Pioneer Sketches
Cedar Point To San Jacinto

By

Robert E. Lee Library Club

Goose Creek Independent School District

1931

PIONEER SKETCHES
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ROBERT E. LEE LIBRARY CLUB
GOOSE CREEK INDEPENDENT SCHOOL DISTRICT
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To

Richard Hogue Dickson

"Our Patriarch,"

Contemporary of the Republic of Texas.

These sketches are lovingly dedicated by the

Robert E. Lee Library Club,

Tri-Cities, Texas.

Acknowledgements.

We present herewith a few sketches of some of the pioneer families of the Goose Creek-Cedar Bayou community. No attempt has been made to offer an exhaustive history of either the times or the community. The material for these sketches was gathered from records compiled in the Harris County court house, from old land grants and deeds in the possession of various families ln the community, from newspaper accounts, from public addresses made at early dates, from letters and from stories passed by word of mouth from one generation to another.

We acknowledge use of references from the following: Z. T. Fulmore, “History and Geography of Texas;” Mrs. S. C. Red, “The Medicine Man in Texas;” Clarence Wharton, “San Jacinto, the Sixteenth Decisive Battle;” Eugene C. Barker, “Readings in Texas History;" Elizabeth Brooks, “Prominent Women of Texas;” Burke's Texas Almanac for 1859; Hesperian Magazine, 1838; Eugene C. Barker, “Life of Stephen F. Austin;” Marquis James, “The Raven;” L. J. Wortham, “A History of' Texas.” We are also grateful to the Union National Bank, of Houston, for a number of pamphlets on Texas history.

Among the citizens of this community who have aided in the preparation of this series of sketches by telling of their personal experiences, or those who have repeated tales told them by an earlier generation, are:

Dr. N. W. [William Nelson] Brooks, Mr. John Martin, Mr. John Gaillard, Mrs. N. W. Brooks, Mrs. John Gaillard, Mr. R. J. Tompkins, Miss Elizabeth Martin, Mrs. Nancy Ellender, Mr. Vivian Duke (deceased), Mrs. Jasper (Elena Kilgore) Tompkins, Mrs. I. W. Strickler, Mrs. M. H. Bielstein, Mrs. Elissa McLean, (deceased), Mr. Ed. llfrey, Mrs. Ed (Ella McLean) Ilfrey, Mrs. Arthur (Hortense McLean) Fayle, Mrs. Jerry (Elizabeth Williams) Wilburn, Mr. Jerry Wilburn, Mrs. John (Marybelle Duke) Troxell, Mrs. Anna Allen Wright, Mr. John P. Sjolander, Mr. R. H. Dickson, Mrs. O. K. Winfree, Mr. C. R. Myers, Mr. Arthur Fayle, Mr. R. L. Dickson.

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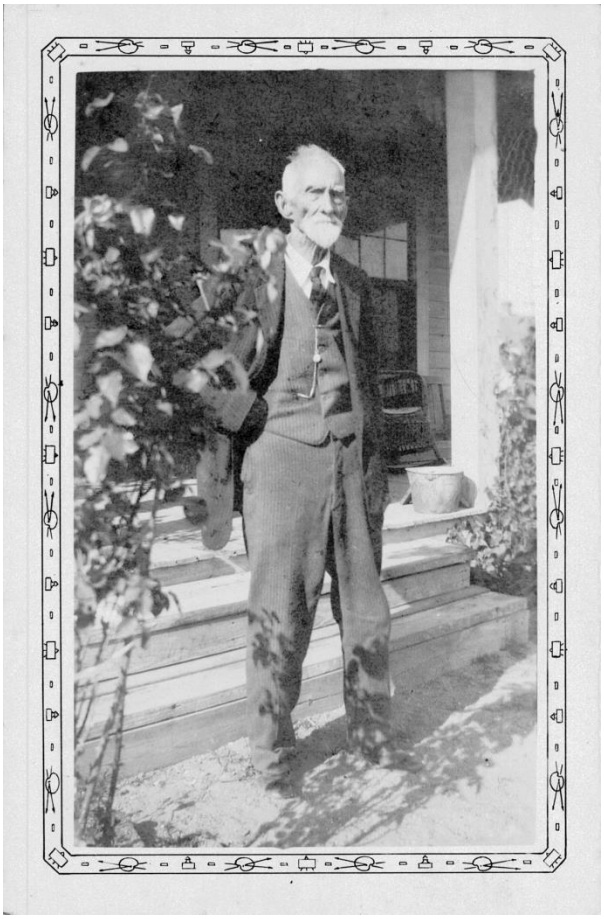
Cedar Bayou

On Cedar Bayou’s flowery banks
Where summer always stays,
And where the reeds in solid ranks
Move when the south wind plays,
And all the birds with glad hearts sing
To them that they love best –
Oh, there we do our sweethearting
And there our lives are blest.

On Cedar Bayou's gentle slopes
Where days wear sunny smiles,
And where the prairie sown with hopes,
Shines golden-green for miles;
And where the fleecy Gulf-cloud roams
A dreamship far above,
Oh, there we build the happiest homes,
And work, and pray, and love.

Dear Cedar Bayou, loveliest
Of all the lands we know,
Where earth gives us the most and best
For cares that we bestow;
And where no earthly joy we miss
From love's abundant store.
Oh, there we live our lives in bliss--
And heaven is just next door.

John P. Sjolander



Richard Hogue Dickson

"Our Patriarch"

1831-1931

Richard Hogue Dickson, "Our Patriarch."

Richard Hogue Dickson, "Our Patriarch," is this year completing a century of life, many years of which have been spent in the Lone Star State. He was born in Russellville, in northern Alabama, September 13, 1831. When young Richard was nine years old his parents moved to Richmond, Texas. His father joined Fannin's army and perished with the immortals in the massacre at Goliad.

Mrs. Dickson later married a well-to-do man by the name of Sutherland. When Richard was eighteen his step-father, as the custom then was, gave the boy seven slaves and "put him on his own." Not being interested in a settled life, the lad hired out his slaves to farm owners and set out to see the world. He spent a year traveling through the southern states, much of that time being spent in Mississippi where his love of the outdoors easily earned him a living by means of the sale of deer meat and other wild game which was plentiful in the woods of that state. When nineteen, Richard returned to Texas to visit with a brother-in-law, J. R. Hamilton, a Methodist preacher and a teacher in a small, one-roomed log cabin on the present site of the Cedar Bayou cemetery. He tells with glee of his tussle with the logarithm tables in that little old school house.

But the wander lust again called him to the road and he left Cedar Bayou only to return at intervals throughout his life. In the early days he worked in the various brick yards in the community to supply him with money to renew his travels, although in the days of his first visits here he supported himself as he had done in Mississippi by supplying the settlers with wild game which abounded here until within the past few years.

Of his many trips throughout the south Mr. Dickson remarks: "I rarely wrote home nor heard from my family here as the mail service was extremely irregular. Some mail came by boat from Galveston but that was a slow route. Many boats were lost in storms which were common and the mail never reached its destination.

The mail coach came to Cedar Bayou but rarely, perhaps only when a horseback rider met it at Houston to announce that some ladies desired to take a trip north on the coach, or that there was an accumulation of letters for the post. Occasionally a rider would carry some writing letters to the Houston station. This irregularity seemed to discourage a young man in regular correspondence."

In 1850 Mr. Dickson was married to Miss Eleanor Read, of Old River, Texas. She died more than forty years ago. At the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate forces, "not because I believed in fighting, I am glad to say that I do not know that I have ever killed a fellow man in my life, but because it was the call of my country." He was assigned to border duty and his active service was in Indian warfare. Following the war he was a Texas ranger for several years and was again engaged in protecting the settlers from Indian outrages.

In the early seventies Mr. Dickson deserted farming in which he had engaged since the time of his marriage and, perhaps due to the months spent in early life in the Cedar Bayou brick yards, he took up brick making as a trade, and later became a building contractor which occupation he followed until within the past few years.

Mr. Dickson has seen and known many noted characters in Texas history, among them he mentions General Sam Houston, Big Foot Wallace and Creed Taylor, but it is not for the adventurous life that he has led that Richard Hogue Dickson is noted, not for deeds of conspicuous valor, but for the splendid, upright Christian life which he has lived. He united with the Methodist Church before the days of the Mexican War, and has remained true to his faith for almost ninety years. He has read the Bible through twenty times, not for a record but in the regular perusal of it through the years.

He has conducted daily prayer in his home for six decades, still reading the Bible without the aid of glasses. His thoughts are rather with the future than with the past or the present and he awaits the tomorrow calm and unafraid. The Robert E. Lee Library Club is proud and highly honored that "Grandpa" Dickson consents to honor us with a membership in our club and become "Our Patriarch."


Stephen F. Austin

1822

Fourteen years before the Allen brothers drove the first stake in the real estate enterprise that was to become Houston, the very year that Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the year that found the youthful Stephen F. Austin trekking across Texas and to the city of Mexico to fulfill the colonization plans of his father, 1822, the first recorded settler in Harris County arrived. He was a surveyor by the name of Rider who made his home at what is now known as Morgan's Point, directly opposite Evergreen.

In June of the same year Mr. John Iiams arrived with his wife and two sons. Attracted to Texas by the liberal colonization laws of the Mexican government the Iiams family left their home in Louisiana, sailing from Berwick's Bay to Galveston, thence up the Galveston Bay to a point below the mouth of Cedar Bayou. This settlement became known as Cedar Point. Later Sam Houston made his home there for several years. Part of the walls of the Houston family well at this place are still in position, the only remnants of their residence there, but Houston dropped the word "Cedar" from the name of the place and called it merely "The Point." Today, in honor of him, it is familiarly called "Houston Point."

The Iiams family later moved to Houston and their descendants are at present worthy citizens of that city. It was one of the Iiams lads who furnished a boat and rowed Lorenzo de Zavalla to San Jacinto when that patriot escaped from Santa Anna and joined the Texian forces.

A fortnight after the arrival of Iiams, Johnson Hunter appeared on the bay just above Rider; there a league of land was granted to him. Mr. Hunter was a physician, having received his diploma at the early age of eighteen years. His parents were wealthy and of aristocratic birth. He was related to the famous statesman, John O. Calhoun, and his wife was a relative of the renowned frontiersman; David Crockett.

Dr. Hunter had made a previous visit to Texas, having established a stock farm at San Antonio (1821). On his second trip he was accompanied by his family. A storm arose and drove the boat ashore near Galveston, far from his intended landing. Seeking for fresh water, the Hunters landed on the banks of Buffalo Bayou, built a small house, and he became a successful stockman. He served the

community as a physician when the need arose but made no charge whatever for his services. Some credit him with naming the town of New Washington; some say it was Colonel Morgan who gave it its name.

1822 also saw Nathaniel Lynch's settlement at the confluence of Buffalo Bayou and San Jacinto River, and J.D. Taylor's home at the now extinct town of Midway [Louisville] on the north side of San Jacinto River, just above the present site of [old] Baytown. At this time there were but two families on Buffalo Bayou, the Vinces and Ezekiel Thomas.

Midway to San Jacinto.

Two years later (1824) on the south side of San Jacinto Bay between Lynchburg and Morgan's Point Enoch Brinson, his wife, and sister-in-law built a home. The league of land which was granted to him is still, after more than a century, called by his name. Strange tales are associated with this early colonist of whom but little is known prior to his entrance into this community. He had lost an eye, tradition connecting that accident with strange events on the high seas, but none seemed to be certain about that. A tuft of hair was grown long to cover the vacant socket. He kept his hat on at all times, even when eating his meals. Enoch was a firm believer in the hard-shell Baptist Church, strongly proclaiming his convictions in regard to predestination, but his neighbor's covertly remarked that he followed the others across the Trinity when Santa Anna's conquering Army neared the fateful San Jacinto.

Of Mrs. Brinson we read: “She was a good little woman and the sort which never tires. She usually milked thirty or forty cows night and morning and supplied the family with butter and cheese and chicken and eggs. Of her personal appearance we find no record.

Later in the year 1824 Arthur McCormick established a home between the Brinson home and Lynchburg, and William Bloodgood and several other young men emigrated to the community. A league of land was granted to the heads of these various families at the points they had selected for homes. On the Arthur McCormick headright, just twelve years later, was to be fought the Battle of San Jacinto. Mrs. McCormick and her sons were still living there when the battle occurred but Arthur himself was drowned in the bayou and many months after settling in the community. One son, Michael, a young man of twenty years, carried dispatches between Houston and Burnet during those trying revolutionary days. He was drowned nearly fifty years later, near the spot where his young father had met death so many years before. In the meantime, after Texas became a state, Michael had become a familiar steamboat pilot plying on boats between Houston and Galveston.

J. D. Taylor, of Midway, sold his home improvements and privilege to William Scott who, with his family, arrived late in 1824, and a league of land was

granted to him. The Scotts were accompanied by a Dr. Knuckles, Presley Gill, and Charles C. Givens. Scott also bought the land grant of a Thomas Bell who, with his wife and two children, had established a home just above the mouth of Cedar Bayou.

The same year, 1824, came the Harrises from Pennsylvania, John R. and William. William settled on the bay between the McCormick place and that of Enoch Brinson, while John R. traveled further up the stream to the present site of the town which bears his name, Harrisburg.

Dr. Johnson Hunter sold his place at New Washington to a Mr. Clopper for whom Clopper’s bar is named. Clopper in turn sold to Colonel Morgan in 1831. Colonel Morgan envisioned a great port at this point but, until recently, few improvements except those made by him were ever attempted. In a later account an extended description of Colonel Morgan's house will be given.

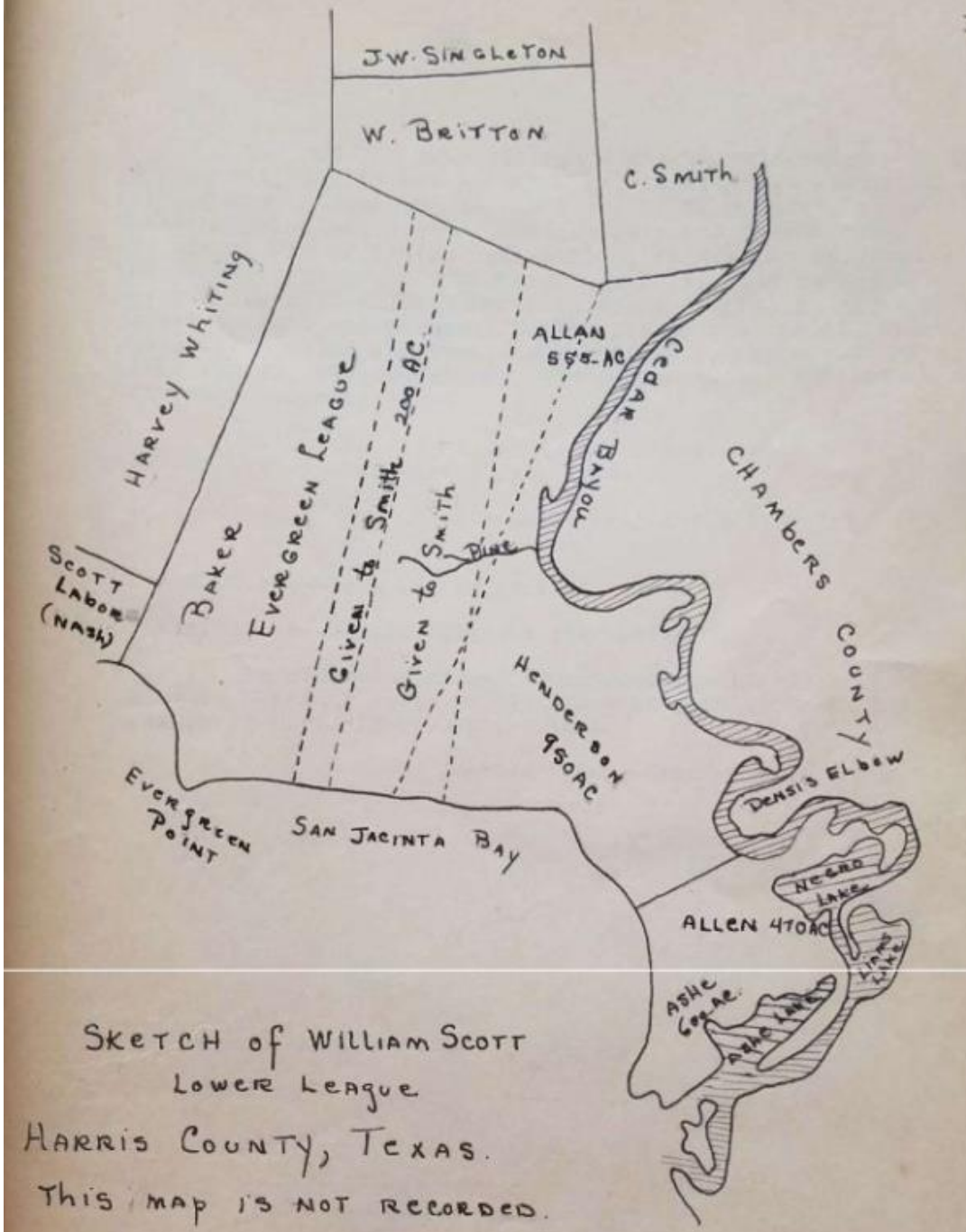
Mexican Land Grants.

A noteworthy event of 1824 was the personal presentation of the land grants by representatives of the Mexican government to those settlers to whom they had been promised. A notice of this formality had been sent out and the colonists were all gathered on the appointed day at the home of William Scott, at Midway. Here came the impresario Stephen F. Austin, his secretary, Sam Williams, and the Mexican commissioner, Baron de Bastrop. Austin made a speech, explaining to them the necessary information in regard to their receiving the land. A survey was made and titles were issued to the colonists.

The phraseology of these grants is so interesting that a record of the procedure in connection with the William Scott grant on San Jacinto Bay is here presented, being typical of them all. In his letter to the honorable commissioner Baron de Bastrop, William Scott stated this: "I, William Scott, native of the United States of America and actual resident of this province of Texas, before you say; That having removed to said point with the intention of settling myself permanently in the colonial establishment permitted by the Superior Government of the Mexican Nation to the Empresario Don Stephen F. Austin. I hope that submitting me with my family as one of the settlers of said colony, you will be pleased to grant me and put me in possession of this portion of land which the law concedes to the colonists and the understanding that I am ready to cultivate that which you may assign me, subjecting myself in all cases to the laws which may govern and to defend the rights of the Independence and Liberty of the country; therefore, I request you to be placed to do as I have said that in it, I shall receive favor Injustice."

Signed, William Scott.

Austin in turn stated that the commissioner that "William Scott is worthy of land and should be considered a colonist because of his good qualities and circumstances. Also because of his knowledge of agriculture, stock rising, and industry, and considering his large family." Therefore, in the year 1824, William Scott was granted by the Mexican Government, two leagues and one labor of land. This tract is located on the eastern margin of San Jacinto Bay."



SKETCH of WILLIAM SCOTT
LOWER LEAGUE
HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS.
THIS MAP IS NOT RECORDED.

The following ceremony, perfecting the transfer of the tract, was performed:

"We put the said William Scott in possession of said tracts, taking him by the hand, leading him over them, telling him in loud and distinct voices that in virtue of the commission and powers that we have and in the name of the government of the Mexican Nation, we put him in possession of said tracts, for himself, his heirs, and successors, and the foresaid William Scott in token of finding himself placed in real and personal possession of said tract, without any contradiction whatever, shouted aloud, pulled up herbs, threw stones, planted stakes, and performed the rest of the necessary ceremony."

This term was signed on the nineteenth day of the month of August of the year 1824.

The Baron de Bastrop (rubric)

Of Assistance - - John Austin (rubric)

Of Assistance - - Samuel Williams (rubric)

An addenda states: "This document is taken from the original title to William Scott, existing in the Spanish Archives in Houston, Texas.

Martin Kenny, Spanish Translator."


Lorenzo de Zavalla

The Plank House.

About 1828 or 1829, Philip Singleton settled on the north bank of Buffalo Bayou, between the mouth of Old River and Carpenter's Bayou, on a hill nearly opposite where the Texian army camped the night before the Battle of San Jacinto, and built a small log house afterward covered with plank. We mention this here because it is the first house in the country of which we find any record which was covered with shingles and had sash. Even in 1841, the author of a little book called "A Stray Yankee in Texas" made special mention of it in his account.

Singleton afterwards sold this house to Lorenzo de Zavala, the distinguished Mexican refugee and Texian patriot, mentioned earlier in these accounts. He had been governor of the state and city of Mexico and Ambassador to France. In July 1835, he fled from the tyranny of Santa Anna, and sought refuge on the shores of Texas. He became one of the signers of the Declaration of Texian Independence and was elected by the convention provisional Vice-president of the Republic.

In this home Zavala and his American wife, a talented and beautiful woman whose charms had attracted attention even at the French Court while her famous husband was Mexican Minister there, lived in splendor in comparison with their frontier environment. It is said that when his son, Lorenzo Jr., joined the army of General Houston he was accompanied by a French valet. Zavala himself was greatly admired; Lamar declared him to be the most trustworthy man he had met in Texas.

And then came another change in the little home. It was made into a hospital the night after the battle of San Jacinto. There, by the light of a single candle, the surgeon dressed the wounds of the injured and closed the eyes of the dying. Dr. Anson Jones, afterwards to become the last president of the Republic of Texas, was one of those who thus served. Another surgeon, Dr. LaBadie, left a vivid description of the scene in the cottage with the wounded soldiers lying on pallets on the floor. He said there were so few bandages that he went to the scene of the battle to search for sheets to tear up for bandages. Food was scarce and the doctors went for many hours with neither food nor sleep. A few months later Zavala died and his family continued to make their home in the house that first sheltered him on Texas soil.

The First Physician.

The first physician of whom we find a record in this section of the country is Dr. Harvey Whiting. He was born in Connecticut about the year 1780. In those early days many men learned a profession by apprenticeship with another doctor or lawyer. It was thus that Harvey became skilled in medicine in the city of Brooklyn, New York. For several years thereafter he lived and practiced on Long Island Sound.

Dr. Whiting married Miss Abigail Quimby who, with their five children, accompanied him to Texas in 1831, just a century ago last March. At New Orleans the boat on which they were travelling encountered a destructive storm and the Whitings lost practically everything they possessed.

It is not known why the doctor selected this particular community for his home, but it is probable this section was more thickly settled in any other spots on the coast, and, being a landlocked harbor was less liable to destruction by the gulf storms, of which they had had sufficient experience.

The Whitings erected a home on the present site of the Price Pruett residence, near the Robert E Lee High School building. They planted oak and pecan trees and other seeds and plants brought with them from New York, which, along with the doctor's medical equipment, was all that was saved from the storm on the gulf on their downward trip. A garden was planted the first summer here.

The Whitings accumulated a large acreage of land, on a portion of which is now located the town of Goose Creek. Parts of the land are still owned by their descendants, not having been deeded since granted to the doctor by the Mexican Government, but passing down from father to son through heirship.

Doctor Whiting practiced his profession here for many years. His day books, some of which are still in the possession of a grandson, Dr. N. W. Brooks, of Goose Creek, bear names of several of Stephen F. Austin's famous "Old Three Hundred;" the William Bloodgoods, the Enoch Brinsons, the William Scotts, and the Christian Smiths. We also found there other familiar pioneer names, the Beasleys and Colonel Morgan; also accounts of several professional visits to the home of General Sidney Sherman of San Jacinto and railroad fame.

These trips took doctor Whiting from Goose Creek to Cedar Bayou, Cedar Point, Galveston, Old River, and the town of San Jacinto. There seems to have been no special rate of service, for we find charges vary greatly. One account lists two visits and medicine for Christian Smith, one dollar. Another one, attendance on William Scott for fever, three dollars. One visit for two days (not two separate visits) to Nancy Fitzgerald, residence not given was marked twenty-five dollars.

At times accounts were closed by “Cash.” Other entries indicated barter was a prevailing custom. One account for attendance on one of Enoch Brinson's children was for ten dollars paid “eight dollars in cash and a quarter of beef,” making the beef quarter a two dollar value. One occasion is listed a one hundred dollar bill settled in part by the transfer of a forty dollar riding horse.

When the roads were very muddy Whiting travelled horseback but he much preferred his high wheeled one-horse buggy. He practiced his profession to the very end of life, dying one day upon his return from an errand of healing to the home of a poverty-stricken family.


WHITING HOMESTEAD
AS IT WAS IN 1858 IN
DARIEN, CONNETICUT
HOUSE BUILT IN 178_
16

A Stranger Views Our Land.

The four following excerpts are taken from two articles appearing in the Hesperian, or Western, magazine in the year 1838, published in Columbus, Ohio. The author of the articles is not given, but the introduction states that he visited Texas in 1837 and wrote the articles following that visit.

Galveston.

On the 22nd day of March, 1837, the Eldorado, from New Orleans, with sixty human beings, landed on Galveston Bay, Texas, after a stormy and protracted voyage of two weeks. One of this number of persons was the author of these notes. The sun had just set as the vessel came to anchor. The sails were furled, all anxiously gathered to deck to gaze upon the new scenes which were spread out before them. Skiffs or small boats were seeing gliding in all directions from the shore, the oarsmen pulling with hearts of controversy, each eager to hear first what news have been brought by the strangers from across the waters.

Newspapers were demanded, and perused with an interest which showed that the spirit-stirring scenes of a new country in the midst of a revolution, were not sufficient to make the patriot or adventurer feel indifferent to what was taking place in other lands. The more early emigrant extended to his newly acquired countrymen a hearty welcome, as one who was to share with him the dangers of a new and turbulent country, while the latter seems to regard the former as his friend and counsel in the novel scene in which he was about to embark. We here learned the recognition of Texas Independence by the government of the United States. The intelligence reached Velasco by a vessel which left New Orleans some days after the Eldorado. It infused the new life into the bosom of every Texian when he was told that his country, which had always been regarded as the asylum of the outlaw and the desperado of every land, had at last received the countenance of one of the independent nations of the earth. The intelligence created great joy throughout the land. Cannons were fired at as many different points as they were found. Many, too, held the acknowledgement of independence as the first step towards admission into the Union of the United States of the North, an event devoutly hoped for by every citizen of Texas.

The want of accommodations on shore made it necessary for all to remain for the night in the vessel; a sad disappointment to many who, tired of confinement and the smell of bilge water, were anxious to be once more on land, and to make their acquaintance with a soil which was to be the theater of their future toil and enterprise.

On the clear and beautiful morning of the 23rd, at an early hour, all were ready to disembark. The vessel had anchored some distance from shore owing to the shallows which put out from the land, and the long boat was launched. Notwithstanding the light draft of our boat, we were compelled to wade thirty or forty yards before we reached the dry part of the island. These shallows put out into the bay from the land at nearly every point in the harbor, and present great obstacles to commerce, which can only be surmounted by the construction of docks at an immense expense.

The whole island (Galveston) presents a rather dreary and forbidding aspect, with nothing to relieve the eye or diversify the prospect, except three lone trees upon the southeastern side, about midway, in which stand as the only beacon to the mariner along the solitary and monotonous portion of the Gulf of Mexico. Pelican Island, which lies to the north and northeast, is even more somber and desolate in its appearance than Galveston. The entire view of the country as you enter the harbor is discouraging, and reminds one of the marshes and lagoons of the Mississippi.

Texas Sea Food.

"The El Dorado having got to the end of her journey, five others and myself secured a small rickety boat, with two oarsmen to row when the wind proved unpropitious, and with such provision as would last us two days, on the morning of the 24th directed our course [north-west] toward the city of Houston. The water of the bay is so wide, being of a medium breath of fifteen to twenty miles, that by keeping to the middle we could have so distinct view of the land on the other side. But from information and subsequent observation, I am authorized to say that there is but little land for the distance of thirty miles, and even so far off as New Washington, on either side, that will await of cultivation.

During the early part of the day we rowed some distance out of our way in search of a bank of oysters, which we found under the pilotage of one of our oarsmen. The books I have read upon Texas informed me that the oysters here were equal to the best of any other country. Experience now proved to me that in this particular at least the books were wrong. We found them in great abundance, but inferior in point of size to the northern oyster, and admitting of no comparison in point of flavor. It could not be said that the season had so advanced that they had passed their greatest perfection, for as yet there had been no warm weather that could in the least have deteriorated them. . . .

"Indeed the fish with which the waters of the country abound - - among them are the buffalo, pike, catfish, mullet, trout, sturgeon, sheepshead, and redfish, and which are found unusually large - - bear no comparison in point of firmness and flavor with those of a similar name in higher latitude. But where everything is said to attain a perfection which is to be found where nowhere else, it would not do, in so important a matter as the oyster and fish to admit that Texas was excelled by any other country!"

San Jacinto Bay.

We crossed the bar (Redfish) and left the Trinity on our [right], and bore for the waters of the San Jacinto. We soon found ourselves on a broad expanse of water, not less than fifteen miles across in the direction we were going, and of nearly a like distance from shore to shore on our right and left. Night had fairly set in, when our little boat, propelled by oars, entered this sealike water. We concluded to cross before stopping for the night, but we were not without fears that the capricious winds might send us to the bottom, and here terminate our troubles and labors in Texas. We passed Clopper's Point, and landed at twelve o'clock at night, a short distance below New Washington. The air was cold and chilly, and it occurred to me extremely so, considering the season and the latitude.

For myself I saw nothing with the prospect of a cheerless night before me and persuaded one of the boatmen to lead the way to a neighboring house, leaving my companions, who had greater curiosity to camp out than myself, to spend the remainder of the night on the banks of the San Jacinto. For the first quarter of a mile we found great difficulty in getting through the high grass and weeds. The noise we made frightened the alligators in our way, and we could hear them occasionally, a few yards in advance of us, drop like heavy logs into the water.

We now came to New Washington, situated upon a handsome eminence, and surrounded by a dense forest of various kinds of timber. Before the Revolution, New Washington contained some respectable buildings, but their ashes showed that Santa Anna had been there. This general, like Attila the Goth, left a curse upon every spot which was polluted by his steps. Groping our way through the timber, over a tolerable marked road, we came to a log cabin, which we entered after having beaten off, as it seemed, a legion of dogs.

Colonel M., a man of great natural shrewdness combined with more than ordinary share of intelligence, both of which had been improved by long intercourse with the world, after being fairly awake received us with a gentlemanly hospitality. One just from "the States" is always welcome to the cabin of a Texian. The repast and the news of the fatherland occupied our attention for an hour, after which I threw myself upon the floor of an adjoining cabin, and slept until early light.

Next morning I had an opportunity of examining the surrounding country, which began to put on bolder features. The magnolia, cypress, and different kinds of oak, formed a dense forest upon the bluff banks and extended back some few miles to the edge of the prairie. The country here looked like an elevated picture, over which nature had thrown a charm that bewitched the senses. The pale and shy appearance of the soil in a large field, did not promise much for its fertility, but I was told that thirty bushels of corn to the acre was an ordinary crop. It may seem somewhat strange to those that have been told much of the great abundance and cheapness of land in Texas, when they learn that the farm of our hosts could not be purchased for less than twenty dollars an acre. The land from Galveston to the city of Houston, or at least such portions of it as are worth having have been taken by the settlers; and I doubt whether an inch of it can be bought for less sum that the rate of five dollars an acre.

I might add here, as a general remark, that all located lands in Texas, especially such as life on streams, where timber is to be had, rate extremely high for a new country, varying, according to the situation, from one to twenty dollars an acre.

San Jacinto to Buffalo Bayou.

We pushed our little boat out upon the waters of San Jacinto River which varied from half a mile to a whole mile in width. The banks on each side, as far as Buffalo Bayou, twelve miles above, where alternately high and low. The more elevated parts were covered with timber of a luxuriant growth, among which stood the beautiful magnolia "high on a throne of royal state." The flats consisted of lakes and marshes, which put out from the water some few miles into the land. Cottages almost hid in foliage could be seen on the eminences which dotted the shores, some of which had the appearance of comfort and independence.

It would be unpardonable in me, since what has been said, should I omit to mention Point Pleasant, the residence of William Scott, among the many things which delight the eye as you ascend the river, which is as remarkable for the beauty of its situation as it is for the hospitality of the proprietor and his amiable and interesting lady. If report to be true, Almonte, the confidential friend and secretary of Santa Anna, had selected this delightful spot, which lies to your right as you ascend the river, as his portion of the spoils of the victors. It might be difficult to tell what he would have asked for this princely estate before the battle of San Jacinto.

The farms upon the river, so far as we could discover, were yet upon a small scale. Indeed improvements of any kind, during the whole course of the San Jacinto, as so far as we followed it on our way to Houston, were sparse, owing to the immense tract of land which each settler holds under the colonization law, and the large portion of wet prairy[sic] which lies on the shores. I should judge that cotton would be better suited to the lands on this river than anything else; although on some portions corn has been raised, which, if it is not considered a good crop in most parts of the United States, still pays the farmer for his labor.

We came to Lynchburg situated upon our right at the junction of the San Jacinto and Buffalo Bayou. The battle ground is upon the opposite side of the river and is clearly in sight. The country around is low, and has the appearance of being sickly. The place itself is made up of a double hewed log house which answers as a tavern, a small store, and a steam mill.

On the opposite side of the river, which is half a mile wide at this place, is laid out another town, called the city of San Jacinto, which at this time had not even a house to lead the strangers to suspect its future greatness. We stopped a short time at Lynchburg - - - having failed to get anything to eat, we pushed off, and in a few hundred yards were at the mouth of Buffalo Bayou, going at nearly right angles with our former course.

The Lynchburg Flag.

When orders came from Mexico for the arrest of Zavala, committees were organized and authorized to adopt resolutions proclaiming the lawful rights of the people under the Constitution of 1824. When it became obvious that Texans must protect their lives and homes by force of arms, the towns of Harris County were foremost in the organization of volunteers.

While no official record of the membership of these companies has been kept, the following account of the organization of two companies was published in the Houston News, being written by a Virginian who took part in their events recorded.

September 15, 1835, the writer here off was at Captain William Scott's, San Jacinto, assisting in the organization of a company at the captain's proposition.

William Scott, a Kentuckian, was a wealthy man and patriotic to the core. He proposed to equip in full any one [who] would volunteer in the cause of Texas, giving him a good horse, saddle, bridal, gun, accoutrements, provisions, and a suit of clothes, making his house headquarters until they were ready to march.

About thirty men organized into a company, electing William Scott, captain, Peter J. Duncan of Alabama, first lieutenant, and James McGahey, second lieutenant. One morning while their preparations were going forward, Scott said to McGahey, “Mack, I have a piece of beautiful silk, solid blue. If you'll make the staff, we’ll have a flag. McGahey took the four yards of silk to Lynchburg where a staff was made, and Mrs. Lynch sewed a piece of domestic to the silk to protect its edges from fraying where it was attached to the staff. Charles Lanco, a painter by trade, by order of McGahey, painted the center a large five pointed white star. Having done this Lanco remarked, “Well now that looks naked, let me paint something under it, what shall it be?” McGahey replied, “Put the word Independence,” and it was done. Some men from East Texas on their way to San Felipe stopped, looked at the flag, admired it, and said, “It's is just the course for Texas to take.” Passing on to Harrisburg these men told another volunteer company there of the Lynchburg flag and its “Independence” motto.

Some men at Harrisburg denounced the display of this motto, and said they would shoot any man who attempted to raise a flag with the word Independence on it before it had been officially declared by the proper authorities. An angry message to this effect sent by courier to the Lynchburg Company brought a reply inviting the sender of the messages to come down the next day and see the flag hoisted.

McGahey had acted without authority in the matter of the motto and in the message to the Harrisburg company, but when Captain Scott was told of it, he said “By blood, Mack, that was a little rash, but I'll sustain you in it.”

The next day about noon, there came down the bayou two large yawl boats each carrying eight armed men, and pulled up to the shore. Captain Scott's company formed in line, under command of Lieutenant Duncan, between the shore and Mrs. Lynch's house, every man with a loaded gun. Not a man got out of a boat, nor was a word spoken by anyone. McGahey set his gun against the house, stepped into the house, took the flag from the rack, and planted the staff with a firm stroke in the ground, and on the bank of the San Jacinto, and the Lone Star with the magic word “Independence” floated proudly to the breeze. For some minutes not a word was spoken; presently the captain of one of the boats ordered his men to push away from the bank, and when a short distance in the stream took off his hat flourished it around his head, shouting “Hurrah for the Lone Star.” Every man in his crew did likewise, but the other boat pulled away upstream, and departed without making any demonstration whatever.

General Sidney Sherman.

On April 21, 1853, a large crowd gathered at a point three miles west of Harrisburg and cheered loudly as the first locomotive in Texas came puffing and hissing up the rickety track towards them.

“Hurrah for the BBB and C!” the crowd yelled. For the queer mechanical contraption that belched forth smoke and great brands of fire was the General Sherman, the first locomotive put in operation on by the Buffalo Bayou, Brazos, and Colorado Railroad Company. It was not only the first locomotive in Texas but it was the second steam vehicle to ever run west of the Mississippi. This stretch of track is now part of the Southern Pacific system.

The locomotive came from Boston, where it had outlived his usefulness as estimated by the progressive spirit of the times in that land. It was antiquated and unique but yet fully able to serve the needs of the venture it had come to develop. However it had been overhauled and was in first-rate mechanical condition.

In those days it was the custom to name all locomotives as Pullman cars or named today; but this one had neither name nor number. The first question which arose was, “What shall we name it?” Some suggested “Harrisburg.” others “Pioneer.” Someone said, “General Sherman,” and lo! it was settled. Why the General Sherman?

History shows that it was mainly through the efforts of General Sherman that the railroad came to Texas. After San Jacinto he purchased the home, “Crescent Place,” named from a curve of the shore on San Jacinto Bay, and lived here for several years. The old day books of Doctor Harvey Whiting contain several entries for medical service for various members of General Sherman's household in the year 1843. It was during this time that the general conceived the idea of building a railroad in Texas, extending westward to California.

General Sherman gave six thousand acres of land in Harrisburg to the railroad company. This land was divided into town lots and offered for sale to raise money to build the railroad. Some accounts, however, state that a company, the Harrisburg Town Company, transferred the lots to General Sherman for disposal. Considerable of the property had been in the possession of General Sherman but it

is certain others were interested in the project. The incorporators of this first railroad to operate an engine in Texas where: Sidney Sherman, Mr. McCloud, John C. Tod, John Angier, Jonathan F. Barrett, E.A. Allen, William M. Rice, W.A. Van Alstyne, James H. Stephens, B.A. Shepherd, and W.H. Hutchins. Mr. Barrett was made president.

History shows that it was mainly through the efforts of General Sherman that the railroad became a reality. After many trips to the East he induced capitalists to put some money in the Texas venture and actual work on the railroad was begun.

Records kept by Mister Sherman showed that the cost of laying the first 32 miles of track was $12,541 per mile. The total gross revenue the first year was $35,969, and the monthly cost of operating the line, including repairs to engines and tracks, was $1,054.

At the height of its popularity the line had two locomotives, four passenger cars, and twenty-four freight cars. The passenger cars held twenty-four passengers each, and the freight cars could carry sixteen bales of cotton each.

One of the remarkable things of the building of this first railroad in Texas was the choosing of the standard gauge which is now used the world over for public served train systems. It is the only early trackage which did not have to be rebuilt to conform to the standard.

Through his untiring efforts for six years to build this railroad, General Sherman had been called “The Father of Texas Railroads.”

It was the same General Sherman who had command of the second Texas regiment at the Battle of San Jacinto, the regiment which went on a reconnoitering expedition on the day before the battle, became engaged with a Mexican infantry division, and, for a time, threatened to actually do battle with the Mexicans on that day. The following day General (then Colonel) Sherman's troops were on the left wing of the Texian army and were the first to advance into action crying “Remember the Alamo!”

The last twenty years of General Sherman's life were spent at Crescent Place and at Galveston. It was while living in this community, in 1842, that he was elected to the Texas Congress before he took up the railroad project.

He died in Galveston in 1873, but some of the railroad track which he built seventy-nine years ago is still in use [in 1931].

The Provisional President.

A sod covered mound of bricks, remnants of the huge old-fashioned fireplace; the crumbling walls of a thirty foot water well, the hidden outlines of a cellar of a commodious farm house, depressions marking a six foot grave and three of lesser proportions; these are the only physical signs of the home of one of the most devoted patriots of the Republic, David Burnet.

In that farm home, overlooking the bay which bears his name, he and his family spent many happy days following the exciting revolutionary times. It also played its part in the development and preservation of the Republic. It was here he brought his young bride out of New York to face with him danger and privation, sickness and sorrow, honor and fame, peace and content. Here the wife and children are said to lie buried.

David G. Burnet was born in Newark, New Jersey, the year that George Washington was inaugurated the first president of the United States. His career took him from college to a counting house, thence on a military expedition into South America, back to New Jersey, and thence to Louisiana, and into Texas, living among the Indians for several months. Ill health brought him south; his recovery led him to return east, going first to Ohio and then to New York. Love of the western life brought him back to Texas where he secured a large tract of land under the Mexican Empresario laws. This he later sold to eastern interests.

In 1831 Burnet returned for the third time to Texas, bringing with him a boiler and steam engine for a saw mill which he proposed to erect at the town of Lynchburg. The vessel came near being wrecked, and the boiler had to be thrown overboard to prevent the sinking of the carrier. The engine was afterward floated ashore and recovered. Burnet then bought seventeen acres of land from Nathaniel Lynch, and Burnet and his partner, Norman Hurd, erected a steam mill, having brought experienced men out with them for that purpose.

Among those coming to Lynchburg with Burnet and Hurd was Gilbert Brooks, father of Dr. N. W. Brooks of Goose Creek. Mr. Brooks operated the mill for several years until it was burned on May 29, 1845. He then moved to Cedar Bayou and remained there until his death. An account of him is included in these sketches under the title “A Grand Jury up a Tree.”

Soon after the erection of the Lynchburg mill, Burnet brought another tract of land from Lynch, located about three miles this side of Lynchburg. Here he built a log house but later erected a neat cottage of lumber. This house was the family home during all the years of Burnet's active political life. In 1833 he was a member of the convention at San Felipe. In 1834 he was appointed a Judge and held court once or twice. In 1835 he was a member of the Consultation. 1836 he was elected by the Constitutional Convention Ad Interim of the Republic of Texas, and held that office until the following October.

When the Texian Government of officials with the archives on board the Cayuga fled from Harrisburg on the evening of April 15, 1836, in advance of Santa Anna's army, the boat stopped at Burnet's little home below Lynchburg and picked up his wife and family, taking them on to the larger boat, the Flash, at Morgan's Point, and thence to Galveston to remain until after the rout of the Mexicans at San Jacinto.

It was at Morgan's Point that President Burnet spent the night of April 16, alone, in a vain effort to communicate with Houston's army whose whereabouts at that time was unknown. Here Michael McCormick, mentioned previously at these sketches, rode hard in advance of a body of fifty Mexicans under Colonel Almonte, coming to bring news to Santa Anna at New Washington. Michael advised Burnet that he had been unable to locate the Texian army. Michael eluded Almonte's cavalry which came up at this moment and, had they been somewhat more vigilant, might have captured the President who jumped into a skiff and, after firing his gun, rowed out to the Flash which was standing by about two miles out in the bay.

At 1838 Burnet was elected Vice President of the Texian Republic, and at the end of his term he retired to his home at Lynchburg. There he lived until appointed Secretary of State in 1846. He again return to the country home and plowed his fields and reaped his crops, a simple, earnest farmer, with no material reward granted him for his years of service to his country.

Following the Civil War burn it was again recalled to public office, having been elected as a United States senator in 1866. But the bitter injustices exhibited by partisan politicians of those reconstruction days served to deprive him of the position to which he had been elected, and he was refused a seat in the Senate.

Upon his return to Texas, his money gone, his farm in weeds and sod, his home in poor repair, aged and unable to longer labor, he was cared for as for a father by a devoted young Galveston friend and his family. In that city, on December 5, 1870, the patriarch died. There he was laid to rest.

On May 14, 1931, the daughters of the Texas Republic, of Houston, placed the block of Texas granite to market the home site of David G Burnet.


David G. Burnet.

Colonel Morgan and Santa Anna.

The writer of the Hesperian articles continues his story of his visit with Colonel M. [Morgan] the following morning with the remark, "Our host was communicative, and we learn from him some interesting incidents connected with the Mexican Army at this point."

He continued a description is giving him by the Colonel. Santa Anna marched the division of the army under his immediate command, from the Brazos to this place, with so little show of resistance upon the part of his enemy, that he concluded all opposition to his arms had ceased, and that the inhabitants had abandoned the country in despair. When here, he had no knowledge of the situation of Gen. Houston and his little band, which he supposed had dispersed before the terror of his name. In the pride of conquest, and in the spirit of revenge, he set fire to New Washington with his own hands; in the destruction of which, Colonel M. was the principal suffer.

After the fortune of war had placed Santa Anna in the power of the colonel, the former once took occasion to compliment him on the beautiful and commanding situation which he had selected for a town; when the colonel expressed a deep great regret that his prisoner had not seen sufficient inducements in the beauty of the place to spirit from flames. The colonel had been absent on public duty when the Mexicans arrived.

It is quite evident, if we will observe the conduct of Santa Anna, from the time he entered Texas that he was determined to appropriate to himself all the laurels which were to be won by the subjugation of the country. From such a motive, we always find him with the advanced detachments of his the army, keeping the other divisions in his rear, in case of extreme emergency when his own puissance could not prevail, rather than as adjuncts in the ordinary events of war. Could he prevail with a handful of men, while the main army stood looking on, it would add much to his fame as a warrior, and strengthen his claims to the title of Napoleon of the South, which vanity prompted him to assume. It was because he was partly at least under the influence of such feelings, that we find him at New Washington, with a handful of men under his command, while Filisola, with the

main body of his army, was stationary upon the Brazos, fifty miles in the rear, without the least object in view.

It cannot be said in Santa Anna's defense, that from the time he crossed the Brazos he expected no opposition; for it’s surely forming a poor estimate of his abilities, to suppose that he came to the conclusion that the country was subjugated, merely because he had penetrated into the interior, especially when no engagements of a decisive character had taken place. If he supposed that the Texians would abandon the country and give up their friends without a struggle, it is proof that he is neither a man of sense nor a general; for any man of common endowment, would have expected and looked for battle if he found it nowhere else, upon the banks of the Sabine.

Doubtless, however, Santa Anna thought otherwise. This will account for the small number of men he had with him, when the situation in which his selfish vanity had placed him, required the whole force of his army. The event proved that vanity and weakness are nearly allied, and that misfortune and disgrace are consequences of both.

It was here, while New Washington was in flames, that the Mexicans heard for the first time that the army of Texas was on his trail. The gulf, with its swamp in front, the San Jacinto, unfordable upon his left, bayous and lakes of on his right, and Houston and his rear, left him no alternative but the issue of battle. He had placed himself in a situation where victory, should it even attend his fortune, could not profit more than any other place, but where defeat must be followed by the certain destruction of his whole army. When he learned that he was superior to his enemies in point of numbers, he doubtless thought it but a slight interruption to his career of conquest, to retrace his steps for a few miles, and put to rout a few stragglers who, for weeks, like so many scared partridges, had dodged from point to point, to avoid collision with what he styles in His official bulletins, his invincible Mexicans.

It was hereafter learned how rapid is the descent from it the highest point of human greatness to the lowest depth of despair when seven hundred of these invincible were left dead on the field of battle, more than six hundred of them taken prisoner, the balance routed and disbursed, a vast country, which cost much

blood and treasure given up, divisions of the Mexican army, which had not partaken in the disasters of the day, lying at all directions, and Santa Anna himself a prisoner begging for life like a felon.

Houston's "Ship Channel."

The first accounts of an attempt to clear Buffalo Bayou for shipping were in 1837 and 1840. On the morning of April 21, 1837, the schooner Rolla arrived at the landing in Houston. This was the first sailing vessel ever to enter Houston. She was chartered by Messrs. Dykeman and R.D. Westcott, sailing from St. Joseph, Florida, consigned to A.C. and J.K. Allen. Four days were occupied in sailing up the bayou from Harrisburg, as overlapping trees and other obstructions of the "Ship Channel" had to be cut away.

Some of the passengers on the Rolla attended the ball given that evening in honor of the first anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, in the old Carlos Building on the present site of the First National Bank Building. The building was then new; in fact the roof had not yet been laid, so boughs of trees were laid across the joists in the form of a canopy. Much anxiety was felt by the committee in charge as the day was dark and cloudy and a storm was feared, but by evening the clouds had disappeared and all was well.

This dance was is the conclusion of a brilliant day of celebration which included a flag raising; a procession through the streets led by General Houston and a Commissioner from the British government, sent to inquire into the general conditions of the new Republic; and an impassioned patriotic speech which was timed to occur at the very hour and during the very moment which celebrated the anniversary of the triumph of the Texian troops at San Jacinto the year previous.

President Houston led the grand march on this triumphant occasion with Mrs. Mosley Baker whose husband, Colonel Mosley Baker, settled the place called Evergreen on Galveston Bay, and later sold his home to that distinguished statesman Colonel Ashbel Smith.

One in attendance at the anniversary dance describes it as follows: "Night came and with it the merry dancers; the President, dressed in a rich silk velvet suit, moved among the dancers with the gallantry and grace which have always distinguished him when he chose to assume them. The evening passed off with much pleasure and satisfaction to all, and without any disturbance. There were here as there are all on occasions - - -

“Quips, and cranks, and wanton smiles,

Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Sport that wrinkled care derides,

And laughter, holding both his sides.”

Three years after the “cutting of the overlapping trees and other obstructions from the ‘Ship Channel’ for the sailing of the Rolla,” the editor of the Houston Morning Star, Mr. J.W. Cruger states: “We are frequently disappointed in the winter in the non-arrival of steamboats, owing to the shallow water on Clopper’s Bar. We believe that if the owners of the boats would drop boys along the line of channel over this bar so it could be distinguished accurately, all boats would constantly pass over it in the same track, and as mud is raised by the boats each time they pass, which is washed by the current into the Bay below, the channel would then be deepened.”

In 1853 the United States government did dig a channel through this bar.

A Grand Jury up A Tree.

The first Grand Jury to be called in Harris County met in Houston, March 20, 1837. One of the eighteen men chosen for that service was Mr. Gilbert Brooks, citizen of this community who had come to Texas with David Burnet six years prior to erect the saw mill at Lynchburg.

A site had been selected for the erection of a county courthouse but the building had not as yet been started. The trees, however, had been felled and were lying waiting for the sawyers to reduce them to building timbers or firewood. As the day of the meeting of the jury for its first session was rainy the ground was very muddy. So the jury men climbed into the branches of one very large prone tree and there literally up a tree, discussions of law infractions took place.

The first indictment brought in by this jury was against Whitney Britton for assault and battery upon the person of a Mr. Cary, father of “Brother Cary” of Goose Creek. Later the petit jury, also the first jury of that class to be impaneled in the county, found Britton guilty and fined him five dollars.

The second indictment was not of immediate interest to this section of the county but is nevertheless of sufficient interest to be noted here. It was against James Adams for larceny. The petit jury also found him guilty and imposed upon him a fine of $295.00, and further ordered the sheriff or his deputy to give Adams thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, and to brand him in the right hand with the letter T for thief, the sentence to be executed in some public place in the city of Houston. There are those who tell of remembering several persons who were present at the lashing and branding and those tales carry the story of the shrieks of pain and fear emitted by Adams as the sheriff executed the court's orders. That the punishment was not then considered inhuman is testified to by the character of the jurors who set upon the case, one of whom was later to become a governor of the state, F. R. Lubbock.

Intimate Sketches of Famous Pioneers.

David G. Burnet.

After the fall of the Alamo. Part of the convention fled without ceremony. Other members got drunk. Chairman Ellis attempted to adjourn the sittings to Nacogdoches, but a well-knit delegate with a stubby beard stood on a bench and told the members to return to work. The Constitution was slapped together at ten o'clock that night. At midnight the Convention elected the well-knit delegate provisional president of the Republic.

His name was David G. Burnet. Thirty years before he had deserted a high stool in a New York counting house to see the world. He was with Miranda's romantic but rash descents upon Venezuela. He had roamed with the wild Indians in the little-explored West. One bulge in his close-fitting coat was made by Bible, another by a pistol; and he did not drink or swear.

Marquis James - - "The Raven."

Houston in the "President's Mansion."

John James Audubon visited Houston, escorted by the secretary of the Navy. "We approached the President's mansion wading in water above our ankles. This abode - - - is a small log house, consisting of two rooms and a passage through, after the southern fashion . . . we found ourselves ushered into what in other countries would be called the ante-chamber; the ground floor however, was mucky and filthy, a large fire was burning, and a small table, covered with paper and writing materials, was in the center; camp-beds, trunks, and different materials were strewed around the room.

We were at once presented to several members of the Cabinet, some of whom bore the stamp of intellectual ability, and to Mr. Crawford, an agent of the British minister to Mexico, who has come here on some secret mission. We were presented to the President, 'His Excellency,' who wore the velvet suit and a cravat somewhat in the style of seventy-six. He asked a few polite questions and led us into a private chamber which was not much cleaner than the ante-room.

One of the beds in the private room belonged to Sam Houston. The other belonged to Ashbel Smith, Surgeon General of the Army. The cots in the reception room for guests. A third room, a lean-to back of the private chamber, served as a kitchen and a servant's hall for the President's two negro retainers."

Audubon's Journal.

Dr. Ashbel Smith.

"Dr. Ashbel Smith was a wiry man of medium stature whose indifference to his wardrobe was redeemed by the care he bestowed upon a close-cropped professional-looking beard. He was thirty-two years old, a Connecticut blue-stocking educated at Yale and in France. He was rich and had come to Texas to forget a girl.

The Surgeon General was a good conversationalist in the quiet charm of his personality contributed to the popularity of the manage of the bachelor President of the Republic. The temperate habits of the Doctor had their influence on his roommate . . . On occasions Houston drove his guests away early and, after a game of chess with Smith, would plant himself on the foot of the Doctor's bed and talk until daylight."

Marquis James - - "The Raven."

U.S. Senator Sam Houston.

He was fifty-five years old - - - a magnificent barbarian somewhat tempered by civilization. He was a large frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanor and had a lion-like countenance capable of expressing fiercest passions. His dress was peculiar, but it was becoming to his style. The conspicuous features of it were a military cap, and a short military cloak of fine blue broadcloth, with a blood-red lining. Afterward I occasionally met him when he wore a vest and picturesque sombrero in a Mexican blanket.

Oliver Dyer, shorthand reporter on the staff of the United States Senate.

Christian Smith.

Christian Smith was one of Stephen F. Austin's famous "Old Three Hundred." He and his family came down the Mississippi from the state of Tennessee, traveling to New Orleans on a raft with their household goods stored at one end of the raft. They then took a boat for Galveston, continuing thence to this community where he was granted a league where the Cedar Bayou Methodist Church now stands.

The great homemade cedar four poster beds and clothes presses brought with them gave their home a distinction which few homes in the community enjoyed.

Christian Smith was one of the substantial citizens of the community whose upright life helped to mold the character of the younger generation and keep the name of Cedar Bayou in good repute throughout the section. His descendants still occupy land granted to him one hundred years ago following in the footsteps of their venerated ancestor.

Tents, Taverns, Tariff.

For an inside and economic conditions in 1837 we again refer to the account of a traveler from Columbus, Ohio, writing in the Hesperian Magazine, in 1838. Houston being at that time recognized as the commercial center of southeastern Texas, prices there would probably be typical of those in the Goose Creek-Cedar Bayou community.

Houston, more properly called the city of Houston, as no place of a less denomination exists in all of Texas, is situated upon the south side of Buffalo Bayou, at least sixty feet above the water, and about one hundred miles from the coast. When I arrived in the latter part of March (1837) the improvements consisted of a one-story frame, two hundred feet or more in length, which had just been raised, intended by the enterprising proprietors for stores and public offices; several rough log cabins, two of which were occupied as taverns, a few shanties made of poles set in the ground, and covered and weatherboarded with rough split shingles. All, however, was bustle and animation. Hammers and axes were sounding at all directions, and I heard the trees falling around, and saw men engaged in laying the foundations of houses, others raising, and a number busily at work marking out the ground, and preparing timber for a government house. I might say that there was concentrated all the energy and enterprise of Texas, for there were but few improvements making in any other portion of the Republic. Lots were selling at enormous prices; in some instances is high as four and five thousand dollars apiece. The spirit of speculation was afloat, which, as a medium, distorted and displaced everything.

When I arrived Houston was not only the center of most of the spirit and enterprise of Texas, it seemed to be the focus of immigration from all directions, as it continued to be during the summer. In a short time, a floating population had collected of some four or five hundred people. Houses cannot be built as fast as required, so that quite a large number of linen tents were pitched in every direction over the prairie[sic], which gave to the city the appearance of a Methodist campground. Some of these tents, such as were used for groceries were calculated to surprise one from their great size. A number of them measured more than a hundred feet each in circumference, with conical tops thirty or forty feet in height, supported by means of a pole in the center.

Laboring hands were then exceedingly scarce, so that a house carpenter, even if he was not more than an ordinary hand, would readily command, after being boarded, the sum of three dollars a day. Lumber of all kinds was hard to be procured, and was selling for seventy dollars a thousand. Some was brought from the United States, but most of what was used was sawed by hands at pits, whose operations could be seen and heard in every quarter of the city. Notwithstanding the high prices of everything, improvements went on, and the people rushed in until the place in the fall, when I left, contained some respectable frame buildings, and numbered, as I was told by the best authority, seven hundred inhabitants.

Persons visiting the place during the summer suffer great inconvenience for the want of accommodations. A blanket upon the ground, upon the floor, or anywhere else, so that is under cover, was as much as could be expected. My own couch at one of the principal hotels, which will give some idea of the comfort of the place in this particular, if he will keep in mind that, from the fact that I was a regular border, I was entitled to the best in the house. In an open cabin without a floor, a fork was driven into the ground a few feet from one of the corners. Poles were laid from the fork to the opening in the logs, which were covered with clapboards. Upon this platform was strewed some moss, which together with a blanket made up the whole bed. Perched upon such an eminence, I could look down with a kind of patrician dignity upon the less favored, who were littered upon the ground. But the loftiest must sometimes come down, and when it so happened that the boards became displaced, which often occurred from the individual feelings with which my elevation was regarded, I suffered the penalty of all superior pretensions, by a tumble up on the ground. The inconvenience of bad lodging has been in a great measure obviated by the erection of a large and commodious frame building, used as a house of public entertainment.

Provisions during the summer were scarce, and living was not only extremely difficult, but very high. From one dollar and a half to two dollars a day was as cheap as boarding could be had. Even the sweet potato, which grows here to the greatest perfection, sold as high as four dollars per bushel; and corn, most of which was imported, was selling for five dollars for the same measure, during the greater part of the summer. Flour varied according to the arrival of vessels from the United States, from fifteen to thirty dollars a barrel; and that, too often of the most indifferent kind. Chicken sold for a dollar apiece, and eggs as high as a dollar a

dozen. When we consider that no country excels Texas in fine cattle, one would suppose that butter and milk could be had in the greatest abundance, and upon the most reasonable terms, yet, it is a fact that while the latter was scarce and hard to get, the former could seldom be procured at any price. This will appear strange to the reader when he is informed that butter was worth from fifty-five to seventy-five cents a pound; and that there were a number of persons in the neighborhood of Houston who owned from five hundred to four thousand head of cattle. One would suppose that vegetables might be had at moderate prices in a country where they may be planted at almost all seasons of the year; and which it is said to be productive in the highest extent. Still every kind was scarce and could not be had at any sum. It is to be feared that the Texas farmer, accustomed to provide only for his own wants, must have some powerful inducement, greater than he has yet felt, the tax his exertions to contribute anything to those of his neighbor.

To compensate however, for bad bread, want of butter, vegetables and milk, the traveler in Texas has as good beef as is to be found in any part of the world; which may be had in the greatest abundance at from two to four cents a pound. In the month of March, beef killed upon the prairy[sic], is a sweet, tender and fat is any I have ever seen or eaten.

During the summer, the money most in circulation was the notes of Louisiana and Mississippi banks and gold and silver. Notes upon most of the southern and middle states passed without difficulty. Bank paper was by no means scarce, as every person coming from the states, especially those who were called speculators, brought it with them in large quantities. But paper of all kinds, vanished as soon as the great money embarrassment began to be seen and felt at home. Gold and silver too, soon disappeared, being mostly gathered up by speculators to make their purchases of the Mexicans, who would receive no other money, or carried off by gamblers. From such causes, money of all kinds became exceedingly scarce, which made the issue of shin plasters a matter of necessity.

In a population thrown together from all quarters of the world, as was the case in Houston, it may be a subject of curiosity with some to know that there was to occupy the attention and employee the time of all. The mercantile business engaged the attention of quite a number, there being from eight to ten stores during the latter part of the summer; and were I to judge from the enormous prices at

which goods were selling, I might well concede that they were in the most prosperous condition.

After the operation of the tariff, everything became enormously high. The direction which everything took before it reached the consumer, will account for those extravagant prices. The merchant of New York, after he is paid a profit to the importer upon the original cost, and duty, due to the government of the United States, sells to the merchant of New Orleans, at a living advance upon the whole. The latter in his sales to the merchant of Texas, feels authorized to add at least thirty per cent to his profits. The Texian then pays a duty of twenty-five per cent upon the invoiced price to his government; and when the we consider that he is not satisfied with less than one hundred per cent upon the entire cost, it is not difficult to see how it is that the consumer in this circle of trade has the worst of the bargain.

Cloth, which did not cost originally more than three dollars a yard, and which would be retailed in the United States at from five to six, was selling here from fifteen to twenty dollars. Hats which did not cost more than two or three dollars at wholesale, were selling from ten to fifteen, and it was common for boots not worth more than five or six dollars anywhere else, to bring eighteen dollars a pair. The grocers, who were quite numerous, appeared to do the principal business at Houston. If I accept one or two tailors, who did little besides mending, there were no mechanics in Houston, but the carpenters. In fact, little mechanical labor is done in Texas apart from building."

The home of Dr. Ashabel Smith at Evergreen.

Ashbel Smith, Scholar and Statesman.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, of Evergreen, was the outstanding scholar and statesman of the Republic of Texas. These phases of his life are nowhere better told than in the eulogy delivered by Dr. A.G. Clapton, June 15, 1886, before the regents, faculty, and students of the University of Texas at Austin, by invitation of the Board of Regents of Austin, Texas. Excerpts from that eulogy or here given:

"A wide range of practical experience, a mastery of social and political topics, with great conversational powers, gave Ashbel Smith an influence among his peers and commanded his opinions to men. An able disputant, he was ever ready to vindicate Truth, but sought not to silence by dogmatism, but to convince by argument. He was no orator - - - could not hold men spell-bound by the magic of his eloquence, yet he commanded their attention by the sincerity of his manner and the force of his logic.

Though a man of society, he loved solitude and the companionship of his well-storied library. His old-time courtesy, his charming simplicity, his singleness of purpose, his utter unselfishness, his aesthetic susceptibility, his suavity of manner, in imparting or receiving knowledge, distinguished him among his fellow men in the circle of his personal friends was coextensive with his acquaintance.

In whatever circle he mingled, whether political, professional, or social, he was respected for his scholarship, his knowledge and his experience.

Positive in his opinions, he always courteously, but firmly, expressed them when the occasion required.

Four score years, when attacked with his last and fatal illness, his intellect was as vigorous, and his affections were as strong as in the prime of his manhood.

Born in the state of Connecticut he received a finished education. He was a graduate of Yale in the academic and medical departments, and upon the threshold of his manhood was surrounded by such social influences, as assured him success in the profession of his choice. The cultivated and scientific bent of his mind and the inborn philanthropy of his heart, particularly adapted him to the practice of medicine. Had he made it the ruling object of his life, his name would have been

enrolled high among the great medical names of the world, but circumstances determined otherwise.

Fired by cause which strongly appeals to every generous bosom, he, during the memorial memorable struggle for Texas Independence, united his fortunes with those of the infant republic. The people of Texas were not slow to discern the worth, and employ the services of one willing to serve in any capacity, for the vindication of the sacred principles of self-government.

Soon after his arrival in Texas, he was appointed Surgeon General of the Army. Afterwards, at the most trying time in the history of the Republic, he was appointed by General Houston, Minister to England and France. At that time the young Republic stood, almost without aid or sympathy, or positive recognition, from the great nations of the Earth. The United States, the modern representative of civil liberty before the world, at this critical period turned to her the cold shoulder; Mexico, encouraged by her loneliness, was preparing to invade her territory, and the attitude of foreign powers was of the greatest importance. Under these trying conditions, he entered upon his mission - - - his ripe scholarship, familiarity with all historical, political, and polite topics, expressive patriotism, and suavity of address, introduced him favorably to the leading men of England and France, and during this time he established the highest reputation for diplomacy, and it is due to his ministerial labors that Texas is today a prosperous state in the American Union.

Under President Anson Jones, he was appointed Secretary of State and afterwards served several terms in the state legislature, before and after the war. He filled, during the history of the state, numerous positions of trust and honor, which time will not permit to enumerate.

Though long since retired from active professional life, he delighted in investigating the medical literature of the day, and to the day of his death kept abreast of medical progress. He delighted in the association of his professional brethren, and in 1882 was elected President of the State Medical Association - - the first time in the history of the Association, that this honor was conferred upon a member who was not actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

The great work of his life, the one through which his name will be connected with posterity, was his faithful and sacrificing discharge of his responsibilities, as President of the Board of Regents, in organizing and successfully operating the State University. This was the crowning work, the capstone that completed the arch, and to which he devoted his last years. The first appointee of Governor Roberts as regent, when the appointments were full, and they assembled to organize, their first act was perhaps their wisest - - they elected Dr. Smith President of the Board. The people accepted him as a guarantee, as satisfactory as would be the endorsement of Jay Gould to a plain note of hand for payment, that the foundations of the institution would be laid in wisdom, its superstructure such as is required for the highest standard of university education and its funds honestly dispersed.

He was accorded this post by virtue of his ripe scholarship, his experience, his observation and practical knowledge, and no public trust conferred upon him was more highly estimated. No conqueror or hero is ever prouder of his laurels, than Dr. Ashbel Smith of this expression of his co-regents, of confidence in his ability and judgment. Every energy of his mind was devoted to the work and he happily lived to see its foundation laid so firmly, as to ensure its future completion.

Over two years since Dr. Smith and I met upon a train between Fort Worth and Austin. Conversation in regard to the State University ensued. I asked him what he thought of the provision for the co-education of the sexes in the university. I knew that the female schools of the state, in their curriculum and requirements, fell far below what would be necessary to enter a university. The female seminaries even were not high enough for such preparation, and I was uncertain as to the result - - whether the university standard would be lowered to suit the schools, or the preparation of the schools raised to answer to the demands of the university. The earnestness of his response gave evidence that the interest was mutual. ‘Why, sir.’ he replied. ‘Our fathers, in providing for the co-education of the sexes, were wise beyond their generation, and but recognized a law of creation that would sooner or later be of universal recognition.’

At this time no female college opened to women to the advantages of a university education. Vasser, the highest female institution of learning in the United States, fell far short of it. But two or three of the universities are open to her

on equal terms with the male student. May I not say that Texas leads in the van in this important innovation? Every department of knowledge is open to her equal with him.

To Dr. Smith more than any other is due the wisdom that directed the Board of Regents and we may rejoice that he was spared for this responsibility.

What the names of your statesmen, your senators, your governors, and generals shall be forgotten by men, his name will be remembered and indissolubly connected with the Texas State University."

Margaret Lea Houston at Cedar Point.

The following excerpts in regard to Margaret Lee Houston (Mrs. Sam Houston) are taken from Marquis James' "The Raven," and give an insight into her home life at Cedar Point.

1841. "General Houston had hastened from Austin as soon as his work was done and carried Margaret away to a summer home he had built on a lovely spot by the sea called Cedar Point. They were very happy, and Margaret had every reason to acquire faith in herself as an instrument of regeneration. Margaret was as beautiful as any woman in Texas. She was more intelligent and had been much more carefully educated than the average of women there or elsewhere. She was an excellent musician and sang sweetly. At Cedar Point Margaret had only her guitar, but the population of Houston City was divided into two classes; those who had and those who had not seen the Houston piano! While not shunning society, Margaret cared little for it, or for the stir that went with being the wife of a famous public man. She was a homemaker."

1854. "Mrs. Houston had asthma, and thinking to benefit her by the higher altitude, the general built another residence at Independence. . . This gave the Houstons four homes. . . . the Houston family, with its cluster of little ones, whose number methodically increased to seven, became as mobile as a cavalry. A notion to trek would strike the General. In an hour the children would be rounded up by Margaret and the maids. With trunks lashed to the boot, a surplus negro or two perched on top and a flourish of Tom Blue's long whip, the great yellow carry-all and four horses would be off in a cloud of rolling dust, General Houston leading the way in a single-seated buggy beside the gigantic Joshua, his driver. . . On, on - - - own always in flight."

June 1861. "During the spring Houston had tarried in Huntsville and then sought the deeper seclusion of Cedar Point by the sea. 'He has sunk out of sight leaving but a ripple on the surface.' Houston was seated on the balcony of the City Hotel when a parcel of recruits for the Second Texas Infantry called out a respectful greeting. They were just boys. Leaning on his stick the general started to tell them in a paternal way some of the things that young soldiers should know. . . . These boys went to battle with his blessing. 'My prayers will follow you that you may be

brave, trust in God, and fear not.' General Houston returned to Cedar Point to learn that he had blessed his own son. Sam, Jr. had joined Ashbel Smith's company of the Second Texas. Margaret was in tears. Her husband consoled her. 'What else was there for a boy of spirit to do?'"

1863. "During the summer at Cedar Point Nannie (the eldest Houston daughter) had returned from a visit with an enthusiastic account of 'a charming old gentleman' whom she had met. 'You must certainly remember him, father, for he said that he knew you in the early days of Texas, and made such kind enquiries about you.' General Houston asked the name. 'Judge Burnet,' said Nannie. The general smiled but told his daughter none of the strife between him and David Burnet in those early days."

Battle of Shiloh 1862. Captain Ashbel Smith was wounded. . . . The Second Texas deployed to cover the retreat, and Private Houston (Sam Jr,) was dropped with a ball through his body. The Federal advance swept over him and Sam was stricken from the role of Company C is killed in battle.

A Union medical officer, kneeling by the boy, told a blue-clad chaplain that this soldier had not long to live. Sam's knapsack had fallen off and its contents were strewn about. The chaplain picked up a Bible. It had been shot through.

'From

Margaret Lee Houston

To her beloved son

Sam

Huntsville Texas.'

'Is General Sam Houston your father?' asked the clergyman. Sam was given special care and as soon as he could travel he was exchanged.

Margaret was tending her flowers when a crippled soldier appeared at the gate. She left her work to speak to him but he spoke first. 'Why Ma, I don't believe you know me.'

Sam recuperated at Cedar Point where did the air smelled of the tropical sea, and white clouds hung so palpable and motionless it seemed a miracle they did not fall from the sky.

August 1862, Cedar Point. "'My ever precious boy,' wrote Margaret to Sam Jr. after his return to the front. 'We are expecting Col. Smith this evening. . . previous to his departure for the army, , , , and I almost tremble when I think of meeting one who is so intimately associated with the great trial of my life (Sam's wounding). . . . Sister Nannie is sending you a pair of socks and father is adding a postscript in his own hand.'

General Houston's postscript to that letter was: 'My dear son, I only send you a fond father's tender blessing and assure you of his prayers at a Throne of Grace for your safety and salvation.'"

September. Cedar Point. "All days were not gray. September sixth was the birthday of Nannie, and when she walked into the living room there stood the handsomest redwood piano she had ever seen. Not many people in Texas were buying pianos in 1862."

Mrs. Anson Jones.

Among the early laws established by the Texas Republic was the one regulating marriage, which went into effect on June 5, 1837. On the sixteenth of the following month the first marriage license was issued to a young woman who was it take a very active part in the affairs of Texas for many years. She was Miss Mary Smith, and the young man to whom she married was Hugh McCrory, a recently arrived soldier from Mississippi. Within two months McCrory was dead in Mary was left a widow at the age of eighteen.

In 1839 Mrs. McCrory, with her parents moved to the capitol, Austin, where she met Dr. Anson Jones, a senator in the Texas legislature. In May, 1840, they were married. Events in her life moved in rapid succession for the following several years. Dr. Jones had been a physician at the Battle of San Jacinto, having previously practiced medicine in the city of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and in Venezuela. In 1837 he was elected Representative in the House of Congress; the following year he was appointed minister from the Republic of Texas to the United States, and while absent on that mission he had been elected to the seat in the Senate. Now in the absence of the Vice President, Jones was chosen its presiding officer. He was Secretary of State during Houston's second presidential term, and at its close was elected President of the Republic.

President Jones's term of office was for three years but owing to the annexation of Texas to the United States, he served only a little more than a year and a half, and, on the 19th of February, 1846, surrendered the government to James Pinckney Henderson, first Governor of the State. Retiring to his plantation in Washington County, which he called “Barrington,” in honor of his birthplace in the state of Massachusetts, the family lived there until 1857. In that year he entered the race for United States Senate and was defeated. His defeat, accompanied by serious ill health, undermined his reason and he shot himself in the city of Houston on January seventh 1858. Thus, Mrs. Jones, having shared with Dr. Jones the triumph and glory of an active political life, now suffered in his misfortune, becoming, when less than forty years of age, a widow for the second time.

Upon Dr. Jones's death, Mrs. Jones, with her four children, removed to this community, attracted by the peace and beauty of the surroundings. She bought the

property on which the Charles Trifon home is now located, in the village of Pelly. From this home she managed with skill and industry and success a large farm and supervised the education of her children, giving them a training that distinguishes a practical, sensible, and pious mother.

Of her three sons, Charles, the second one, fell mortally wounded at Shiloh; Samuel also served in the Confederate Army but returned to his mother and later took up the practice of dentistry in Houston; the youngest son, Cromwell Anson Jones, became a distinguished member of the Harris County bar and served at one time as County judge. The only daughter, Sallie, became the mother of Judge Charles Ashe, of Houston. Mrs. Jones and her son, C. Anson, planted the grove of pecan trees which served for years as a landmark in Pelly, two of which trees are still standing in front of the old homestead.

Mrs. Jones was the first president of the Daughters of the Texas Republic and served as the honorary president of that organization until her death.

Educational Societies and Conventions.

Through Dr. Ashbel Smith, this community was closely associated with the earliest societies formed or the promotion of education in the state. During the latter part of the year 1838, while the seat of government was still located at Houston, a brilliant group of men formed the Philosophical Society of Texas in imitation of the American Philosophical Society formed in 1769 for the promotion of science.

The object of this new society was to foster the study of the various natural sciences; also to bring about the diffusion of learning as widely as possible throughout the infant Republic.

The society drew up a memorial petitioning Congress to establish a system of public education. “Not merely is it worthy that such an association devoted to these lofty ends was formed this early in the life of the pioneer civilization of the Southwest, but the personnel of the body was quite extraordinary,” said Dr. Frederick Eby, in his “Development of Education in Texas.” “The president of the organization was Mirabeau B. Lamar, who was shortly after elected President of the Republic. Among the five vice-presidents, the first was Ashbel Smith, who had arrived in Texas the previous year. He was a graduate of Yale University in both arts and medicine. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence and learning and was destined to play for almost half a century a vital part in the development of education in Texas.”

A convention of teachers and others interested in education met in Houston January 9, 1846, to consult as to the best means of “obtaining standard and uniform textbooks, the establishment of a college for teachers, and the devising of a systematic mode of instruction.” This meeting was called the “Convention of the Friends of Education.” It was noteworthy as the first gathering of the kind in the history of Texas. An organization was formed at this meeting called the “Texas Literary Institute.”

Chauncey Richardson was elected president; “Ashbel Smith, who was usually found at all gatherings concerning the progress of education, was vice-president,” was remarked by Mr. Eby.

Later, the first uniform textbook committee in the state was composed of some of the Institute leaders, and Dr. Smith was one of the committee members. The first reader suggested for adoption was “Holmes” series. When the Bayland home for Confederate Widows and Orphans opened a school at Evergreen, these readers were used there. Mrs. Anna Alan Wright, foster daughter of Dr. Smith still treasures a third and fourth reader of that name which were used by her at Bayland. They were frequently found in the Harris County Schools until the early [eighteen] eighties.

Pioneer Industries.

The early settlers in this community were industrial rather than agricultural. Little cotton was raised until within the past thirty years although there were many small farms which produced enough potatoes and fresh vegetables, poultry and hogs, to supply the local demands. As elsewhere in Texas, cattle were numerous and provided fresh meat at a low cost. The streams abounded in fish and the woods and prairies supplied game for the hunters. Deer, bear, buffalo, turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, geese, ducks, flamingos, sandhill cranes, and squirrels and rabbits were plentiful although today quail, ducks and geese are all of the wild game that remains.

A few large plantation owners like Dr. Ashbel Smith raised great cotton and cane crops, attended by their negro slaves. The crumbling walls of the old brick chimney is all that remains of a famous cane mill on the Smith plantation. One of the sugar pots, a great iron kettle, is still used by Colonel Smith's foster daughter, Mrs. Anna Allen Wright, at Evergreen, but it now serves as a watering trough for her cow.

It is not known to us who named Cedar Bayou and Goose Creek nor when they were named, but we do know that they were marked under those names on Stephen F. Austin map of Texas in 1829, seven years after Rider first settled in the community. However, the abundance of game, especially geese, nesting on its shores during the breeding season, no doubt provided the name for that creek. It is natural to suppose the beautiful cedar trees on the bayou lead an early explorer to name it Cedar Bayou. Both streams have played an important part in the industrial development of this section.

Goose Creek today is much narrower and shallower than it formerly was, having filled with silt and debris through the years. The leading industries along this stream were brick making and logging. Brickyards were located at Duke's landing and at Busch’s. They were owned by a Mr. Reeves and a Mr. Page respectively.

Cedar Bayou’s cedars for many years furnished lumber for boats and docks in homes and commercial buildings, being shipped by boat down the stream long before Buffalo Bayou was considered practical for navigation. In 1885 jetties were

built by the government as a protection for the harbor and a channel was dredged across the bar. This was a great benefit in that it allowed deeper draught vessels to ply the stream.

Brick yards were built along the banks, the clay near this stream becoming famous for the extreme hardness of the bricks made from it. This industry was for years the leading one in the community and has recently been revived. Early kilns were owned by Mike Casey, the Wrights, Brooks & Cary, Fayles, McLeans Davises, Ed Smith, and Rosamond, Milam & Brother. The last named concern was purchased by William D. Hayden, a former towpath boy of the Bayou. By diligent labor he was able to buy a half interest in the boat the "Mermaid." He borrowed five hundred dollars and with this borrowed capital and his share of the Mermaid he managed the purchase. In later years he secured the contract from the government to furnish the sand for the seawall at Galveston, shipping it by boat from the San Jacinto River.

Ninety percent of the brick buildings in Galveston before the nineteen hundred storm were built from Cedar Bayou bricks. Since that time the demand has come from Houston rather than from Galveston. The common brick in Houston's most beautiful and costly building, the Gulf building, are Cedar Bayou products.

Prior to the great storm of 1875 Baytown was an important shipping point under the name of Midway. Just below the present Humble Oil Company's docks was a large warehouse which served as a wholesale depot for both groceries and dry goods. A butcher trail lead from the Midway slaughter pens to the city of Houston. The Busch family owned most of the cattle in the country at that time and had a contract to furnish the Confederate Army with meat for its soldiers. This meat was shipped by boat to Galveston.

A cross-country road led directly north from Midway to Cold Springs, Texas. Over this road merchandise was carried, often ox teams were used to haul the wagons, eight yoke being hitched to one wagon in extremely bad weather. The worst spots in the road were reinforced with corduroy to prevent the wagons from sinking beyond recovery in the mud of the swampy sections during the rainy season. Remains of this road are to be found occasionally at the present time.

The best-known mercantile establishment in the entire community is the Ilfrey general store at Cedar Bayou, the family having conducted the store and post office there on the same site since 1868.

The leading agricultural industry here was perhaps that of rice farming. Far and wide are the ridges left to tell the story of old rice fields, and deep ditches which once served as irrigation troughs. The largest rice mill stood in fair condition, near Elena, until recently when the fig and strawberry industry came to that community to supersede rice.

It was only a quarter of a century ago that oil was first produced in the Goose Creek region, changing the entire aspect of the industrial development of this area.

Music for the Yankees.

In the old city of Natchez, on the Mississippi, before the days of the great war between the states, dwelt a physician and plantar whose acres stretched far back from the river and a thousand slaves labored and sang the long, sunny days away. Here was a gracious welcome for all who passed, and when the Yankees swept down from the North this home was selected for entertainment by the Union officers.

Virtual prisoners of war, the family gave of their store of provisions and treated their captors with true Southern courtesy. One day a group of soldiers stopped at the home at the dinner hour. The meal not being ready, the officer in charge asked one of the daughters of the house to play and sing for them. What a request! What was to be done? Within the old grand piano, hastily thrust there when the soldiers hove in sight were some very choice guns intended for use against the Yankees, for the physician had an important commission in Lee's ranks, the provision of arms for the Confederate army. How could she comply with the officer's request and not betray the hiding place of the guns?

Quick wits solve the problem. “Come first to the dining room let us make you a cool drink to refresh you before the music.” So one sister decoyed the men into an adjoining room while the other hastily and quietly removed the guns from their hiding place and carried them to a room which had already been searched. Upon the return of the officers an hour of music and laughter gave no hint of the little byplay which had been enacted almost beneath the eyes of the officers, but they were never to know of this little drama.

When the war was over the family head but little of their former fortune remaining. The plantation was sold and with something less than fifty thousand dollars (a very small fortune compared with the pre-war days) they migrated to Texas, making their home in the Cedar Bayou community and becoming substantial, prosperous citizens, the father, Dr. Gaillard, practicing medicine here for almost twenty years but in all that time he refused to take one cent for his services.

A son, Mr. John Gaillard, living on the Goose Creek-Cedar Bayou Road, tells of the landing of the boat on which they came to Cedar Bayou. It was a

Morgan liner. Captain Lewis, which encountered one of the Galveston Bay storms which seemed so prevalent in those years. Everyone on board the boat but Dr. Gaillard and one other passenger was very ill at supper time; only one person reported for breakfast, Dr. Gaillard. Young John was sick and he was prevailed upon to eat some chocolate candy to ease the pain. “To this day the odor of chocolate candy makes me ill,” he said. The boat reached Galveston at ten in the morning. It proceeded to Hog Island, reaching there at midnight. Ice on the water was formed which had to be broken with the oars before the rowboat could carry its passengers to the mainland at Evergreen.

John was but six years old when the family came to the community but he remembers much of those early days. He said that deer and turkeys and bear were plentiful and that “the geese settled on the creek in flocks of ten thousand. When hunters shot among them they would rise from the stream and it was impossible to hear a nearby person speak for the next fifteen minutes, so great was the roar of their wings beating against the air. My older brother often shot forty with his double barrel shot gun, but I was too small for anything but a single barrel gun, however I sometimes brought down eight or ten at one firing. We used to get a great many ‘pulduas,’ too. They were a cross between a duck and a chicken in appearance. They looked more like a duck but had a chicken bill.”

Speaking of the early schools, Mr. Gilliard said they were quite irregular, being conducted but three or four months, at the most, in a year, and that they were subscription schools exclusively until 1874, when the first public school in the community was opened in a small two-room house which had formerly been a negro’s cabin. The teacher in this school (first) was Miss Linna Gilliard, later the wife of Dr. Schilling. Before that time she had been teaching but it was a private school, the teacher being paid as the parents were able to subscribe. Another early public school teacher in the community was Miss Caro Bryan, now living in Houston. The Bayland home on the present site of the Isenhour home on the bay southeast of East Baytown, was a school for the children of Confederate soldiers. The first superintendent of that school was Mr. H. F. Gillette. The first teacher at Bayland was the mother of the late Mr. Vivian Duke. At one time there were from one hundred to one hundred twenty-five students in that school.

Fort Goose Creek.

One of the most interesting stories told by Mr. Sjolander is in regard to the fortification of Goose Creek by the Confederates during the Civil War. He was not here during this time but he repeats it from hearsay. Mrs. Anna Allen Wright also tells the story and says the piles driven at that time remained in the channel for years afterward.

Commodore Chubbs was an old sea captain who was too old to go to the army so he remained at home and took charge of the old men, young lads, and derelicts who were not taken into the army.

In order to keep them occupied, various measures were used. Near the mouth of Goose Creek, bulwarks were thrown up by these men under the direction of Commodore Chubbs and mock cannon of oak trees painted the color of cannon were placed in a commanding position about the bulwarks. Piles were driven entirely across the channel so no boats could ascend to Houston.

This kept the men busy and occupied their minds but whether or not it kept the Yankees from invading the community we do not know. At any rate they did not.

Mr. Sjolander tells several other interesting stories in regard to bridges and ferries and roads.

Upon arriving here I found that there were no roads from Cedar Bayou to Houston and that the only means of communication were by water or by traveling on horseback back and forth between the towns. A ford where the people swam their horses across the San Jacinto River was near Hufsmith and by this means people were able to cross the river in good weather. The first real road in this part of the country was built from the pontoon bridge across Cedar Bayou to the ferry in front of the post office. For unknown reasons it was called “Moonlight Drive.” A short time later I received a contract to build a bridge across Goose Creek. The bridge still stands.

Seven Thousand Dollars - - - Goodnight.

The community's most famous robbery was that of the J.C. Fisher family by the notorious bandit, Goodnight. Goodnight and his partner, Merritt, spent several days on the bay near the Fisher home on what is known as Little Cedar Gully. They were apparently merely fishing and spending a few days vacationing. They made the acquaintance of several in the community, going to the Fisher house for eggs and butter for their camp meals.

There was no bank in the neighborhood and it was common knowledge that the Fishers, at certain times in the year, especially when the cotton was being marketed, had large sums of money on their premises. Evidently Goodnight and Merritt knew of this and came to the vicinity for the express purpose of getting the money.

One evening while Mr. Fisher was absent, going to drive up the cows, the two robbers approached the house and asked Mrs. Fisher (Sarah Barbara Fisher, whose father brought the first heard of domesticated cattle to South Texas) to borrow some cotton to make a bed. She went to the cedar house (made entirely of cedar to keep the contents dry) to get the cotton for them. They knew that the money chest was in this building for as soon as the door was opened Goodnight cried, “It's not cotton, but money we want. Give us the keys to the money chest.” This she refused to do whereupon one of the men struck at her with a hatchet. The blow was dodged and the hatchet blade struck her up on the shoulder, stunning her momentarily, but the men probably thought she was more seriously hurt for they hastily grabbed the keys which she had in her pocket, unlocked the chest, and rode away with a very large sum of paper money.

Had they been less hasty they may have secured a much larger haul for, beneath some layers of old papers in the chest, was a larger sum of gold coins than the paper money with which they escaped. However, a scream from Mrs. Fisher when the man demanded her keys, brought to her assistance a fourteen year old Joe Wilburn who was a hand on the place. As he entered the cedar house he was grabbed by the men and, with Mrs. Fisher, locked within the building.

Mrs. Fisher, severely cut and bleeding profusely, recovered her senses quickly and, when Joe had broken a window, they both escaped. Joe jumped upon

a horse and rode down the trail after the bandits. Mrs. Fisher took her neckerchief from her shoulders and stepped upon the front balcony of the house and waved toward the home of a nearby neighbor, Mr. Williams, who was in his barn lot preparing to do the evening milking. Recognizing the frantic waving of Mrs. Fisher as a distress signal, he hurried across the intervening pastures.

A posse was formed and a thousand dollar reward posted for the capture of the robbers. Joe had traced them to Barber's Hill but there he lost them. The sheriff of Liberty County later found them in a hotel in Palestine. Goodnight was drunk and resisted arrest. The sheriff shot him dead, Merritt was arrested, tried, and given a long term in prison.

Eleven thousand dollars of the loot was found on the person of a woman companion who was with the men when they were captured. No accurate count of the money had been made by the Fishers but they estimated that about seven thousand dollars were never returned.

Church and School.

The first church in this community of which we have any record was at Midway near the spot where the high-power electric lines cross the ship channel at Baytown. Reverend Robert Alexander organized the church there. Busch's Island was then called Alexander's Island for the preacher who traveled his circuit from Midway to Crosby, Cedar Bayou, Fairview, Evergreen, and other community centers. He organized the first church at Cedar Bayou, a Methodist congregation, called Alexander's Chapel.

One of the early schools of the community was on a tract of land in Pelly, one and a half acres donated to the district by Dr. Ashbel Smith on the Wiggin league. It was a small one-room building in which were taught reading, writing, spelling, Texas and United States history, arithmetic, and grammar. A popular teacher there was Miss Laura Alden, an aunt of Mrs. Joe Reed of Goose Creek. She was appointed after a petition signed by leading citizens had been presented to the county school superintendent.

At the Bayland Confederate home, on the present site of the Isenhour home just east of Baytown, on the bay front, a school was conducted for many years under the supervision of Mr. H.F. Gillette, the organizer of the home. Trustees in this school where Dr. Ashbel Smith, Mr. Preston, Mr. Woodson, and others. Mr. Gillette was a Connecticut man and had been trained for educational work in eastern institutions. The mother of the late Mr. Vivian Duke was the head teacher in this school for many years.

Other well-known schools in the early history of this section were at Fairview and on the site of the present Masonic Cemetery at Cedar Bayou. The Fairview school was on the Scott league and Mister T.J. Renfro taught there several years. The best-known teacher at the other school was J.R. Hamilton who was also a preacher in the community.

The most popular teachers in the Masonic Hall school for Misses McCann. Most of the older citizens of Cedar Bayou have at one time or another been taught by one of these two sisters.

Point Sesenta.

All that is left of Point Sesenta-presumably so called from the sixty (sesenta) trees-is a reef known as Fisher's Reef, on the north shore of Trinity Bay. The story of the Point was told to me by Captain James Armstrong, just as it had been told to him by an old Indian chief whose tribe used to visit the bay shore many, many years before the Republic.)

The mocking birds sang in the sixty trees,
And Inez walked in their shadow;
And the winds came laughing from southern seas,
And the bay seemed a green-waved meadow;
But a wealth of song, and of wind and water,
Requite not the love of an Indio's daughter.

Don Miguel's pastures lay far and wide,
His herds by peons were tended,
But all he possessed was as naught beside
His Inez so young and splendid.
Still his heart was sore, for the winds kept saying:
"The trees sesenta keep graying, graying."

So Inez she walked 'neath the moss-grown trees,
By the side of her gray-grown lover;
But oft times she dreamed that from many seas
He had come like a brave young rover;
But when she looked up, her dark eyes twinkled
Two dim eyes looked down from a face deep-wrinkled.

Then out of the north came a viking ship.
And a viking young and brawny;
A snare for love was his tender grip,
And a net were his locks so tawny.
And where man goes over hill and hollow,
There a woman loving him dares to follow.

Ah! that is the tale told in every zone,
A story told over and over.
For one morning Don Miguel found Inez flown,
And the ship, and the bold young rover.
And the winds were hushed, and the trees unshaken,
And the birds had fled, their nests forsaken.

The boatmen passing beheld the trees,
Saw how they all were dying;
And the winds grew fierce, and angered the seas,
And the flurrying sand went flying,
Until Point Sesenta was quite departed,
And left but a name and a place uncharted.

The Masonic Hall.

At Cedar Bayou is located the oldest Masonic building extant in the state. It was erected in 1876, and was also used as a school building for the first forty years of its existence. Many of the older residents within the community received their earliest instruction within its walls. Among them are: Dr. N.W. Brooks, the Kilgores, the Ellenders, the Wilburns, the Tompkins, the Ilfreys, the McLeans, and many others.

The building was erected here on account of the inconvenience of reaching the other nearest lodge hall, the one at Lynchburg. It seems that the Baptist and the Masons made arrangements to build a house together, but it does not now appear the share of money and labor each was to bear. It is likely that the membership was composed of those belonging to both organizations and that no definite business arrangement was perfected.

The first Masonic building to be erected in the community, however, antedated the present one about six years. It sufficed for a time but its location, although in the community, was far from satisfactory. Everyone in those days went horseback. “The horses were wiry little prairie ponies the larger number of them either “gotch-eared” or “hipshot” said Mr. J. P. Sjolander in his history of the Masonic organization at Cedar Bayou. As the first building was erected across the Bayou from the present one, those living on the east side of the stream had the wide prairie for a road, with only a few deep miry gullies to cross, but those on the west side must cross the Bayou.

The meeting time of the old lodge was about the middle of the afternoon, “Saturday, on or before the full moon. The west siders usually gathered at Ilfrey’s store and crossed together, helping each other with the horses, some of which would go into the flat boat used for a ferry, but the wilder ones had to be towed across, swimming. This group always provided enough lunch for all the members, to be eaten at some suitable time during the evening. This lunch consisted “mostly of crackers and sardines, washed down later with copious draughts of Bayou water.” Later, however, arrangements were made with Mr. John Harrell, who lived just across the Bayou from the hall, and, sometime between dark and midnight he

would bring over a huge basket full of sandwiches and a large pot of steaming coffee.

The lodge meetings being held on Saturday, they held sometimes into Sunday morning. This was not satisfactory to some of the church members. Other unpleasantnesses arose and it was decided to erect another lodge building separate from the church. For this purpose three building lots were available. The one finally chosen was on the J. T. Pounds property. This lot became property of the lodge on May 15, 1875. A finance committee was chosen composed of H. F. Gillette, S. G. Rosamond, and L. M. Kingsley. That this undertaking was a difficult and serious one is proven by the minutes of a meeting held at this time in which is recorded: “The stewards are directed to furnish only coffee and crackers for refreshment.” The building committee included Henry Dutton, J. W. Tompkins, C. Wilburn, L. M. Kingsley, and S. G. Rosamond, chairman.

The lumber for the building was cut to order in Pensacola, Florida, and brought to Cedar Bayou by schooner. The vessel that brought the timber barely escaped the great gulf storm of 1875, in September. The schooner arrived at the mouth of Cedar Bayou just as the storm struck and all its fury. No vessels on the open waters were known to have remained afloat through that storm.

The bricks for the building were furnished by local brickyard, the Rosamond, Milam & Brother Company, and when the bill in the final in settlement was handed to the building committee it was marked “Paid.” No account of the cost of the lumber is available. Most of the labor was donated, only one man, the superintendent of operations, was ever paid any money out of the building fund.

At one of the last meetings held in the old hall, April, 1876, the following resolution in regard to the new building was read: That the public common school shall be permitted to occupy the new school room as soon as the building committee see proper. And the teacher shall be held responsible for the care of the room.

On St. John's day June 24, 1879, the lodge held its first public installation, and with it gave a free barbecue. From that time, until the beginning of the World War, with but one or two exceptions, this was a yearly event. The fame of these public gatherings went far and wide. Before the coming of automobiles, Houston

and Galveston, and the places between sent their crowds by boats, and for miles around visitors would come on horseback, in wagons and buggies, to partake of and to enjoy the hospitality that Cedar Bayou extended to all on this gala day.

By the end of 1881 only one hundred dollars debt remained and the stewards were directed to prepare refreshments for the lodge meetings. During that year, also, a resolution was adopted that the school room under the lodge should be used only for educational purposes. Political and other like meetings were banned.

This building has always been kept in good condition, all necessary repairs having been made promptly, but it is estimated that ninety percent of the original lumber in the building is, after more than half a century, still intact.

On Cedar Bayou Tow Path.

An urchin driving a one-eyed horse down the Cedar Bayou tow path watched a community develop and tells the tale with many a chuckle as he recounts the tales of those days. He is Mr. R. J. Tompkins, who was born on the old Tompkins homestead just after the close of the Civil War. “What does the R stand for in my name? Well let me see. Oh yes. It is so long since anyone has called me by that name I almost forgot. R is for Ruben but everyone calls me Jasper so we'll just let it go with that, Jasper Tompkins.”

Jasper's father, James W. Tompkins, came to Cedar Bayou about 1859, and there married a “prairie bride,” Miss Rebecca Proctor, whose father, Jeremiah Proctor, served under the command of Colonel Ashbel Smith at Shiloh, and he was standing by the side of his Colonel when the latter received the Yankee bullet in his elbow, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. We have been unable to find a record of any other person who was near at that time. Jeremiah gave the story to his sons who passed it on to posterity, giving the contrasting emotions which ever directed Colonel Smith. As the bullet shattered his arm, Proctor heard him to explain, “God damn it!” Hastily recovering his poise he prayed, “Lord forgive me!”

Jeremiah Proctor came from Alabama to Galveston on a schooner, continuing on to Evergreen where the prospect pleased him better. There he landed and later made his way to Cedar Bayou where he founded a permanent home. On this trip to Texas Mr. Proctor is said to have frequently remarked; “The trip on the Gulf of Mexico was nice, but I hope I never again have to cross that Galveston Bay Ocean. It was not the first nor the last of the pioneers to tell of the swift, angry storms which rose on Galveston Bay in those days.

Jasper Tompkins tells of the first steamer which ever came up Cedar Bayou some thirty-five years ago. It was the Lizzie D., fitted with a Sintz engine, with Barney Donnelly at the captain’s station. The boat most frequently towed up and down the path however was a beautiful pure white lugger, the “Swan” eighteen feet in length.

On one memorable day he made six dollars, three for himself and three for his employer, the Rosamond, Milam, and Brother Company. On the day in

question the boat, the P. J. Willis, a three-masted schooner, was laden with brick, wood, and cotton. Jasper towed the boat from the Cedar Bayou docks to the mouth of the Bayou and found another boat there awaiting towing. He immediately unhitched his horse from the P. J. Willis and started the return trip. He worked eighteen hours that day but had never before earned so much within a span of twenty-four hours.

Mr. Tompkins said that most boats could be towed by one horse but occasionally two were needed for an unusually heavily laden one, then two boys were required, one for each horse. Work for the tow boys was quite regular. The P. J. Willis alone made about three round trips weekly from the shipyards or brickyards of Cedar Bayou to Galveston.

Of school days Mr. Tompkins has exceedingly interesting memories. He and Mrs. Tompkins (Elena Kilgore, daughter of Joseph Kilgore, who came to the vicinity from Cork, Ireland, about 1862, and became a prosperous citizen of the community) both attended school in the Masonic Building and swung on the long rope swing which hung from a branch of an oak tree in front of the building. The old tree still stands but the swing limb is gone, only a knot, gnarled and weather-beaten, marks its former position. Mr. Tompkins remembers the first teacher to preside in the Masonic Hall; she was Miss Reta McCann, her sister teaching in a neighboring school for several years. But Jasper's first schooling antedated the one in the Hall. It was at Fairview, some two miles further north, and the best known teacher there was T. J. Renfrow, also mentioned by several other pioneers of that section.

Of the one-eyed horse, Jasper said: “I just couldn't keep the horse in the path. It continually turned its head to one side and I pulled and pulled to keep it straight. At best towing wasn’t easy. We had to keep the foot bridges in place over the little culverts which drained into the bayou, a great deal of the time we went barefooted, the tree limbs often fell in the pathway and had to be cleared away, but until I found out why that old horse would not drive straight, I just about made up my mind I couldn't keep the job. Then I let the horse have his own way with his head and we teamed up splendidly.

Festal Days.

Camp meetings, weddings and Country dances provided entertainment for the early pioneers, but three days of the year seemed to have been especially important in their lives - - May First, June twenty-fourth, and December twenty-fifth.

On Mayday a festival was held at the Bayland home where all made merry. A May Queen, selected from among the girls at the school, reined, and the children dance around the gay May-pole which was set up on the lawn. An orchestra of picked fiddler's played tunes and old and young joined in the quaint old polkas and mazurkas. A dinner was served at noon but the dancing on the lawn after the old English custom was the chief attraction of the day.

St John's Day, June twenty-fourth, was celebrated for many years (and until within the memory of the writers) at the Cedar Bayou Masonic Hall, the oldest building of that order standing in the state today. There the settlers gathered from miles around for the occasion. Houston turned out en masse when the roads were passable. A brass band furnished the music for the dance which was held on specially constructed platform of generous size. “Many in the early days,” said Mr. Jasper Tompkins “dance the square dances, but a few, being church members with religious convictions on the subject of dancing, only played the ‘party games’ such as Skip-to-ma-lu, Old Dan Tucker, and the like, A few of the most up-to-date young folks braved the disapproval of their elders and dance the whirling waltz.”

Mrs. Tompkins (Elena Kilgore) said that many marriages of the 80's and 90's were entered into on Saint John's Day as the couples wandered arm in arm among the cedars, or sat upon the banks of the bayou, or danced to the tunes of the brass band. There was little other time for them to meet and know one another, and courtships progressed rapidly when all were dressed in their Sunday best expecting the unusual to occur on this Fair Gala day!

And such dinner baskets as they carried to those celebrations! Bushel baskets, clothes hampers, wash tubs, and water buckets. Nothing was too large for a food container. Loaves of bread, great generous ones, and five and six-layer cakes with jelly or chocolate filling, marbled cakes and pound cakes with pink and white and brown icing, often decorated with colored candies, as well as donuts and

cookies, were included among the sweets for the feast. Of course there was the traditional fried chicken, baked ham rib roast, pickles and preserves, and jellies and watermelons. Each housewife vied with her neighbors to put up the largest and finest looking and best season basket of food. All was spread at a common table, either on the ground or on planks made into a table for the occasion, and the men and children and the elderly women were served first, the younger matrons and some of the spryer among the older ones, kept the plates and cups filled and the platters of food passing from one to another. Then the servers helped themselves from the abundance which remained, praising one another's offerings, exchanging favorite recipes, and planning for next year's feast before this one was completed.

There was no formal entertainment, just the dinner and the music and the dancing and the neighborly gossip of crops and shipping and the outlook for the coming season. “We walked miles and miles on that day,” said Mrs. Tompkins, “just wandering over the picnic grounds - - there was little else to do - - but we did not seem to grow tired, and when night came we all piled into the buggies or wagons, or saddled the riding horses and rode home, singing and laughing, happy with the simple joy of friendly intercourse and a day well spent.”

Mrs. Nancy Ellender, the only living charter member of Cedar Bayou chapter of the Eastern Star, the oldest chapter extent in the state of Texas, still proudly exhibits the immense wicker basket in which she carried her dinner on many a Saint John's Day in the years that are gone. “And, truly, I miss that celebration more than any of the other old time days, although the camp meetings were wonderful. I wish I might attend just one more twenty-fourth and hear the big brass band play, see the young lads sitting on the rail fence, old and young folks dancing the square dances of my day, the lovers wandering among the trees, the children fast asleep on pallets or on the green moss after the big dinner, the old men and women talking of other days - - yes, it would be good to live through just one more Saint John's Day - - but that time is gone forever and it's only memories we have left.”

“Christmas day was the big day of the year in my boyhood,” said Mr. John Gilliard. “For weeks we talked of it. Of course the strongest church in this community has always been the Methodist. Our family was Presbyterian but the Presbyterians do not build churches in the country so we went to the other

churches. Dr. Gillette, founder and superintendent of the Bayland Home and school was an Episcopalian, so the Sunday School there was of that denomination, but, when Christmas Day came we all, regardless of church creeds, went to the Bayland home where they had a great candle-lighted tree, a Santa Claus, and gifts for all the boys and girls. What kind of gifts? Oh, candy and oranges and apples for all; then dolls, mostly, for the girls, and knives and bouncing balls for the boys. There were no baseballs nor footballs in those days. It was at Christmas tree entertainment at the Bayland home that I first learned the truth about Santa Claus. I told her a larger boy that I had hung up my stocking for Santa Claus to fill. He laughed at me for my foolishness but I would not believe him. I knew there was a Santa for he had always filled my stocking from the great yellow orange at the toe to the very top. That boy couldn't fool me. Yes, Christmas was the greatest day of all the year.

Play Parties.

The figures of the Old Times square dances were called off in quant rhyme, and the variations occasioned much merriment. Following is a sample of one of the characteristic dance calls:

S’lute yer partner in let her go;
Balance all and do-se-do.
Swing yer gal and run away;
Right and left and gents sashay.
Gents to right and swing or cheat;
On to next gal and repeat.
Balance next and don't be shy;
Swing yer pard and swing her high.
Bunch the gals and circle round;
Whack yer feet until they bound.
Form a basket and break away;
Swing around and all get gay.
All gents left and balance all;
Lift your hoofs and let ‘em fall.
Swing your opposite, swing again;
Ketch the sagehens if you kin.
Back to pardner, do-se-do;
All jine hands and off you go.
Gents salute yer little sweets;
Hitch and promenade to seats.

In “Captain Jinks” the figures were performed with considerable enthusiasm and the “flying lady” was frequently lifted bodily from the floor and swung in the air with right good will.

“First lady swing with Captain Jinks;
Now with the one that never drinks;
Now with the one that carries the chinks.
And now with the dude of the ball room.
First gentleman dance with lady so fair;
Now with the one with curls in her hair;
Now with the one that flies in the air,
And now with the belle of the ballroom.”

These two calls seem to have been the favorites with our pioneers is most of those mentioning the “play parties” of the eighties and nineties gave some general version of the cause as here recorded.

A Chat with a Poet.

Far from the highway, in a secluded nook surrounded by towering forest trees, stands a quaint, old-fashioned house, a house that has a personality and seems to beckon with a friendly hand and a welcoming smile to the approaching guest. It is more than a house; it is a home the home of Mr. John Peter Sjolander, "The Dean of Texas Poets."

There, on his eightieth birthday, we visited him. We were greeted at the door by our genial host who seemed to be in an unusually mellow mood. There was no sign of the toll four score years usually exact of men as he had busied himself in procuring chairs for some twenty unexpected guests. He chatted constantly, excusing himself with the statement that all old people like himself are garrulous -- but his sallies were far from that on this occasion.

When all were seated our host proudly exhibited a sheaf of congratulatory letters and telegrams from many cities, felicitating him on his anniversary, for, though hidden away among the cedars and oaks of a rural community, and frequently garbed in the simple garb of a humble tiller of the soil, the world has beaten a path to the door of this sweet singer of Nature's glories.

Only a question or two was needed to carry his conversation back to his boyhood days. These he recalled with merry quips when life seemed to have played a prank with him as the unwitting victim.

Peter was born in Norking, Sweden, of a Swedish father and French mother. From his mother he received a splendid foundation in the French language, and Swedish was spoken in the home. In later life he attended an English college. To these he added a smattering of German and some other languages making him a linguist of no mean attainments.

Mr. Sjolander said that his name (pronounced Sholander) means sea lander, or one born and reared in the provinces near the sea; in other days it referred to the Vikings.

When Peter was quite young his father was lost at sea and he was, from that time, much dependent upon his own resources. At the opening of the Franco-Prussian War he enlisted in the French army and served there until captured and

taken prisoner to Prussia. He obtained a parole and was ordered to return to Sweden. This, however, he had no intention of doing. Instead, he secured passage on a vessel Bound for England.

In England Peter secured work in the shipyards and was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a wealthy man who took great fancy to the young poet, and sent him to Trinity with his own son. Upon completing his course there, he answered the call of the sea witch beckoned him to America. He secured employment on a boat bound for Galveston, laden with steel rails for the Texas Central Railroad.

With Peter was another young Swedish lad by the name of A. Jenniche. The two boys hid out on the wharves at Galveston, not desiring to return to England with the ship. Back of a warehouse they encountered Mr. Mike Casey who was there searching for workers for his brickyards at Cedar Bayou. Money with these boys was very scarce. They were exceedingly glad to have an opportunity to earn a little money for food, more anxious to escape from that English vessel. So they gladly accompanied Mr. Casey to the spot which was to become their home for the next sixty years, the spot where both expect to spend their last days on earth.

Of the first meal at the boarding house at Cedar Bayou, Mr. Sjolander tells with great glee. Their meals had been scanty for several days. The table was well supplied with coffee, beans meat, and yellow cake. “Ah, what a place we had reached! A working man's boarding house with piles of yellow cake to top the evening’s meal. The others ate their cake with their beans, some even spreading it with butter. Not for us. Ours should receive the proper respect and be eaten last with an accompaniment of rich black coffee. But, oh, what a surprise awaited us! Jenniche took one great bite of his and, as unobtrusively as possible, transferred it to the floor under the table. I managed to manage my first bite of the course, salty, unsweetened cake, washing it down with a gulp of coffee. Since then I have learned to like the taste of cornbread, in fact no dinner is quite a dinner to me without a generous slice of well buttered, hot cornbread. But I could not say as much sixty years ago.

The subject of inspiration arose in our poet was queried on the subject. “No, there is no such thing as ‘inspiration’ in the writing of poetry. I merely write as

nature speaks to me. I hear the earth things, the bees and the toads, the fireflies and the growing rocks, the blades of grass, speaking I record what they say. That is not ‘inspiration.’ It is an understanding of Nature. I never learned to write poetry, I spoke it when I first began to utter words.” How like him was that simple explanation of his gift.

To illustrate his sensation of brotherhood with all living things, Mr. Sjolander read his poem, “The Song of the Corn,” in which the words are not those of the writer but of the corn itself. He said there came a downpour of rain after a long period of drouth. After the storm he walked into the field and heard the corn blades moving gently in the breeze, swishing against one another, rejoicing in the refreshing rain. He returned to the house and in ten minutes, wrote the song.

I was dry and dusty,
    I was weak and weary;
Now I'm glad and lusty,
    And the earth looks cheery.
        O the soaking,
        Mirth-provoking,
        Laughter-making rain;
        Soft and silky,
        Mild and milky,
        Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
    That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
    Kisses, softly shaking.
        Oh health-giving,
        Breathing, living,
        Heaven pouring rain;
        Come, caress me,
        Kiss me, bless me,
        Once, and once again.

Let your hearts be singing;
Peal your paeans, peoples;
Set the joy bells ringing
In the lofty steeples.
Praises render
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Of the living,
The life-giving - - -
Of the precious rain.

Half a dozen other poems were read and commented upon by the poet and then ensued a short trip through the first floor of the home which was furnished with quaint old four-poster beds, ancient clock, in other relics of by-gone days.

His unfailing good humor was commented upon, his cheery outlook on life, not as an old man but as one who is but entering into young manhood. “Ah,” said our host, “That is a secret which I will gladly share with you. Remember it when you are inclined to look on the dark side of life. It is the line I wish to have inscribed upon my tomb. Carry it away with you as my message when I shall have gone. It is, “He lived before he died.”

How truly has John Peter Sjolander lived and made life sweeter and better for his having lived. His songs will carry his messages long after he is gone and not can it be said, “He lived before he died.” but also, “He lived long after his body had ceased to appear among men.” And may that day be far in the future.

We proudly claim John Peter Sjolander, our friend.

Gabriel Blowing His Trumpet.

A group of little girls were playing in the yard of their home is Cedar Bayou one morning, according to a story told by Mrs. Ella Ilfrey one day while recounting tales of her childhood. “Suddenly the peaceful quiet was broken by an unearthly hoarse moaning which grew louder and louder.

Fear struck our hearts as thoughts of some great wild beast bearing down among us came into our young minds. Not were our fears lessened when the front door of our home swung open and an aunt cried out to us, “Run, girls, run! Come at once! This is Judgement Day. Don't you hear Gabriel blowing his trumpet?”

“In reality it was a siren of the Lizzie D., first steamboat to ply Cedar Bayou sending out its greetings to the community.”

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilburn tells us another bayou story although she had no part in it and it was told her by her mother. She said that laundry work was not so simple in pioneer days and the task of rinsing all the suds from the many beautiful handmade bed quilts took much water and large vessels. So the housewives resorting to the simple expedient of drawing the quilts through the clear water of the bayou behind rapidly oared rowboats. The bedding came out fresh and sweet.

Fishing for Buffalo.

"Often when he lived in Natchez," said Mr. John Gilliard, "my father went fishing in the Mississippi for buffalo. He would fold a ball of cotton into a large wad of soft bread dough and place this bait on a great fish hook. Walking along the bank of the river he would watch for bubbles made by the breathing of the buffalo as they fed at the bottom of the stream. Dropping his baited hook down where the bubbles rose he would frequently make a twenty-five or thirty pound buffalo catch. Soon after his arrival in this community father discovered buffalo bubbles in Goose Creek. With his hook and line, cotton and bread dough, he took his way to the banks of that stream and dropped his hook in where the bubbles a rose almost continuously. But the Texas buffalo did not respond to the Mississippi bait and he never hooked even a small one."

One day a Mr. Matthews, of La Porte, visited my father," continued Mr. Gilliard. "He said he was looking for oil signs. Father told him he had heard talk of a particular odor which was said to be gas from underground oil and that many men believe there might be all here but that he did not know anything about oil signs. 'Well, there are often bubbles on the stream where oil is underground,' said Matthews. 'Have you seen any bubbles on the creek any place?' 'Yes,' said father 'I have seen buffalo bubbles but I have seen no oil.' So they proceeded to the place where father had done his fishing. There, regularly, one after another, in rapid succession, through the clear water, could be seen the rising bubbles. Mr. Matthews struck a match, and as a bubble would rise of the top, he would bring the fire to the very surface of the water, and a small explosion set fire to the gas released from each bubble. 'Your buffalo, I think, is petroleum,' said Mr. Matthews, and, although father failed in his search for fish, the oil thus discovered on his broad acres returned to his family a greater fortune than the one lost back in Mississippi through the raids of the Yankees in '63."

This fish tale was thus the foundation of the greatest individual fortune produced in the Goose Creek oil field.

Omens.

The people of all lands seem to recognize certain occurrences as signs of forthcoming events, and the same omens frequently occur in the far corners of the globe, so we believe many, many of them are a very ancient origin. Among the superstitions fully accepted by some, and half mockingly by others, but repeated by most of the inhabitants of this community in the early days, we find the following ones of interest.

In regard to birds:

Beware of transacting business on the day a covey of quail flies up in front of you.

If chickens stay out in a rain, the storm will not soon be over.

Seeing a robin fly high in March, a sure sign of good health through the coming year.

If a bird weaves a hair from your combings into its nest, you will go insane.

To destroy a killdeer's nest is a sure sign of the breaking of an arm or a leg.

The side of a helldiver always brings misfortune.

A jaybird is never seen on Friday as they are all employed in carrying sticks for the devil to keep up his fires in hell on that fatal day.

There will be no rain on the day the shitepokes [herons] fly down to creek.

It is lucky to see two crows flying together toward your right.

It is equally unlucky to see two crows flying together toward your left.

Signs in regard to various familiar animals are frequently repeated, such as:

A rabbit's foot brings good luck.

When the dogs eat grass, a rain is near.

The kill of a toad will bring rain in the midst of the most persistent drouth.

To spit on bait will bring the fisherman good luck.

The cat always washes his face before the arrival of company.

To see a piebald horse is a sure sign of the approach of a red-haired girl.

A wish made on the sight of a white horse will come true.

Among the luck signs are:

A rainy day wedding will bring as many tears to the bride is there are raindrops to fall from the sky.

Never go swimming without a string tied around the ankle to ward off cramps.

Never sweep a floor after sunset.

To sweep litter behind the door brings a girl a doless husband.

For a growing boy to allow another to step over his body will surely stunt his growth.

Bad dreams may be averted by carrying seven (one for each night of the week) rocks tied up in a handkerchief in the left pocket.

To tie a small coin around the ankle under the stocking will bring good luck.

A woodpecker on the roof means a death within the house soon.

A wish made on the site of a cardinal will always come true.

Buffalo birds can talk to the herds, and often warned them of the approach of hunters.

Gulls flying high are warning of a flood.

A lone buzzard flying high indicates rain.

A screech owl warns of a heavy wind.

Large flocks of crows indicate a hard winter.

A blackbird’s notes are always shrill just before a storm.

Swallows bury themselves in the mud in the Autumn and hibernate through the winter.

Death warnings are many and varied. Among them we find:

A woodpecker tapping on the roof is an indication of an early death in that house.

Death by cholera can be warded off by carrying an acorn in the pocket.

Bringing of a hatchet into the house brings serious illness, but carrying it out immediately will ward off death.

[Racially fraught omen is omitted here.]

The last man to leave the graveyard after a funeral will be the next corpse. However if a rain falls and covers up his tracks before the following midnight his death may be averted.

[Racially fraught omen is omitted here.]

Death is hovering near if a cow moos in the night.

A Visit with Mrs. Anna Allen Wright.

On the evening of May 21st, it was our good fortune to be guests of Mrs. Anna Allen Wright at her old home at Evergreen. Although the house looks very new and up to date, it was built about fifty years ago. Mrs. Wright has lived there all these years and has watched the wilderness grow into the present thriving community. Practically all the land in the vicinity once belonged to her foster-father Colonel Ashbel Smith. He deeded her a portion of his landed possessions, which have gained a small fortune for her in later years through the development of the Goose Creek oil field.

According to Mrs. Wright's description of Colonel Smith, of whom she speaks frequently, he was a small man, very little over five feet in height and with narrow, slightly stooped shoulders. He wore a beard during most of his life and was a typical Southern gentleman. Although a man of wealth, he never dressed gaudily, eschewing jewelry at all times. His home wearing apparel was high topped, fine black kid boots, dark trousers, a black cutaway or Prince Albert coat, and a black felt hat which was substituted by a very tall silk beaver hat when he went visiting. A white starched collar was worn with a black grosgrain cravat wrapped twice around the collar and pinned in front with a small gold pin cleverly hidden in the folds of the tie.

Colonel Smith traveled extensively and was always made welcome in the courts of foreign nations whence he went on several occasions as Ambassador from the Republic of Texas. It was his pleasure at one time to dance with Queen Victoria. Mrs. Wright told us of the custom of the English court as told her by Colonel Smith. The queen sits in her beautiful chair with her feet resting on a golden footstool. Should one of the gentlemen of the court desire to dance with her, he kneels and kisses the toe of her slipper. If she accepts, she rises to dance. If she declines, she does so merely by withdrawing her foot under the voluminous skirts of her long gown, and the courtier rises without having kissed the queen’s slipper.

Another sketch of Dr. Smith’s life was as his role as physician, for he was a very learned one and kindly and gracious with all. He gave his services freely, making no charges whatever after the days of the Civil War. Those who were able

paid him but he never rendered any one a bill. One night, during the famous 1875 storm on the Gulf, a man and woman were rescued from the bay, their house having washed away from Midway (Baytown) and they were drawn ashore by men from the dredge boat stationed at Morgan's cut. The couple were completely exhausted and well-nigh dead. Despite the high tide and raging winds, one of the rescuers succeeded in making his way in a small rowboat from Morgan's Point to Evergreen to summon help from Dr. Smith. The doctor, never faltering or showing the slightest sign of fear, accompanied the man. He succeeded in saving the life of the man and of a small baby born during the night; however the mother was beyond medical aid.

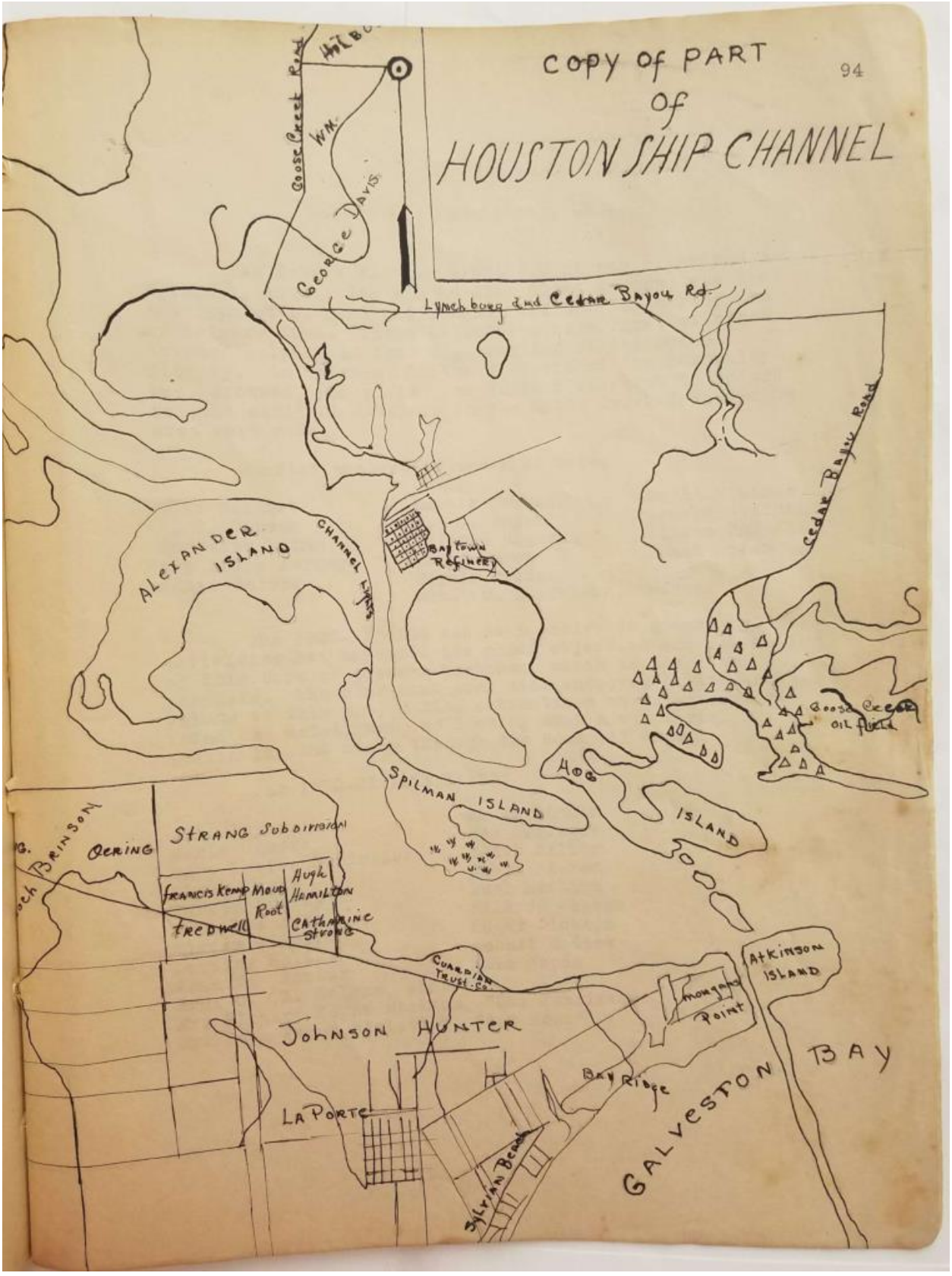
One day shortly after the Civil War the United States cruiser came in to visit the light house at the point opposite Evergreen. Six officers and six oarsmen came ashore and had dinner with Colonel Smith and Anna. She prepared the meal which consisted of roast kid, fresh homemade light bread, peach cobbler and garden vegetables. That night the colonel and Mrs. Wright accepted an invitation to take supper on the cruiser, a delightful experience for her. Her only remembrance in regard to what the ship's crew had for supper with sardines and wafers, but she said there were a number of delicacies with which she was not at that time familiar.

Although Colonel Smith was a northern man, he spent most of his life in the south. After the Civil War in which he fought with Confederate forces, he made his home at Evergreen until his death. Recently a marker was placed on the old home site. Mrs. Wright was called upon to locate the exact position as there is no vestige of the building remaining. When the old building was torn down Mrs. Wright was not at Evergreen but some of her friends saved the old cedar threshold and had a beautiful mug made out of it and presented it to her.

Ashbel Smith was a close friend of Sam Houston with whom he lived when the capital was in Houston. They spent many days together at Evergreen and at Cedar Point. Mrs. Wright tells of how Sam Houston’s son tried to “spark” her when she was a young girl. “But Ashbel Smith hearing of the affair immediately put a stop to it.” This was the only love affair which she mentioned but we are not sure that it was the only one.

“Old One Percent.”

“The other merchants here charge too much for their goods,” said one of the storekeepers of an earlier day, according to a tale which Mr. Sjolander tells. “Why they charge two percent profit on every thing they sell! Two percent! It is too much. I charge only one percent and do well at that. I buy for one dollar and sell for two.”


copy of PART
of
HOUSTON SHIP CHANNEL
94
Goose Creek Road
Wm.
George Davis
Lynchburg Rd
Cedar Bayou Rd
Cedar Bayou Road
ALEXANDER ISLAND
CHANNEL LIGHTS
Bay Town Refinery
Goose Creek Oil Field
SPILMAN ISLAND
HOG ISLAND
BRINSON
OERING
STRANG Subdivision
FRANCIS KEMP
MOUD Root
Hugh HAMILTON
FREDWELL
CATHARINE STRONG
GUARDIAN TRUST CO
ATKINSON ISLAND
MORGANS POINT
JOHNSON HUNTER
LA PORTE
BAY RIDGE
GALVESTON BAY
SYLVAN BEACH

Robert E Lee Library Club.

The Robert E Lee Library Club was organized in November, 1929. Its aim at that time, as now, was the development of good citizenship through the worthy use of leisure time. These objectives were first attained through helping in the organization of the school library. An interest in the pioneers of the community was aroused, and plans for further research in regard to the earliest settlers in the Goose Creek-Cedar Bayou area where made.

Charter members of the club were:

Ruth Selkirk
R. C. Linder
Margaret Quinn
May Belle Ferney
Addie Sarver
Mrs. O. L. Nelson sponsor
Maddie Nelson
J. A. Boyer
Mildred Rogers
Harry Bowen
Morris Trifon
David Fransen
Geneva Atkinson
Eileen Tulles
Ethel Roden

The 1930-31 club has been active in community civic activities but has made its chief objective the collecting of this book of pioneer sketches, which is far from complete. The club next year will endeavor to add another volume to this one, making corrections where errors are found to exist, and collecting much new material, continuing the story through the oil boom days.

The 1930-31 roll lists:

J. A. Boyer
Maurice Samora
Mary Louise Stickler
Glen Faye
Warren Spivey
Eula Mae Dent
Vivian Wilburn
Lurline Holt
Juanita Porter
R.C. Lender
Joe Lawrence
Edith Miller
Cecil Fisher
Ruel Robbins
Mildred Rogers
Rodger Dickson
Robert Redick
Huie Woods
Mrs. O. L. Nelson, Sponsor
Mr. Richard Hogue Dixon, Our Patriarch
Mr. John Peter Sjolander, Our Poet

Appendix.

The preceding pages were transcribed verbatim by Chuck Chandler, and include all the illustrations. The original typed manuscript is held by the Bay Area Heritage Society in its collection at the Baytown Historical Museum.

The four episodes in the chapter "A Stranger Views Our Land," as well as "Colonel Morgan and Santa Anna" and "Tents, Taverns, Tariff," were sourced from the *Hesperian Magazine*, published in the year 1838. The entire journal of the anonymous author appears in the book, *Texas in 1837*, edited and published by Andrew Forest Muir in 1958.

Among the people interviewed for this book was Richard Hogue Dickson, who was an eyewitness to many events in very early Baytown history. The oldest and earliest person to arrive to this area among the interviewees, he arrived here about 1849 to visit his brother in law, John Ross Hamilton. Hamilton was the husband of Sarah Ellen Scudder Hamilton. She died in in 1850 and became the first person known to be buried at Cedar Bayou Methodist Cemetery. J. R. was also the father of Wm. S. Hamilton, the Methodist preacher in the San Jacinto Circuit in 1850. "Grandpa" Dickson met many of the early Texas pioneers, including Harvey Whiting, who died in 1853.

Mrs. O. L. (Della Reeder) Nelson moved to Baytown in 1920 and was Head Librarian at the Goose Creek Library. In September, 1929 she became Librarian at Robert E. Lee High School and started the Library Club two months later. She resigned due to ill health later that year, but continued her research. She wrote the script for the 1935 Goose Creek Independent School District History Pageant, largely based on this book. A second volume of this book was completed in 1932, but has not been found. At the time of her death in 1937, she was working on a two-volume history of East Harris County.

Chuck Chandler
Harris County Historical Commission
Chambers County Historical Commission

Lee Library Club Has History of Goose Creek

Legendary tales that may someday be useful to Texas historians, have been compiled and put into book form by members of the Library Club of Robert E. Lee High school.

The 55 stories embodied in the single volume, which is in charge of Mrs. O. L. Nelson, librarian at the high school and who is sponsor for the club, deals mainly with some of the pioneer families of Goose Creek and Cedar Bayou from 1820 to 1865.

Volume Dedicated

The book has been dedicated to Richard Hogue Dickson, "the patriarch of the Tri-Cities" and contemporary of the Texas Rebublic. Mr. Dickson has spent a goodly portion of his life on earth, right in this section, the book informs us.

John P. Sjolander, the bard of Cedar Bayou, composed a poem named for the spot of his chosen habitation, "Cedar Bayou" which he gave to the publishers of the book. Mr. Sjolander also consented to become the Club's poet.

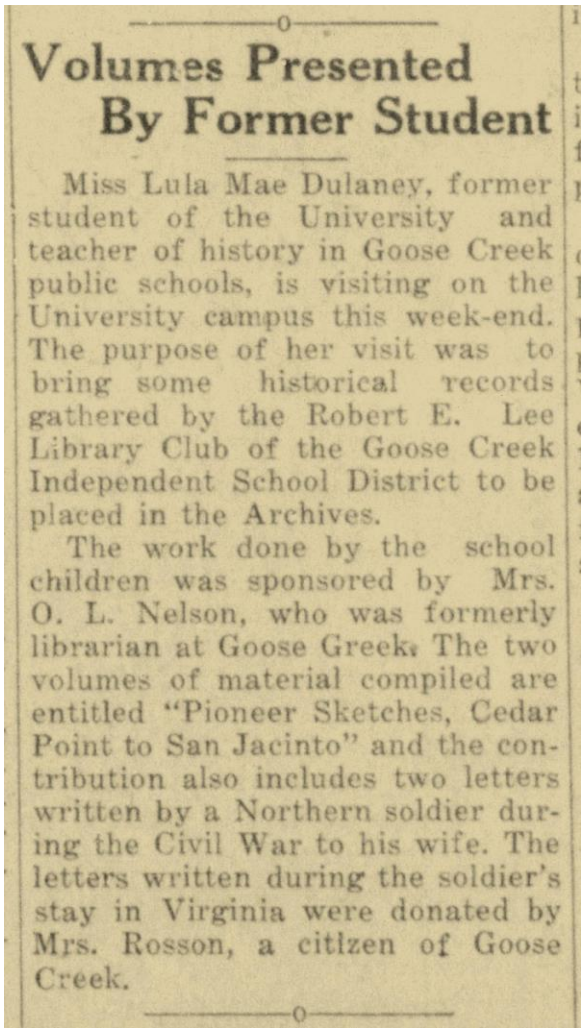
The work makes no boast as to being complete, but quite the opposite, as a foreword states that additional sketches will be added and when that source of material is exhausted, the additions to the book will be in the form of later developments, continuing the panoramic word-pictures to and through the oil boom days.

Charter members of the club are Ruth Selkirk, R. C. Linder, Margaret Quinn, May Belle Ferney, Addie Sarver, Mattie Nelson, J. A. Boyer, Mildred Rogers, Harry Bowen, Morris Trifon, David Fransen, Geneva Atkinson, Mileen Tullos and Ethel Roden. The club was organized in 1929.

Club Members

Included in the 1930-31 role call were Jim Boyer, R. C. Linder and Mildred Rogers, of the charter members and others were Marie Samora, Mary Louise Strickler, Glenn Fayle, Warren Spivey, Eula Mae Dent, Vivian Wilburn, Lurline Holt, Juanita Porter, Joe Lawrence, Edith Miller, Cecil Fisher, Ruel Robbins, Roger Dickson, Robert Readick and Hule Woods.

The Daily Tribune **(Goose Creek, Tx.), Jul 5, 1931, p1**

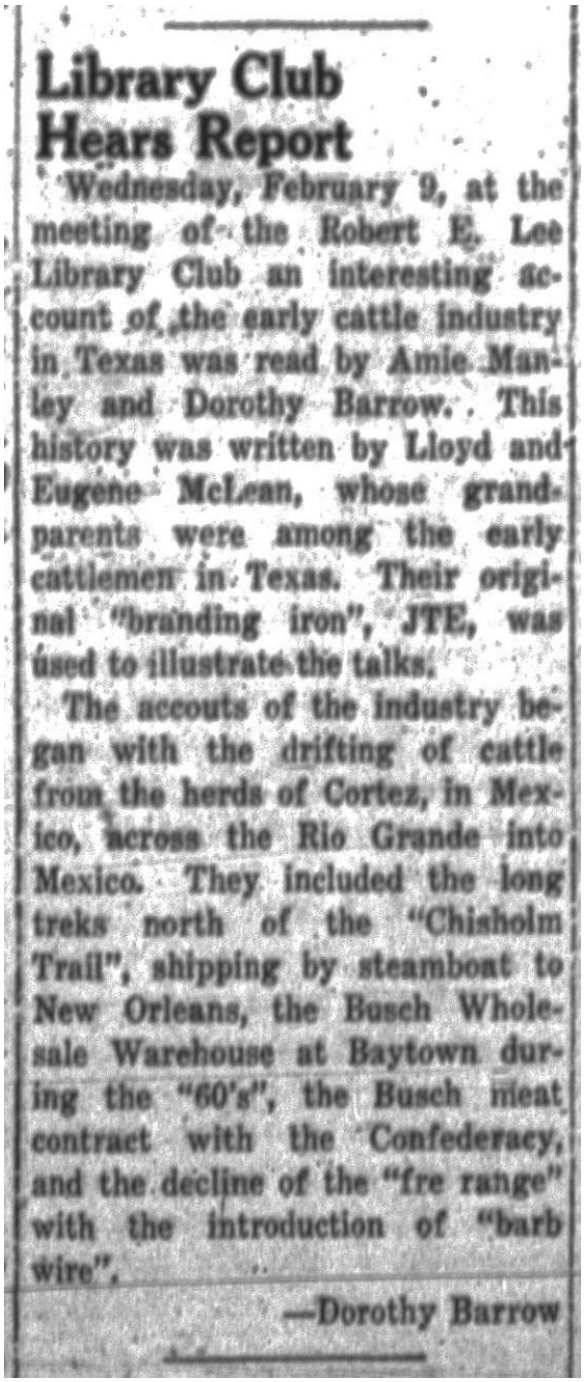


Volumes Presented By Former Student

Miss Lula Mae Dulaney, former student of the University and teacher of history in Goose Creek public schools, is visiting on the University campus this week-end. The purpose of her visit was to bring some historical records gathered by the Robert E. Lee Library Club of the Goose Creek Independent School District to be placed in the Archives.

The work done by the school children was sponsored by Mrs. O. L. Nelson, who was formerly librarian at Goose Greek. The two volumes of material compiled are entitled "Pioneer Sketches, Cedar Point to San Jacinto" and the contribution also includes two letters written by a Northern soldier during the Civil War to his wife. The letters written during the soldier's stay in Virginia were donated by Mrs. Rosson, a citizen of Goose Creek.

***Austin Daily Texan*, February 19, 1933, p1**
This article describes the lost Volume 2.



Library Club Hears Report

Wednesday, February 9, at the meeting of the Robert E. Lee Library Club an interesting account of the early cattle industry in Texas was read by Amie Manley and Dorothy Barrow. This history was written by Lloyd and Eugene McLean, whose grandparents were among the early cattlemen in Texas. Their original "branding iron", JTE, was used to illustrate the talks.

The accouts of the industry began with the drifting of cattle from the herds of Cortez, in Mexico, across the Rio Grande into Mexico. They included the long treks north of the "Chisholm Trail", shipping by steamboat to New Orleans, the Busch Wholesale Warehouse at Baytown during the "60's", the Busch meat contract with the Confederacy, and the decline of the "fre range" with the introduction of "barb wire".

—Dorothy Barrow

***Daily Sun*, February 28, 1932, p3**
Included in Volume 2 was a history of the Busch Ranch in the 1860s and their beef contract with the Confederacy.

Death Claims 'Grandpa' Dickson at Age of 99 Years

FINAL RITES ARRANGED ON TUESDAY

Patriarch Survived By Four Generations; Lived In This Area For 75 Years

Richard Hogue Dickson, near centenarian known to all Tri-Citians as "Grandpa" Dickson, died today at 11:45 a. m. at the home of his son, R. L. Dickson, 208 West Murriel street.

Mr. Dickson, had he lived until September 13, would have been 100 years old.

His death followed a 10-day illness which reached its climax last Thursday when he lost consciousness.

Rites Tuesday

Funeral ries will be held at 3 p. m. Tuesday. Burial will be in Cedar Crest cemetery at Cedar Bayou.

The body will repose in the Paul U. Lee funeral chapel until 10 a. m. Thursday when it will be moved to Grace Methodist church where it will lie in state until funeral services are held.

Rev. Ervin Jackson, pastor of Grace church, will be in charge of the services. All former pastors of the church have been invited to assist him.

Mr. Dickson is survived by four generations, which include four sons, R. L. Dickson, Goose Creek; R. A. Dickson, Cedar Bayou; John R. Dickson, San Antonio; W. L. Dickson, Portland, Oregon; five daughters, Mrs. C. W. Skidmore, San Antonio; Mrs. F. A. Huck, San Antonio; Mrs. Hugh Smith, Cleburne; Mrs. A. D. White, Crawford; and Miss Maggie Dickson of Goose Creek; 32 grandchildren, 48 great grandchildren; and 17 great great grandchildren.

Born In 1831

Mr. Dickson was born September 13, 1831, at Russelville, Alabama. He lived there nine years before his parents moved to Texas and settled near Richmond.

Shortly after their arrival in Texas, with the country in a turmoil as the result of the conflict between the Mexicans and pioneers, Mr. Dickson's father joined Fannin's army. He died with that immortal group in the massacre at Goliad.

Mrs. Dickson somehow managed to keep her family, together through those troublesome days Later she married a Mr. Sutherland.

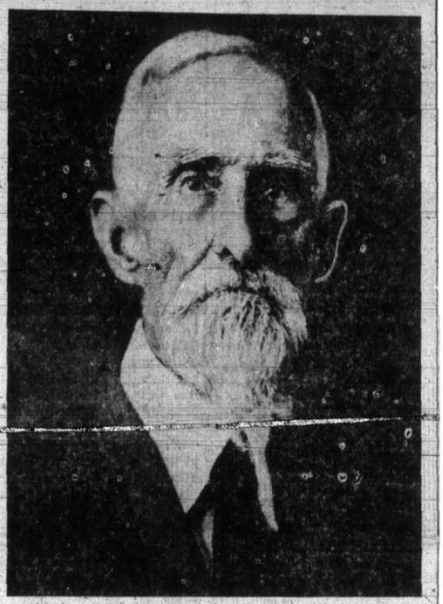
When Richard was 18, his stepfather, in following out the custom of those days, gave him seven slaves and put him "on his own." But settled life did not appeal to him. He hired out his slaves to neighboring farmers, and started traveling over to Alabama, where he visited his birthplace, and about other states, journeying in all one year. Part of his expenses was earned by selling game which he killed along the route of his journey.

Returns Here

When he returned to Texas, Mr. Dickson visited a brother-in-law, J. R. Hamilton, at Cedar Bayou.

(Continued on Page 4)

GOES TO FINAL REWARD



"GRANDPA" DICKSON

Patriarch Lacked 48 Days Of Being Centenarian

Death came today to "Grandpa" Dickson and the entire Tri-Cities area bowed its head in grief at the loss of this patriarch, loved, honored and respected by thousands in all walks of life.

"Grandpa" died peacefully following a 10-day illness. And somehow it seems unnatural to believe that this hearty old soul, who for three quarters of a century lived here and at Cedar Bayou, making everyone his friend, has departed to another world.

News of "Grandpa's" death spread quickly and it was heard with heavy hearts by those who know his sole ambition for the past few years had been to live to the age of 100 years.

His goal was only 48 days away when death came. "Grandpa" would have been 100 years old on September 13.

Rev. Ervin Jackson, pastor of Grace Methodist church, only Saturday announced first steps had been taken to plan a celebration in Mr. Dickson's honor on his anniversary.

Tentative plans were set for celebrations in his honor for the past two years but they were finally limited to his family and friends because everyone was confident Mr. Dickson would reach the century mark, and felt that events at that time would detract from the century celebration.

"Grandpa" retained full control of his senses until the last. Following his fatal attack of illness, which reached a crucial stage last week when he lost consciousness, close relatives felt his death was near.

The same feeling evidently was held by "Grandpa" He greeted his friends with warmth and recognized all who came to pay him tribute while on his deathbed.

Shortly after 11:30 a. m. today his son, R. L. Dickson ever alert in attending the needs of his father, asked him if he wanted a drink.

"Grandpa" replied: "No, not any more." He went to sleep.

At 11:45 he was dead. Death came peacefully to "Grandpa."

"Grandpa", until his last illness, was a frequent visitor on the streets of Goose Creek, making the trips unassisted, walking along briskly and greeting friends on every hand.

His circle of friends extended farther than the Tri-Cities to include Harris county, and a large portion of the state. On his last ten anniversaries he had received hundreds of telegrams congratulating him on his health, and expressing the hope that he would realize his ambition.

"Grandpa" too, was confident of reaching his goal until his last attack. The illness sapped all of

(Continued on Page 4)

AGED PATRIARCH DIES HERE TODAY

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Hamilton was a Methodist preacher, and a teacher in a one-room log schoolhouse on the site now occupied by the Cedar Bayou cemetery.

While on his first visit to Cedar Bayou, Mr. Dickson became converted to the Methodist faith. He remained ember of the church for more than 70 years.

He lived in Cedar Bayou for several months but again felt the beckoning call of adventure. He returned at intervals, however, and spent most of his time in this section until his marriage.

While on one of these visits, Mr. Dickson met Miss Eleanor Read of Cove. They were married in 1840. She died more than 40 years ago.

Began Farming

After his marriage, Mr. Dickson abandoned hunting as a means of earning a livelihood and took up farming.

He recalled the Tri-Cities section of that time as a veritable wilderness with few settlers. Game of all kinds was plentiful. And one rode horseback near the bay front and along the banks of Goose Creek stream and Cedar Bayou for miles without seeing a human.

At the outbreak of the civil war, he joined the Confederate forces and was assigned to border duty for service against the Indians At the close of the war he joined the Texas Rangers and was again engaged in protecting the settlers from Indian outrages.

Mr. Dickson boasted he never had killed or harmed a fellow man in combat in his entire life. He said he joined the Confederate army because he felt it a duty to his country rather than an opportunity to injure others

Mr Dickson loved to tell of mail service in pioneer days He often told friends of riding to Houston to tell the mail coach that a pack of letters had accumulated at the Cedar Bayou postoffice Other mail was picked up or delivered when passengers on the mail coaches wanted to come to Cedar Bayou, he often related.

Some of the mail was carred by boats plying between Cedar Bayou and Galveston The small crafts were often caught in squalls which swept the coast and, as a result, many letters never reached their destination.

Learned Trade

While on his first visit to Cedar Bayou, Mr. Dickson learned the art of brick-making. When farming profits waned at the close of the civil war, he worked in the brick kilns along Cedar Bayou for many years.

He took up the work of brick-making in the early seventies and later branched into the building contracting trade. He followed that line of work for more than half a century Until only a few years ago he would give pointers to his son, R. L. Dickson, who followed the father in the building contracting game.

Mr. Dickson was proud of his record as an upright Christian and his membership in the Methodist church which covered a span of nearly four score years

He united with the Methodist church before the Mexican War and remained true to his faith until his death. He was an honorary member of the board of stewards of the Grace Methodist church here.

Through daily study, he read through the Bible from front to back more than 20 times He was proud he was not trying to set a record but simply an earnest student He read the Bible without the aid of glasses.

Mr. Dickson conducted daily prayer service in his home for more than 60 years. Numerous Tri-Citians have attended home prayer service with Mr. Dickson.

TRI-CITIES AREA MOURNS DICKSON

(Continued from Page 1)

his strength and he passed on to his reward in another world.

He was a member of Grace Methodist church here and all former pastors of the church have been notified of his death and invited to participate in the services. All effort is also being made to obtain the attendance of Rev. L. L. Lloyd, presiding elder of the district, and Bishop H. A. Boaz, and Rev. A. Frank Smith.

Hundreds of Tri-Citians are expected to pay respects to "Grandpa" when his body lies in state at the Grace Methodist church Tuesday from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

The funeral services will be at 3 p. m. Local Boy Scouts will assist in the services.

Active pall bearers will be T. L. Culpepper, W. T. Busch, F. C. Saxon, E. A. Fenton, J. F. Seales, and W. E. Kerr.

Honorary pallbearers:

Dr. W. N. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Busch, T. L. Culpepper, R. L. Dickson, E. A. Fenton, R. J. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harbour, C. M. Harper, D. C. Hines, J. R. Kelley, E. T. Arnett, W. E.

Tri-Cities Sun **(Goose Creek, Tx.), July 27, 1931, p1**

SUCCUMBS

Mrs. O. L. Nelson

MRS. NELSON, AUTHORITY IN HISTORY DIES

Local Woman Noted For Research Work Expires Here After Long Illness

Mrs. O. L. Nelson, 53, one of the greatest living authorities on Texas history, a resident of Baytown, died at 6:45 p. m. yesterday in a local hospital.

Mrs. Nelson for three and a half years was librarian at Robert E. Lee high school, and prior to that for three years was librarian of the local branch of the Harris county public library.

Funeral at 4 p. m.

Funeral services were to be held at 4 p. m. today in the drawing rooms of the Tri-Cities Funeral Home, with Rev. A. B. Buchanan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiating.

Following the services the body was to be taken overland to Houston for forwarding to Watseka, Ill., her former home, where interment will be made.

Survivors are her husband, O. L. Nelson, 112 Ohio street, Baytown; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reeder, of Watseka, Ill., three brothers, Claud Reeder and Elmo Reeder, of Chicago, Ill., and Loran Reeder, of Watseka, Ill., a sister, Mrs. Fred Munn, of Chicago; an uncle, W. R. Coward, of Houston, and a cousin, R. R. Coward, of Boling, Texas.

Mrs. Nelson had been in ill health for several years, but had been critically ill only since Wednesday of last week, when she was taken to the hospital.

16 Years in Baytown

She was born in Colorado, Texas, July 3, 1883. When she was three years of age her parents moved to Illinois, and in 1910 she was married. In 1915 she and Mr. Nelson came to Houston. In 1920

(Continued on Page 6)

(Continued from Page 1)

they came to Baytown and had made their home there since.

In Illinois prior to her marriage, she taught school, and she continued her interest in school matters here. In the early days of the schools in Baytown she assisted in library work and indulged in philanthopy to the extent to providing hot noon meals to children of poor parents.

Excelled in Research

She resigned the county library position to take the librarian's position at the school, and ill health forced her to relinquish that post in November, 1932.

Although her research work in Texas history was not generally known, it was in that work that she excelled. She did not seek publication of her work, but whenever she was called upon for information she readily supplied it.

The entire script for the historical pageant presented by the Goose Creek schools in 1935, was prepared by her.

Prepares Data

For years she had been engaged in preparation of two volumes of historical data on Texas, particularly on East Harris county, and her work is still in manuscript form.

She had intended it for publication, but would not submit the work until every detail had been minutely checked and rechecked.

Her fund of information on local history was inexhaustible, and her research went back to the earliest known days of Texas history.

Maintained Interest

Mrs. Nelson, even after her retirement, maintained her interest in school work and in students, and her acquaintance among the students over the entire district was probably larger than anyone outside the school system.

She was an exceptional student, and completed her school work in Illinois in such easy fashion that she completed her work two years before reaching the age that she could obtain a certificate to teach.

All former student of Mrs. Nelson were named as honorary pallbearers.

The Daily Sun
(Goose Creek, Tx.),
Jan 5, 1937, p1

MRS. NELSON AIDS IN PLAN

Mrs. O. L. Nelson served as official historical advisor for the general committee which worked out the details of the pageant.

The Robert E. Lee Library Club, which was in session from 1929 to 1932, is credited with obtaining the original historical information which provided the foundation for the pageant episodes.

Mrs. Nelson was formerly librarian at Lee High School, and directed the work of the library club in obtaining the historical information used for the pageant.

The Daily Sun
(Goose Creek, Tx.),
April 29, 1935, p18