


**The Runaway Scrape –
Interpreting a Primary Source.**

<p align="center">Primary Source – About the Author</p>	<p align="center">My Notes – Details that I notice... Feelings that are expressed</p>
<div style="display: flex; align-items: flex-start;">  <p style="font-style: italic;">The following is a part of the "Reminiscences" of Mrs. Dilue Rose Harris, daughter of Dr. Pleasant W. Rose, concerning the critical period from June 1835 leading up to the Texas War of Independence, the flight after fall of the Alamo and Goliad and the return after the victory at San Jacinto. The excerpt is from <i>Readings in Texas History Eugene Barker and the entire piece was first published in the Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association, IV, 85-127, 155-189, VII, 214-222. This part is from IV, 124-127, 156-179. The recollections of Mrs. Harris were based on her experience at the time, later interviews and her father's diary.</i></p> </div>	
<p>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... 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... 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 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.</p>	
<p>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... We that stayed in the prairie had to eat cold corn bread and cold boiled beef.</p>	
<p>At the Trinity river men from the army began to join their families. I know 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... Our hardships began at the Trinity. The river was rising and there was a struggle to see who should cross, first. Measles, sore eyes, whooping cough, and every other disease that man, woman or child is heir to broke out among us....</p>	
<p>The horrors of crossing the Trinity are beyond my power to describe.</p>	

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<p>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..... 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.</p>	
<p>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 the 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.</p>	
<p>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... 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 one left at Liberty, we thought 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 Texans have whipped the Mexican army and the Mexicans are prisoners. No danger! No danger! Turn back.</p>	