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## TERMS:

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From the New York Knickerbocker for July.

## THE SNAKE EATER.

Some strange commotion is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts; Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground, Then lays his finger on his temple; Springs out into fast gait; then stops again; Strikes his breast hard; and then anon he casts His eye against the moon; in most strange posture We have seen him set himself.

### SNAKE HENRY VIII.

A few years ago, near the sunset of an autumnal day, I reached a populous town on the banks of the Mississippi. An accident to the steamboat, wherein I had embarked, and by which many lives were lost through the carelessness of an ignorant and drunken engineer, had compelled the directors of the boat to stop with the remaining company, and repair the damages that had occurred.

Alas! there were damages and evils on board that unpretending craft, which were beyond the reach of mechanic or chirologist. The dead were strewn on the deck; fragments of the boiler, and broken wheels, were lying around; and masses of soot and cinders from the unclean pipes blackened the deck. On every side were corpses, and wailing friends, and tearful eyes. A few settlers had been brought up from the cabin, and on the mattresses with which they were covered, the dead were laid. It was an awful scene. Two hours before all was well; and every heart seemed bounding with the rapid impulse of life and hope. I myself escaped by a miracle. I was seated at the stern of the boat, near the end window of the cabin, over the rudder, watching, as is my wont, to see the turbulent waters boil around the keel, and mark the landscape flit and recede. A noise like an earthquake, which made the shuddering boat recoil many yards,—a rush of hot steam through the broken windows,—the hissing of the pieces of the boiler, as they dropped into the river,—and after one sad pause of an instant, the shrieks and groans of the dead, dying, and the surviving mourners—these were the signs which betokened the appalling disaster, and convinced me visibly, for the first time; what a vast amount of pain and misery can be crowded into a passing moment.

It is a sight of horror to behold the strong man smitten down in his might; to see the pride of womanhood defaced and blighted by sudden death; to hear the lamentations of grief and despair, where but a little time before were heard the light laugh of pleasure and the tones of delight. How distant was the thought of harm; from each and all! Truly it is said by the great bard of nature,—“We know what we are, but not what we shall be.” We weave the garlands of joy, even by the precipice of death; we disport in the sunbeam, unmindful of the storm that is booming

far, and will soon be at hand!

The sun descended as we entered the town, which was situated on ascending grounds near the river. A swell of upland, overlooking near at hand a few patches of green, which I took to be cotton fields, and which apparently commanded an extended view of the shores and course of the great Father of Rivers, stretched rearward from the place. Overcome with excitement and gratitude for my deliverance; and seeing also that there had thronged to the war a large number of citizens, sufficient for every purpose of charitable assistance toward the sufferers, and the dead on board of the steam-boat, I selected that portion of my luggage which had not been destroyed, and after seeking a hotel, made the best of my way to the upland of which I have spoken. I felt like one snatched from the grave; and deeply impressed with the sense of the danger from which I had escaped through the watchfulness of a benignant providence I determined to seek some hut of retirement and quiet my agitated spirit with thankful meditation.

When I gained the eminence, I found that the view was calculated to heighten and expand all the feelings with which my heart was surcharged, to the overflow. A few gorgeous clouds, bedight in crimson and purple, were sailing in glory along the melancholy west; dark cypresses, hung to their tops with trailing clusters of wild vine, colored with mingled violet, amber, and emerald, stood in relief before the horizon; while afar, on either hand, the great Mississippi was seen rolling along with a kind of quivering radiance, and exhibiting even at that distance; the turbulent might, which makes it seem like a prostrate Niagara. At a distance, in each extreme of the view, it was lost in dark woods and rusty headlands; an emblem, most striking at the moment, of that obscurity, which like the shadow curtain in the vision of Mr. T. overhung the stream of life and time, making of the Past a dream, and of the Future a vast unknown.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which animate the bosom of an American, as he looks at this running ocean, and the long, long vale through which it rolls. He gazes onward with the eye of anticipation to the not distant period, when that almost interminable stretch of landscape shall become bright with towns, and vocal with the sounds of human industry; when the busy hum of scholars at their tasks, of artists at their labors, of the husbandman folding his stocks, or garnering the rich treasures of the harvest, shall succeed the moanings of the cypress, and the mingled howlings of roving beasts of prey, and yet wilder Indians; when the light of civilization and religion shall extend over forests and savannahs, until the progress of our people through the dominions of the receding Aborigines, shall be, in the expressive words of Scripture, “as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people, and a strong; of whom there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, to the years of many generations.”

As I turned to survey the prospect, I saw at no great distance from the spot where I stood, a white tent or pavilion, surmounted with a parti-colored flag, which was waving to the evening breeze, and on which I read the words,—“THE SNAKE EATER.” The tent was open on one side like a oor, before which there was a curtain, benches were placed in an amphitheatrical form before the tent, which were then filling with people. The faint glimmer of an early lamp was perceptible behind the dark curtain; and moved with curiosity, I bent my steps towards the assemblage. I paid the requisite sum to the person who kept the gate of a picket fence which surrounded the amphitheatre, and took my seat among the crowd, in the open air.

Twilight had now set in, and the twinkling of the stars could be seen on the broad bosom of the Mississippi, as it moved in voiceless solemnity toward the ocean. The cypresses assume the semblance of weird and ghostly forms against the sky, and the occasional sweep of a belated hawk from the far-off prairies, with his dismal scream, gave token that the day had

died, and that its dirge was sounding.

Presently, at the tinkle of a little bell, the curtain of the tent was lifted. A young man was seated at a table with glass, and apparently subdivided into two or more drawers. He seemed about eight and twenty years of age; his face was thin, and a leaden wanness overspread his features but his saken eye had that supernatural brightness so often seen in his eyes of the consumptive. His voice, though faint was musical, but interrupted by an occasional cough; and as he removed his cravat, and turned his wrists over the cuffs of his coat, he said:

“The company has assembled to see the Snake Eater. If any one wishes to satisfy himself with regard to the reptile which I am now about to devour in the presence of you all, and to restore him again from my throat, alive, he will please draw nigh.”

He turned the closed cover of the box over toward the audience, as he made this observation, and disclose to the sight a hideous rattlesnake. It was coiled,—and when disturbed, elevated its spiry head from its circle, and while its forked tongue played with a rapid motion, it darted against the glass in vain attempts to escape, while its rattles continued to quiver with a violent and whizzing sound, accompanied by that apparent flattening of the head, which denotes the highest pitch of resentment. Its dilated eye shot fire; and the coarse scales on its contorted form grew rugged in its anger.

After this exposure, the Snake Eater placed the box in its original position. A chilly shudder ran through the assembly, when, after turning his back to the beholder, he bent his face for a moment at the edge of one of the drawers, with a kind of chuckling sound, and drew forth the horrid reptile with his hand. The Snake now seemed languid and passive, through the rattles continued to sound. He placed the head of the venomous serpent to his lips.—He opened his mouth, and the long spire began to descend. It was an appalling sight to see that huge *monstrum horrendum* making its way into the throat of a human being. The cheeks of the young man began to dilate, and his complexion became a livid purple. His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets,—masses of foam gathered about his lips,—and he looked as if in the severest struggles of the last mortal agony.—as if tasting of death. Several of the audience shrieked with affright.

After apparently mumbling and cravching his fearful meal, the Snake Eater again partially opened his lips, and the forked tongue of the reptile was seen playing, like threads of bright red fire, between them. Presently it began to emerge. It moved very slowly, as if held back by other serpents that had preceded it, in the awful deglutition of its master. As the long, loathsome folds hung from his lips, and continued to extend, the features of the Snake Eater assumed their wonted aspect; and in a moment, the reptile had emerged, was replaced in the box, and the feat was accomplished.

After seating himself for a few seconds, to recover from the perilous execution of his task, the Snake Eater rose and addressed the audience. He desired them to believe that he had wished, not to appal, but to surprise them.—There was, he acknowledged, an art in what he had done,—but it was a mysterious and undiscoverable one. “They call me mad,” he added, bitterly, “and a conjurer; but a conjurer I am none, and though I had been mad, I am not now; yet often do I wish I were. You will denominate my calling one of foolish hazard, and perhaps of disgust; but did you know all, you would judge of me better. I thank you for your attendance; and if I succeed in surprising you, my aim has been won.”

The audience, in the enthusiasm of western feeling, gave the performer three hearty cheers, and retired with wonder-stricken faces; I lingered behind until the last had departed, and stepped into the tent, where the Snake Eater had drawn a few eatables from his knapsack, which he was discussing with considerable relish. I found him sociable, but sad. By degrees, my observations excited a sympathy in his mind; and, as we sat, towards midnight,

in his solitary house of canvass,—the dark Mississippi rolling below,—the pale stars fretting the vault above,—and the far West stretching in dimness around, he thus began:

### The Snake Eater's Story.

“I am not, my friend, what you see me. Though ragged hereabouts as one who has dealings with familiar spirits and wizards, I am a only heart-broken man, the child of sorrow, and almost without hope. Do not speak thus for your sympathy; for human sympathy can at best but awaken a fresh the wells of mournful tenderness in my breast, without pouring one ray of sunshine upon the troubled fountain: they must flow on in darkness, without a prospect of day. Listen to me.

“Eight short years ago, with the spirit of adventure striking within me, I came as it were directly from the walls of an university, in one of the Atlantic States, to this ‘far country.’ I came with prodigal endowments from my father; and seeking the then frontiers of civilization, embarked in trade with settlers and Indians. I bought furs and sold all kinds of mercantile riches. I prospered; my capital redoubled itself, in all respects I was prosperous. You may perhaps desire to know my motive for thus leaving the charms of society, and seeking the seclusion of the wilderness,—human affection. An uncle had preceded me. He had a ward, to whom I had been deeply and devotedly attached from my childhood. She was the paragon of her sex, I speak not as a rhapsodist, or with enthusiasm; for the loveliest being that ever came from the hands of God in this lower world, could not excel her for beauty. She made the beauty perfect, by the graces of a mind, pure and clear as forming diamond. Her voice was melody; her smile a burst of living and pearly light; and her calm blue eyes were the sweet expositors of a sinless affection. The young peach, when the airs and beams of summer have awakened its ripening plumes, as it glows among leaves that tremble to the rich chant of the nightingale, surpassed not her cheeks, for bloom or loveliness, when the fair hair divided on her brow, and fell in masses of waving and silken gold around them. Truly I loved her, with my whole soul. She was my idol,—my cynosure,—the centre of every desire, and the object of every desire.

“We were married. Time went on, and brought me a bud from the rose that I had established in my green bower of home. We were blest indeed. Aloof from society, though we missed a few of its luxuries, we suffered none of its vexations and demoralizing corruptions. On Sabbath days, we rode many miles through the wilderness, to worship our Maker in his sanctuary, and hear the word of life from the lips of those who journeyed through the forest on missionary enterprises, and for the edification of the believing—ambassadors of a court, of which the most noble court of earth affords not the faintest emblem.

On the day that our dear little Sarah attained her second year, she was seated by the counter, and her mother was standing by, when three fierce looking Indians entered the store. They had evidently travelled a long way, for their leggins were torn and dirty, and their feet almost bare. I recognized one of them instantly, as *The Crouching Wolf*, a desperate being, who hung alternately around the skirts of settlements, begging for rum, or getting it in barter for small peltry, which he obtained in the chase. Just one year before, he had visited me for the purpose of procuring the fire water, or ardent spirit. I refused him, and he left me with the vow of future vengeance.

“Hoagh!” said he as he reeled up, with his gruff looking companions, towards the counter, where my child was playing, and my wife stood: *The Crouching Wolf* said he would come back. He wants the talking water—he wants that—or revenge. He will have one!”

“I tried to reason with him—but he was deaf to reason. He had already tasted from the flagon of one of his red comrades, and the fumes were in his brain.

“Come, medicine-man, the Wolf wants the fire milk. Where is it? He

cannot wait. His spirit is up and his forehead is warm.”

“I saw that he grew desperate,—but my resolution was fixed: I stently denied him. It was a fatal denial.

“He stepped back a few paces, growled some guttural sentences to his companions, and the three then advanced towards my child. I was motionless, and paralyzed with terror. As the Wolf approached my daughter, he drew a tomahawk from his belt, and flourished it on high. I sprang toward him, but was pushed back by his companions. The dear innocent, unafrighted, smiled in the face of the *Crouching Wolf*, and it seemed as if the cheerful purity of her look stayed his vengeful arm. He paused, until a scream from the mother aroused the terror of her first-born. She shrunk back from the relentless savage, while her mother was kept, like myself, at bay, and while her sweet red lip, chiselled like her mother's, was quivering with dismay, she said, in childish simplicity:

“Naughty Indian—if he hurts Sarah, ma will be angry, and punish him.” As she said this, she burst into tears,—her last for ever!

In one instant, the trenchant weapon of the infuriated Indian cleaved asunder the head of my babe; in the next, his excited comrades had murdered the wife of my bosom. I have an indistinct and horrid remembrance of my burning store,—the red fiends yelling over the consuming roof and walls,—my escape to the forest; the rest was but silence and oblivion. I was a mad man!

“Ten months after, I found myself in New Orleans. I had reached the city, no one knows how,—had been conveyed to a hospital, kindly treated, and discharged as cured,—but an out-cast and a beggar. Misfortunes seldom come single. My father had died, and as I had already received my share of his estate, the residue melted away among a host of brothers. My inheritance had been destroyed by the Indians. I was without a home or a friend.

“How I subsisted, I scarcely know. At last, as I was one day walking on the levee, I saw a group collected around an Indian, who was performing certain tricks from a box, with a rattlesnake. It was the *Crouching Wolf*.

“The murderer of my wife and child!” I exclaimed, as I penetrated through the ring, and with one huge blow felled the vile monster to the earth. I seized him by the throat.—I placed my knee upon his breast.—In a few moments he was a distorted and ghastly corpse beneath my feet.

“My award of retribution was considered just and no effort was made to arrest me. Availing myself of the box belonging to the *Crouching Wolf*, which I contended was mine as a debt, I soon learnt the mystery of his art, as it were by intuition. The upper drawer of the box contained the real rattlesnake; the other, merely the skin of one, which could be inflated by the breath, at will. The motion of the tongue, which was dried, and had wires within, was produced by loadstone; the movement of the rattles by the same cause.”

“Filled from the lungs, it could readily be taken into the mouth, and compressed into a very small compass,—and while re-passing outward inflated again. I bought a new snake from a museum, which I killed and prepared according to the model before me. I could not endure the thought of even using the same instruments formerly employed by the destroyer of all I most loved on earth, and I turned from the trickery with feelings of almost positive loathing.

A little practice made me an adept in the mystery of snake-eating,—and I have since wandered in loneliness from town to town, attempting this curious enterprise. My pecuniary success has been sufficient for my comfort and convenience,—and the danger of the feat is only in appearance. With a slight exertion, I can resolve my face into the colors and contortions you witnessed this evening, and which heighten the interest of the spectacle. But these things I can only temporarily divert my thoughts,—for I carry within my heart an aching fever, which no prosperity can allay or remove.



The objects that have caressed me, can cheer me no more. I stand alone in the wilderness world; a mourner and a pilgrim. My visions are of my wife and child; my day dreams are of them; but I must suffer as you see—until, I meet them in that better country, where the sun descends not, and darkness is unknown, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. I can forget my child; for her existence seems to me like a misty trance; in the fond assurance that the sparkling dew drop has exhaled to heaven; but for the cherished rose that sustained it, I cease not to grieve. Alas, for the wife of my bosom! Well can I say, with one who, perhaps, has loved and mourned like me.

Alas, for the clod that is resting now On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow!

Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—

For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb;

Their melody broken, their fragrance gone—

Their aspect clad as the Parian stone.

Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died—

Oh, loved one! would I were by thy side!

Yet the 'joy of grief' it is mine to bear;

I hear thy voice in the twilight air;

Thy smile of sweetest untold I see,

When the visages of evening are borne to me;

Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—

My arm embraceth thy yielding form:

Then I wake in a world that is sad and drear,

To feel in my bosom—thou art not here!"

The morning had already begun to fire the eastern horizon, beyond distant wilderness and to sparkle on the river, when parted with the Snake Eater, and pursued my journey. On my return from the great metropolis of the Mississippi, I found that he had died, and gone to rejoin the lost treasure of his affection, in a clime where Sorrow has no residence, and where neither reptile nor poison can enter.

W.

\* The writer has now, in his possession a curiosity from the far West, in the shape of a large prairie beetle, which is composed, among other ingredients of paper and wood. At the end of every claw and feeler, where they are attached to the body, are small bits of lead, impregnated with leadstone. This lifeless imitation performs all the movements of the actual beetle,—moves and extends its limbs, precisely like nature. It would puzzle the profoundest entomologist, on a common examination, to write whether that it lived, or was dead.

† This power of face, is not unusual among the dramatic fraternity. The celebrated tragedian, Booth, can easily flush his face with the dearest suffusion of guilt or anger, and at the next moment cause it to bear the livid hue of death. The power often adds a tremendous effect to his personations.

### CIRCULAR

From the Committee of Safety of the Jurisdiction of Austin.

All are aware of the present movements of volunteers towards the western frontiers. For the information of every one, this Committee deem it proper to state as briefly as possible, the leading facts which have given rise to this excitement.

When the circular of this Committee, under date of 19th ult. was issued, information of an unquestionable character had been received here, as to the marching of soldiers from Bexar, in some short period, within the limits of the colonies. The object appeared to be the apprehension of certain citizens, among whom Don Lorenzo de Zavala, now a citizen of Texas, was particularly designated and aimed at. This gentleman had come to Texas, as to an asylum from the persecution of the present administration of Mexico. His offence we know not, except that he is the known friend of free institutions. This distinguished man, the authorities of Texas have been arbitrarily required by a military mandate to sur-

render into the hands of general Cos, who in his zeal to secure the person of this patriotic and virtuous citizen, actually issued an order some time since, addressed to Col. Ugartechea, commandant at Bexar, to march into the colonies and take him at the risk of losing all the force he should employ. The mere intimation of such an order would be an evident disrespect to the citizens of Texas, but the issuing of it, with the corresponding threats of colonel Ugartechea of putting it into execution, is at once an open outrage upon the civil authorities of Texas, and upon the Constitution. But what is of most importance, such proceedings serve plainly to show us all, what kind of government the present reformers in Mexico are aiming to subject us to—which is the government of the bayonet, and the regulation of all the affairs of Texas by military power, regardless of the Constitution, of the civil authority, and of all the legally vested, equitable, and natural rights of the people of Texas.

That such is the real and ultimate object of the military power now reigning in Mexico, and that the reasons assigned for the present hostile movements are nothing but mere pretexes to cover the main objects, and thus fill the country with troops, is clear and evident, but should there still remain doubts on the mind of any person, let him weigh and maturely consider the following facts and draw his own conclusions.

The Constitutional Governor of this State, Viesca, and also another governor, Falcon, who had been constitutionally installed to succeed Viesca, have been deposed by the military at Monclova. The state authorities were imprisoned, and a governor appointed by the acting president of the general government of Mexico. This is evidently an act of military usurpation and despotism, and the state of Coahuila and Texas is at this time without any constitutional or legal government at all, and the people of every part of the state, and those of Texas in particular, are left at full liberty to provide for themselves as they may deem best.

But a more general, though succinct view of matters, is necessary for a full and proper understanding of this object.

A disastrous and ruinous civil war was kindled in 1832; by means of an insurrection against the Bustamante administration, and general Santa Anna was placed at its head. The avowed object of this insurrection was to protect the federal system, and sustain the Constitution of 1824, which, it was then alleged, was attacked and endangered by the measures and projects of the Bustamante administration. On this principle the people of Texas supported general Santa Anna to defend the Constitution of 1824, and the federal system. This general was enthusiastically supported by every liberal and free Mexican, and by the friends of the federal system in every part of the nation. With this support he triumphed. He became the map of the people—the protector of the federal system—the oracle of public

opinion—the arbiter of the nation's political destinies. How has he used this power, thus acquired? Let the military despotism now enthroned in Mexico upon the ruins of the federal system—let the friends of this system, who are now groaning in prisons or wandering in exile—let the Constitution of 1824, which still raises its dying voice from beneath the feet of military usurpation—let the free and impartial in Mexico and in the whole civilized world give the reply. They all say, he used it to destroy what he avowed he had taken up arms to protect; he used the federal party as blind instruments to destroy the federal system; he abandoned his federal friends, who had given him power, and united with the military, ecclesiastical and central party, against whom he took up arms in 1832. This same party is now governing in Mexico, and they say to the people of Texas in the language of friendship and persuasion—in that of *su garplums and honey* that the new Constitution, or central government that is organizing in Mexico, guarantees shall be given to the people of Texas, their rights shall be protected and secured, and they are told that the government expects from their "docility" a *submission to all thereforms and alterations that may be agreed to by the majority of nation.* [See the official letter of the Minister of Relations, a translation of which is published at the end of this paper, number 1.] But who compose, and what is this majority of the nation spoken of by the minister, and how are these reforms to be effected? It is composed of the same military power before spoken of, who have assumed the voice of the nation, and have suppressed, by military influence, the free expression of public opinion; and the reforms are to be effected by *unconstitutional means*; a sufficient proof of which is, that the present Congress in Mexico, which was elected with constitutional powers alone, have, by their own act, declared themselves to be invested with the powers of a national convention, to frame a new constitution, or reform that of 1824 as they think proper.

What is here meant by "reforming" the Constitution of 1824, may be clearly deduced by the "reform" of the militia made by this same general Congress. This "reform" reduced the militia of the States to *one militia-man* for every five hundred inhabitants, and disarmed all the rest. The people of Zacatecas resisted this iniquitous law, but were unfortunate, and compelled, for the time being, to submit to the military power of the reformers; so that, in fact, "reform" means destruction.

From this condensed view of the fact let every impartial man judge for himself what degree of faith or credit ought to be given to the professions of the present government of Mexico, and ask himself whether a subtle poison may not be concealed in the *sugar plums*, or a sting in the *honey*, that is now offered to the "docile" people of Texas.

But, in addition to this general view of matters, information of the most positive and unquestionable character is in the possession of this Committee, that every possible effort is making by the government in Mexico to raise troops, money, and resources to fit out an expedition—an army of invasion against Texas. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry have been ordered from San Luis, Potosi, Saltillo, and Tamaulipas; and all the disposable infantry at Campeche has also been ordered on to Texas by water, as it was supposed they would stand the climate better than other troops. Magazines of arms and ammunition are forming at Matamores, Goli-

ad, and Bexar, and the barracks and fortifications at the latter place are repairing to receive a large force. In short, the common talk of all Mexico among the military, is the *invasion of Texas.*

Now, if the present government of Mexico is sincere in its professions of liberal guarantees for Texas, why all this preparation for a military invasion? Why has general Cos marched with all the disposable force at Matamoras (about four hundred men) to Bexar, where he now is, according to last accounts? Can it be that the government, in its fatherly care for Texas fears that there are servile slaves in this country, who will oppose *liberal guarantees*? Or is it that the promised guarantees, are only a cover and a false show, to quiet Texas until the general government is prepared to give to it a military government.

It is well known to all that the reforms spoken of by the ministers, and now being made in Mexico, contemplate the abolition of the whole federal system, the establishment of a central or consolidated government, which is to absorb and swallow up all the powers and authorities of the nation: military commandancies will supply the place of the state governments, and the vested rights of Texas under the constitution and law of May 7, 1824, are to be disregarded and violated.

Ought, or can, or will the people of Texas submit to all this? Let each man study the subject, and answer for himself. If he will submit, let him go to the military power and prostrate himself. If he will not submit, let him give his answer from the mouth of his rifle!

In regard to the present movements of the military, the letter from Gonzales, and extracts from other letters of unquestionable faith, [numbered 2.] will inform the public. By these letters the people of Texas are informed that their fellow-citizens at Gonzales have been attacked—the war has commenced! They will also perceive that general Cos has arrived with a reinforcement of troops, and is preparing for a campaign of extermination against the people of Texas.

The head quarters of THE ARMY OF THE PEOPLE for the present is at Gonzales. It is already respectable in numbers, and invincible in spirit.

This Committee exhorts every citizen who is yet at home, to march as soon as possible to the assistance of his countrymen now in the field. The campaign is opened. Texas must be freed from military despots before it is closed.

S. F. AUSTIN, CHAIRMAN of the Committee of the Jurisdiction of Austin. San Felipe de Austin, October 3, 1835.

[No. 1.]

Extract of an official letter from the Minister of Interior Relations of Mexico, to the Municipality of Gonzales.

"When the general Congress takes into consideration the reforms of the Constitution which have been requested unanimously by almost all the towns of the Republic, that august assembly will bear in mind the wants of the inhabitants of Texas, for the purpose of providing a remedy; and the government will very cheerfully cooperate in that object, by making the propositions which may most conduce to so laudable end, reckoning always on the good sense and docility of the Colonists, who, on adopting this for their country, subjected themselves to the alterations that, respecting the institutions, the majority of the nation may think fit to agree upon; which disposition the Government is decided on supporting in fulfilment of its duty, as is, also, of protecting all the inhabitants of the Republic, lovers of order, and of punishing those who foment sedition.

[Signed] "BONILLA." Dated, Mexico, Aug. 5, 1835.

[No. 2.]

"GONZALES, Sept. 30 1835. Fellow citizens of San Felipe & La Baca:—A detachment of the Mexican forces from Bexar, amounting to about one hundred and fifty men, are encamped opposite us: we expect an attack momentarily. Yesterday we were about eighteen strong, to-day one hundred & fifty, and forces continually arriving. We wish all the aid, and despatch, that is possible to give us, that we may take up soon our line of march for Bexar, and drive from our country all the Mexican forces. Give us all the aid and despatch that is possible,

Respectfully yours, Captain ALBERT MARTIN, R. M. COLEMAN, J. H. MOORE.

Extracts from a letter, written by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, dated La Bacca, Oct. 1, 1835. "The Alcalde of Goliad was struck

or whipped in the street by an officer, for not being able to get the carts ready as soon as he wanted them, to transport the arms, &c. to Bexar. A Mexican from Victoria was also insulted, as being one of the *valiants* of Gaudalope; the soldiers saying that it would be only a short time until they visited us, and help themselves to what cash and other things we had. The new officers who came with the arms, said that, as soon as general Cos should reach Bexar, it would be the signal of march for San Felipe de Austin."

"Cos is about to pass to Bexar. He has a guard of 80 men with him, and the Morelos battalion of lancers is close at his heel. Cos has about \$60,000 in specie, for the purpose of paying off the troops. He informed the Alcalde of the Neuces, that he intended to overrun Texas, and establish custom-houses and detachments of his army where he thought fit."

A letter from Bexar says, "the people must either submit, or prepare for defence; as the intention is to march into the colonies, and regulate the land affairs, and a great many things, by military force; also, to clear the country of what they choose to call vagrants, &c."

Information which is relied on, has been received from the Interior, that the states of Zacatecas and Guadalupe have risen and taken up arms in defence of the Constitution of 1824, & in support of the Federal system; also, that there are insurrections in the state of Tamaulipas, in favor of the same cause; also, that the republican general Juan Alvarez, has gained a victory over the government troops in the south of Mexico.

All these, and all the freemen of Mexico, are now fighting for the same cause that the people of Texas are defending. It is the cause of freedom—it is holy and just, and must triumph.

[For the Republican.] SONG.

TUNE—"Oft in the stilly night." Arm for your injured land; Where will you find a braver? Low lay the tyrant hand Uplifted to enslave her.

Each hero draws, In freedom's cause, And meets the foe with bravery; The servile race, Will turn their face, And safety seek in slavery.

Chains for the dastard slave; Recreant limbs should wear them. But blessings on the brave Whose valor will not bear them.

Charge, charge my braves on Cos, And let no feuds divide you; Behold the tyrant toss His banner to deride you—

The foe should feel, Proud freemen's steel For freemen's rights contending; Where'er they die, There let them lie, To dust in shame descending.

Thus may each traitor fall, Who dare as foe invade us; Eternal fame to all Who shall in battle aid us.

[For the Texas Republican.]

Give to the poet his well earned praise, And the songs of his love preserve them— Encircle his brows with fadeless bays, The children of genius deserve them, But never to me such praises breathe, To the minstrel's feelings a stranger, I only sigh for the laurel wreath, That a patriot wins in danger.

Speed, speed, the day when to wait I hie!

The fame of the field is inviting; Before my sword shall the foeman fly, Or fall in the flash of its lightning; My bold mustang shall his fetlock stain In the brain of the hostile stranger; With an iron heel he spurns the plain, And he moves with the whirl-wind's danger.

When shall I meet the audacious foe, Face to face where the flags are flying?

I long to thin them, two at a blow, And ride o'er the dead and dying; Should victory fail, enough for me, That I fall to glory, no stranger; Fall in my front shall the death-stroke be, And my corse in the van of danger.



The article on the first side of our paper, headed "war! war! and out," should read "arm! arm! and out!"

We learn by Mr. Hoffman, who has just arrived from San Felipe, that information had reached that place that General Samuel Houston would be in the town of Washington on yesterday, at 10 o'clock, with One Thousand Troops from East of the Trinity.—In addition to this it is estimated from the numbers already gone, that there will be 1,000 men in the Camp at Gonzales. The patriotism, chivalry and gallantry of the citizens of Texas cannot be surpassed. We will remind Santa Anna of the lines designed for the monument at Velasco—  
Here fought, here fell, in freedom's cause—the Brave Tyrants beware! Man will not be a slave.

The election is over, & we hope that the excitement is over too: certainly no one will now say that any advantage was designed or taken. The sincerity of men who are absent fighting the battles of their country should not be doubted; we know of no better test that can be given: at least it don't look so well for those at home, to doubt the patriotism and integrity of those who are absent fighting for their country. We hope that peace will be restored, and the most perfect harmony prevail to all we say:

"Let us no more contend, nor blame Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive In offices of love, how we may lighten Each other's burden in our share of woe."

We wish Santa Anna could witness the enthusiasm that prevails among all classes in regard to turning out for the war; we believe if he did that he would abandon the idea of subjugating Texas. We could tell him of a lad of 15 who stole his father's horse and gun to meet General Cos, & save him the trouble of bringing his handcuffs to Texas.

The Committee of Safety, &c. of this Jurisdiction have, we believe, abandoned the idea of addressing the citizens of the U. S.; we are glad of this because we know we are underrated there, and perhaps our address would be treated with contempt, after all if they think us worthy of assistance, they will give us assistance. What if we are a few, without arms, money, provisions, or munitions of war, contending against many, it is nothing more than our forefathers did, we are fighting for liberty; and that single thought should sustain us under every difficulty: whatever may befall us, we will at least die like men.

We are highly gratified to perceive that the Press at San Felipe, has commenced; we have seen two hand bills from the Office, which were executed in a very neat manner. We are satisfied that had it been in operation sooner, that the affairs of Texas would have been much in advance. We hail its appearance as a new Star, in the Political firmament.

**LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.**

An Express arrived last night from Gonzales, bringing accounts from that place up to the 7th inst. The report of the action between the Republicans and Centralists is confirmed; and victory declared in favor of the former (we mean the Volunteers of Texas) Up to the 7th inst. there was only three hundred Volunteers at Gonzales; and they ask of us more men, ammunition and provisions. The Citizens of this Jurisdiction have done more than their part; yet they should never desist whilst a volunteer was unprovided. It is proposed to fit out another waggon with ammunition and provisions and to start

forthwith. We are proud to learn, that in the first engagement that we have been successful; and we trust that we will practically demonstrate to Santa Anna (at least so far as we are concerned) that

"Man will not be a slave."  
**ELECTION RETURNS.**  
I certify the following to be the result of an Election, for Members to the Consultation, of the 15th of October, to represent the Jurisdiction of Columbia, according to the returns made.  
Brazoria, Oct. 10, 1835.  
JOHN A. WHARTON,  
Acting Chairman of the Committee of Safety, &c., of Columbia.

NAMES OF PERSONS VOTED FOR.	WILLIAMS	CHOCOLATE	COLUMBIA	BRAZORIA	VELOCO.	TOTAL
W. H. Wharton*	39	74	22	17	"	152
H. Smith	41	83	36	21	"	181
B. T. Archer*	58	96	25	20	"	199
W. D. C. Hall*	58	73	38	23	"	192
J. A. Wharton*	47	88	25	19	"	179
J. S. D. Byrom*	39	104	62	33	"	238
E. Walter*	38	75	49	8	"	170
P. W. Grayson	21	32	52	21	"	126
J. F. Perry	18	31	47	21	"	117
J. G. McNeel	15	20	38	18	"	100
B. F. Smith	23	40	17	"	"	80
E. Andrews	19	17	21	"	"	57
J. Rees	11	11	10	"	"	32
W. H. Jack	19	"	"	"	"	19
S. Richeson	2	1	9	"	"	12
J. D. Patton	8	"	"	"	"	8
T. F. McKinney	7	"	"	"	"	7
H. Austin	2	"	"	"	"	2
R. H. Williams	1	2	"	"	"	3
John Dismore	2	"	"	"	"	2
James Knight	1	"	"	"	"	1

\*Elected.  
No Election at Williams'.

BRAZORIA, Oct. 10th, 1835.

To MESSRS.  
W. H. WHARTON,  
HENRY SMITH,  
B. T. ARCHER,  
W. D. C. HALL,  
JOHN A. WHARTON,  
JOHN S. D. BYROM,  
EDWIN WALLER.

GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure, to announce to you; that your Fellow-Citizens of the Jurisdiction of Columbia, have elected you to represent them in the Consultation of the 15th of October. The high opinion which I entertain of your integrity and abilities, satisfies me that you will prove yourselves every way worthy of the confidence reposed in you. To the high mark of distinction, which your fellow-citizens have paid you, permit me to add my individual considerations; and at the same time, to assure you that no result could afford me more pleasure. I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

JOHN A. WHARTON,  
Acting Chairman of the committee of Safety, &c. of Columbia.

During the last war, two Champions were present at the execution of a soldier for desertion. After the execution while the culprit was hanging on the gallows, one of them, with the intention of bantering the other, pointed to the corpse, and said, "What do you think of that?" "Why," replied the other, it reminds me of a text of scripture: "Be ye also ready."

There are two sorts of person which are not to be comforted; a rich man when he finds himself dying, and a beauty when she finds her charms fading.



**HATS FOR SALE.**—Two Cases of Hats of superior quality, for sale at reduced prices—**CASH** by  
EDMUND ANDREWS.  
Brazoria October 10th, 1835.

**NEW ROAD**

A New road has been cut out from this place to the Bernardo, crossing at my house, which shortens the distance to Cedar Lake 6 miles; persons going to or from Matagorda will find it greatly to their advantage to cross the river at my house, where there is good ferry boat always at hand.  
J. B. COWAN.  
33-1f

**JUST received and for Sale Swaim Panacea.**  
EDMUND ANDREWS.  
Brazoria, October 1st, 1835.

**FOUR Cases of ready made Clothing Three Cases Boots and Shoes; Two of superfine Hats.—Just received and for Sale by**  
EDMUND ANDREWS  
October 1st, 1835.

**BACON and sour Flour for Sale by**  
EDMUND ANDREWS.

**MADEIRA, CLARET & PORT WINE for Sale by**  
EDMUND ANDREWS.



**DR. F. HARRIS,**  
HAVING located himself permanently in Columbia for the purpose of practising Medicine, Surgery, &c.; is now ready to attend to any business in his line. His office is next door to Mr. John Chaffin. By strict attention to business, together with the success which has attended a long course of practice in the United States of the North, he hopes to share a part of that public patronage which has been so liberally bestowed on his brothers in the profession.

**DISSOLUTION**

THE copartnership heretofore existing in the name and style of A. G. & R. Mills is by mutual consent, this day dissolved, except in liquidation, those having claims against them will please present them for payment and those indebted are requested to make immediate payment, or satisfactory arrangements—otherwise indulgence will not be given.  
A. G. Mills,  
R. Mills.

N. B. he business will in future be conducted by Robert Mills and David G. Mills in the name and style of Robert Mills & Co. and their goods will be sold at reasonable prices for cash, and on liberal credit, to punctual customers  
Jan 1

**Notice.**

THE Harrisburg Steam Mills are now in complete order, and lumber can be had at Twenty five Dollars per thousand. Delivered at the Mills.  
M. W. SMITH,  
President of the H. S. M. C.  
Harrisburg, July 11th 1835. —1f—

**\$150 Reward**

**RANAWAY** on the 27th ult. from the subscriber living on the Brazos river near the Fort Settlement three negro men, one named Sterling, very black, thirty five to forty years of age, about five feet eight or nine inches high. Joe, a dark mulatto, about thirty five years of age, five and a half feet high or thereabout. Richard a bright mulatto, thirty three years of age, six feet high, very high forehead and bold spoken. When he left his hair was very thick and stood erect. Each of them had a horse, one of which was stolen. There is almost a certainty that the negroes were stolen by Thomas I. Nerson who will probably endeavour to take them to the State of Mississippi. Nerson is about thirty five years of age, six feet high or upwards is very slim and his hair remarkable red; speaks quick and has a down look. The above reward will be given on delivery of the said negroes at my house, or \$50 for either.  
WILLIAM HUNTER.  
Fort Settlement, July 4th 1835. —1f—



**ON the second Sunday in October next, will be offered for sale at public Auction, all the Household Furniture belonging to the subscriber, together with the Dwelling House, and two well improved Lots.—Also at the same time and place, a Negro Woman, 40 years of age, and a Negro Boy aged 9 years.**  
L. C. MANSON.  
Brazoria, Sept. 19—53—1f.

**NEW GOODS**

S. B. BRIGHAM, & Co. have just received by the Schr. Julius Caesar, a general assortment of **DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, SADDLERY, MEDICINES, &c. &c.** which they offer to the public, wholesale or retail on accommodating terms.—  
Matagorda, July, 15th, 1835—49—1f.

**WAGON MAKING**

THE subscriber is now prepared to attend to any business in his line, his shop is at his plantation on the Bernardo, three miles from Brazoria where wagons will be made and repaired on moderate terms.  
J. B. COWAN.  
38-1f.

**MR. JOHN P. COLES** is my lawful agent during my absence.  
FRANCES SMITH.  
54-1f—

**\$15 Reward**

**STOLEN** from the cabin of the steam boat Laura, one Silver Leaver Watch, with P. Leneau, 1832, marked on the inside of the case. The above reward will be paid for the watch and thief, or ten dollars for watch alone.—  
Apply at this office.  
Sept 19.—53—1f.

**A CARD.**

The undersigned announces in the public manner that the office for the reception of colonists in the "Upper Colony" is now opened at San Felipe persons desirous of acquiring land can do so with perfect security in their interests.

The rights of those persons legally established anterior to the 15th of April 1831 and of those introduced and settled after 22nd of May 1834 and before the 18th May, 1835, will in every instance be respected, provided the claimant has not interfered with previous locations and surveys.

The undersigned would recommend those who wish to obtain land to make their applications at an early period in order that the necessary plots and surveys may be completed.

SPENCER H. JACK,  
Agent for Austin & Williams.



**DOCTOR JOHN Y. WALLICH**  
Respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Columbia and its vicinity.

**NOTICE.**

**ALL** persons having claims against the estate of John Austin, dec'd. will present them to the undersigned for settlement; and all those indebted to said estate, will make payment to him and no other  
T. F. LPARROTT

**Notice.**

THE undersigned gives this public notice that he has been appointed Agent for the different Insurance Companies in the city of New-Orleans; and whereas, in order the insurers may be the more fully satisfied of the fairness of all losses that may hereafter happen here or on the adjacent coast, certifies of the Agent will be required before any loss will be paid.  
EDMUND ANDREWS.

**MR. JOHN A. WHARTON** is my lawful Agent during my absence to the United States.  
W. B. SWENY.  
24 35

**COPARTNERSHIP.**  
THE undersigned, having associated themselves in the Mercantile business, at the Town of Matagorda, under the firm of S. B. Brigham & Co.—take this method of informing the public that they will constantly keep on hand a general assortment of seasonable and fresh goods.  
R. MILLS, & Co.  
SAML. B. BRIGHAM.  
Matagorda, July 1st 1835.—49—1f.

**NEW GOODS HANDY & LUSK**

HAVE just received from New-York, per schooner or Elizabeth Jane, a very extensive assortment of **NEW AND SEASONABLE BRITISH FRENCH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS**—All of which they offer for sale by the Bale, Case or Piece, at New Orleans prices, for cash. Also, a full assortment of fashionable ready made summer clothing. Fine Guns, pocket, belt, holster and duellin pistols; a few medicine chests for lantations.

**DOCTOR**

**ARTHUR APPLEWHITE** HAVING located in Brazoria, offers his professional services to the Citizen and inhabitants of Texas—He hopes by his punctuality and success to merit a share of public favor

**Attorney AT LAW.**

**L. N. MORELAND** will attend to any business entrusted to him—his office is on Liberty on the Trinity river.—Reference  
W. H. Sledge, } Columbia.  
Jno. Chaffin, }  
J. S. D. Byrom, } Brazoria,  
P. C Jack, } San Felipe.  
Mosely Baker, }  
m21

**Fall Races.**

The Races over the Columbia Turf, will take place on the 3rd Monday in October next. Several horses already entered.

**ALSO—**  
A Match race on the 1st Thursday in October, for \$500, half forfeit; Capt. John Chaffin's horse Monte, and E. Flack's horse Copartnership.  
Sept. 19 53

**NEW TOWN AT THE MOUTH OF THE LABACCA**

**AND** at the Pass of Matagorda Bay Known by the name of Cox's point. This town presents every advantage of location necessary to the establishment of a commercial place, being the only good landing at the bay where vessels can come to with safety, and the most convenient to the Mexican trade and also surrounded by a fine body land it must evidently be a town of business in a very short time.

A Sale of Lots will take place on the 9th day of July next.  
Purchases can be made at private sale previous to the day of sale.  
COX & SUTHERLAND.

**NOTICE.**

THE subscriber wishes to rent the well known Tavern Stand in San Felipe de Austin, now occupied by her. She will also hire four-servants, two men and two women, a wagon and five yoke of oxen. Immediate possession will be given.  
A. B. PEYTON.  
San Felipe, Sept. 19. 53. —1f.

**For Sale.**

**ONE** first rate COTTON GIN.—Apply to JOHN P. GILL, at the Brazoria Hotel.  
Sept. 19—53—1f.



**FREEMEN OF TEXAS**

To Arms! To Arms!

'Now's the day and now's the hour.'

CAMP OF THE VOLUNTEERS,  
Friday Night, 11 o'clock;  
October 2, 1835.

Fellow Citizens:—

We have prevailed on our fellow citizen Wm. H. Wharton, Esq. to return and communicate to you the following express, and also to urge as many as can by possibility leave their homes to repair to Gonzales immediately, "armed and equipped for war even to the knife." On the receipt of this intelligence the Volunteers immediately resolved to march to Gonzales to aid their countrymen. We are just now starting which must apologize for the brevity of this communication. We refer you to Mr. Wharton for an explanation of our wishes, opinions and intentions, and also for such political information as has come into our hands. If Texas will now act promptly; she will soon be redeemed from that worse than Egyptian bondage which now cramps her resources and retards her prosperity.

- DAVID RANDON,
- WM. J. BRYAN,
- J. W. FANNIN, Jr.
- F. T. WELLS,
- GEO. SUTHERLAND,
- B. T. ARCHER,
- W. D. C. HALL,
- W. M. JACK,
- WM. T. AUSTIN,
- P. D. McNEEL.

P. S. An action took place on yesterday at Gonzales, in which the Mexican Commander and several soldiers were slain—no loss on the American side.

Copy of a letter from John H. Moore, to Messrs. Stepp, Sutherland & Kerr, and to all whom it may concern.

Gonzales, Oct. 1st, 1835.

I inform you that we have about 150 men, and are expecting more troops hourly, and earnestly request that you should spare no pains to send us as much aid as possible. Our situation requires that all of Texas should now aid us. It is the most important crisis that the people of Texas have ever experienced, and our welfare for the future, does depend a great deal on the first stroke that is made. The enemy is now just on the opposite side of the river, in number about 200 troops, and is reinforcing rapidly. Spare no pains in sending us aid, immediately. At all events send us Expresses and state the situation of the troops and affairs generally.

Respectfully, &c.

JOHN H. MOORE, Commandant.  
A true copy W. H. WHARTON.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—

In accordance with the request of the Volunteers, I proceed to inform you that I parted with them at midnight, on Friday last under march to join their countrymen at Gonzales. They were to a man in excellent health and spirits. It is now ascertained that Gen. Cos is in La Bahia. It is said that he has with him 800 pair of IRON HOBBLES for our benefit. If Texas will turn out promptly, he will be the first man to wear a pair of his own hobbles. In the language of the caption of this article, "now's the day and now's the hour." Five hundred men can do more now than 5000 six months hence. St. Antonio can be starved into a surrender in ten days, if there are volunteers enough to surround the town and cut off their supplies. The inhabitants seldom raise enough for their own consumption, and 800 troops being thrown upon them, has brought the place to the door of starvation. Bread is out of the question with them, and they have no hopes of obtaining meat, except eating their horses or pillaging from the Colonists. The Volunteers are determined never to return until St. Antonio has fallen, and every soldier of the Central Government has been killed or driven out of Texas. One great object of the Volunteers, is to intercept Cos between La Bahia & St. Antonio. After this if enough of our countrymen assemble, they will take St. Antonio by storm—if not they will surround the place—cut off their supplies and starve them into a surrender. Let all who can; turn out, and that immediately—Let no one say that business detains him; for what business can be so important as to crush the enemy at once, and thereby put an end forever, or at least for some time to come to this unholy attempt to bring us under the yoke of Military Despotism, or to expel us from the country. If St. Antonio is not taken, it will be a rallying point, where they will in a few months concentrate thousands of troops. If it is taken they will have no foothold among us, and the power of the nation cannot re-esta-

lish one. Fellow-citizens: there are many fighting our battles, more from sympathy, and from a detestation of oppression, than from any great pecuniary interest they have in the country. These generous and heroic individuals, should be sustained and encouraged in their magnanimous efforts to render us a service. Arrangements are making in Brazoria & Matagorda, to send them supplies, of Provisions and Ammunition, &c. Columbia and San Felipe ought to, & I have no doubt will do the same. If subscription papers are started, the people will liberally contribute. Let me again implore you to turn out promptly and universally and repair to Gonzales. In this case we will conquer, and that suddenly. Ours is no rebellious or revolutionary or voluntary warfare. It has been forced upon us. Justice, liberty, the constitution, & the god of battles are on our side, and the proud and imperious Dictator, Santa Ana, will be made to feel and know from blood-bought experience, that a people who have adopted the motto of their ancestors, "Liberty or Death," will crush & laugh to scorn his tyrannic attempt to enslave them. This campaign will but little interfere with the Consultation which is truly indispensable to us at present. If the war is over they will assemble at the place appointed if not, let the members equip themselves for battle, repair to the camp and in a short time they may enjoy the proud satisfaction of holding the Consultation within the Walls of San Antonio. I will leave Brazoria for the Camp at Gonzales on to-morrow and would be glad that as many as could equip themselves by that time would bear me company. Those who cannot be ready to-morrow should continue to prepare. Their services will be valuable, if they can join us even 10 or 15 days hence. I feel every confidence that there will be within a few days upward of 600 American Volunteers at Gonzales.

WM. H. WHARTON.  
Brazoria, September 3d, 1835.

To the citizens of the Jurisdiction of Columbia.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

A few defeated candidates, and designing men, are endeavoring to produce a conviction on your minds that there was something unfair in the late Election, and that the conduct of the committee of five, who changed the time of holding the election was highly censurable. All the members of that committee, except myself, are now absent fighting the battles of their country; and that no advantage may be taken of their absence, I will place their conduct in its true and proper light. Mr. McKinney has made a public attack on the committee, he says that "we see the committee adjourn at Velasco, and get together in Brazoria, and open the polls in Brazoria, &c. &c." The committee adjourned at Velasco, because they had despatched all the business that was then before them. The meeting in Brazoria was accidental, a third in number (5) constituted a quorum, this was agreed to by the committee because they lived so far from each other that it was impossible to get a majority together without the loss of much time; and the polls were opened, because an Express from Col. Austin reached us after arriving at Brazoria, in which he informed us that Gen. Cos had arrived at Copeno with four hundred troops, that the volunteers from his part of the country would rendezvous at League's old place on the Colorado, on the 28th ultimo, (it was then the 25th) and because we were desirous of encouraging our citizens to turn out and unite with the other volunteers at League's old place, and by all means cut off Cos before he united with the troops at Exar. These were the reasons for opening the polls; but it is asked, why let any one vote but those going to the war. To this I answer that it was proclaimed at the polls that the Election was open for the volunteers—but that if any citizens present had made up their minds they could give in their vote then, or withhold it until the 5th October. They were told that the whole jurisdiction were before them from which to select their candidates. All who had made up their minds voted and if they do not object I see no cause for Mr. McKinney's objections, unless he sets himself up as a sentinel on the watchtower, to illuminate the intellects and reform the morals of the country. The only question is, has Mr. McKinney or any body else been deprived of their right of voting, certainly not, for they can vote to-morrow. When the election was opened at Columbia, the question was put to the people whether any but the volunteers should vote and it was unanimously decided that all

who chose should vote and those who were not prepared might withhold their votes until the 5th of October. Again, that the election was held some days before any one started, and no one knew who was going; and again an express might arrive between the two days of holding the election, bringing such information as might induce some to turn out, that could not go on the first expedition; this contingency has occurred, an Express has arrived, the news is before you, and in the name of the committee I call upon you to turn out without delay.

It has been urged that the Volunteers could have voted by proxy; to this I answer that, that system is more objectionable than any other; because it is more open to the practising of fraud than any other, and in these days of "political dishonesty" we ought to be particular. The Committee of Five first designed to open the Election for three days and close it finally at the expiration of that time. I announced this to a public meeting; and it was objected to by Wm. H. Wharton and Sterling McNeel, on the ground that as it was announced for the 5th of October, it must be on that day; it was accordingly changed. I now solemnly avow, that I originated the measure of changing the time of holding the Election that I proposed the resolution and that the Committee of Five adopted it unawed & uninfluenced by any man, or set of men. I take all the blame (if blame there be) on myself, and thus publicly declare that but for myself, the change would not have taken place. I invoke upon my head the sternest censure, if in the judgment of the people, the measure is censurable. But I implore that no injustice may be done the balance of the Committee of Five, who are now absent fighting for me, fighting for you, fighting for their country. I have examined Mr. McKinney's letter in vain for "the facts that deserved the highest censure," and "the intrigues that were resorted to," I have called upon some of the dissatisfied to point out any unfairness or injustice that occurred either from the time or manner of holding the Election. They said it was a bad precedent, I admit it, but contend that the extreme urgency of the times justified the measure. They said that a large portion of the people, can be induced to vote any way!! Now fellow citizens, these are the men that speak of your rights being sold and bartered, when they contend that had they have been present, they could have made you subservient to their purposes, thereby clearly showing that they have no respect for your rights, but only a single eye to their own interest. What advantage was taken to any one I again ask, if they have not voted let them vote on the 5th, as the others have done for the men of their own choice. I pretend not to influence the vote of any man, and I contend that the poorest, the humblest citizen has certain unalienable, inalienable rights equal to the greatest nabob of the land; and so soon as we yield to the rich, property qualifications will be established, and woe to the liberties of the people!!

As to the Gentlemen candidates who are now riding about the country endeavoring to produce dissatisfaction and discord; I can only say to them that they would be doing their country more service; were they in the ranks with that committee whose conduct they censure; and whose reputations they are endeavoring to destroy. As to Mr. McKinney he has been personal, and has made an accusation against my Brother, who was not a member of the Committee and had nothing to do with the changing of the time of holding the Election; and against me: I will retaliate. Mr. McKinney you have spoken of the "rights of the people being sold and bartered;" and "of outrages upon them." Mr. McKinney were you elected last year to the State Congress? Was it with your knowledge and consent that you were elected? When the greatest outrage that ever was committed upon the rights of any people was perpetrated, when more than a million of acres of their land was sold for a "mere song," by the Congress, was you at your post? Was your voice uplifted against that unhallowed act? Did not your partner Williams make the purchase, and are you not interested in the speculation? After all this, can you say that you have any regard for the rights of the people.

Thus much I have thought proper to say in behalf the committee, and in condemnation of those whom I believe are endeavoring to produce discord and excitement, actuated alone by selfish motives; and if I have succeeded in disabusing the public mind, in "stripping the lion skin from off recreant limbs, in

pretenders in their true & proper colors. I have filled the measure of my wishes. In doing of this I have acted my own feelings; but I was not the transgressor. I have sought diligently sought to make up all "old quarrels;" and to get the people of this Jurisdiction to march against a common foe, like a band of Brothers. I now conclude: The facts are before the people—their decision, I appeal with that confidence, which innocence alone inspires.

JOHN A. WHARTON,  
MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

WAR, WAR, AND OUT!!

I am just now leaving for the Camp at Gonzales. All who are backward or refuse to go without the best excuse in the world will, in the remorse and bitterness of soul, say to themselves, in after times, the gallant have fallen in vain!!! My countrymen and friends have won immortal renown—or have bled and fallen fighting my battles, and fighting for the great principle of human liberty, and I WAS NOT THERE let all who wish to avoid this heart rending reflection march immediately to the Camp at Gonzales. Every person who cannot go himself, and who withholds a horse or gun from those willing to go will be considered a traitor to his country & therefore INFAMOUS. Let no one however stop for want of a horse; Soldiers who are in earnest have often marched on foot ten times as far as from here to San Antonio.

WILLIAM H. WHARTON,  
AGENT FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.  
Brazoria, October 5th, 1835.

**\$5000**

WILL be paid to the individual who kills or takes prisoner General Martin Perfecto de Cos, and \$500 will be paid for the arrest and detention in close custody of John A. Williams who by the most infamous lying and by the production of forged letters from Santa Anna and Cos prevented 66 Volunteers from joining their countrymen at Gonzales.

VOLUNTEERS.

Brazoria, October 5th, 1835.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I have seen with great surprise an indelicate, uncalled for and violent attack on my character during my absence, signed Thomas F. McKinney. Being engaged in more important business, I have not time now to notice it. It is however unworthy of notice—for from the presumption, malice and insanity discoverable in it; I can only say to the writer, as CHRIST did on the cross, "Father forgive him, he knows not what he does."

WM. H. WHARTON.

Brazoria, October 5th, 1835.

**PILOTAGE of Brazos**

THE undersigned being appointed Pilot by the Illustrious Ayuntamiento of the Jurisdiction of Columbia for the Bar of the Brazos, takes this opportunity of informing all, whom it may concern, that he shall strictly adopt the following rules:—In all cases when vessels approach the Bar, if prudent, they will be boarded, if not, observe the following signals: The Mexican Flag will be hoisted to the Top of the Staff at high water; & in crossing the Bar bringing two white Flags with a red Ball in each in a range; should it not be possible to board a Vessel, and not prudent for a Vessel to attempt to cross the Bar, the Mexican Flag will be hoisted half mast, and under no circumstances will the signals be exhibited.

F. J. HASKINS, Branch Pilot.  
Velasco, May 9th 1835.

P. S. The undersigned has provided two substantial Boats & a full crew, and is determined to use every exertion in the discharge of his duties.

F. J. HASKINS.

DOCTOR

T. R. ERWIN.  
WILL PRACTICE MEDICINE, SURGERY AND OBSTETRICS.

**PROCLAMATION.**

ON or about the first day of April of the present year, William McGrew and William P. McGrew, in the county of Sumpter, murdered a couple of boys in the foulest manner, and under the most shocking and aggravated circumstances. The oldest of the lads was 16 or 17 years of age, and his little brother about 11 or 12. Their name was Kemp. They were peaceably at work, earning a subsistence for the indigent family to which they belonged, having give no offence or provocation whatever, when they were cruelly shot down, at the same time, in a very wantonness of deliberate and cold blooded murder.

The before mentioned offenders have escaped and are now going at large, and in virtue of the power and authority I have vested. I hereby offer a reward of EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS for the apprehension and delivery of the said offenders, or Four Hundred Dollars for either of them, to Sheriff of Sumpter county, so that they may be dealt with according to law.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, this 21st May, A. D. 1835, and 59th year of the Independence of the United States.

By the Governor;

JOHN GAYLE.

E. A. WEBSTER, Secretary of State.  
DESCRIPTION.

William P. McGrew is about twenty four years of age hair a little dark, fair skin and blue eyes; mild, and retiring look when sober; six feet high. William McGrew, the cousin of the other, is about 21 years old, red hair, fair skin, eyes between gray and blue, six feet high, down look and forbidding countenance; both addicted to intemperance.

It is understood that about the sum of Three Thousand Dollars has been subscribed for the apprehension of these persons, by the citizens of Marengo and Sumpter counties, which will doubtless be paid as soon as they are lodged in the proper Jail.

The Printer of the Laws of the United States at Mobile, and the State Printer at New Orleans, will publish the foregoing Proclamation, &c, weekly for three months, and forward their accounts to the Secretary of State, for payment. They are requested to send their papers, if practicable to a Printer in Texas, who is requested to publish this Proclamation in like manner for three months—the account also to be forwarded to the Secretary of State for payment.

JOHN GAYLE.

Tuscaloosa May 22, 1835.

**Notice.**

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, or to the late firm of Brigham & Richeson, (to save cost) will make payment, on or before the 1st day of September next to my only authorized agents, during my absence, David Mills or Benjamin R. Brigham.

A. BRIGHAM.  
Brazoria, August 1, 1835.—48-6w.

MR. JOHN A. WHARTON, my lawful Agent during my absence to the United States.

W. B. SWENY.