the fall of the Alamo to General Sam Houston, who had arrived in Gonzales to take command of his army. To prevent the spread of dangerous rumors until the facts were confirmed, Houston arrested the unlucky *Tejanos* as spies.<sup>3</sup> On March 13, scout Erastus "Deaf" Smith arrived with Susannah Dickinson, who had been inside the Alamo throughout the thirteen-day siege and final assault during which her husband had been among the slain. Accompanied by her infant daughter and Joe, Travis' slave, Mrs. Dickinson brought a message from Santa Anna: all who opposed him would suffer the fate of those at the Alamo. After hearing of the widow's ordeal, Houston, a hard-drinking, loud-swearing veteran of the frontier, wept like a little boy.

Reports of the Alamo stunned Texans, but nowhere was the grief greater than in Gonzales. There the loss of life was intensely personal. George Kimball, the friendly hatter, had fallen; Prudence, his young wife, grieved the death of her second husband. Gone also was nineteen-year-old Johnnie Kellogg; Sidney, his pregnant bride, was alone and bereft. There was not a family in the entire settlement that did not mourn the loss of a friend or relative.<sup>4</sup> At least twenty women, many with small children, were now widows. John Sharpe, one of Houston's officers, recalled the scene on the night of March 13: "For several hours after the receipt of the intelligence, not a sound was heard, save the wild shrieks of the women, and the heartrending screams of the fatherless children."<sup>5</sup>

Bitter misfortune had not finished with the women of Gonzales. No sooner had they learned of the loss of husband and sons than they were forced to flee Santa Anna's anticipated advance on the settlement. All were unprepared for flight and both time and wagons were in short supply. Captain John Bird told of two widows who were at supper when word came that the army was pulling out. "Having no means of conveyance," Bird recalled, "each woman tied up a bundle of drygoods. Then, each with two children holding to her skirts and one carrying an infant in her arms, they departed." The sight of these two women so moved the soldiers that they discarded vital military stores to make room for them in a wagon.<sup>6</sup> In the confusion the army forgot the blind Mary Millsaps, another Alamo widow, and her six children. Upon discovering the oversight, Houston sent a squad back thirty miles to rescue them.<sup>7</sup>

Not wishing them to see their homes put to the torch, Houston led the civilians out of Gonzales, then ordered that no roof "large enough to shelter a Mexican's head" was to be left. Captain John Sharpe, a member of the burning party, was troubled for months by memories of women who had fled "leaving all they had for years been collecting — ALL, everything they had, whilst they themselves fled they knew not whither ... many of them without a dollar or friend on earth." Houston's efforts to spare their feelings were in vain, for that night the dull glow on the horizon was a painful reminder of their dashed hopes and shattered dreams.<sup>8</sup>

The terror in Gonzales spread throughout Anglo Texas. Even in Nacogdoches, far from the Mexican threat, residents convinced themselves that the Cherokees had allied with the enemy and were coming to massacre them. Frightened, they fled in disorder toward the Sabine. "The panic," wrote colonist John A. Quitman, "has done its work. The houses are all deserted. There are several thousands of women and children in the woods on both sides of the Sabine, without supplies or money."<sup>9</sup>

The rush to the Louisiana border was known to the Texans as the "Runaway Scrape," the "Great Runaway," or the "Sabine Shoot."<sup>10</sup> Whatever they called it, the wild exodus was a nightmare of terror and suffering for the women. "We must have met at least 100 women and children, and every where along the road were wagons, furniture, and provisions abandoned." wrote Quitman on April 15.<sup>11</sup>

Texas females, of course, forfeited more than furniture. They detested the enemy they held accountable for the loss of husbands and homes; only the burning desire for retribution enabled them to carry on. After San Jacinto Rebeca Westover, whose husband Ira had fallen in the Goliad Massacre, was incensed when she discovered that the captured Santa Anna was not to be hanged summarily. Even years afterward her efforts to remain calm were betrayed by a trembling voice and clenched fingers, as she exclaimed: "If the women whose husbands and sons he murdered could have reached him, he would not have lived long!"<sup>12</sup> One son described

his mother's remarkable self-control when forced to leave her cabin: "If mother shed a tear I never knew it though there was an unusual huskiness in her voice that day. Mother was brave and resolute, and I heard her say ... that she was going to teach her boys never to let up on the Mexicans until they got full revenge for all this trouble."<sup>13</sup> No doubt many of Houston's troops shared similar feelings or recalled such feminine admonitions when they charged the enemy camp at San Jacinto.

If Texas women seemed unrelenting, so did the Texas weather, for the spring rains of 1836 were the heaviest in memory.<sup>14</sup> Roads, still little more than trails, were reduced to quagmires. A soldier recalled the conditions:

Delicate women trudged ... from day to day until their shoes were literally worn out, then continued the journey with bare feet, lacerated and bleeding at almost every step. Their clothes were scant, and with no means of shelter from frequent drenching rains and bitter winds, they traveled on through the long days in wet and bedraggled apparel ... The wet earth and angry sky offered no relief.

Six days out of Gonzales, Alamo widow Signey Kellogg gave birth to her baby in the back of a rain-soaked cart. Other women aided as "willing hands held blankets over mother and babe to protect them from downpours and chilling storms." Years later an old Texan veteran of the Mexican War wrote: "I have passed through the fields of carnage from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, [but] I have never witnessed such scenes of distress and human suffering."<sup>15</sup>

Constant exposure to the elements caused "measles, sore eyes, whooping cough, and every other disease that man, woman, or child is heir to," recalled Mrs. Dilue Harris. Her younger sister came down with an unidentified ague. People did what little they could — a kindly ferryman allowed families with sick children to cross first — but nothing could be done about the weather. The fever worsened. The mother watched helplessly as the little girl shook with convulsions and died. "Mother," wrote Dilue, "was not able to travel; she had nursed an infant and the sick child until she was compelled to rest."<sup>16</sup>

There were other dangers than disease. One woman and her two children rode a horse that bolted at a swollen creek and plummeted into the torrent. Horrified refugees on the opposite bank could only watch as horse, mother, and children were swept under by the swift current.<sup>17</sup>

Determined to survive by any means, a Mrs. Dulaney strapped her featherbed across her pony's back, then tied the eldest on top and her two younger offsprings on each end of the mattress. The barefoot woman plodded along holding a baby, "at times so exhausted that she would sink down almost unable to rise and proceed."<sup>18</sup>

Others did not even have a pony. Zoroaster Robinson had taken his family's only mount when he rode off to join the army. His wife, Martha,

had given birth to their third child just before she was forced to flee their home in Washington-on-the-Brazos. Joining other refugees, she was able to deposit the two older children in a cart, but there was no room for her. Knowing that to fall behind was to perish, she kept pace by holding onto the leather straps attached to the cart's hind gate. The Robinson story had a happy ending. Zoroaster, who had left the army to care for his family, caught up with them on the road. To his mud-splattered wife he observed, "Madam, you have a hard lot to wade in the mud and carry that babe." Too exhausted even to recognize her mate, his wife laconically lamented, "Yes, sir, my husband is in the army and my lot is hard." "Why Martha," he cried out, "don't you know me?" In a display of genteel restraint, she exclaimed, "Why, it's Mr. Robinson!" Few reunions were as joyous as the one along that muddy road.<sup>19</sup>

Martha Robinson was among the lucky ones. During the absence of their men, many women found themselves in unaccustomed roles. As one of the troopers noted: "When a cart became mired — which was an hourly occurrence east of the Brazos — there was no dearth of helping hands. But in proportion the men were few, and so the women and children were forced to perform most of the labor."

At least one wife even protected her man. A Mrs. Moss was transporting her invalid husband in their ox-drawn cart when a Texian foraging party sought to impress her team for the army. Aware that the loss of the beasts meant certain death for her disabled spouse, Mrs. Moss leveled a cocked pistol and coldly announced: "I will kill the first man that attempts to take my oxen." The soldiers reconsidered.<sup>20</sup>

On another occasion a full-figured widow balked at fording an icy creek where the water was waist deep after the rest of her party already had made the crossing. One impatient frontiersman, frustrated by the delay, recrossed the creek, hoisted the hefty matron over his shoulder, and plunged in. About halfway across the man lost his footing and both went under. He came up yelling for the drenched woman to save him. She did.<sup>21</sup>

Even when their operators worked day and night, the few ferries could not accommodate the large volume of traffic. "There were," Dilue Harris recalled, "fully five thousand people at [Lynch's] ferry ... Every one was trying to cross first, and it was almost a riot."<sup>22</sup>

At many rivers women had to cross without ferries. The thirteen-year-old Texian soldier John Holland Jenkins remembered that "it was pitiful and distressing to behold the extremity of families, as ... a team would bog down, and women with their babies in arms, surrounded by little children, had to wade almost waist deep in places." Especially discomfiting was the plight of a Mrs. Wilson, whom Jenkins characterized as "one very large lady." While traversing a stream she "bogged down completely and could not move until pulled out by others."<sup>23</sup> S.F. Sparks

recalled the "courage and fortitude of our women." Streams were flooded and "the bottom lands were from a foot to waist deep in water." At such times "the younger and stouter women would take the feeble ones on their backs and shoulders and wade through water to dry land, set them down, and then go back for another load, and continued until all were over." Sparks exclaimed, "there is no one who can do justice to the women at that time. God bless the women of Texas!"<sup>24</sup>

Sparks was not the only soldier touched by the plight of Texas ladies. Dr. Nicholas Labadie, a surgeon for the rebel army, also recounted a "spectacle" which he observed along the Brazos bottom:

The cries of the women were ... distressing, as they called our attention to their forlorn situation, raising their hands to Heaven, and declaring they had lost their all, and knew not where to go; expressing their preference to die on the road rather than be killed by the Mexicans or Indians, and imploring with upraised hands, the blessings of God on our arms, and encouraging us to be of stout heart, and avert if possible, the disasters that were threatening the country.

Dr. Labadie had no way of knowing it, but his own wife and two small children were suffering similar privations. Mrs. Labadie and the youngsters had fled toward the border but were detained by the swollen Neches River near Beaumont. About 300 families camped on the wet bank waiting for the flood waters to subside, but the ground there was wet and muddy, creating an epidemic of dysentery and whooping-cough. The sickness killed many youngsters, as well as some adults. "My two children," Dr. Labadie laconically remarked, "did not escape." He was not however, to learn of their deaths until he returned home after San Jacinto.<sup>25</sup>

While many women like Mrs. Labadie struggled on without their husbands, some would have been better off without their mates. Sparks recalled one who fled with her spouse, four children, and about a dozen head of cattle. As they approached Washington-on-the-Brazos, a group riding by them shouted that the Mexicans were following just behind them. The reasonable course, the husband informed his wife, would be for one to escape rather than for all to perish. He then pulled his wife and youngest child off their nag, mounted, and rode away. With nowhere else to turn, the forsaken wife continued to drive the bovines along the trail and across the river. There she found her husband snoozing under a tree.

Employing the Brazos as a natural obstacle, Houston's troops had erected a barricade of cotton bales to contest the enemy's crossing. "Now you get behind this breast-work of cotton bales and fight," the wife ordered her husband, but he refused. Any such action, he protested, "would not be worth while" since the Mexicans would simply kill anyone who stayed to resist. Disgusted with her cravenly spouse, the woman exclaimed: "Well, I will. If I can get a gun, I'll be durned if I don't go behind that breast-work and fight with those men." Overhearing her, one of the soldiers called

out: "Madam, here's a gun." She took the rifle and according to Sparks, "remained over half the night behind the breast-work."<sup>26</sup> Fortunately for them, no Mexican soldiers tried to cross that night.

It seemed only natural that slaves throughout Texas would take advantage of the turmoil and escape; certainly contemporary accounts reveal that whites feared slave uprisings. Those same accounts, however, pay homage to the blacks who stood by their masters. Dilue Harris stated that even though blacks outnumbered whites in her group "there was no insubordination among them; they were loyal to their owners." In one crisis, "Uncle" Ned, an old black man, took charge of the group, Mrs. Harris wrote. "He put white women and children in his wagon. It was large and had a canvas cover. The negro women and children he put in the [open] carts. Then he guarded the whole party until morning."<sup>27</sup> Another slave who stood by his mistress was "Uncle" Jeff Parsons, who, upon being interviewed years later, recalled:

The women, children, and old men reached the Sabine before the battle of San Jacinto. There was a lot of scared folks in the "runaway" crowd. Some went on sleds, some on contrivances made with truck wheels, some on wagons, some on horseback, some on foot, any way they could get there. I can't begin to describe the scene on the Sabine. People and things were all mixed, and in confusion. The children were crying, the women were praying and the men cursing. I tell you it was a serious time.<sup>28</sup>

Mary Helm recalled, "there were very few white men; negroes seemed to be the protectors of most of the families." She had nothing but praise for her "man of color" without whose help "we might never have succeeded."<sup>29</sup>

*Tejanas* also took part in the Sabine Shoot. Most were neutral, looking after their families and striving to keep out of harm's way until the storm subsided.<sup>30</sup> But those married to *Tejanos* known to have cooperated with rebellious Anglos had good reason to fear the wrath of Santa Anna. "Deaf" Smith's Mexican wife took to the road with her daughters because she was no longer safe in her San Antonio home.<sup>31</sup> Neither was Josepha Seguin. Wife of Erasmo and mother of Juan Seguin, she was the matriarch of one of B exar's leading families. From the early days of Austin's Colony, she and her husband had been loyal friends of the Anglos. During the siege of B exar in 1835, the Seguins had supplied over \$4000 dollars worth of food and provisions to the insurgent army.<sup>32</sup> The family paid for its friendship in 1836 when Santa Anna's forces ransacked their ranch. Josepha and Erasmo fled northeastward with Anglo Texians. After a long and perilous journey, during which enemy soldiers captured most of their livestock, Dona Josepha and her family took refuge in San Augustine.<sup>33</sup>

The Runaway Scrape proved even harder on *Tejanas* than on most women. Escaping to the Anglo regions of East Texas, they entered a land that was geographically and culturally foreign, a land where few

understood their language, where — despite their contributions to the revolt — many despised them as “greasers.”<sup>34</sup>

After the victory at San Jacinto, many of those who had damned Houston as a cowardly drunk now praised him as the savior of Texas. Even so, the triumph on Buffalo Bayou displeased widow Peggy McCormick, who owned the land where the battle had been waged. She considered that the presence of hundreds of decomposing enemy corpses reduced the value of her property. A few days after the battle, she demanded that Houston remove the putrefied bodies. To mollify the angry woman, the general appealed to her sense of posterity. “Madam, your land will be famed in history as the classic spot upon which the glorious victory of San Jacinto was gained.” She was not impressed. “To the devil with your glorious history!” the matron replied. “Take off your stinking Mexicans.”<sup>35</sup> Her demands, however, went unheeded, and for years afterward the sun-bleached bones of unburied Mexican *soldados* littered the McCormick homestead.<sup>36</sup>

Although Mrs. McCormick was less than thrilled about one result of the victory at San Jacinto, the news left most other Texas women exultant. Mary Helm, a painfully proper Episcopalian, remarked that the members of her party were so excited that they “all turned shouting Methodist.” She wrote that people reacted differently: “some danced; some laughed; some clapped their hands.”<sup>37</sup> For Mary Ann Zuber the thrill of victory was dampened by notification that her son William had fallen at San Jacinto. Her grief was such that she could not begin the trip home. The next day another messenger arrived fresh from the battlefield. The first report had been false; William was alive and well. A relieved and euphoric mother quickly joined in the celebration.<sup>38</sup>

After San Jacinto, the women and their families could make their way home, but their troubles were far from over. For many, the return trip was the hardest. The Mexicans were no longer a threat but nature remained unrelenting. The women of Gonzales returned to burned homes and ravaged fields. For Josepha Seguin it was much the same; with reports of victory she and her family traveled from San Augustine to Nacogdoches where they all fell victim to fever. Far from home, without friends, and “prostrated on their couches,” the lack of money compelled the Seguins “to part, little by little, with their valuables and articles of clothing.” When at last they returned home, they found their ranch had been sacked and the cattle scattered.<sup>39</sup>

Upon learning of the victory at San Jacinto, Mrs. Labadie returned to her farm only to discover that pillaging Texians had burned one of the buildings, killed most of the cattle, and stripped the place of provisions. All that remained were a few strips of bacon and the milk of the few cows that hungry refugees had overlooked.

But there was little time to lament. Dr. Labadie finally returned home,

but the constant exposure during the long campaign brought about his complete collapse. Mrs. Labadie nursed her husband for a full week while he was in a coma. When at last he regained consciousness, he was totally deaf. Few women had paid a higher price for Texas independence than Mrs. Labadie.<sup>40</sup>

A Mrs. King made her way through the treacherous East Texas swamps. Quicksand was a constant danger, and when the wind rose, the refugees were buffeted by high waves. Worst of all, the waters were infested with alligators. Mrs. King's husband, having secured his family on dry land, swam back to retrieve the horses. Dilue Harris told what happened:

He had gotten nearly across with [the horses], when a large alligator appeared. Mrs. King saw it first above the water and screamed. The alligator stuck 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.

After a short stay in Harrisburg, the widow King and her two children moved to Galveston. She died before the year was out.<sup>41</sup>

During the first four months of 1836 the women of Texas had several occasions to lament the violent deaths of loved ones and many found solace in religion. Mrs. George Sutherland lost her son in March but because of the chaos was unable to inform her sister Sally back in the states until June. Mrs. Sutherland's letter is among the most poignant examples of a mother's faith in the face of crushing sorrow:

I received your kind letter of some time in March, but never has it been in my power to answer it 'till now, and now what must I say (O, God support me). Yes, sister, I must say it to you, I have lost my William. O, yes he is gone. My poor boy is gone, gone from me. The sixth day of March in the morning, he was slain in the Alamo in San Antonio. Then his poor body committed to the flames. Oh, Sally, can you sympathize with and pray for me that I may have grace to help in this great time of trouble.

The remainder of her letter chronicled her hardships during and after the Runaway Scrape. With her husband with Houston's army and her eldest son dead, Mrs. Sutherland was left to fend for herself and four young children. She never felt abandoned, however, for "the Lord supported me, and was on our side for I may boldly say the Lord fought our battles ... Mr. Sutherland's horse was killed under him [at San Jacinto], but the Lord preserved his life and brought him back to his family." George Sutherland finally found his wife and children among other refugees at the mouth of the Sabine and took his family home.

Like many Texas women, Mrs. Sutherland returned to find much of what she had left behind had been destroyed; the family warehouse and one of their residences had been burned. Even so, she accepted her losses with a strong sense of Christian grace. "If we can have peace and can

have preaching," she wrote, "I won't care for the loss of what property is gone."<sup>42</sup>

The Runaway Scrape had a profound and lasting effect on early Texans. As the years passed a strong bond developed between those who had endured common hardships. Even forty-five years later, Mary Helm regularly corresponded with veterans of the revolution. In one letter she recalled with pride "the stirring time of 1835-36, when more lives were jeopardized by the hardship of leaving comfortable homes ... then fell by the sword of the enemy." Writing to the annual meeting of the Texas Veterans, she assured the membership that "when you cease to get your annual greeting, you may know that one more veteran has passed to the promised land and been gathered to her fathers."<sup>43</sup>

The women of the Runaway Scrape justifiably could regard themselves as "veterans" of the Texas Revolution. They had endured dangers and hardships as harsh as those faced by their soldier-husbands. And, while not as commonly lauded, their efforts were important.

Santa Anna had made no secret of his objective; he was determined to rid Texas of all "perfidious foreigners." His campaign ended on April 21, 1836. But the victory on the banks of Buffalo Bayou would have meant little if families had disintegrated amid the chaos. In large part, it fell to the mothers to hold them together and to instill values required to survive on the frontier. The women of the Runaway Scrape, therefore, may be considered the midwives who served at the birth of the Republic of Texas.

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Edward A. Lukes, *De Witt Colony of Texas* (Austin, 1976), p. 189.

<sup>2</sup>Phil Rosenthal and Bill Groneman, *Roll Call at the Alamo* (Fort Collins, 1985), p. 22.

<sup>3</sup>Sam Houston to James W. Fannin, March 11, 1836, *The Papers of the Texas Revolution, 1835-1836*, edited by John H. Jenkins III (10 vols., Austin, 1973), V, pp. 53-54.

<sup>4</sup>Walter Lord, *A Time To Stand* (New York, 1961), pp. 181-182, 125-126.

<sup>5</sup>Henry Stuart Foote, *Texas and the Texans or Advance of the Anglo Americans to the South-West; Including a History of Leading Events in Mexico, From the Conquest by Hernando Cortes to the Termination of the Texas Revolution* (2 vols.; Philadelphia, 1841), II, p. 268.

<sup>6</sup>William Physick Zuber, *My Eighty Years in Texas*, Janis Boyle Mayfield, ed. (Austin, 1971), p. 56.

<sup>7</sup>Sam Houston to Thomas Rusk, March 23, 1836, Jenkins, ed., *Papers*, V, p. 169.

<sup>8</sup>Foote, *Texas and the Texans*, p. 268.

<sup>9</sup>John A. Quitman quoted in James H. McLendon, "John A. Quitman in the Texas Revolution," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, LII (July, 1952), p. 175.

<sup>10</sup>James T. DeShields, *Tall Men With Long Rifles, Set Down and Written Out by James T. DeShields as Told Him by Creed Taylor, Captain During the Texas Revolution* (San Antonio, 1935), p. 120.

<sup>11</sup>John A. Quitman quoted in McLendon, "John A. Quitman in the Texas Revolution," p. 172.

<sup>12</sup>Rebecca Westover Jones quoted in Adele B. Looscan, "Sketch of the Life of Oliver Jones and of his Wife, Rebecca Jones," *Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association*, (Hereinafter cited as *QTSHA*), X (October 1906), pp. 176-178.

<sup>13</sup>DeShields, *Tall Men With Long Rifles*, p. 120.

<sup>14</sup>John Holland Jenkins, *Recollections of Early Texas: The Memoirs of John Holland Jenkins*, edited by John H. Jenkins, III (Austin, 1958), p. 43. Jenkins recalled that the "spring of 1836 was the wettest I ever knew."

<sup>15</sup>DeShields, *Tall Men With Long Rifles*, pp. 121-122.

<sup>16</sup>Dilue Harris, "The Reminiscences of Mrs. Dilue Harris," *QTSHA*, IV (October, 1900), p. 23.

<sup>17</sup>Ed Syers, "Fragments of Texas' Big Runaway Scrape," *San Antonio Express/News*, November 28, 1965.

<sup>18</sup>DeShields, *Tall Men With Long Rifles*, p. 122; Adele B. Looscan, "Elizabeth Bullock Huling," *QTSHA*, XI (July, 1907), p. 67.

<sup>19</sup>Zuber, *My Eighty Years in Texas*, pp. 101-102.

<sup>20</sup>DeShields, *Tall Men With Long Rifles*, pp. 123-124.

<sup>21</sup>Syers, "Fragments of Texas' Big Runaway Scrape."

<sup>22</sup>Harris, "Reminiscences," p. 163.

<sup>23</sup>Jenkins, *Recollections of Early Texas*, p. 44.

<sup>24</sup>S.F. Sparks, "Recollections of S.F. Sparks," *QTSHA*, XII (July, 1907), p. 74.

<sup>25</sup>N.D. Labadie, "San Jacinto Campaign," in James M. Day, comp., *The Texas Almanac, 1857-1873: A Compendium of Texas History* (Waco, 1967), pp. 144-145, 175.

<sup>26</sup>Sparks, "Recollections," p. 63.

<sup>27</sup>Harris, "Reminiscences," pp. 164-166.

<sup>28</sup>Jeff Parsons quoted in Ira T. Taylor, *The Cavalcade of Jackson County* (San Antonio, 1938), p. 80.

<sup>29</sup>Mary S. Helm, *Scraps of Early Texas History*, by Mrs. Mary S. Helm, *Who with her First Husband, Elias R. Wrightman Founded the City of Matagorda, in 1828-9*, Lorraine Jeter, ed. (1884; reprint, Austin, 1987), pp. xxviii, xxiv.

<sup>30</sup>David J. Weber, *The Mexican Frontier, 1821-1846: The American Southwest Under Mexico* (Albuquerque, 1982), p. 254; see also David J. Weber, ed., *Foreigners in Their Native Land: Historical Roots of the Mexican Americans* (Albuquerque, 1973), pp. 111-113.

<sup>31</sup>Clarence Wharton, *San Jacinto: The Sixteenth Decisive Battle* (Houston, 1930), p. 46.

<sup>32</sup>Weber, *The Mexican Frontier*, p. 209.

<sup>33</sup>John [Juan] Seguin, *Personal Memoirs of John N. Seguin, From the Year 1834 to the Retreat of General Woll From the City of San Antonio, 1842* (San Antonio, 1858), pp. 16-18.

<sup>34</sup>Arnoldo De Leon, *They Called Them Greasers: Anglo Attitudes toward Mexicans in Texas, 1821-1900* (Austin, 1983), pp. 12-13, 49; see also James Ernest Crisp, "Anglo-Texan Attitudes toward the Mexican, 1821-1845" (doctoral dissertation, Yale University, 1976), pp. 91-92.

<sup>35</sup>John J. Linn, *Reminiscences of Fifty Years in Texas* (New York, 1883), p. 264.

<sup>36</sup>Josiah Gregg, *Diary & Letters of Josiah Gregg: Southwestern Enterprises, 1840-1847*, Maurice Garland Fulton, ed. (Norman, 1941), pp. 95-96; Smithwick, *Evolution of a State, or Recollections of Old Texas Days* (1900; reprint, Austin, 1983), p. 92.

<sup>37</sup>Helm, *Scraps of Early Texas History*, p. xxix.

<sup>38</sup>Zuber, *My Eighty Years in Texas*, pp. 103-104.

<sup>39</sup>Miles S. Bennet, "The Battle of Gonzales, The 'Lexington' of the Texas Revolution," *QTSHA*, II (April, 1989), p. 313; Bennet observed: "It occasioned melancholy feelings to view the ruins of the burnt town, which had evidently been quite a thriving little city, having

comfortable two-story gin and mills, and a brick yard, and was able to boast of a regular city incorporation." Seguin, *Personal Memoirs*, pp. 17-18.

<sup>40</sup>Labadie, "San Jacinto Campaign," in Day, comp., *Texas Almanac*, p. 175.

<sup>41</sup>Harris, "Reminiscences," pp. 169, 170.

<sup>42</sup>Mrs. George Sutherland to sister, June 15, 1836, in Taylor, *Cavalcade of Jackson County*, pp. 81-82.

<sup>43</sup>Helm, *Scraps of Early Texas History*, pp. 102-103.