

This is a page about several different articles that has both historical and genealogical information

LOOKING BACK

Extracted From *The Protector* by Gladys Stovall Armstrong

13 February 1899, it was 6 degrees at Magnolia and 7 degrees at Pointe-la-Hatch at 7:00 A.M. It was 4 degrees at St. Bernard, and Port Eads reported the wind blowing 45 MPH and everything was covered with snow and ice. Some of the ice in the river measured 50ft. square. Dr. Hays canceled everyone's debt to him due to frozen orange crops.

The writer interviewed Mr. CYPRIEN BURAS over 83 years of age and who has lived near the Jump all his life, Mr. Buras, who is a direct descent of the Buras family of which the large Buras Settlement is named after, he took the result of the freezing of his orange grove philosophically and will soon have other trees, if he can get them.

This is not the first time he said:

"it has happened to my father HUBERT BURAS who died 50 years ago at 80 years of age told me many times that in 1789, now 110 years ago, that he was living in Pointe-la-Hache, that the weather was so cold and so much ice floated down the river that he could leap from one piece to the other piece all the way across the river. He particularly mentioned that a large tree that had become ledged in between the large blocks of ice and floated down the river, with its top partly in the air. My father moved to the Jump later and lived a little below where I live now. A few years before I was born, He and his family nearly lost their lives in the storm of 1812. He and my uncle often told me how they saved themselves. In August 1812, it began to blow from the Northeast, all night the winds raged with such force that the sea on the other side of the river swept across the river and began to flood. My Father got lines out and tied his house to the stumps of four very large trees. By the next night the winds were howling like 10,000 devils and his large lugger as anchored with a chain to which the anchor was tied with a rope. Finding that the lugger was sinking by the bow going down, my father pulled himself hand over hand under the water with a knife or hatchet in his teeth and cut the rope, the lugger was swept back behind the large cypress trees, which was bent over with the fury of the wind. He succeeded tying the boat to the branches, but was beaten black and blue by the branches, the clothing he had on becoming perfectly green with the sap and gum from the branches. The trees were blown over, but were held by the roots and in their shelter his family were saved, but his house and all he had were swept away. A very large number of people were drowned in that storm, my father's sister, Mrs. Fontenelle and all her children were lost. A Philbert Dennis, just above where Fort St. Philip stands, thirty people had taken refuge in his house, which was considered very strong, the lower part being of

brick. This house was knocked down and all were drowned. One woman further down who could swim was washed from the other side of the river to this shore and was found in the fork of a tree, more dead than alive."

Mr. Buras is a very truthful man and these incidents may interest those who think the climate is changing.

First published in the *Sugar Journal* in 1899