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SCRAPS

OF

EARLY TEXAS HISTORY

BY

MRS. MARY S. HELM,

WHO, WITH HER FIRST HUSBAND, ELIAS R. WIGHTMAN, FOUNDED THE
CITY OF MATAGORDA, IN 1828-9.

MEMBER OF THE TEXAS VETERAN ASSOCIATION.



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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN the Naturalist and Philosopher dives into the long buried minerals and deposits of the earth, and finds treasures hid away for the blessing and the use of future generations, he involuntarily raises his thoughts in silent adoration to Him with whom one day is as a thousand years. We realize that, in His Providence, the choicest and richest portion of this globe has been so hidden away for the use of the overgrown populations of Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as for our own increasing population. The great variety of climate as well as of products it is capable of producing makes amends for the stern and sterile regions of the North in both hemispheres. A very paradise for man! Perhaps as large as all France, or six or seven of the largest middle States, or all of Great Britain; with one thousand miles of sea coast, with harbors at easy distance and numerous inland bays, easy access was given to immigrants before the days of railroads were on this continent.

THE AUTHOR.

MEMORIES.

SELECTED BY A LADY IN HER SEVENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of time ;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime.

But future years may never fling
Around their swiftly passing hours,
Like those that come on fleeting wing
From memory's golden train of flowers.

The morning breeze of long ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow,
Amid the ashes of my soul.

And by their dim and flickering light
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright
To bless my lonely moments here.

SCRAPS OF EARLY TEXAS HISTORY

It may not be amiss to say that Texas has experienced many changes in her Political Government:

FIRST. Claimed and controlled by the Monarchy of Spain by right of discovery.

SECOND. Ceded by Spain to France in 1800.

THIRD. Transferred by France to the United States by the treaty of April, 1803.

FOURTH. Exchanged for Florida and receded to Spain by the United States under the treaty of February, 1819.

FIFTH. Severed from Spain and made part of the Republic of Mexico by the Revolution prior to 1824.

SIXTH. Erected into the Republic of Texas by the Revolution of 1835-'36.

SEVENTH. Annexed to the United States and became a State of the Union, February, 1846.

EIGHTH. Adopted the Ordinance of Secession, and became one of the Confederate States in 1861.

NINTH. Restored to the Union after the fall of the Confederacy in 1865.

Some of the temptations to American enterprise and energy for the settlement of Texas, may be seen from the following extracts :

The first is from Mr. Jefferson, the profoundest political

philosopher of his age, and the great father of the American Democracy. In a letter to President Monroe, written on the the 4th of May, 1820. He says "to us the Province of Texas will become the richest State of our Union, without any exception. Its Southern part will make more sugar than we can consume, and the Red River in its North, is the most luxurious country on the earth."

The next is from Mr. Clay, the great American commoner, in a speech he made in the House of Representatives on the 3d of April, 1820, in opposition to the exchange of Texas for Florida. Speaking of Texas, he says: "Its superficial extent is three or four times that of Florida; the climate is delicious; the soil fertile, * * * the productions of which it is capable are suitable to our wants." * * * Farther on he says, "It is quite evident that it is the order of Providence, that it is an inevitable result of the principle of population, that the whole of the continent, including Texas, is to be peopled in the process of time. The question is by whose race shall it be peopled? In our hands it will be peopled by free men, carrying with them our language, our laws, our liberties; establishing on the prairies of Texas temples dedicated to the simple and devout worship of God, incident to our religion; and temples dedicated to the freedom which we adore next to Him." He continues—"in the hands of others, it may become the habitation of despotism and slaves, subject to the vile domination of the inquisition and superstition."

Prior to the revolt of Mexico from Old Spain, the country of all Mexico was barred from foreigners, no one was allowed to travel in the Spanish dominions in Mexico—even Humboldt was taken prisoner and carried to the city of Mexico—just the thing for him, he wanted to see the country. Humboldt's curiosity was great, and it afforded him a chapter of his travels.

The fear of hostile Indians was such that every Roman Catholic Mission to civilize and christianize the Indians, had walls surrounding all the missions. The material of whose buildings were brought from Old Spain, over military roads

then a barren waste for hundreds of miles, so great was their fear of hostile Indians, who made it their boast that they only permitted the Spaniards to live, to raise cattle and horses for them to steal. The Mexicans became tired of such captivity and made a contract with Moses Austin—who died before anything was done, in 1821—to colonize Texas. His son Stephen carried out his contract.

The temptations of Americans to occupy lands so rich, in a climate so salubrious, with productions of the soil so various and valuable, when it could be obtained so cheap, in large bodies, were very great. The country so far as it had government, was most wretchedly governed in 1827. The population of Texas was so few, about 10,000—negroes, friendly Indians and all—counted in 1828, of course it could not be represented in Congress, and it was coupled with the State of Coahuila, for that purpose, at the Capitol of the City of Mexico, where the majority would represent another race and another language, while the representation of Texas amounted to no representation at all. Colonel Austin, as our representative, was thrown into prison, a dungeon, for two years—in darkness without communication with his friends and no reading matter. Meantime, Mexican soldiers were gathering about the seaport places, under pretence of collecting duties, and imprisoning some of our most useful and respectable citizens, and threatening to send them to Mexico for military trial. Our citizens chafed under this ordeal. Two or three forts at one time were putting on airs, so that it was unsafe for one set of men to leave for the fight of another fort. We all knew that a revolution was being inaugurated in Old Mexico, but did not care which side beat, so that Colonel Austin could be released. Finally at the mouth of the Brazos in June, 1832, we heard cannon all one night, and in the morning we only guessed what it meant. I think it was the second or third day after, we saw from our window, the sails of four vessels, sailing directly toward Fort Valasco.

Santa Anna's party had been victorious and had liberated Colonel Austin, and promised him that Texas should have privileges she had not had before, and had brought Colonel

Austin home and was prepared to capture the fort, which represented the opposite party, and lo, and behold! our men made a virtue of necessity, and greeted Santa Anna and pretended that they had taken the fort in his behalf. The particulars of this affair is all told in Baker's Scrap Book, well known to Old Texans. So the war cloud cleared away for a season. It was thought that Santa Anna was sincere at the time, and I think Colonel Austin was sent the second time to Mexico, but when he came home the last time in the fall of 1835, he was astonished to find all Texas in arms and fighting, and conquering all before them. Santa Anna was now Dictator and ignored the States of Mexico, and his own will was the people's law. Colonel Austin said the people were not to blame, and could not be greatly censured. The Constitution of 1824, was ignored of course.

* * * * Our colonists owed obedience to the government of 1824, now destroyed in all the other states of Mexico. While Mexico had some eight millions, Texas had by this time only some thirty thousand, all told." Austin continues: "The people are peaceable from occupation and from interest and inclination, being mostly farmers, and entirely *unprepared* for war." In view of the wrongs and grievances in these extracts, and in view of the Mexican Congress requiring the disarming of the people of Texas and all other Mexican States, the people of Texas found it necessary in 1835-6 to take their government into their own keeping and to call a convention of delegates, which assembled at Washington on the Brazos—all this after our great reverse of fortune; after more than 1000 men had been killed by treachery in western Texas, after a capitulation; after every man at the fort had been put to the sword—butchered in cold blood! Suffice it to say, Texas declared her independence on the very day that the Fort at Lemantoma was re-taken, on March 6th, 1836. Of course, they had not heard of it; but there was no hope of peace.

All this is such a matter of history that I shall not recapitulate it here; but the determination of the people of Texas to be free was *intensified* by every day's report, till the battle

of San Jacinto, April 21. Brave leaders, and men whose names were as household words to the people, fell at Goliad and the Alamo; and it has been truly said that "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." By the brutal butchery of Colonel Fannin and his command at Goliad, in violation of the terms of their surrender and in disregard of the usages of all civilized war, and by the cruel murder of Captain King and his men, it is estimated that about one thousand men fell in the foregoing description, nearly all by *treachery* and *false pretence* of capitulation. Having no organized Texan army west of the Colorado river, Houston retreated. After it was known that our men had all been murdered, we had on the Colorado some 1400 men, and Gen. Houston gave every married man leave to go home and take his family to a place of safety. The population of Texas at that time was some 30,000, all counted, scattered over the country from San Augustine, on the east, to San Antonio, on the west, and for more than one hundred miles north, without an army or navy or military supplies or organization. The Mexican nation numbered some eight or nine millions, with an invading army of seven or eight thousand and a navy of sufficient strength to keep off volunteers from the States coming to the aid of the struggling Texans. These were all wielded at the single will of a dictator, who was also an able general and a *cruel despot*. The first collision in this contest was in the town of Gonzales, in the fall of '35, between a detachment of cavalry sent from San Antonio by General Ugartichea for the capture of a piece of artillery or cannon, and some citizens hastily drawn together. This occurred on the 2d of October, 1835. The Mexicans were beaten and driven back to San Antonio. This was the *Lexington* of the revolution and evidenced at once the courage and the determination of our people. Soon after this the Texans united in a large force and elected Stephen F. Austin their general. Austin resigned, and was sent to New Orleans to procure help. The united force, under command of Gen. Burleson, who was elected to succeed Austin, then moved on the Mexican force under General Coss, at San Antonio. On

this march and around San Antonio, in 1835, they had frequent skirmishes with the Mexicans, in all of which the Texans were successful.

The battle of Concepcion was fought on the 28th of October, 1835, a little below San Antonio. In this engagement, under the immediate direction of Colonels Fannin and Bowie, the Texans were again successful, the Mexicans losing about sixty killed and as many wounded, while the Texans had but one killed.

The Grass fight, on the old Benido road, near San Antonio, occurred 26th November, 1835. The Texans were again victorious, having two men wounded and one missing. About sixty Mexicans were killed and a number wounded. The siege of San Antonio continued till the 10th of December, 1835, when the Texans, under the immediate command of Benjamin R. Milam and Frank W. Johnson, stormed the enemy's works, fighting from street to street and from house to house, as they advanced. On the 7th of December, 1835, Milam fell, while urging his men on to victory, and Colonel Johnson succeeded to the command. Fighting continued till the night of December 9th, and on the morning of the 10th, General Coss surrendered his army and fortifications, including the Alamo, 1400 men, twenty-one pieces of cannon, 500 muskets, ammunition, clothing, etc. About one hundred and fifty Mexicans were supposed to be killed. The Texan loss was but few. Thus far the arms of Texas were successful, with losses so small, as to excite our wonder when compared with the loss of the enemy.

But we must now look on scenes of Mexican success, attended by barbarism, butchery and cruelty, and enmity such as has not been seen in modern times or in conflicts among Christian nations. Santa Anna was marshaling his hosts, of about 7500 men, leading them in for the invasion of Texas, for the massacre of her people, and for the desolation of the country. He reached San Antonio on the 23d of February, 1836. Colonel Travis withdrew his guard from the town into the Alamo. The siege commenced—one of the most memorable in history. One hundred and fifty-six at first, reinforced

by thirty-two afterwards, making one hundred and eighty-eight only defending a fort poorly constructed for either strength or defense, with but few guns and a limited supply of ammunition, against an investing force of more than 4000 men. From that to the 6th of March—twelve anxious and dreadful days—the siege continued. Santa Anna's summons to surrender, on the 23d of February, was answered by a cannon-shot of defiance, and from that hour the blood-red Mexican flag floated over the Mexican lines. The determination of the Texans was never to retreat and never to surrender.

* * * Out of the war of 1836 we secured to Texas 274,356 square miles of country, much larger than the Austrian Empire, or the German Empire, or Great Britain, including Ireland and Scotland, or France or Italy. While indirectly, the annexation of Texas to the United States by the war which ensued between the States and Mexico, more than one million of square miles of territory were added to the United States, about 560,000,000 acres of land including all the lands to the Pacific Ocean. A country larger than the original thirteen states was added to the Union. At the time of the revolution, Texas had about 30,000 people, she has now over 2,000,000, besides the unknown millions that has occupied all the vast domain secured by the war of 1848 with Mexico, growing out of our revolution of 1835-'36 with Mexico. So Mr. Clay's declaration in Congress of 1820, has come to pass.

The scraps of the following pages will tell of the retreat of the 30,000 inhabitants, where more suffering ensued than was ever known in any country in the Nineteenth Century. In the summer of 1835, I made my first visit to New York and was there while all our first success was in operation. On our way home the news of the Mexican defeat at San Antonio, we heard in New Orleans, where the Texas cause was very popular, and our little schooner was soon crowded with volunteers to share in the glory of Texas. The clouds of war seemed to forbode no good to myself and sister, who was making her first visit with me, after being separated from each other for seven years. It was rumored that Mexico

had a war vessel on the coast of Texas to enable them to keep off volunteers as well as to keep the inhabitants from escaping to the States, so my husband bought two cannon, and myself and sister spent much time in preparing little bags of powder to load the cannon. To my horror, I could hear them planning to board the war vessel, sword in hand, as that would be the way to capture, for their cannon would be so much larger than ours, and they seemed in great hopes of such a chance. After a sail of some days, all at once three vessels hove in sight. We did not expect so many. In vain I implored the Captain to retreat. Without a reply, he kept steadily on his course. Great was the excitement of our volunteers, every old cutlass was being rubbed up and every gun reloaded. After a short time the land hove in sight, and on nearer approach, those vessels proved to be our summer houses on the beach, only three miles from our home. The Captain offered to put us ashore, but it was discovered that so many of the volunteers had determined to get into the boat, it was thought imprudent for us to try to land, and so we had to go sixty miles down the beach to Matagorda pass, and there most likely would be the enemy; but no enemy appeared and all the volunteers were landed here and made their way west to join our army—all of whom were massacred with our men the following spring. Forty miles took us to the town of Matagorda, and then twenty miles up the bay to our home; and this last trip exposed us to more danger, for want of ballast in a strong wind, than all our other dangers. We arrived just at the break of day, and the boat returned at once. My husband left us wrapped in our cloaks, while he went home to send a team for our baggage and horses for us to ride. We got comfortably warm in the lee of a big log and in the morning sun, and when the men came, they could not find us, there being no track through the tall grass. Finally hunger induced us to undertake the walk of three miles, while every step was obstructed by wire grass pointing towards us, so that the walk was very laborious. About half way we met our protectors with horses, who blamed us for going to sleep while on guard.

As there were no mails in the whole country, we had to depend on reports. Many of the men were detained by measles and other sickness, and had not returned when we got home in February. No one seemed to think we were in danger of another invasion. Large stocks of goods as usual were brought into the country—farmers as usual planted and made fences. We had brought from New Orleans a large stock of goods for our own use, such as groceries and a cook stove, the first in the country, and a crate of crockery, etc., we had one hundred bushels of last year's growth of sweet potatoes in good condition, not sold.

Our returned soldiers, so called, were full of anecdotes of their own experience, and as it was February 23d, that Santa Anna invested San Antonio the second time, the news came very slow and when it came, it reacted on our civilians with fearful effect. The people in the country seemed to have gotten the news first—we lived rather isolated, depending on the coast for the outside news of the world. As the news came thicker and faster after the fall of the Alamo, the neighbors began to congregate at our house. Mr. Wightman's advice was to go up the creek a few miles and fortify and hide our boat in the thicket of trees and return at nights for food as we needed it, and that we could not be traced or found. No one would agree to it, not even his wife, who replied "all that a man hath will be given for his life." While we were hesitating an old friend made his appearance and expressed his astonishment to find us. He said he had not seen a human being for two days; that no doubt the enemy was then in Matagorda, and that scouts would be sent out before night, and his advice was to make the San Bernard river between us and the enemy before night, or we would all be prisoners, as the whole country was evacuated, and the enemy would be very bold. There were not animals enough to carry so many twelve miles to the above named stream, as each family of course, must carry something. All went to work to help hide our goods. Our crockery was sunk in the margin of Cany Creek, our beds were carried to a thicket and a rude shelter put over them of boards; our

one hundred bushels of potatoes were in one large heap and covered with straw and earth, and our corn in the crib; we had planted our corn for the year, and our fences were in good order. One cart carried only such things as support life, and left luxuries and groceries, for only a limited amount could be carried. We arrived on the west bank of the Bernard in time to make a raft, and to our astonishment our neighbors, that had mixed up their stuff with ours, would not lend a hand to help; so all the women and the few colored ones of my family, especially our man of color, who was as much at home in the water as out of it, or we might not have succeeded—as my husband was sick—and last of all, our neighbors that would not lend a hand crossed over on our raft. I suppose the reason of their conduct was, that they did not want to get to Velasco too soon, for fear of being forced to fight or required to go and find the army, but no reason was given; they evidently did not expect to return or they would have had some shame. We slept on the beach and arrived in Velasco about noon and found the residents all gone, some few had come from the country to get shipping to the States, as was the case with some of our company. The stores were full of new goods. A new vessel was then going around to Sabine with the families of the owners on a pleasure trip. We felt that we were fugitives without a home, as all we could hear about our army was, that all the men that had families, had the privilege of taking them to a place of safety, which of course was out of the country, finally, men would return and say they could not find the army. The few men at the mouth of the Brazos concluded to remain and fortify and keep a set of spies to look out for the enemy. The remains of the old fort of 1832 was there, and if danger seemed imminent, a steamboat was on hand to retreat and steam kept up. The men of course done as they pleased, for they were not under military rule, till there were but seven men left. After some had taken possession of the steamboat and were determined to go, whether their comrades would or not; but those that were determined not to leave till necessity compelled them, actually lit the match to fire the cannon to stop the retreat, and did stop it.

But I must go back to my own retreat. My husband had got the consent of the owners of the new sailing-vessel before mentioned for his own family and relatives to sail round to the Sabine. We soon discovered that this vessel had put the river Brazos between us and the vessel, but we procured a boat, notwithstanding, and went aboard; but they would not take our baggage. While it was evident that wherever we landed we would have to camp out, which to old Texans was no great cross, but we were horrified to find not even our provisions, or beds or cooking utensils, were permitted to come on board. There were plenty of empty berths in the cabin, but they demurred when we wanted to put our bonnets, etc., in the empty berths. It being too warm in the cabin, we did not care to occupy it, especially the seasick, which proved to be the whole company, excepting myself. The vessel had an awning and it was pleasant on deck. I had paid the captain for the whole company all he required. I noticed he made an apology that he was only a sailing-captain, and had no voice in anything besides. My servants all made themselves useful below, especially a boy sixteen years of age, whom we bought in New Orleans and who had been a cook on a boat. He fell right into the work, without pay demanded or offered. When the first meal was ready none of us were invited. I sent for some soup for the sick. It was denied. I went myself and took it, under a remonstrance. I then ordered my boy to get another meal for the company. The sick demanded all my attention, and I made conveniences for them denied by the owners—I made retreats with pieces of sail cloth. As I was spokesman, I insisted in private to my friends that, as we should soon be in port in the Sabine, we must try to stand it without a quarrel. They tried to take my advice, though many of them were much older than myself. We had seven women, one white man (an invalid), three white children, one colored man, with wife and child, one year old, and my cook, Anthony, whom I had already learned to respect and did afterwards learn to read. Besides these there were my own sister and a young lady in my care. As all my patients recovered they would fain have

something to eat, and, it being noon, I expected we would surely all be invited to dinner, just as the vessel entered Sabine Bay; but no. I went down myself and ordered a good dinner for all of us—the first time we all ate together. I had all my husband's cash, \$2000, stitched in my corset, as we had just returned from New York and my husband had sold a tract of land there, and as there were no places of deposit, I had the care of it. So I paid all the expenses of the whole company and loaned in the end \$80 to our sick man. I had prayed some years before that he would ask me some day for money. I had tried to borrow from him on the occasion of Mr. Wightman's sickness, when he was about to meet with a loss from want of health to attend to his business. The time had come, and I let him have the amount he asked for. When the vessel came to anchor in Sabine Bay, all the men went ashore to hunt. We were still some twenty miles from the place where we expected to stop, there being no high lands in the lower Neches. After all the men but one had left, this one seemed to feel the dignity of his situation, and exclaimed: "I am Captain, now!" My sister responded: "If that is so, I wish you would tell me why we were not invited to dinner to-day?" He responded that he knew nothing about it; that the wife of the owner was his sister, but he could not tolerate such an outrage as that. Said sister heard it all. She responded that she was only a passenger herself. The ice now was broken, and I told her what I thought: that I had paid the price—all that was required—for all my company; that I had in all my late travels been treated with the greatest courtesy; that I had always praised the great courtesy of the southern people, and never in my life had reason to think different till *now*. I had realized that I could not get a smile from any of the company in the vessel.

Mrs. Col. Fannin and children were of the pleasure party. I was pleased with her deportment, knowing that she was probably a widow, and believing that she had been warned not to recognize us refugees. I pitied more than blamed, also, some other ladies whom I had known years before and at whose homes I had received hospitality when traveling at

over Texas with my husband, as his business, for surveying fees, called for. In those days I was with him in all those places, and was always invited to return; but *now* I was ignored. While we thus lay at anchor in Sabine Bay, I think the very day of our arrival, came a sailing sloop from the Mouth of the Brazos, with all our goods and provisions, that my husband had sent, knowing our vessel had refused to take them. This crew seemed to understand the situation, and were full of sympathy for us, while we complained never a word. They insisted on giving us a free meal on the spot. We excused them, however, and felt quite independent now that our goods and provisions had arrived. They landed us at the place now called Beaumont, which then consisted of only one large warehouse, containing one large room full of all kinds of goods, mostly groceries, yet in boxes, and a due assortment of dry goods ready to sell to the refugees now on the way. Report said that benevolent people at New Orleans had heard of the vacation of the whole country and had sent these provisions to meet the absolute wants of the starving multitude. I am sure I heard nothing of the kind while there; but a thriving trade was carried on while the vast multitude remained. So lonely was the place, we dare not camp far from each other; but we found that about a mile west of there was one family living that would be glad to have company, as the man of the house was in the army, but they had never heard from him and had no idea where the army was. We got permission to form a tent with some heavy blankets. We had merely to keep off the sun, as there was not a tree near. We found the family at home, and consisting of a mother, a son about grown and a daughter some twelve years of age. We found our tent so uncomfortable that we begged permission to occupy the back porch of this large log-house of one room. The porch had sleepers but no floor; so we occupied a portion of the sleepers with pieces of board to receive our beds and hung up our blankets in front, to keep out sun and rain. Besides this one large room, they had a shed kitchen, with table, etc., for their own use, but they gave us the use of it, and we used to eat standing when the family had done with its use.

It was not long before the head of the house made his appearance. He said he had come home on a furlough, but I guess that was an afterthought. As we had occasion to go to the warehouse for purchasing things, we saw sights that may never happen again, it is to be hoped. Multitudes on multitudes continued to make their appearance, most of whom had left their homes, no doubt, before we had. Despair was on their faces. There were very few white men; negroes seemed to be the protectors of most of the families. Whole wagon-loads of young darkies, too young to walk; white women and children footing it, while a horse would be loaded down with something to sustain life. Children were born on the route. I saw one babe that had got separated from its mother in the crowd, by taking different routes, but they got together at this great rendezvous. Of course, the animals had not grass enough for such a multitude, and suffered as much as the people. I had a talk with one lady, who said a false report caused her to throw away her beds and all things that encumbered flight, as it was reported the Indians were coming down from the north and the Mexicans from the west, and there was no crossing the river at that point on account of the marshy banks on the opposite side. Fabulous prices were offered to be put across, but there were not boats enough, and they had to go several miles before the banks would permit of a landing. I found our pleasure party in more uncomfortable quarters than we were enjoying; they were occupying a canvas-tent in the hot sun (ground-floor)—not a shade for one of this multitude of thousands. All sorts of false reports of dangers continued to come in, and no news of any kind from the army. It was known they had retreated across the Colorado soon after the fall of the Alamo, on the 6th of March. They got this news before we did, and men who were willing to fight could not find the army. Many had been sent home to protect their families—in fact, all that wished to leave had permission, until a short time before the battle of San Jacinto. A report now came that our army was moving towards the coast. This news gave unbounded joy, and a corps of men at once started, with a cannon, to the army's assistance. The

next news was the battle of San Jacinto, and that the Dictator was a prisoner. Then we all turned shouting Methodists. Some danced; some laughed; some clapped their hands. Our colored folks, a few nights before, had showed signs that appeared suspicious, and avoided giving correct answers when questioned as to where they had spent the evening. We were not afraid of hostilities from them, but that they might be induced to throw themselves into the arms of the enemy, not knowing that the mode of Mexican slavery was to make the slave support himself in sickness and in health, as was the case, as I afterwards learned, when some escaped slaves sent word to their master that they would gladly return, if they could. After the news, our boy, Anthony, came to me and asked, as he said, a thousand pardons for giving me an evasive answer when I asked him where he had spent the night. I explained to him that it was for his sake I wished him at home.

Well, in a few days this vast concourse of people had gone, and as we came by water it was to be hoped we might have a chance to return the same way, and as we waited I set our colored boys to prepare and plant a large patch of sweet potatoes for our host, who in the meantime kept us in wild game of various sorts free of charge. Soon after the evacuation of Beaumont, the crowd gathered around the big store house, it was shut up and nothing could be bought, and we had got out of breadstuffs and tired of wild meat and blackberries, which grew in the greatest abundance.

Our host and his son proposed going to Galveston by water. Though they knew nothing about sailing, it was thought they could get there in one day after leaving Sabine Bay. I was anxious to reduce our numbers so as to have the fewer to feed—so I took my part of the family, to-wit: my sister and the young lady in my care, an orphan girl, and my colored family. Head winds kept us in the bay until we had consumed all our provisions; I proposed to try to go to Galveston by land, and so we landed at the mouth of the Neches, and sent our colored man to a ranch situated four miles from the coast, the nearest settlement being the

village of Anahuac, twenty miles. We all camped on land and sent off for a team. The next morning before noon, the man returned with oxen and cart. Not a tree was in sight. We found a sort of cottage made of float-wood from the beach, with additions on three sides and the fourth side was erected then and there for my accommodation. Most of the rooms had floors, but I think my room had not—no matter. This cottage was enclosed by a low fence, not more than one hundred feet from the cottage on every side, to keep off the herds of cattle that congregated there in the day, to be protected from flies in smoke made from their own excrement dried in the sun. Of course the cattle constantly stamping, and the winds from the Gulf or any other way, brought the dust direct to our lungs. On one side the shed was packed with skins of deer, the other with animals from top to bottom, giving out an odor very offensive for the first day, but after that we ceased to be annoyed. Mosquitoes annoyed both man and beast of nights, so we had the same tramping of cattle. We had our own mosquito bars, and improvised a bedstead by driving posts in the ground and posts to hold up the net. On one side of one of the sheds, lived the family of a merchant of Anahuac, twenty miles distant, who had sought this retreat until the war should cease; they showed signs of riches and refinement; I was offered the use of their China and mahogany tables; only the wife—mother of two children—and a servant or two. I found her society made amends for my loneliness and discomforts. My sister was taken with the common fever of the country to which unacclimated persons coming here in the spring were subject. I found there was no chance to leave by water, so I hired an ox cart to take us to Galveston, 70 miles, and only one place on the way where we could get water for our team. For ourselves we filled a five-gallon demijohn, and took a supply of cooked provisions. Our new host sold me anything I wished in the way of provisions. My servants cleaned out and renovated all his closets and cupboards, and scrubbed his floors, I guess for the first time. My lady friend advised me to leave, saying the odor of the deer skins caused the sickness;

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>

wondered if it annoyed us when we first arrived as it did her? I found she was a good singer. I went to my trunk and got my hymn book and asked her to sing me a hymn. She replied she could not read. I was never more astonished, as her language was perfectly correct and her remarks always sensible. She gave me good advice—how to introduce myself at Galveston. Said I needed no introduction, that my presence and surroundings was introduction enough; but I was full of fears, so far from civilization and a sick sister without medicine. There was room in the cart for her bed and trunks and our barrel of kitchen utensils and some tools, spade, etc., to dig for water if necessary, and the seat for myself and my protégé, and the negro child; the older negroes walked, as did the driver. Every breath of the Gulf breeze seemed freighted with health. A large blanket formed a cover, and sister said she felt so much better, but still she had a burning fever. Night came about half-way to the watering place, the oxen's fore feet were tied together to keep them from wandering off for water or falling in with wild cattle. In such a case, our situation would have been fearful, with a sick person not able to sit up even. We had a fire struck up with flint and steel—always plenty of dry float-wood on the beach. We made our tea and ate cold bread and meat—the sick refused everything. My lady friend said she had often seen the decoction of wild sage given for fevers. It grew in great abundance all around. Our tin cup was brought into service and the remedy offered and drank. In the morning the fever was gone. All the perspiration, which flowed profusely, was of the color of orange, and everything that came in contact with her was of that color, and she had no more fever. The next day we got an early start and got to the half-way station, where there are two mounds, so unlike anything I ever saw on the coast, it caused profound admiration and wonder. They occupied, together with the valleys between, some acres, with both salt and fresh springs. A house on each mound, the top probably one hundred feet above the level of the Gulf. Signs of salt boiling and occupancy of workmen, were evident. We took possession of the empty cabin on the

eastern or first mound ; people lived in the other cabin on the western mound, nearly in speaking distance. I noticed an old-fashioned well sweep. They did not call on us, but sent us some milk. We sent and bought some vegetables and whatever we wished. The teamster said his oxen could not travel without rest, so we concluded to remain another night, but he exchanged oxen for a fresh team. Now, thirty-five miles to Galveston, so night found us eighteen miles from that place, and we camped again without water for our oxen. But for the ocean breeze, our travel would have been very tedious. We would rest a little in the middle of the day. And now as we approached Galveston, we feared that the day would not be long enough ; that there would not be a boat to receive us ; no one that I knew ; that there would be no females. But I knew that our so-called army, navy and government would be there, and five hundred prisoners would be there and soldiers to guard them ; I knew that all of the Texas civil and military government combined was there. I had to trust to their honor, and I could not but have implicit confidence in the leaders of the great cause. I remembered the advice of the lady who could not read, and I was all hope and fear. The care and responsibility of the sick and the helpless, and the hopes of hearing from home, to know whether I was a widow with only negroes with us. We watched the sun with anxiety as we neared our haven. All at once some dozen black and mixed Mexicans hove in sight—prisoners who had been placed there to butcher beeves for the Island. The only white man we saw was just ready to shove off with his boat of beef for the Island. I screamed and motioned for him to stop. I ran to him and implored him to take us aboard. He said he had not room. I offered to pay in advance and plead that I had a sick woman ; I did not plead fear. I had not yet paid my teamster or he might have been gone. The money I offered procured our admittance into the boat, and now new perils threatened. The boat was too heavily loaded and dipped water, and the wind was strong ; and when we came to land, the sick one could not walk the plank and had to be carried by our boat-

man, and with great difficulty could walk to the commandant's tent. We approached in great disorder of dress—dirty, almost shoeless, and sunburnt—not having made our toilet for a long time. However, I asked to see General Morgan, told him my name—that I and mine were refugees returning from our retreat. He replied, "I know you madam; I have received the hospitalities of your table in Matagorda. I make you welcome to all the spoils of a conquered enemy." As he spoke, he ordered a tent erected for me on the spot. I discovered an old friend pass, I called to him to see to the erecting of our tent and have an apartment in it for himself. And now we only suffered for want of exercise, and if we presumed to show ourselves it was very unpleasant, as it was a novelty to the crowd. On one occasion one of the girls looked through a spy glass at some prisoners, officers perhaps, but she only looked once, for the compliment was returned by his throwing a kiss towards her.

We drew our regular army rations each day, and, though I offered pay, it was not accepted. The enemy's war vessel, Montezuma, had been taken by our fleet and we were luxuriating on all the good things intended for the officers of the navy. I had my share—I was especially delighted with some large yellow peaches preserved in white sugar and brandy. Our negroes also had a tent by themselves. They soon had visitors from the prisoners and were delighted with their new associates, though they could not speak each other's language. I saw that my servants would have been no protection if left to their care.

The poor prisoners must have had a hard time to avoid the heat of the sun; a piece of a blanket, supported on four small sticks driven in the ground, just high enough to cover the person while lying horizontally on the ground, was all the shade that could be procured; while our soldiers all had tents. We were on the Island some two weeks, waiting for a schooner to go home by water. Report said a steamboat was expected from the Sabine, and we were expecting to meet on it the friends we had left; but a messenger, just arrived, said another invasion was expected, and all families

on the Island must remain for safety. My tears plead for me, and I was permitted to go aboard one of our war vessels to be landed at the mouth of the Brazos. So I got the promise of my friend to remain in the tent with the girls, and let me go in search of my husband, to learn whether he was dead or alive, or whether he had returned to our home. Knowing that I had the means, he might suppose I had returned to New York, and so I took my man servant, who had served us seven years, and went aboard a war-ship, contrary to all rules of naval warfare. And now came the punishment of solitary confinement, each person had his bounds that he could not pass. My bounds was a small cabin below deck, and the constant cry at stated periods was, "all's well," from certain stations on the deck where cannon was mounted ready to attack our enemy.

The cholera was reported in Texas and I fancied I was threatened, and the ship's physician was summoned and he ordered a large mustard plaster. I was soon convinced that the cholera was preferable. I offered pay, but none was accepted. The Captain went ashore the next morning, and promised to send the boat for me as soon as the surf would permit, now too dangerously rough. Not a thing to read and no one to speak to—we remained some forty-eight hours before the boat returned. It brought an old acquaintance, with a letter from my husband, who had been home since our victory the last of April, and it was now the 1st of July. All our goods and provisions were destroyed. He had ordered and obtained provisions for most of the neighbors that had returned—the same ones that refused to help make our raft.

But the trouble of getting over the twenty-five miles still lay before me. To get ashore from the ship was dangerous. I had a life preserver; only a small bundle of clothes as my baggage, and my man servant took charge of that. One large wave came over the boat. I rose to my feet and only got partially wet, and this wave threw the boat high and dry on shore. My next thought was to find a store to get a pair of shoes—sorely needed. In my excitement I forgot to pay,

and nothing was said by the salesman, but in due time I returned and paid. I remained that day and the following night to project plans to get home, twenty-five miles. No horses in the place, but those occupied by the military as scouts and spies, it being reported that another invasion of the enemy was expected. I was introduced to a man, in officer's epaulets, riding a fine horse. I told him that in time of war, it was lawful to press horses into the service, so I believed I must press his horse into my service. My friend who brought me the letter, went my security that it should be returned the next day, or as soon as possible. I expected to cross the San Bernard above the beach, knowing there would be no ferry-boat at the beach, and depending on the trail of tracks leading up to the settlements, I expected to dine at such crossing and reach home for supper, but to my astonishment about mid-day we arrived at the mouth of San Bernard, where we had so much trouble to cross on our retreat. We failed to find the trail that led up the country, and so had to make the best of our situation. Having spent a night there on our retreat—the first thing I had the wells opened in the sand to get fresh water. There were two or three summer houses for the farmers in hot weather, filled with bags of cotton seed to be shipped off. The stream so wide it was impossible to tell which way the tide was running—only the middle of the stream decided it, and that at so great a distance all our experiments failed to decide. There was plenty of rope with the cotton seed bags, and so we began to gather float-wood to make a raft, and to tie the corners with rope, and have cross floors every three or four rounds of sticks, all tied with rope.

We procured drinking water from the holes we had dug in the sand, and, finding an empty bottle on the beach, we filled it with water to drink on the way, expecting to dine at home, twelve miles off. A long rope was tied to the horse's head and the other end to the raft. Henry, the man, started on the raft with a long pole and paddled, while I drove the horse into the water. When the middle of the stream was reached it was discovered that the tide was running *out*, and

the horse refused to swim, but rolled over and over, and raft and horse were being carried down stream towards the breakers. I hollowed to the man to cut the rope and save himself. He did so; but not too soon, for he landed just in the edge of the surf. A moment more and he would have been carried out to sea. We now knew which way the tide flowed, and so made up our minds to remain over night, and sleep on the bags of cotton seed and fast till we could reach home. We had eaten nothing since breakfast, at Velasco. But Henry said he had found signs that some one had been there, for he had found fishing tackle, and so thought they had intended to return. He searched for *food* first and found bacon and flour under the sacks, then some coffee and a tin cup, and flint and steel. So he made a fire. I found a piece of an old bread bowl and made some dough, and wound it around a smooth stick and sunk one end in the ground before the fire to roast; heated a cup full of water, and cut pieces of bacon and held them in the fire on the end of a stick. I helped myself to the first tin of coffee, and repeated the process for the man. And then we waited for morning, after hobbling the horse and giving him drink. I slept well on the cotton-seed bags, making a pillow of my wallet of clothes, and had the man sleep across the doorway to keep off the wolves and wild beasts, or tramps.

In the morning we repeated the process of another meal and hung up the sidesaddle, and wrote on it with chalk that it was to be returned to Velasco soon. The horse was left with his forefeet tied together. We got on the raft, knowing this time that the tide ran up stream. I found the raft was rather light to bear the weight of two, and expressed my fears; but the man was perfectly cool, and said he could take me over without any raft. His long pole helped to keep the raft afloat, while I paddled on the opposite side to keep her course in the right direction. I tied my bundle fast, but it got wet, and so did the clothes I wore, and when we landed on the west side of the river we were nearly half a mile from the beach, so swift ran the tide up stream. I had to walk twelve miles and make another raft, near where were other

summer residences. I took my bottle of drinking water, but found myself very weak, not having recovered strength since my attack on board ship, and when we neared the crossing I discovered a horse grazing on the opposite side. Saddle marks were plainly visible, showing he was not a wild horse. I made up my mind that I would ride him home *barebacked*. So, in the heat of the day, we made another raft, having brought rope with us from San Bernard for that purpose. We crossed the mouth of Cedar creek, still six miles from the mouth of Cany creek. As we entered the cottage, we found an old acquaintance, who had come from the peninsula opposite Matagorda to look after his cattle. I pressed his horse into my service to carry me as far as the mouth of Cany creek, which I crossed on horseback, it being fordable. I would not ask the loan of it to take me three miles further, to my home, and as he did not offer, I walked all the way in the hot sun, the first week in July, having been absent since the first of April. The path was overgrown with wire-grass, pointing towards me at every step. I think it was the same evening, after I arrived, who should make his appearance but the friend that I had left at Galveston with the girls. The expected steamboat from the Sabine had brought all our friends who had stopped at Galveston and with whom I had left the girls and my colored folks. I was intending to send my man the next morning to return the borrowed horse to Velasco, but now we started him off with cart, oxen and horses to meet our friends. It was late when he arrived on the west side of the Bernard, where we left our raft, still fast. The next morning our friends found cart, oxen and riding horses, and even the man, Henry, and a raft ready for them; but Henry continued on to Velasco, to return the borrowed horse. The ladies had to take turns about riding; for two horses could not carry the party. So at last our sufferings and suspense were over. We only had to take our time to hunt up the goods we had hid away when we left. Some one, perhaps runaway negroes, had taken mattresses and used them in the woods and left them. Hot skillet-legs had been used on the top of a mahogany bureau, and, as the goods, in

the hurry of our departure, had been dispersed and hidden by different persons, we found only a portion, especially our crockery, which we had hidden in the waters of Cany creek. A valuable mahogany second-hand medicine chest, which was bought second-hand for \$60, with medicine books, medicine, etc., was buried, with valuable papers. The papers were all safe, but the external appearance of the medicine-chest was spoiled; but the gilt and drawers were still ornamental when opened. But all this was nothing; we were saved and our country was saved. Our fences were torn down, and hogs and cattle had destroyed the corn that had been planted in March, and the hundred bushel potato pile had completely disappeared. My husband had credit but no money, for I had it all. He went to Matagorda, where the merchants replenished their larders, in the item of provisions, from New Orleans. He supplied our neighbors with breadstuffs—the very ones that refused to lend a hand to make our raft in our retreat. Our cattle and hogs were all there; our creek full of fish; and we had not suffered from hunger in all our flight. One thing peculiar to early Texas was that the females were in sympathy with all state affairs. They had no time or opportunity to think or care for the last fashions or discuss the merits of the latest improvements in cooking. Common and necessary sense was the everyday business of the day, and no stranger was ever turned away or allowed to hunger. All entertainments were without money and without price. Seldom did the traveler go armed. I know that my husband never carried any weapon larger than a pocket-knife; a pistol was never in the house. A good rifle was generally on hand to shoot the squirrels, so as to protect the growing crops, or to shoot down a beef, when necessary for our own use. We always slept with the outside doors open, even when scores of Carankawa Indians were within call. This after many years, however.

In these Scraps I hope to tell of our first arrival in Texas, January 27th, 1829. Here I would remark that our fellow-traveler, in the *Texas Scrap Book*, has forgotten dates. He says that we ate our Christmas dinner on board of our vessel

as she lay alongside the site of our new city of the large warehouse, prepared for the reception of the sixty new colonists, and two or three other log cabins. On the contrary, I shall never forget promenading the streets of New Orleans on the 25th of December, when the negroes, in their Sunday finery, were the only people in sight—it was the great day with them. They were free till January 1st. On that day, 1829, we were becalmed and lay rolling in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and so warm that one of our young ladies had her neck blistered in the sun. Whoever that has read Baker's *Texas Scrap Book* will remember Mr. Pilgrim's story of the first Sunday-school in Texas. He tells many things I had forgotten and dangers I never knew anything about, because, I suppose, it was thought best not to alarm us. And, in *his* story, he does not mention that our vessel sprang a leak and the pump gave out, and that, when the vessel was overhauled for repairs, it was discovered that the anchor had made a hole in the bow, and that the hole was filled with seaweed, which accounted for the sudden stoppage of the water when the pumps gave out. I had forgotten about the sufferings of himself and three or four others in walking to the first settlement. There being a scarcity of horses at Matagorda, we thought that twenty-five or thirty miles would only be a recreation after such a long confinement. It was all brought to my remembrance when he tells of the three biscuits being casually put in the pockets of some of them. Not anticipating the journey, no preparation had been made, and the weather being warm, we did not expect any suffering; but I remembered it all, after fifty years, when I read it. He says he writes after forty-five years.

STORY OF AN OLD PIONEER.

[These Chapters were written for the Clarendon News, by the Author, in 1878.]

CHAPTER I.

Fifty years ago the writer had the pleasure of a visit in the State of New York, from her old teacher who had been absent in the far west six years; the last three in Texas as surveyor for Austin and DeWitt's Colony. Six years is a long time in the life of a school girl, not realizing that cupid would dare interfere to add to, or detract from the pleasure of the visit which was anticipated with the most ardent longings, merely to see again and hear the recitals of his travels from the man I had revered as my senior in years and knowledge, in fact in all things good, as I had always fancied when I was his pupil. Not for a moment imagining that I should breathe the prayer "that Heaven had made me such a man;" but so it was. I had changed in six years; he was more than my old teacher now. I had hoped only to see my old teacher who would commend all my advancements in "book lore." I was no longer the girl of twelve years; I admired a something more than my old teacher. He had improved in knowledge, in his manners. His very voice was all in all to me; but he, of course, knew not the change in my feelings, and so I made free to encourage him to tell his strange experience of wild life; days without food—at best, living by the good luck of the hunter on wild game; meandering crooked rivers preparatory to laying them off in leagues; perhaps one hundred miles from the nearest white settlement; or his story of interviewing a Mexican trader to get the course and distance to certain points, for material for Austin's map of Texas; or his danger of high water, or wild beast, or poison

viper; or his story of a verbal bargain with a few military men who would be on hand near the mouth of the Colorado river, where he had laid off a future city, when he should return the next year with a colony to protect them from cannibal Indians; and the story of sending a military company to protect him and his surveying party, as they passed down toward the coast through the country (a suspicion being rife that they were going to unearth gold buried by Lafitte the Galveston pirate), so as they went the company increased, and the eyes of white men saw Matagorda in 1827 for the first time, when it was surveyed by E. R. Wightman. Colonel Austin had secured the location, and become a partner in the league and city. While the laws of Mexico forbade granting lands to settlers within three leagues of the coast, lest individuals should monopolize town sites, yet Colonel Austin gained in a petition to the Governor, that it was necessary to keep up a military post to protect emigrants landing from sea, as the consideration for this exception to the rule and law. So without having the benefit of mails to know that the military condition had been complied with, fifty persons were landed early in 1829, after a route of three months, already told in the "Texas Scrap Book." In my next I will tell of some of the dangers of our voyage, our going over a mill dam on the Alleghany River; of our leaky schooner; of stress of weather; of being repeatedly blown out to sea when our port was in sight, and, finally, running before the wind into the Bay of Aransas; of our visitation by hostile Indians while the men and guns were all gone to surround deer; of our great scare; of our intense anxiety to know if we should find protection at our haven; of the absence of our boat, as we lay at anchor four miles distant, in Matagorda Bay, fearing our military might not be there, and fearing that the Indians might capture the boat, and leave us without means of communication with the land for water or anything else. Six hours of terrible suspense were relieved by seeing two boats in the distance. The sad story of our sufferings had been told and relief was approaching.

It would take a whole chapter to describe the surround-

ings of our new home, a large shelter fifty feet square without a plank or nail. Fortunately we found horses to carry messages to the settlements, the nearest being thirty miles distant. There were said to be three hundred families in the whole country, every man knew each other and scores traveled long journeys to visit us, and prepare homes on land which they would give to those who would settle near them, but many came to spend the summer for their health and built a log school house. At no time were we without large herds of deer in sight in every direction, fish and fowl in the greatest abundance, eggs on the islands and in the bay, could be gathered by the bushel, oysters without stint, of the largest size. Our Indian and worse troubles will be told in another chapter, as well as our shipwreck and fire at sea, and the retreat before the Mexican army, where more women and children found graves than soldiers.

CHAPTER II.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight." So thought I as I left the scene of my childhood, bade adieu to my brothers and sisters and parents, left all that I had held dear in life, even the Protestant religion, to go beyond the bounds of my own country, beyond the reach of our own mails, to contribute to that boundless empire (yet in embryo) hemmed in by savages, and almost unknown. But "Love moves the world," and love was the inspiring agent, when on November 2d, 1828, a young bride, I joined a party who, in mud wagons, through foul weather, traveled some eighty miles to Olean Point, the head of navigation on the Alleghany river, to meet a colony of fifty immigrants bound for Texas.

My first chapter introduced to the reader my husband, Elias R. Wightman, who together with David G. Burnet, had left Texas early in the year on a mission to the States to drum immigrants for Austin's Colony. Having reached Cincinnati, he halted waiting for warmer weather to go farther north, and spent his leisure time in making a draft of the first

map of Texas, from field notes which he had obtained from actual surveys and from travelers and traders. He had spent the three previous years in collecting this data, and also in writing a history of all the contracts made by the Mexican government with Austin, together with a digest of all the Mexican laws that concerned immigrants.

At Olean Point we found waiting for us two large flat boats, some twenty feet long by twelve wide, each boat having one end square or perpendicular, thus fitted to be lashed together by boards being nailed on the outside. The sixth day found us on the north shore of the Alleghany river in an Indian village, cold and wet. Here we remained over the Sabbath. The Indians seemed to commiserate our discomfort, and offered us the use of a good log hut in which they had spread pea vines, but which they said could be gathered in a corner, and we be made comfortable before a large fireplace, they in the meantime preferring to live in their tents. Here we took in a pilot to guide us to Pittsburg, who professed to know all about the river and its dangers. Ere long, a loud, roaring noise was heard, but we depended on our pilot, and when too late saw that we were being drawn over a mill dam several feet high, while near the bank a secure pass way was left for boats. I was in the back end of the forward boat, and as we descended, my corner broke loose from its fastening, at the same time nearly filled with water. The hind boat being separated and slightly held by one corner, did not float away from us, but enabled the men to reach out and hold up the forward boat just as it appeared to be sinking. Now all hands went to bailing; vessels for those who had none; some resorted to the hats from their heads; anything to get the water out. As my corner parted a little from the other boat, I found I had been bailing between the boats. It was doubtful, for some time, which boat would go under first, but by balancing and holding each other up, and industriously working, we managed to get all the water out. The weather having moderated, we did not stop at once but floated on until a pile of lumber invited us to camp for the night. Here we found comfortable quarters, dried our clothes by large

wood fires, and cooked provisions for the next day. Another night found us in another clean board camp. We saw very few improvements along the river till we came near Pittsburg, only piles of lumber waiting to be rafted down. One of these rafts we overtook and were offered a free passage to Pittsburg, if the hands would assist in the passage down, this was very slow traveling, but very comfortable, clean and warm, with board roof and place for fire, thus were we sheltered in our first snow storm. At Pittsburg we took a steamboat for Louisville. The canal around the falls of the Ohio, had not yet been made, and we had to cart our goods round to Shippingport, and then wait three weeks before a boat could be procured bound for New Orleans. And now we made southward so fast that the transition from ice and snow, was so sudden as to excite our admiration, soon large hedges of roses could be seen from the boat hanging over the enclosure of fields.

Our boat was one made especially for immigrants, large berths arranged around the whole aft of the upper cabin, with large cookstove and galley, the latter being used also by some negro slaves, on their way to New Orleans to be sold. I had been taught in my schooldays to pity them, but those were the first I had ever seen. I often met them at the cook stove and catechised them for the purpose of getting the history of horrors which was visibly imprinted on the tablets of my memory. "Were they pleased with the idea of going to New Orleans?" "O, yes, Missus, dey tell me it am a mighty good place for de culled folks." And, to my astonishment, a happier set of people, to all appearances, I never saw. Singing and dancing seemed to occupy all the hours which nature had intended to rest the weary body; still they went as cheerful to the wash-tub the next morning, where, they told me, they earned a considerable amount of pocket money, for their own use, by washing for passengers and hands on the boat. And such perfect washing I had never seen before, and with such muddy water—clothes as white as snow itself and beautifully ironed.

Our long delays proved a blessing to us, for we found that

the yellow fever had only ceased a few days before our arrival, about the 10th of December, 1828. Here we waited two weeks before we could find a vessel willing to go to Texas. At last the owner of a small schooner of twenty-two tons, from Maine, offered to sell us the vessel for five hundred dollars, or charter and sail it there for the same price. We accepted the latter offer, and on the 26th of December, 1828, we floated down from New Orleans. Our perils on the Gulf in a voyage of thirty days, with short rations, bad water and only seven days' cooked food, will be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Having left snow and ice behind, we find all things fresh in New Orleans a few days before Christmas, 1828. On that day the streets of the city were thronged with slaves, who were free until January 1st, 1829. I noticed no white women on the streets, but the negroes in crowds monopolized all the avenues, clothed in richest and gayest apparel. I never at one time had seen so many nice dresses, and was told they were the cast-off dresses of their owners of the previous year, and that quite a rivalry existed as to whose slaves should be best dressed during the Christmas holidays. The men equalled, if they did not excel the women, in their shining broadcloth and stovepipe hats, and as I listened to their pleasant salutations and jovial conversation, I changed my opinion in regard to the condition of the down-trodden slave. It all seemed like a fairy dream to me, being surrounded by this strange race in a country where all nature was clothed in summer attire—roses everywhere, with an endless variety of other flowers, and fruits brought from a tropical climate and seen now for the first time. I very much enjoyed watching the negroes, and studying their doings and feelings. In the markets both the buyers and sellers were mostly of this class and their gossip was very interesting to me.

The day after Christmas we were ready to begin our voyage, and, taking on sixty passengers, the schooner *Little Zoe*,

Captain Alden, of Maine, commanding, began to float down the river in the fog. Our other officers were John McHenn, mate, and a German sailor. Our Baptist missionary, Thos. J. Pilgrim, late from his studies, alone, of all the passengers, knew how to work a vessel, and this proved the means of our final safety, as I now learn from his story in the *Texas Scrap Book*, written by him after a lapse of forty-five years. I, writing after fifty years, remember some things he forgot, especially dates. He says we ate our Christmas dinner on board the schooner on the Colorado river, but I can never forget the scenes on the street in New Orleans on that day, as described above. My journal says we landed in Matagorda January 27th, 1829.

On the first day of January, while rolling about in a calm on the Gulf of Mexico, and trying to amuse ourselves by having a concert with many fine singers, one of our young ladies had her neck blistered in the hot sun. Our provisions and fresh water were being fast exhausted, and many of our number were sick, some seasick, others with fever contracted in New Orleans, and all impatient for home comforts. When it became necessary to put us on an allowance of half a pint of water per day, it was real suffering to many. For myself, I was sick, and loathed the water from the first, and only drank a little with sugar and vinegar. My husband felt his responsibility and did all in his power to cheer our drooping spirits and make us comfortable. Most of the winds were exactly ahead of our desired course, and after a long calm (in which we rolled most unpleasantly), we were sure to be greeted by a norther, which would make us lose more in a few hours than we had gained in days; so that when approaching the coast, though at a great distance, if within soundings, would cast anchor till the blast was over, generally the third day. Many times when our port was in sight we would fall to the leeward, and it would be impossible to beat up to it before another norther would strike us. Mr. Pilgrim does not mention the fact that our vessel sprung a leak. All at once our little cabin floor was flooded, and then the few whose home was in that locality worked with a will to bail and hand up buckets of water, while the pumps never

ceased for twenty-four hours. Finally the pump broke, and while it was being repaired, some of the bailing party removed some freight, to better reach the water in the hold of the vessel, when the water seemed to cease and a bunch of seaweed was discovered filling the hole which had been made by drawing up the anchor.

My second chapter in this series tells of the gale of wind which drove us thirty miles west while we were vainly striving to beat up Matagorda Pass, and of our adventure with hostile Indians while all the men and guns were gone to surround deer. I never knew, till since reading Mr. Pilgrim's account, of the great peril of our situation as we again attempted the dangers of the ocean between the ports. I never knew before that the Captain and sailors were the worse for whisky. I knew that we made use of long sweeps to row the vessel into Matagorda Pass, but did not know that we were in danger of being cast ashore by the swell of the sea, without any wind to get away from the shore, among hostile Indians, one hundred miles from any white settlers. Hence, at the advice of Mr. Pilgrim, these long sweeps were used to keep us from the impending peril, though passengers, all unaware of any danger, thought it was simply to expedite our speed. The Captain was asleep and Mr. Pilgrim at the helm when the wind died away. None knew the channel, and the mate and Mr. Pilgrim took our only boat, found the channel, and towed us into port on Sunday, January 27th, 1829, where we had great rejoicing. Having been six days in Aransas harbor, where we had recruited and renovated our sea soiled garments, and by digging a few feet found a good supply of fresh water—with fish and fowl, and plenty of fresh oysters, we now felt quite refreshed. So that when we made this sail of forty miles up the bay, notwithstanding hostile Indian smokes telegraphed our approach, we felt comparatively happy over our creature comforts.

CHAPTER IV.

Prior to the arrival of the sixty immigrants brought by E. R. Wightman, for Colonel Austin, in 1828-29, when Colonel Austin began to colonize his first three hundred according to contract—the Carankawa Indians inhabited the whole of the sea coast. They were reputed to be cannibals and very ferocious, hence, probably the Spaniards, believing every fictitious rumor, were but little disposed without a strong military force, to invade those tribes or gain any reliable information regarding the coast.

The first settlers of Austin's contract arrived in considerable force on the coast and were well armed. The Indians were sufficiently peaceable as long as the settlers remained together, only begging or stealing as the occasion permitted; but when they separated to explore the country or to select eligible locations, four of their number, who were left to guard the camp, were killed and their goods and provisions carried off; while at other places where settlements had been commenced, the Indians lay in wait till the men would leave the house, and massacre whole families of women and children. On one occasion only one child was found alive with an arrow fast in its body. Thus hostilities commenced. The colonists were not strong enough at this period to retaliate, being unaided by a single government soldier, and so were compelled to submit to the insolence they could not resent. These vexations were endured for several years, when the number of the colonists having greatly increased, they mustered a party of sixty riflemen to punish them for some recent murders. Colonel Austin commanded this expedition in person—the result being the slaughter of half the tribe. The remainder took refuge in the church of the Mexican mission of La Bahia (Goliad). The priests were ordered to turn them out on pain of having the sanctuary violated. But after much entreaty by the priests and the Alcalde, the civil magistrate, a truce was granted them on the condition

that they should never again cross the Lavaca river, the western boundary of Austin's Colony. This agreement they kept till driven off by the Mexicans for crimes committed there.

And this was the state of affairs when stress of weather drove the "Little Zoe," a schooner of twenty tons burden, chartered in New Orleans, Christmas day, 1828, by E. R. Wightman, laden with sixty immigrants bound for the future city of Matagorda.

Only a verbal agreement had been made with Colonel Austin the year before, that he should meet us with a few armed men to protect our landing and aid us in commencing a town thirty miles from the nearest settlement.

Our little schooner was a bad sailor—time and again we made the pass, but would always fall to the leeward, and the vessel could not beat up against the wind; then a severe norther would strike us, and for fear of being blown off to sea in our frail craft, on short water and uncooked food, and in our crowded condition with many sick, we would cast anchor till the blast was over. Then perhaps a dead calm would ensue for several days, and now the vessel springs a leak; all hands to bailing; the pump will not relieve her; the anchor broke a hole in the bow. But just as the pump gave out a bunch of seaweed filled the hole, as was discovered when the vessel was repaired, so

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Finally, when about to make our harbor—when in sight of it—a most violent storm, a hurricane rather, struck us, and we had no choice but to run before the wind for thirty miles to the Aransas Pass, which we did in some thirty minutes, entering it in safety. And so rejoiced were we to escape the ocean, and to be freed from our prison, and to have the luxury of oysters, fish and fowl, as well as to renovate our sea soiled garments in good soft water, that the thought of the hostile Indians never occurred to us. So on seeing some large droves of deer, it was suggested that all turn out and surround them, of course taking all the firearms with them. There were left on board the Captain, mate and one sailor,

our whole sailing crew, one old gentleman, and Rev. T. J. Pilgrim, our Baptist Missionary, late from his theological school, and one colored man. One old musket, not supposed to be of any use, was our only weapon of defense. All the women and children were on shore a hundred yards from the vessel, and all our hunters out of sight, when suddenly there appeared two large canoes crowded with Indians, making straight for our vessel.

CHAPTER V.

Human nature is the same in all countries. Love of adventure; love of money-making; love of hair-breadth escapes; planted in man for wise purposes, have indirectly been the means of revolutionizing and civilizing nations, of planting the germs of future homes for our fellow-beings in happiness and prosperity. The ancients used to say, "The mills of the gods grind slow." We say the Almighty works by means, and "makes the wrath of man to praise him." This love of adventure and love of gain, however unlawful, has periled many a life in the contraband trade with the Mexicans, when the cultivation and trade in tobacco was a government monopoly. If the daring adventurer was successful he made a fortune; but woe to him if detected in the business. His greatest danger was from the hostile Indians, who found unbounded range on the western coasts of the Gulf, for plundering these trading vessels driven thither by stress of weather or want of water. Indeed the cases were rare that a small trading vessel tempted to these coasts ever escaped to tell the story of their peril. Enough, however, was known to cause fright among our vessel's crew at sight of canoes filled with Indians mentioned in my last. We innocent passengers felt no particular fear, never having heard of the hostilities and we did not credit the belief that human beings would, in cold blood, take our lives without

provocation; but I afterwards learned that the Indians had a superstition that the great spirit sent these vessels for their benefit, hence they learned to love whisky and tobacco.

The Captain lost no time in dispatching the colored man for our hunters, now out of sight and miles away. Our old musket—our only weapon—was hunted up and put in order. Meantime our little skiff, holding three or four persons, was trying to bring on board all the women and children from the shore, depending on the old musket to keep the Indians from coming too near. But we had not time: the Indians neared the schooner, and the musket was fired to frighten them off. This, however, turned them toward the shore, which they reached just as the last load was about to enter the skiff. The Captain shook hands with them and invited them to the schooner. A conversation in broken Spanish ensued. They said they were friends—though only seven in number, they carried bows and arrows enough for a hundred—they were told that we had forty soldiers on shore hunting. The Captain made a virtue of necessity, and asked them to dine, hoping the hunters would return by the time they had finished their meal. Meantime, the colored man got near enough to some of the hunting party to show his color, and they supposing him to be an Indian, passed the word from one to the other, and every one started in pursuit, each man carrying a gun, or in its absence something to represent one; and as they came running in single file, they made in the distance a very formidable appearance. Our visitors left us without throwing a single arrow, though a dozen could have been thrown before a gun could be fired. But they valued their lives and thought they saw too many men, and before our men could get on board with our one small craft, every Indian bade us “a good bye,” and departed.

Right thankful were we, and lost no time in renewing our voyage to Matagorda Pass, which we entered Sunday morning of the last week in January, 1829. It was with great anxiety that we approached our haven. Should we meet friends or foes? should we be greeted by friends or destroyed by hostile Indians? It was evident that we were

watched ; we could see the signal smokes—the Indian mode of telegraphing—all along the mainland, in passing up the Bay, where no vessel had ever been, except perhaps the pirate Lafitte, whose headquarters had been on Galveston Island.

E. R. Wightman, who had surveyed Matagorda the year before, was now at the mast head all the way up the Bay, taking notes and bearings of the lands which had never been trod by feet of white men. Not having time to take soundings that night, we dropped anchor four miles off the coast opposite the mouth of the Colorado river, and late in the evening Mr. Wightman with two men took their rifles and started in the skiff to explore and ascertain whether Colonel Austin had planted his military post with shelter for our sick and sea-worn company. It was with sad hearts we saw them depart, not knowing but that Indians were lying in wait for them, and even before they landed might be shot by arrows from an unseen foe, and no means left us of ascertaining their fate, for we had no other boat, and really no means of leaving the country, for our schooner was not seaworthy. Language cannot describe our feelings when just before dark two boats came in sight ; our hoping and fearing till we found that they contained white men ; then our great joy at the assurance that we were really with friends. They brought good things for our sick. It was voted that I should have the honor of being the first white woman to ascend the mouth of the Colorado river and return with the boats that night,

After our city of Matagorda had grown to quite a size many of our settlers still refused to have any dealings with the Indians, who were now so reduced in numbers as not to be dangerous, yet when the Indians would come to those settled on farms around the town offering to trade venison for corn or articles of clothing, the people refused to have anything to do with them, or even to be friendly.

Finally, an expedition was planned against them without Mr. Wightman's knowledge or consent, and the very day that I had fed a poor old Indian, covered with scars, he met his death at the hands of our settlers, who fell on them by sur-

prise, and it seemed that each warrior claimed the honor of his slaughter, as he stepped forward to be a target while the women and children could have time to escape to the thicket. Of course all their goods and weapons fell into the hands of their conquerors.

After a few years a small party, evidently remembering who had fed them on the day of the fight, came to us. My husband became responsible for their good behavior, and set them to picking cotton, but before this they dared not venture into the town, only when they saw our boat coming down the Bay. There were no white settlements on the Peninsula, and the Indians had it all their own way there, but they were evidently afraid of another attack and so came and offered to work for us for protection.

I felt no fear whatever from these neighbors, but would sleep with all our doors open, with twenty-five or thirty Indians within call. It was amusing to see them parade the streets of Matagorda with their long plaid, red, blue, garments, which I had made for them, the tails tipped with ornamental feathers. One of the young women learned to speak very good English; I dressed her in my clothes, and one day thought to have some fun with her, invited her to take tea with me. But the joke all turned to my own expense, for she not only used her knife and fork properly but her cup, saucer and plate like it was an every day affair. I asked her how they made out when our folks drove them off without anything. She answered that they traveled for days without food and no place to sleep, as the ground was all covered with water—which I recollected was the case. They had no means of fishing, but they kept close to the coast and at last the "Great Spirit" sent them a small vessel, after killing the crew they appropriated everything to their own use, and thus their lives were saved.

After a while they frequently had noisy nights, and upon enquiring what all this noise and dancing meant, with so many rude instruments of music, she replied that they were going west, as they had better health than with our way of living, and they were importuning the Great Spirit to give them success in stealing horses and other stock from the Mexicans

who lived near the coast; and to protect them from hostile attacks. It took me a long time to become accustomed to their naked and hideous appearance, so that it did not shock me; I felt humiliated that I too was of the human species.

Their habits were idle and dirty in the extreme, but for their constant bathing in the river. The children almost lived in the water, would dive and bring up clams, etc., sometimes fighting in the water. The men would tread the water with heavy burdens on their shoulders walking erect with half their bodies dry. Our mode of living made them sickly and they were obliged often to resort to the coast. On one occasion a young wife ran off and the distressed husband applied to my husband to turn out with his skiff and help find her. They went up the river a few miles and found her at her mother's camp. She made a virtue of necessity and returned. To express his gratitude the happy husband offered to reciprocate the favor "whenever his squaw ran off."

Their few cooking utensils are made of a rude kind of pottery. Their drinking vessel is about ten inches wide at the top, coming to a point at the bottom. This is handed round for each one to take a swallow after the head man has worked it into a foam by a bunch of small sticks whirled with both hands; this serves them for their coffee cup and when all have drank the process is repeated, taking hours at a time at least twice a day. They also parch in this vessel their coffee—the leaves of an evergreen shrub resembling our garden privet. Their coffee pot in which it is boiled is of the same material, shaped like a double necked gourd, while a bunch of Spanish moss serves for a lid and a strainer.

When one of them dies his effects and his hut are burned the same day, and a corpse is never kept over night. When a chief dies the next heir to the throne, however young, marries the widow, however old. If he leaves no son after death, the nearest of kin, have periodical times of howling, generally before daylight. The women spend a great deal of time pounding a kind of root, on skins, which yields a kind of starch when washed and settled in water. Days will thus be spent in preparing what will be only a taste when divided among them.

Alligator meat is a great luxury with them, and although supplied bountifully with fresh meat, they would be absent frequently, and return with pieces of cooked alligator tied between large pieces of bark swung over their shoulders. I have seen them killed. The creature is helpless when under the water and the Indians dive and stick him with a sharp knife.

They knew we did not approve of their stealing horses from the Mexicans and so when they left, they went on the sly. We got up one morning and found them all gone, and we saw no more of them for years.

In 1843, I spent some time in Matagorda when they made their appearance in a most wretched, filthy condition, few in numbers, offering to trade fish for whisky. The young girl I had helped was dying. She formally gave away her only child to a white woman and the whole tribe formed a procession to go and deliver the child before the mother's death. I afterwards visited the child and found her at a little table with a white and a negro child, each about four years old, playing tea drinking, all speaking English together. On one occasion that summer, a stroke of lightning killed a man and his wife, but a child between them escaped unharmed, this made a profound impression upon the whole tribe. They felt it as a direct judgment from the Great Spirit for their drunkenness and bad behavior, and for days they scarcely moved or left the camp. As I left the country in 1843, I ceased to know more of these Indians. I believe that Mexico gave them a tract of land in one of her Eastern Provinces.

CHAPTER VI.

At our new home everything seemed strange. We had never before traveled south of latitude of 42° . At that time very little traveling was done; the very literature of common school books was borrowed from selections from the eminent lights of the old world. Western New York was quite a frontier, Indians being a fixture there, as also in Ohio and Indiana.

The coast States, of course, had the advantage of direct intercourse with the old world, but the interior towns of all the States were so isolated that it took courage and a large stock of enterprise to make this colonization. The contrast of the idioms of language was most marked. Often when critically compared, the advantage would be in favor of the untutored southerner, and their unassuming, free-and-easy, benevolent manners were most admirable. We did not expect such perfect Chesterfields in the garb of deerskin and mocassins, and such unselfish benevolence. All knowledge seemed practical, useful and fitted to any emergency, especially in children, which seemed so strange. They tread in the ways and manners of their elders without a rebuke, as with us, if we, when children, should presume to give our opinion to our elders; but I saw its advantages when these precocious youths were sent on a message of fifty or a hundred miles alone through unsettled regions where he was obliged to assume the manhood he had been practicing from almost his infancy—for the very infant is expected to be introduced to every stranger and to give his little hand to everyone coming or leaving, thus cultivating habits of social and benevolent feeling, while we northerners treat children as nonentities, and, unless business or necessity compels, the bashful youth, in consequence, shirks the society of his elders and superiors.

And then I could but notice that every boy was almost a knight errant. I noticed great deference paid to all the females: no man would remain sitting when one of us entered the house, fort or camp, and thus it was everywhere as we traveled or camped out. All the severe work on such occasions was done by the men of the company.

Flowers seemed to be the sport of the luxurious soil, instead of noxious weeds, which in other regions are ever ready without the aid of man to cover up its nakedness with the rich and variegated livery of nature. A continued and continuing variety carpeted our way for whole days together as we traveled, with scarce a sign of a former traveler to mark the path, while large herds of deer in easy distance would

stop grazing to look at us, and every way which the eye looked countless herds were seen in the distance. Many of these journeys, which so delighted me with their novelty and variety, were for the purpose of surveying town sites. As my husband was the founder of the city of Matagorda, all paper town-makers made an effort to have him interested in such enterprises. Hence, my long journeys through unsettled regions to reach those sites for future cities, when we frequently fell in with large pleasure parties, who, like ourselves, had made long journeys from remote towns. On one occasion we rescued a young orphan girl from being married against her will, and gave her a home with us, at the head of the bay, forty miles distant. Another good subject for my story, without exaggeration, was when scores turned out to meet the Romans at given points to legalize the banns of matrimony.

CHAPTER VII.

The first night's lodging in Texas was in our military post, built according to agreement in 1827 or 1828, between Colonel Stephen F. Austin and Elias R. Wightman, to protect immigrants landing from the sea, from hostile and cannibal Indians. All immigrants heretofore having landed at the mouth of the Brazos. History gives no mention of any landing here, but at the mouth of the Lavaca river, west of the Colorado, first of a French explorer in 1687—La Salle—and some time after of a Spanish explorer, jealous of the French, and finally the Catholic mission, San Francisco, near the mouth of the Lavaca river.

We found housed in this fort Hon. James Cummings, aged sixty, his widowed daughter, Mrs. Maria Ross and little daughter Bessy, aged four years, the only child of the place, old Mrs. Parker, the grandmother of Mrs. Willbarger, whose husband was scalped in 1834—and lived twelve years after—by the Indians in the northern frontier country. Our military—James Cook, Daniel Deckrow, Andrew Jackson, and a Kentucky youth, six feet high, named Helm, and some half dozen others.

Mr. Cummings had a good log-house nearly finished, where all went to give room to our sixty immigrants. Mr. Jesse Burham also had a log cabin on the Bay side of the town, who took possession in a few weeks with his large family of young children. A school-house of logs and dirt floor was also erected that winter, and a house for the teacher, Mr. Willbarger. As no vessel had ever before entered the port great was the excitement in accomplishing that feat. The soundings of the channel had to be made so that it could not be done at once, and our friends on land sent out our poor weary and worn immigrants a sumptuous dinner on board the vessel—long before she made her appearance in port—of boiled hominy, pounded in a mortar, cooked meats of various kinds, also a variety of fish and fowl, and a large bucket of sweet milk and some sweet potatoes, the first they ever saw, bread minus, for the corn only produced a small fraction of meal, when the hominy was pounded by a contrivance like an old-fashioned well sweep. We had on board plenty of flour which we had no way of cooking, also groceries, portions of which we returned to our generous donors, and I will state in passing, that requests often came with visitors from a distance for small portions of flour to show their friends who had never seen wheat flour. Our sixty starving sea-worn passengers were thus welcomed to their long sought for post, after an absence of thirty-one days from New Orleans, of storms and head winds, leaky vessel, bad water dealt out at half-pint in every twenty-four hours for the last few days before being driven into Aransas Bay, where we remained about one week, where we had the scare of cannibal Indians, while the men and arms were absent to surround deer. So that by the time our vessel was ready to unload passengers, our fort was vacated. I shall ever remember the kindness of its late inmates, they seemed to vie with each other in giving material aid in fish, fowl and venison—deer being in droves of hundreds in every direction which had not yet learned to fear man, but would approach him if he would sit down to see what he looked like, and thus come within gunshot. Our friends also had plenty of cows

and thus we had the long coveted milk I had dreamed so much about, when starving at sea. And this kindness continued to all the company, and to us after they all left, which was in the early spring. Immigrants were sought after by farmers for eighty miles distant to work for half the crop and everything found, till they should have time to locate on their own land, and thus we parted. Other vessels soon visited our port, loaded with immigrants and houses ready to be put up.

We remained about two and a half years here, while I taught both week-day and Sunday school, while my husband was absent a good part of the time surveying on both sides of the Colorado and on the San Jacinto, the very battle ground I still have a plat of. My Sunday school was the first and only one south of where Mr. Pilgrim, our fellow-sufferer, established both week and Sunday school, who also wrote the story of our sufferings after the lapse of forty-five years, in the *Texas Scrap Book*.

For the want of material to build, as our fort let in much water in hard storms, we erected a sort of tent and covered it with long grass for a place to sleep, and the next move, was to tear down the fort, and build a smaller room to shut out the weather and rain. At last, an opportunity was offered to trade an order of five cows and calves for hewed logs sixteen feet long to build one room; we added a side porch and floored it with puncheon high and dry from the ground, and a shed kitchen from the leavings of the old fort; we had now lived one year on the ground floor, all this time the cooking was done in the open air, with the wind blowing a gale. The order of one cow and calf had by custom become a circulating medium for \$10, hence the order for five cows and calves for these logs. Our relatives had all gone up the country, except the parents of my husband, E. R. Wightman, now more than seventy years of age. On June 20th, his mother died of fever; in six weeks after his father also died; those were the first graves in Matagorda cemetery—a mesquite tree marks the spot. A quantity of plank was thoughtfully taken on board at New Orleans on purpose

for coffins, though no one knew the motive. Daniel Deckrow made both coffins; a yoke of oxen and a cart did the office of a hearse; kind friends dug the graves. No physician. No religious service soothed the lonely survivors, but all that sympathizing friends could do to soften the melancholy surroundings was done.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a large country like Texas, where there were no mails, there must necessarily be a great deal of unwritten history. The Mexicans when they essayed to throw off the Spanish yoke, were a semi-barbarous people, and having always been under tyranny, they only studied self-interest. They invited colonies of Anglo Americans to settle the boundless waste of territory between the Rio Grande and the Sabine as a protection from hostile Indians. The few spots they had themselves occupied for ages, were hemmed in by savages who boasted that they only suffered the Mexicans to remain so as to raise horses and other stock for them. And so they made regular raids, and woe to the herdsman if he happened to be within reach of his lariat, for it would be thrown over his head and he be dragged to death. Hence all congregated in fortified villages, and cultivated very limited spots in the the suburbs, not valuing lands only as a range for cattle, hence the large tracts offered to immigrants of one square league—4444 acres—to each man with a family, and more to any American who would marry a Mexican; and one-fourth of that quantity to a single man, the remainder to be added if he married. In making those offers they carefully coupled Texas with a State thickly settled by Mexicans, so as to keep the balance of power in the Mexican Congress in their hands.

Colonel Austin, as the Texas representative, petitioned for a separate State, but was denied. He wrote home, and his letter was intercepted by government spies, and he was arrested and put in a dungeon, where he was kept a long time.

In the meantime, no prayers of his colonists were of any avail; neither had their sister republic a right to interfere or remonstrate. Our immigrant vessels were boarded and the passengers bound for Texas, although sailing under the flag of the United States, were put in the hold of their dirty crafts, and kept there for days in warm weather, before landing at the mouth of the Brazos, where they could show that they were not citizens of Texas, but of the United States. [I find by reading the history of those times, that Mexico bound herself in large sums of money to remunerate the damages, and which was one of the causes that brought on the war of 1846-7. Others of course came in after Texas became one of the States of the Union.]

The Mexicans had a post at the mouth of the Brazos river, where most of our immigrants were landed, under pretense of collecting duties, commanded by an American of the name of Bradburn. He evidently had sold himself to the Mexicans; for he became very insolent and allowed his soldiers to get into quarrels with the civilians, and seized some of them and threatened to send them to Mexico for trial; but our people insisted on having them tried by the civil authority at home, and made contrary threats of burning Brazoria, the principal town of the lower country. Thus stood matters when, in June, 1832, we distinctly heard the sound of cannons for six or eight hours, we living twenty-five miles west, at the head of Matagorda Bay. We had heard of some citizens being in durance at the fort, and so were not at a loss to guess what the cannonade meant. The next day news came that the fort had been taken by a few hot-heads, and the whole country might be imperiled by the act. In this action one American was killed and seven wounded. There was said to be two hundred soldiers in the fort, of whom forty-two were killed, thirty wounded and the balance made prisoners. Our folks knew there was a revolution going on in Mexico, but did not know or care which side succeeded.

The next day we saw from our window a fleet of four large vessels sailing up the coast towards the scene of battle. We trembled for the consequences; still we knew these vessels had not had time to learn anything whatever about the battle,

but expected vengeance from such an armament. But it turned out that this party belonged to the revolutionists and were victorious and had come to take this very fort from their opponents. Our men made a virtue of necessity and told them that they had taken the fort in their behalf, and so they were thanked and had many favors promised; among others that Colonel Austin should be set at liberty, which proved true, but his health was very much impaired from his long confinement. Still Americans from Texas continued to be persecuted. Some of the prisoners never returned. They had committed no crime—only because they were Texans. The story of individual sufferings and adventures will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

The usual time for sailing from New Orleans to Texas was seven days, so we only took provisions for sixty persons for seven days, and about the time that was consumed our water also became alarmingly scarce—half a pint a day to each person. Being sick, I could not drink the water, nor the tea and coffee made from it. A little vinegar and sugar, diluted with this bad water, sustained me. There were no conveniences for cooking, except a stationary sheet-iron boiler, so-called, in which we were allowed to heat water for our tea and coffee. Our Captain, one day, very kindly volunteered to make it full of vegetable soup for all the passengers, when we, or more especially the well ones, were nearly famished, and invited his sixty passengers to help themselves. And such a scrambling! It would have made a picture for Harper. Many could not procure vessels to get what they so much needed. It so happened that a small tincup fell to my lot; it was very small at the top and took a long time to cool. I had been nine days without food and but very little to drink, because I could not eat and drink such as the vessel afforded, and having a fever did not crave much. Now came the tug of war. Those who could procure large vessels took too much. By the time I had cooled and consumed my gill

of soup the boiler was empty. Looking down the hatchway I saw a family of three with a six-quart pan full, and reaching down my cup, I requested them to fill it. They parleyed and said they could not spare any. I would not report, to make trouble for my friends; but after I had retired in disgust they offered to fill my cup. I do not remember the sequel, only remember telling them of it years after, at which time, of course, they had forgotten the circumstance. After our cooked provisions had given out, crackers and hard sea bread sustained life; but when the water gave out, then real suffering commenced. And such water! I really supposed then that powder casks had been used for holding the water, not having learned then that it took time for water to become good. The well passengers could drink it made into coffee, but it so affected me that I could not endure the smell of coffee for several years. Mr. Pilgrim says that he gave his share of the water to the children, and sustained himself on whisky and crackers.

Some of our men had the good fortune to shoot and kill a pelican, a most disgusting sea-fowl that lives on fish, having a large pouch in front that holds his prey till time of need. Its flesh is black and tastes fishy. I had not tasted food for so many days, that I was constantly dreaming of soups and milk, or something to sustain life. We had a little sick boy, Laroy Griffeth, now more than sixty years of age, who also craved food. The bird was boiled and the boy promised the meat, but I, not caring for the meat, craved the soup, worth more to me than its weight in gold. When, to my astonishment, the boy was in tears for fear "Aunt Mary would eat all the meat," while I was about as foolish about the soup. We had, a few days before, witnessed a burial at sea, and we naturally felt that, unless relief came soon, it would be repeated. This was the first time I had ever experienced *want*—want of something to sustain life—and no wonder I worshipped the disgusting soup of the pelican, so that when a hurricane drove us into Aransas Bay, no wonder we did not think of Indians. And now, again, as we enter Matagorda Pass, Sunday morning, January 27, 1829, with all our fears

of hostile Indians, whose telegraphic smokes told of our approach, a joyful thankfulness filled our hearts, for we were entering the land of promise.

The story of our suspense when our only boat left us at the mouth of the Colorado river has been told, and also of my having the honor of being the first white woman ascending that river from the bay. The surroundings of our new home, as it then appeared, seemed to me quite romantic. Arriving in the night, I could only see a large enclosure, some fifty feet square. In one respect it was like Solomon's temple—no sign of tools or nails being visible about our edifice. A large fire in the centre, a mosquito-net covering a rude bed at each corner of the room, the whole building being without joists or tennents, but simply forked sticks drove in the ground to support poles on which cross-poles were laid to sustain the mattress, while perpendicular poles sustained the mosquito-net—a thing quite indispensable. Our door turned on a post, the lower end of which was driven in the ground. The whole edifice was enclosed by perpendicular posts some ten or twelve feet high. At intervals the posts were forked to support horizontal poles, upon which the roof rested, and which was also supported on the inside by poles. True, there were marks of an ax, but nothing more. Long, split, dry cypress boards (so-called from float-timbers of some other coast cast upon the beach), formed a good substitute for shingles. Of the inmates, etc., I will tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

The instinct of races never dies out any more than individuals. The Anglo-Americans are hardy and enduring beyond all other races. Endowed with an incredible and inexhaustible energy, they never turn back or yield to reverses however severe or crushing. On the other hand, the modern Mexicans are, as it were, the debris of several inferior and degraded races; African and Indian crossed and mixed, and

even the old Spanish blood was mixed with the Moorish and demoralized by a long course of indolence and political corruption; both physically and mentally they are the very antithesis of the Anglo-Americans.

They are as weak as he is strong; they run where he fights; they starve in the midst of abundance, while he knows how to pluck wealth and prosperity from rocks and sterile plains. Such was the state of things when the right of petition was ignored and our citizens outraged, until 1835, when Santa Anna, having completed the revolution, changed the government of States into a centralized form of government and sent General Coss to take San Antonio de Bexar. The Texans defeated General Coss and sent him home. LaBahia and others were defeated; and wherever a squad of Mexicans was met, as at Gonzales, the Texans made them surrender at discretion.

On the 3d of November, 1835, the delegates of Texas assembled at San Felipe de Austin and put forth a declaration against Santa Anna and other military chieftains, who had, it stated, by force of arms, overthrown the federal government and institutions of Mexico and dissolved the solemn compact which had existed between Texas and the members of the Mexican Confederacy. After all the Mexican armies of 1835 had been defeated and sent home the Texans had great hope of not being disturbed again; hence, the merchants brought on large stocks of goods, farmers made great efforts to extend each branch of that industry, and not the least show of alarm was noticed in any department of business, but we still kept a military force at San Antonio.

On the 3d of March, 1836, the Texas delegates assembled at Washington on the Brazos, made a formal declaration of Independence, and signed a constitution and organized a Government. David G. Burnet, was President, pro tem., and Texas now meant business. They had driven back one army and they believed they could another, especially as their victory had become world-wide. On my way home from New York in December, 1835, I went to the theater in New Orleans to see "The Fall of San Antonio" on the stage.

Our vessel bound for Matagorda was filled with volunteers, who expected to come in contact with the Montezuma, a Mexican man of war, known to be cruising in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the watch for all vessels bound for Texas. We ladies spent our time in making cartridges for our cannon, bought in New Orleans by my husband for the special occasion of the fight with the Montezuma. But more of this hereafter.

As we approached the Texas coast every old cutlass was put in fighting order, our cannon mounted and our spy glasses constantly looking out for the enemy. When we were off the mouth of Cany Creek, our home, not knowing exactly where we were, being for several days beyond the sight of land, there appeared what we took for a fleet of several vessels. Then all were excited; we did not expect more than one vessel, still we had no idea of retreating, but kept right on towards what seemed certain death. But as we neared these vessels the land appeared and these ships of war proved to be our own summer residences. Still we had sixty miles to go before we could reach Matagorda Pass, and there would probably be the enemy. But no enemy appeared, and our volunteers left us to find their way to the western forts as best they could, but as we afterwards learned, they were murdered with Colonel Fannin. This was in January, 1836. All were animated with the hope of success. Houston was known to be west of the Colorado, and his army was increasing. The farmers prepared for planting, and all the merchants brought on large stocks of spring goods. But bad news began to arrive. Still all was hope till we heard that Houston was retreating east of the Colorado, and sending home men to take care of their families, and of course our army was daily growing smaller and no reliable communication between the army and the citizens. This silence and suspense had a most despairing influence on those who would have been glad to join the army if it could have been found. Some thought it had been annihilated. On the Colorado we had 1400 men, of course far too few, and the enemy found the entire country evacuated and

took possession of the vacant towns and enjoyed the large stock of new goods. Thus they divided in three parts—the Coast, Middle and Northern armies—so that at the battle of San Jacinto we had but 750 men with which to fight 1400. All the rest were enjoying the spoils in the evacuated country.

CHAPTER XI.

This chapter must chronicle one of the exploits of the Texan war of 1835. While everything promised victory for the Anglo-Americans, the news came to Matagorda that General Coss was defeated at San Antonio de Bexar, with such a bloodless victory and the fort taken by a mere handful of green volunteers. The few that remained at home desired to win a part of the glory by driving from the country a small post at LaBahia, a place not far from the river which empties into the bay of Matagorda, thus our heroes could go most of the way by water.

As it was well known that all old Spanish towns had government troops, more or less, they thought by attacking them in the night and surprising them, to make them an easy prey; and thus win a share of the glory so freely accorded to their comrades who had defeated General Coss. After leaving their boats and while making their way in the greatest silence toward the town, they suddenly heard the crackling of the bushes, and halted to hold a council of war. Did the enemy know of their approach? was there a spy sentinel? And if so, should they take him prisoner? Finally, they concluded to accost him in Spanish. The response came—"My name is Milam." Poor Milam had been for years confined in a Mexican Bastile and did not know that any war was going on between the parties. His friends had long mourned him as dead. Our heroes put Milam ahead as their leader, and marched forward and demanded the unconditional surrender of the town, which was granted after a few shots on both sides. At the time when found he was making his way toward Matagorda, where some of his family lived, daring to travel only in the night.

When we returned home from a visit to New York, it was about the 15th of January, 1836, giving us plenty of time to get in our spring crops. Some of our friends had not yet returned from the fall campaign of 1835, being detained by sickness. These poor fellows were massacred while prisoners of war with their leader, Colonel Fannin; and San Antonio was taken by an army twenty or more to one, about the same time, and every man put to the sword with no quarter given—all of which is a part of history well known. But there are some items not so well known. A negro man, an officer's servant, was spared to carry the news to the Americans, and when asked which one of our men killed the most Mexicans, replied: "Colonel Crockett had the biggest pile."

When the news reached the country it created a panic. No one would venture to fall into such hands. Had our enemy been a civilized nation, no one would have thought of leaving their homes, for none had any doubt as to the final issue. Still to put ourselves in their power was certain martyrdom. Hence the whole country moved at once in as great haste as did the Israelites from Egypt. All unprepared, without animals enough to carry provisions and people. The sick and the young and helpless found graves all along the way; they had left comfortable homes surrounded by luxury and abundance.

CHAPTER XII.

In the month of August, 1835, before the day of railroads and telegraphs—even before lucifer matches were used, I was one of some twenty-five passengers on a first-class packet ship sailing from New Orleans to New York, usually a twenty day's voyage. The first two weeks were pleasant enough with every luxury of the season, even ice and many tropical fruits, a well appointed, intelligent company, with just variety enough to kill ennui. But we had some dead calms and our vessel rolled unpleasantly without any progress. Anything for a change—we wished to see a "storm at sea" to

change the scene. Through the spy-glass we discovered another ship lying becalmed, and a small boat approaching. When near enough they asked for medicine, and said their captain and most of their crew had died of yellow fever since leaving New Orleans. They were supplied, for our ship had all kinds of stores in abundance; even cows, fresh milk, fish, fowls and butcher's meat, every day.

About the 16th day the sun began to be obscured by clouds, and occasionally a little rain fell, which continued some three or four days, so that no nautical observations could be taken, when at midday to the astonishment of all, it was observed that the color of the water had changed and now indicated shoal water, and then signs of a coming storm at sea. The lead was thrown and never ceased for twenty hours. It was found impossible to change our course, and we slowly but surely made shoal water, the wind all the time increasing, so that all hands were busy till dark reefing sail and making everything fast. The waves soon ran mountain high, sometimes in pyramid shape, when the top would be cut off, and fill the air with blinding spray.

Among the passengers was an old Spanish Romish priest whose berth was next to ours, and as he could not speak a word of English, my husband often conversed with him in Spanish, and I noticed he always lighted his cigar with a lucifer match, the first I ever saw.

All at once after dark, the rolling of the ship and the spray extinguished the lights. The man at the wheel could not keep the ship across the waves, and it was feared that we would be engulfed in the trough. What an awful moment was that! in darkness, and everything seemed to be breaking loose from its fastenings. All we could do was to hold fast to our berths to keep from being thrown across the cabin and hurt. We could only hear the captain shriek through his trumpet "hold on" at each lurch of the ship. The cry was for light, and no one seemed able to supply it. At last my husband applied to the priest to light a candle. No one else knew how to light the match, and while my husband supported him to enable him to strike the match, he revealed

the fact that he was a free mason, and said, "We shall all be saved, and to-morrow will be a pleasant day." But the water is still shoal, the wind blows a hurricane, the crockery falling about; all the stores of the ship seemed to have broken loose. The kitchen is swept overboard, cow, ice and even bulwarks. At last there is a light in the binnacle, and the vessel rides across the waves, though all is dark without, not a star to be seen. But the steersman was not the only one who had a light. We were sailing in what was advertised as a temperance vessel, but the sequel proved that some casks of brandy were hid away in the store-room, and as the sailors had been now exposed for fifteen hours without rest or refreshments, it was thought expedient to send below and draw some for them, as an antidote for their fatigue. In trying to get it they let fall the candle among some mattresses which immediately took fire and could not be extinguished; almost as inflammable as gunpowder, the fire soon spread to stores that lay over the brandy. Never shall I forget the consternation of the steward as he came up from the store-room crying fire! fire!! the ship is on fire! All this time the lead measured the depth less and less.

It seemed a long time before the captain could be made to understand, and when he called to the sailors to leave the care of the ship and fight the fire, they each thought they did not understand. But not so with the steerage passengers, the smoke and fire drove them on deck, where were some two dozen fire buckets and a large cistern prepared for such an emergency, and those men had been used to just such machinery before the time of fire engines in the cities. A line was quickly formed on each side of the dining hall to pass buckets to and from the fire. Minutes seemed hours. I fancied the fire had already burned through the floor, for my feet, wet and cold for hours, had become hot, and I expected an explosion as soon as the brandy casks had time to burn through. I therefore, in company with another lady, found my way over the bow of the vessel, making up our minds to be drowned rather than burned, for the water had lost its horror comparatively. When my husband found me, it was

with difficulty he could convince me that the floor was still cool by putting my hand on it. Still we shoaled, and it needed no prophet to see that we would soon strike if we did not burn. But a new calamity now appears. Our Captain is losing his mind. I had noticed before dark that he had changed boots for slippers, and cloth for linen clothes, and now he calls all his sailors from the fire to raise the main-sail, though the wind had not abated in the least. What could it mean? "Wear Ship?" no explanation. Told the passengers "false alarm!" but I noticed blazing bedding still ascending the stairway, while all hands went at the halyards trying to raise the main sail.

It proved that the wind had changed a little and no time was to be lost to get into deep water. I did not know then how dangerous it was to "Wear Ship" in a storm. How thoughts crowd when we have but a few moments to live. I thought of the priest's presumption in saying we should all be saved, when it was the very match he gave us that was doing the mischief. The next day was calm and fair and found us in deep water. Twenty-four hours brought us into New York harbor in a most pitiful plight. Crackers and cold water was our best fare during that time, but there was no grumbling, for we were saved, though our feet and everything we had was wet.

This was the fortieth trip our captain had made with this temperance ship, but he now lost his position on account of the brandy, and was obliged to take command of a small schooner as a means of support.

LOOKING FOR THE CHURCH.

TOLD IN A DIALOGUE WITH AN IMAGINARY NIECE.

The writer proposes to tell the experience of thousands who are looking for the Church. Believing in a Divine revelation, not wishing to be an infidel, though almost driven to it by seeing Christianity subdivided into so many contradicting sects. In this experience she lived some fourteen years of frontier life, on the extreme border of Southwestern Texas. Seven years of that time not the remotest sect dare preach Protestantism, on account of the laws of Mexico. While we, in the providence of God, had wrecked books thrown by the sea to our very doors. At the same time, equally free from the interference of Romanism, being hundreds of miles from any Romish spies, but knowing the laws of Mexico, no attempt was made to break them. So we were thrown on our own resources to understand the sacred canons. While books that we never should have asked for ministered to our understanding—thrown up by the boisterous sea—contributed to an intellectual feast of soul; and grave questions of life-long standing, that no sect could answer, came handed down from the first ages of Christianity, teaching us that the one *Apostolic* church could, after more than 1800 years, be identified, and so Providence showed us the Church in the wilderness of Texas.

Our blessed Saviour passed through all the stages of infancy and childhood, and he tells us that, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Who does not remember the good-night prayer taught by a loving mother, from the lisping, "Now I lay me down to

sleep," to "Our Father, who art in heaven"? Blessed and innocent childhood, insomuch that all that enter the kingdom of heaven must become like one of these. How religious the child; how believing and trustful to all a mother's teachings. But alas! how soon must the fruit of sect and schism poison his devotion, by telling him he is totally depraved; that God is his enemy, because he is totally depraved; that the moment the breath leaves the body, which is liable to happen at any time, nothing but everlasting burnings await him, because he is totally depraved, etc. But ere this cruel doctrine was taught me from the school-room and from the pulpit, I had learned to read a few forms of prayer for children from a Church catechism, taught by a loving mother, long since gone to rest. How plain then was duty. What a privilege to read a form at eight years of age; to retire to a glen in a deep wood and on my knees, daily. How determined at that early age to obey the Ten Commandments, though at that time, in western New York, no Church of England clergyman was ever in those parts. But a very few years more, and I was informed that none but the *elect* could be saved; that it was self-righteousness to depend upon anything I could do; that I could feel all my former hopes were only the fruit of my total depravity; that nothing I could do was of any avail; that God's grace was irresistible; that in due time I would be converted, if I was one of the elect. In short, I must unlearn all the teachings of my infancy; that prayer from the unconverted was solemn mockery, or downright hypocrisy; and thus even prayer was stifled by the preachers; that forms especially were unacceptable; that none used them but those who were so destitute of religion as not to be able to do without them. Strange to say that, while I believed this teaching, I never read the Psalms of David without applying them to myself as a form of prayer. I became a great Bible reader, and then I thought all these hard doctrines were taught. I could not see that a full salvation had been wrought out for me, but I felt I must have a St. Paul's conversion, or I was not one of the elect. As mature age came on this logic of teaching became more absurd; for, if true there was no use of

prayer, and yet they exhorted prayer. The Bible did not help me, for I had been led by the wrong interpretation, and in my distress would exclaim, "oh, for a history to tell us what kind of teaching and belief the first Christians had before Christianity became corrupt through the ignorance and wickedness of the dark ages!" "Oh, that they had left something to show us how the first Christians understood the Bible!" "Alas! that the followers of the False Prophet could keep their history and the Church of the living God could not." That all pagans and Jews and all false religions know their own history, and we have never been instructed beyond 300 years back (so said by a man in a place called a pulpit), beyond which all were lost in Roman and pagan superstition.

All this was said in answer to Nelly Broadbetter, who asked her Aunt Mary Helm how she became an Episcopalian, when none of her relations were of that faith. She had read her bible and she never saw anything there that would make her one. "Please tell me how you came to go 3,000 miles from all your relations and friends, beyond the reach of mails and among hostile Indians."

Aunt Mary—Child, you ask too many questions at once. You are too young now to realize that God has so ordered things in this world as to bring about His will; that marriage is compared in the Bible to Christ and the Church, and calls it a "mystery"; the husband is compared to Christ and the bride to the Church. So, Nelly, it was love that caused me to go to Texas. God has so constituted us that the sexes overrate each other, or perhaps there would be no marriages. My first chapter, written for the *Clarendon News*, will answer this question, as also my sufferings in my voyage to Texas, in 1828-29, together with a great many things peculiar to the Southern people and climate. You will find in various items of these Scraps many things related that were the result of the theology found on the coast of Texas.

Nelly—What did you do on Sundays, without any church to go to?

Aunt Mary—I read my bible more than I should have done, otherwise; and I had the opportunity of reading a great

many religious works, especially the writings of John Wesley. There were several shipwrecks on the coast, from which large boxes of books were saved. Then it was that I learned that John Wesley was an Episcopalian: a strong Church of England man.

Nelly—Aunt, I think you must have read about him before he became a Methodist, for I have often been told that he was the founder of Methodism.

Aunt Mary—So he was, indirectly and unintentionally. He was a presbyter in the Church of England, a fellow of Oxford University, where none but Church of England members ever entered, either as tutors or students, at that time. He was warmly and zealously attached to the Church and never complained of any of her doctrines and usages: and, to aid the Church, he, with a few other young men of the college who had also taken orders in the Church, formed themselves into a society to have stated seasons of prayer, and from the regularity and punctuality of their meetings they were called *Methodists*. They accepted the nickname. The Church, at that time, had hardly recovered from the evil effects of the revolution, caused by James II. proving himself a Romanist and abdicating the throne, as well as by the revolution of Cromwell, and the various slanders in connection with the Church of England; hence, the need of a revolution in morals and manners. Other societies were formed by other persons for the same purpose, but Mr. Wesley seemed to have peculiar executive ability, and ordered his meetings so as to take in all creeds and opinions, with officers as in the regular army. He found it easier to let in the waters of schism than to stop and stay them when once in. His organization became so large, he had to travel to regulate it, and he published from time to time twenty reasons why the Methodists should not leave the Church. His great error was in making preachers of laymen ignorant of the qualifications and duties of what the Church required of her clergy. The bishops and heads of the Church bore many things of Wesley, because he was very amiable, and as he advanced in age he took more and more liberty to do things not allowable by the rules of the

Church; but her authorities never tried him for those mistakes against ecclesiastical rules. For instance, no church, even in this country, would allow a man to hold an outdoor meeting alongside an organized church and regular minister. His organizations became so numerous that they had to meet often, and Wesley was the ruling spirit. Had he only taken in good, intelligent Church members to do his exhorting, as was his first members, his fondest wishes might have been realized. He was sent to America as a missionary, under the auspices of the English Missionary Society to Promote Christianity in Foreign Parts, organized in 1701. Wesley was born in 1703. This society sent missionaries wherever they had a province, of their own authority, and all the English clergy in America were supported by this society. The Puritans of New England were so opposed to the English that they used all their influence to prevent an English bishop being sent to this country, and even after our Revolution of 1776, and all through the century, the impression prevailed that we must not have bishops in this country, merely because the bishops sat in parliament in England. But no sooner had our Independence been declared, than an effort was made to have bishops ordained for this country, and while this was in progress, Wesley took it upon himself to send a Dr. Coke, one of his leaders (but few of his men were capable of being leaders), to organize a Methodist society according to *his* rules in Europe, and, as Coke was armed with a prayer-book, his followers seemed to think it was the same old Church of England, though it will be seen in these essays that it (Wesley's prayer-book) was materially altered from the English liturgy. But few of them are extant now. The efforts of Wesley to prevent a schism will be told in these Scraps, as well as Coke's efforts to be consecrated a bishop by our first bishop. Wesley was very earnest in persuading the Methodists to be true to the Church of England. He says: "I am afraid that if the Methodists forsake the Church, God will forsake them." On his death-bed he says: "I live and die a member of the Church of England. I was never anything else." Dr. Coke, as these Scraps will show, never

was a bishop, but acted as such. He sought the office, but obtained it not. But Wesley made no objection to Coke keeping up the conferences or to his being called Superintendent. But the next year after Wesley's death, he had the minutes of the conference changed from superintendent to bishop, and "society" altered to "church."

Nelly—Please Aunt tell me the difference of bishop and superintendent, are they not the same?

Aunt Mary—By no means, a superintendent may be appointed as a matter of expediency, or convenience in any human institution, but the church is a *Divine* organization made by Christ himself and called "*His Body*," "*His Bride*." Its officers are not to take upon themselves the office, "but he that is called, as was Aaron." The New Testament is full of the analogy of its offices to the Jewish Priesthood, and for 1500 years this fact was never disputed. As the Old Testament had three orders, to-wit: Highpriest, Priest and Levite—so the New Testament has three orders, Bishop, Priest and Deacon.

Nelly—But does not the word bishop in the New Testament mean priest?

Aunt Mary—Yes, because the highest office of the ministry was *then* called Apostles, but history shows that when the Apostles were all dead, that through reverence for them, that *same high office* was *retained*—the *name* only was changed to Bishop; it is not the name, but the Divine office given by authority from Christ to the Apostles, and by them handed down to our time; and has the promise that Christ will be with the office to the "*end of time*." Another reason why we should know where the church is to be found, we are required to give of our substance to the *church* as giving to *Christ*.

Nelly—But, did not the Episcopal church split off from the Catholic?

Aunt Mary—Nelly, suppose our National Constitution should be trampled under foot, and yet retain the old name of the United States and for centuries lord it over all the in-

habitants of these States, and the citizens rise in their might and restore the government, would it not be the same old government restored? Just so with the Church, when in the dark ages all learning was lost save that kept by the Church; when kings had such reverence for the Church, that they would apply to it to arbitrate their disputes, until in the ignorance of the times, men came to believe the presiding priest had a Divine right over earthly kingdoms; and a great many other errors crept in, little by little, till in the providence of God, both Church and State united in a reformation to restore and reform the Catholic Church. In England they did not make a *new* Church, that they knew could not be done; but those in authority felt it their duty to throw out the errors that had been added by the ignorance and superstition of the dark ages, supposed to have been planted by St. Paul himself, and there is very good reason to believe it, by the writings of some of the early christians. It was found as the art of printing brought out old manuscripts, that in many usages she had gone from the primitive pattern, and had added many things to the old faith, in other words she had *added* to, rather than *taken from* the primitive Church; so our reformers had only to drop from the Ritual such as was not *ancient*, as their rule in compiling the Common Prayer Book of England.

Nelly—I do not see, then, why you don't say the Catholic Church, instead of the Episcopal?

Aunt Mary—We do call it the *Catholic*, but we also call it the "Protestant Episcopal," because we *protest equally* against the errors of *Rome* and the errors of the *various sects*. The Church has alwas held, that the word *Catholic* in her creeds, as understood in the *ancient* Church, which means orthodox and *universal*. While the sects have it in most of their formulas, not using it understandingly, because they apply the word solely to the Romans, which means *particular*, and so do most historians, because they are not churchmen as a general thing, and custom has so used the word as almost to lose its meaning; for *myself*, I never call the Romish the Catholic Church.

Nelly—Can you prove that the Ancient Church always had bishops?

Aunt Mary—Many of the ancient churches kept a record of succession of their bishops for a great many years; and all agree that it was only the bishops who received the succession from the Apostles, who alone had authority to ordain, and each country had its own presiding bishop. Each bishop had his bounds and each country had its presiding bishop called Patriarch, generally submitting to the civil divisions of the Empire. No bishop exercised any jurisdiction beyond his own diocese; just as the Protestant Episcopal Church does here in the United States of America. This country does not say *Patriarch*, but calls the eldest and one the longest consecrated, *Presiding Bishop*. So we are never without a President, and under no necessity for an election to know who he is. He does not claim Divine honor, neither did any of the Patriarchs in old times—but usage accorded courtesy to these patriarchs according to the character and size of their respective cities, and when Rome governed all the world nearly, she received more honor by being the *Metropolitan* city, and there was no danger of hypocrites, when to be a Bishop of Rome was generally to be a martyr, for several hundred years, and generally a very learned and good man filled the office, so that other bishops were wont to consult him on grave questions, discipline, etc. The churches of Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople, were each headquarters of Patriarchs after Rome. After the fall of the Roman Empire, none claimed Divine Right, but mere courtesy, according to the size and importance of their respective cities, and when the great council of Nice assembled by the command of the first christian Emperor, Constantine, in 325, A. D., the Bishop of Rome was not present, but sent one of his deacons to represent his diocese, where there were 318 bishops present, representing all the churches of the known world, to decide the question of the *Trinity*; hence came the Nicene Creed of our prayer book as explanation of the Apostles Creed, which all these bishops declared, had come down from the Apostles in essence, though

not always in exactly the same words. The heresy of Arius, annoyed the church for a great while, and it grew into a political question, so that christians were persecuted and banished as the friends or enemies alternately had the pre-eminence in the states, the Afriean church mostly. The Church of England has a creed called the creed of Athenasius, after the bishop that was banished from the country where Arius lived, and so his writings in consequence have been honored, and much of our best theology has come down to us by similar means through the dark ages, which the art of printing brought to light. When the barbarians overran the Roman Empire, they destroyed everything, even put to death its bishops and elergy, and made slaves of its inhabitants; they did *not* destroy its *Monasteries* where all the religious literature of ages was kept—where the bible was kept. They did not dare to offend the christian's God, but persecuted the followers of Christ, because they would not acknowledge *their gods*; and it has been suppose^d that out of this idea, *images were introduced* in churches to appease the heathen that had embraced christianity, as well as to teach by the eye. In later ages this item became a subject of much contention, but all these things did not destroy the Church. The temporal power of the Bishop of Rome, was forced on him in after ages, so as to raise a *revenue* for the *kings*, as the ignorance of those ages was terrible. All learning seemed lost, and but for the old books, which the art of printing brought to light, it would seem as though *Satan* reigned *triumphantly*—some rare exceptions always kept the Divine light burning. The sale of indulgences to redeem souls from purgatory originated with wicked kings; even Charlemagne, in the eighth century was full of it, though he generally reigned well. Finally, kings had such reverence for the church, while they *knew* both would apply to the bishops of Rome to settle their worldly quarrels, till the bishops came to think to *this day* that they *have* it by Divine right. When, in 596, A. D., the Bishop of Rome sent his first missionaries to England, he found the Church already established there, and one of the Queens a christian, with her chaplains, and a good church

building, whose foundation can yet be seen in the suburbs of Canterbury, and history shows how the Church had defended herself for ages against the Saxons and made slaves of the Britons, and how they would not accept christianity from their slaves, but when one of their kings married a princess of France, they came to the church of their Queen by the thousands and were baptised; where the French bishop traced his succession direct to St. John and not to St. Peter, as the Roman church boasts.

Nelly—What is the reason the Episcopal Church in this country does not, also, have the Athenasian creed?

Aunt Mary—When our Prayer Book was compiled—on account of the late war—the feelings of the great majority of Americans were very bitter against the church, on account of its being a State Church in England; and it was hardly endured in this country, and not till some thirty or forty years after the war of the Revolution, could they get a charter for Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, but the very next day after the law of toleration was passed, a charter was procured. This was in keeping with all the history of our Puritan Fathers sixty or seventy years ago, the blood of whose veins we all are proud to boast of; and these descendants are now perhaps mostly good Episcopalians. “Truth crushed to earth will rise again.”

Nelly—You say that the Episcopal Church always conformed to civil government—is that the case in this country?

Aunt Mary—Yes, our dioceses have their yearly gatherings where they appoint delegates to the general conventions that meet every three years, corresponding to our State legislatures, which choose the State Senators for Congress. As the Senators meet by themselves, so our bishops meet by themselves as the upper house, the representatives of each diocese send certain clergy and some laymen, which form the *lower* house.

Nelly—After all, I do not see, but the succession of bishops might have been lost in the dark ages, when religion itself must have been nearly lost among the nations, almost savage?

Aunt Mary—But for the Church it seems as though all religion, and all learning would have been lost. Its Divine institution kept it as a city on a hill, though persecuted, as was its founder, and frequently “a man’s foes were of his own house.” Its very errors seemed necessary at times for its protection, and was the means of many of the best and greatest of its followers to commit to writing such remonstrances as helped on the Reformation, after the art of printing made it manifest how much those dark ages had added to the faith. The Reformers had no idea of making a schism, nor did the learned men of those times of the sixteenth century desire it. Nor did any one expect it, till the council of Trent excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, after a reign of eleven years, when the Pope of Rome caused her subjects to abjure all allegiance to her, and sent spies to assume a new sect, and held *extempore services* and called them *spiritual prayers*. The Pope sent for them, thinking they had been apostatized—but they told the Pope they had caused the people in England, many of them, to hate the English Liturgy as badly as they did the Mass Book, and so the Pope gave them two hundred ducats each, and this was the origin of extempore prayers in public worship. As to the succession of bishops, remember that it has generally been the custom to have three bishops at the time a new bishop was consecrated; thus imagine a rope of twelve strands subdivided by three for 1884 years; if one strand should be in fault, it would not spoil the rope. This fact of the succession was never disputed, for more than 1500 years, whatever else was disputed, as chief rulers of the church, and those sects that ignore bishops to this day because they have gotten up a human substitute to preside in all these councils by different names—a Moderator, a Presiding Elder, a Superintendent, etc.

Nelly—Then why was it that on the continent they did without bishops?

Aunt Mary—I told you that in England the Church and State united to throw off a “foreign power” that had usurped dominion to draw money out of the country, that had no

claims to do so. But on the continent the State did not join the Church, but the State persecuted the Church and had a thirty years war, and the Reformers expected to restore the succession when the times got better, and actually wrote to Lord Somerville, Protector of Edward VI., to procure them the succession. History informs us that Romish spies intercepted this letter and forged an insulting answer, as though England had spurned the offer, and so they failed; though history is full of regrets from the leading Reformers that they had not secured the succession. And it is a remarkable fact that, in all those countries that dispensed with the succession of bishops, they have subdivided and changed in doctrine and belief until, in their theological seminaries, they teach downright infidelity. Our New England Puritans are doing the same. The Unitarians or Congregationalists, when they left the Church of England, only complained of some usages, as vestments in public worships, discipline, order, etc.; but no sooner had they become established in the new world than they began to persecute all that did not obey to the letter this *state* church. And now they are full of infidelity, as witness here in Connersville last night by Henry Ward Beecher, in teaching his hearers not to believe the Bible, and teaching Darwinism—even going against prayer as well as Divine revelation—to a crowded house, the railroads bringing persons from the neighboring villages at \$1 each; and Young America, who never reads his bible, is to-day praising the lecture of last night. Four hundred dollars had to be assured to him before he would agree to come. In England, on the contrary, God made use of a wicked, bigoted Roman Catholic monarch in helping the Reformers throw off the usurpation of a foreign power, which power was granted to the Pope some centuries before, when King John sold the Church to the Pope for money, out of which the state at last procured the *Magna Charta*, of which all the world, in civil suits, boasts to this day. So prone are mankind to extremes, that in throwing off the power of the Pope, they throw off all bishops, and sometimes lose all reverence for the Bible and its Divine teachings. You must bear in mind it was the *old* church reformed and not a *new* church; just as a man is the same after he has washed his face.

Nelly—Did the Roman Church rule all countries as she did in England?

Aunt Mary—No, not all; but most of the States of Europe. But in the East, it was not so. The Eastern Church, to this day, never acknowledged the Pope of Rome only as a bishop in his own diocese. When Gregory the Great was Bishop of Rome, in the year 596, he sent missionaries to England. Rome was jealous that Constantinople would outdo Rome and get honors in temporal power. Gregory declared that when any bishop claimed temporal power, that moment he became anti-Christ, and to this day all the adherents of the Eastern Church, generally called the Greek Church, pays no allegiance to the Bishop or Pope of Rome, but they are in consonance with the Church of England. The Council of Trent, which was in session one hundred years, more or less, during the Reformation, pronounced a curse on all christians of the Reformation. Thus came the schism. After 1500 years Rome separates herself and excommunicates all the Reformers, in all countries, to this day; and yet they acknowledge the creeds, but refuse to follow the ancient church in its purity. As the Mohammedan religion rose to power about this time, and it is a moot question whether anti-Christ meant the Pope or the False Prophet, when he is described as "sitting in the place of God," etc., in many places both in the Old and New Testament. In the first place, the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches, no doubt, was merely political.

Nelly—Aunt, what do you mean by the Crusades?

Aunt Mary—Christians in all ages have always had a great reverence for the Holy Land, that is the country where most of the scenes of the Bible were transacted, and have been wont to make pilgrimages there to see the hallowed spot where the Saviour trod and made all the places memorable by his incarnation, "his holy nativity and circumcision; by his baptism, fasting and temptation; by his agony and bloody sweat; by his cross and passion; by his precious death and burial; by his glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost." All these places were trod-

den down by the Gentiles, and much did holy men of the Western as well as the Eastern Church, mourn and grieve to have it so. And many a time did the followers of Christ essay to restore these holy places, and tradition says that mysterious and miraculous phenomena occurred — fireballs breaking out of the earth, destroying their works. Finally, in about the year 1000, a zealous and religious king called for volunteers to form a great army to fight the Mohammedan power. On such a large scale did they volunteer; with such fanatical zeal did they rush into the contest, that men became frantic to redeem the land from “Infidels.” They went unprepared with stores; sought to live off the country through which they passed, treating friend and foe alike in devastating everything in the vast territories they passed through. And when one army sank away through defeat or famine or pestilence, another would be raised with redoubled zeal; and though this warfare was kept up for several centuries, it was not in their possession for more than half a century all put together, and when possessed they were all the time on the defensive.

Nelly—Did any good come of this Crusade?

Aunt Mary—In one sense, perhaps, some good may have come of this continuous war. It ought to teach men not to fight to do the will of God, for His weapons are not carnal but spiritual. And in a commercial sense it, no doubt, did do much for mankind. But for this the West would have been ignorant of the resources of the East, as the means of intercourse were then very limited. The East was the old country, and while the oppression of their rulers kept them in abeyance, most of the mechanical arts were in greater perfection than in the West.

Nelly—Did men learn thereby not to fight for religious purposes?

Aunt Mary—No, indeed! The Reformation of the sixteenth century on the continent caused a thirty years war. The Reformers violated and at once tore away the usages of ages, exciting a horror in the minds of those who had a just reverence for things ancient. History shows that great violence

to ancient things and things considered sacred, followed in the train of the Reformation on the continent, much as it did one hundred years afterwards in England, during the revolution there in Church and State, by Cromwell and the Puritan party; when Charles I. was beheaded; when the office of Bishop was suspended for twenty years; when they made preachers of the lowest of the people; when the revenues of the Church, given by holy men in the early ages of Christianity, in trust for its support, were sequestrated; when all the prisons were filled with bishops; when Archbishop Laud lost his head; when, after all the prisons were full, all the holds of the ships in port were filled with men in holy orders, and yet this was not enough—every crevice was stopped to keep out fresh air, and still no room for the large number left out of prison—all were sent to the West Indies and sold for slaves. So says history. And the Puritan laws were such that those who had no means of living were not allowed to teach, while the usurpers were enjoying the tithes of the rightful owners, until the people got perfectly disgusted with the demoralization and called for the rightful heir to the throne, Charles II., to be reinstated. Charles II., having been raised in France, was not a zealous churchman and was loose in his morals. His brother succeeded him, and proved himself to be a bigoted Romanist. The people of England, having had such a bloody experience by the Romanist, Mary, were greatly shocked to find another Romanist on the throne, and so another revolution deposed him and placed his son-in-law and daughter, William and Mary, on the throne in his stead. William and Mary were Presbyterians; but, holding the office through the indulgence of the Church party, did not persecute, but it was a long time before the manners of the people recovered. After the death of Queen Anne, in 1703, the descendants of James I. came to the throne in the person of George I., who was the son of the Princess Elizabeth, granddaughter of James. So all the sovereigns of England since Elizabeth are descended from Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but for a great many years the English had such a horror of the

Romans that they had no voice in parliament, and as it was a maxim with the Romans that "the end justifies the means," George III. said he would give up his crown before he would allow them a vote in parliament, and I believe it was about 1830 before they were accorded the privilege, and yet they are not happy.

Nelly—Who was this Cromwell?

Aunt Mary—He was a General for the Rebels against Charles I, and in unity at first with the Scots. But Cromwell discovered that the church without bishops was more oppressive than the church with bishops. So he thought to go against both, and make himself *Dictator* and make also an *Independent Church*, where each member should have a voice in the government of the church. Hence the origin of the Congregationalists or Puritans, as a separate congregation, as an organized body, though it had existed individually, but as members of the Church of England, ever since the attempt of the Pope to make a schism in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when his spies assumed extempore prayers and called them spiritual prayers.

Nelly—But did not all this happen after the settlement of New England? and were they not called Puritans?

Aunt Mary—Yes, as a nickname, but not as a church, for many of them never belonged to any other organization than the Church of England. And after they set sail from England on the Mayflower, some one of them wrote an affectionate letter to the Church of England, calling her—"Dear mother, from whom they had been nurtured with spiritual life," etc., etc. But the most of them had been ten years in Holland, where they were limited in their propensities to agitate the questions of their neighbors' faith, and a dissatisfaction thereby, induced them to seek a wider field, not only in religious opinion, but in a pecuniary point of view, for they procured from Charles I, a boundless monopoly of the *fishing coast*, and established a State Church, where every one was subject to a fine who refused to attend, and where every one was taxed to support it—and the penalty for the various grades of disobedience, were fines, confiscations,

stripes, banishment, imprisonment and death. But to go back to England, Charles found himself sorely pressed by two fanatical parties. The Presbyterians of Scotland and England, or that party in the Church which always chafed under the government of bishops, and the Independents, a new party who were followers of Cromwell. In his extremity after several reverses in battle, he threw himself into the hands of the Scots—Covenanters—who wishing to throw the responsibility of regicide on the Cromwell party, sold the King to the Cromwell party for £400,000. Charles was willing to concede everything to save his life—save the government of the church by bishops. In the meantime the Presbyterian confession of faith had been compiled. And after the death of Charles, Cromwell had what he called the *directory* established for public worship, where it was ordered there should be forms of prayer for every occasion of public worship, except a short prayer from the speaker himself before sermon, and the historian observes—"he never availed himself of it, but always used a form."

Nelly—Now, Aunt, you have told me the origin of the Methodists, the Puritans, the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians. Can you tell me the origin of the Baptists?

Aunt Mary—Each of the above named parties have divided into a great many sects and are still subdividing. The Baptist has also divided into a great many sects. I think the first Baptist I ever read of, was one Meno, in the time of Luther, in Germany. He denounced all-infant baptism, and as is usual, still thought immersion only was baptism. At the same time was guilty of great extravagance in conduct, inso-much that Luther came out of his hiding place to preach against this *new sect*. The next I read of them, is one hundred years after, called Brownists, from one Brown; and I believe Bunyon was one, but I am not sure. Most of these sects were *revolutionists*, hence we read of their *imprisonment*. But in America they originated with one Roger Williams in the early settlement of New England; he and several of his associates, had been baptised in their infancy in the Church of England, and they concluded it was no baptism, neither

could they find a minister who had ever been immersed, to baptise them, so they immersed each other, and for this act they were banished to the State of Rhode Island, where *toleration* first became *popular*. Since I read the above history, fifty years ago, a sect of Baptists, has superseded nearly all the old Baptists. I was acquainted with the first disciple Alexander Campbell ever made. I knew him in Texas in 1830. He was raised in San Antonio, and some American traveler took a fancy to him at thirteen years of age, and took him to Bethany, Virginia, to teach him English, and the art of printing. He soon forgot his native tongue. He remained with Mr. Campbell seven years, and had so forgotten his native language, that he had to have an interpreter to understand his mother's letters, and was so disappointed with his relations, after an absence of seven years, not being able to talk with them, he came to San Fillipe, where I was visiting, and insisted on going with us to Matagorda, eighty miles. We traveled in the night, and so used was he to look out for Indians, he fancied each bunch of bushes was covering the retreat of some Indians, who were trying to waylay us. I supposed it was from the early habits of the country, San Antonio being constantly infested with Indians. He told us he expected to publish a Protestant paper, and that he expected to be a preacher. We tried to find out what he believed. He believed in *immersion*, but as to his faith, his sect did not believe in *any creed*; and so, as he was a candidate for the *priesthood*, we asked him to have prayers. My husband, being a Baptist, invited him. I noticed he paid no attention to Sunday, but took great delight in hunting and fishing on that day. He had a very nice volume of the New Testament, translated by Mr. Campbell in modern language, many words different, especially the word baptize was immersion. I admired his book, his name in gold leaf on the back in full, Joseph Maria de Jesus de Carrabahal. I did not know then, that to admire an article was the same as asking for it, and so he made me a present of Alexander Campbell's New Testament. I never saw him again, but the next I heard from him, he was an officer in a military organization,

and had married a very wealthy Mexican's daughter, whom Mr. Wightman had recommended and was acquainted with. So time passed on in the early years of my living in Indiana. All the Baptists of Connersville, were Campbellites—they called themselves Disciples, and then Reformers, and at last Christians, and the sects here seem to think it all right, as much as to say, the rest are *not* christians. The first one I heard preach, he said but little besides abusing the Church of England, but said his people had got along without ordination, but for *his* part *he* believed in *ordination*. I went to a show of animals in this place and a big man and a big woman were in a side show. I asked the man where he was born. He said Jerusalem; that he was a Bedonin Arab. I asked what all the bunches of silver medals meant, he had strung about his neck? he said badges for military services he had rendered in different countries, and then naming the countries, showed me one from Joseph Maria de Jesus de Carrabahal; I enquired his age and found it was my friend, but never a preacher, but a general. I see by Baker's *Scrap Book*, he suffered in a Mexican prison for being concerned in Texas Independence, but is now dead, only last fall. The said Testament was sent to me from Western New York, where it had laid for fifty years. I had the pleasure of showing it to a Christian preacher lately, and I told him I thought I knew more about his church than *he* did; he very meekly said, he supposed I did; I told him how I found the church on the coast of Texas fifty years ago. I am told he was pleased with the interview, and said he intended to call again. No matter who you converse with, the different sects have strown their poison broadcast. I noticed in Hitchcock's Bible, seven pages occupied by the names of different sects, all called *Church*. Each original sect multiplied, until they hardly bear any resemblance to the original name, and I think some of the more modern, outdo the *Ancient* sects—"Holiness Society," Salvation Army," "Dunkards," "Sin to Wear Buttons," etc., etc.

Nelly—Now, Aunt, I would like to have you tell me something of your own history, of your childhood and youth.

Aunt Mary—I was born in Herkimer county, New York, July 3d, 1807. My parents were New England born, but raised in Eastern New York. My father's name was John Hutchinson Sherwood; he married, before he was twenty-one years of age, Janet Henderson, before she was nineteen. My father was born in Berkshire, Mass., my mother in Bennington, Vt. When I lived with them I had an opportunity to learn about their forefathers, but had no curiosity until it was too late, and then I had a great desire to know all about them. I find the name Henderson in almost every State, town and county, and have never met with any one who could tell me why, or who was so prominent as to perpetuate the name. I know, however, that it is a Scottish name. My grandfather and one brother were left orphans early in the last century, and the brother was taken by some family that went to a Southern State, and that was all he ever knew of him. The Henderson's, to the third generation of my mother's family, in New York State, are all very intelligent men. The first medical college in Herkimer county was founded by two of her brothers. My father lost his father when quite a small lad. He was born in Massachusetts June, 1775. His mother was born June 3d, 1776. The Sherwoods were from England. We read of "Sherwood Forest," etc. Two or three of my father's brothers were interested in Sarsfield "Medical College." Said college was famous for more than fifty years, till the great Professor Willoughby died, when other colleges superseded it—Geneva, of New York, and Willoughby of Ohio. The buildings were of wood and went to decay, but I think Herkimer is still a seat of learning. One of my brothers, born in 1798, left home from Steuben county, New York, the 2d day of November, 1818, to study medicine at Tamfred Academy. He never returned, but died in June, 1821, leaving a great many writings showing that he was a very precocious youth. I am the only one alive now that ever saw him. I am in hopes to have his memoirs published. My father bought a farm in Seneca county, in 1812. I remember when he was called up in the night to meet the enemy on the Canada line. He did not serve at

that time, but, in 1814, he served on the lines through the winter months and left this brother, only sixteen years old, to see to the family—mother and nine children—and found time to teach a private school, besides providing wood, by chopping it, till my father returned, when peace was made, in 1815. The winter of my brother's death I was the pupil of the man who, in 1828, became my husband. Little did I dream or think of such a thing as ever having a husband. He was born in 1792, so he was my senior some sixteen years. He was a graduate, I think, of this Herkimer seminary, and a very precocious youth. An only son, he had embarked in the mercantile business before the war of 1812, when only at the age of nineteen or twenty, and of course, when peace came they found themselves insolvent, and so he joined his father on a farm, a few miles from my father's, and taught our district school. English grammar was never taught at that time in common schools; but Mr. Wightman persuaded my father to let me study it, and promised to put me through in four weeks. He gave me much praise, and spent some time in teaching me Class Elocution. My older sisters got no praise in that direction, but complained to my mother that Mr. Wightman was teaching me to declaim just like a boy, in imitation of his own declamations in elocution. He was not happy, tied down in a country place, quite new and uncultivated, and often said he intended to go west and make his fortune. For three or four years his family reported to us where he was, but for the last three years when he had been absent six years not the least intelligence came. The day I was sixteen years of age, old Mrs. Wightman called at our house to inquire if she could procure my services to teach a private school for her grandchildren, having heard her son say that I was competent. She complained that there was no enterprise in the district trustees. I had not supposed for a moment that I was old enough to assume the responsibility of the woman, but so it was. I taught a small school in a private room in the Wightman mansion. Before I was seventeen I was invited to teach a grammar school in the same room as some young ladies, ten or fifteen years my

seniors, had taught school, and intended to teach again, but had never had an opportunity of learning English grammar. The Wightmans told that their son had said I could teach grammar just as well as he could himself. So I taught these ladies and several granddaughters and grandsons of the Wightmans. One of these ladies was a member of the Presbyterian church, whose minister I had walked a long mile to hear preach, but had never made his acquaintance, though I took in all he said and remembered it all to my sorrow. The following summer said minister sought my acquaintance, to teach his district school in the country. His lady member had bragged of what a good grammarian I had taught her to be. Hence, he had sought my acquaintance, for he had never had any teacher in grammar. All this time my associates were my seniors, and as my father was a farmer with six daughters, I saw very plainly I could not depend on him for support. At that time no ornamental or fancy work could be bought in the store. I had learned to embroider at school, at eight years of age. I took up painting in water-colors. I never spent an idle moment. I was taught to spin and weave, and put in all my time, when not teaching, with my needle and my paint brush. As all the farmers among whom I taught had woolen rolls from their own sheep, I soon earned enough to make a long piece of flannel, and so manufactured cloth for sale. So I only enjoyed with my family without making expense for my father. My first interview with my old teacher is told in these Scraps in Chapter I., written for the *Clarendon News*, in 1878, as well as my strange life in Texas. In 1841 we sold out in Texas, so as to make a change of climate, to try to improve Mr. W.'s health. We exchanged for property in Covington, New York. We arrived in August, 1841. He died on October 26th, the anniversary of our wedding day, just thirteen years before. Another strange coincidence; all the years of my childhood and youth, I had a vague presentiment that I should not spend my days among the hills and beautiful valleys and lakes of Western New York. I was sure I had never seen the man I would marry. All my associates were persons

greatly my *seniors*, hence I hoped to learn by their experience, so I got the name of being *scornful* to my old school-mates. When I was about fifteen, a missionary of the Episcopal Church, by the name of Hopkins, had Divine service in our district schoolhouse. Some ladies came in a cutter ten miles and drove themselves, it being good sleighing, and did the *responding*. I remember he gave out a hymn from a Methodist book, to accommodate the congregation. Our school-teacher who became a baptist preacher a short time afterwards, gave a lecture denouncing the doctrine and usage of the missionary and said most emphatically that no prayer was ever answered that was not inspired, as it was expressed extempore. I had never read or thought on the subject, but he being my teacher, I was wont to believe all he said. Our teacher was full of the Calvinist *doctrine of election*, and so I was in hopes it would some day be made manifest that I was one of the *elect*, and as all my associates were of these doctrines, I was always in a way to be confirmed in the belief. Again, in the spring of 1828, I went to a select school in the village of Hammond's Port, taught by a baptist preacher. A missionary from Bath, the county seat, ten miles distant, came and held service and baptised some children; he also brought out some ladies to respond and sing the chaunts, which appeared to me to be very artistic. None of the congregation joined them. The next day we came to a halt in lessons. All the forenoon was occupied in denouncing the heresy of the Episcopalians; none of us were able to defend the missionary, and so time passed. In the following fall of 1828, I started with a colony of sixty persons for Texas, and had no more preaching or theology, save what I found on the Gulf beach.

ESSAYS.

ON REVERENCE.

The present generation in this country can hardly form an idea of the meaning of the word *reverence*, as compared with our ancestors, and I am sorry to say that each generation, but surely, gradually approaches to that state of human affairs, where the want of reverence is not only telling in the family, but in the church and state. There is a wrong somewhere, and the trouble is to find the remedy, that so little heed is given to the admonition of parents, teachers guardians and all that are in authority. The child who has no reverence for the authority of the parents, of course, will have none for teachers and is in a poor frame to be taught; hence so few ripe scholars at the present day, compared with their opportunity. This want of reverence, fosters self-conceit in the young, and excludes a teachable spirit—in their opinion the aged are below par. To be young is to be *honorable*. To be *old dishonorable*. How different the teachings of Divine Revelation; and how different the teachings of Ancient History. Even in some countries now, we are led to admire the reverence of the young to their superiors. That man is in a poor frame to honor the Supreme Being that has no reverence for his fellow men, especially none for his elders and superiors, and hence “The way of Zion mourn and none come to her holy feasts.” And lastly this want of reverence, is destroying the bulwarks of the State. It causes wickedness in high places; pulling down all that are in authority; unworthy characters rising to the surface in the political caldron, while the worthy modest man is left in a small minority, and if anarchy ever prevail over our Republic and beloved country, the prime cause will be the want of the grace of Reverence.

INTEMPERANCE:

ITS CAUSE AND ITS CURE.

The good book says, "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Much has been said and done in the cause of temperance, and yet the evil grows. Does it not become us, as one experiment after another fails, to seek the cause? Where there is responsibility, there is always corresponding power. This is conceded by all, we take for granted, both in the civil and military departments of state, and in the family. The good old times, when children honored and obeyed their parents are passed away; when they honored and obeyed the civil authority, has passed away. Time was when no youth was ashamed to give an account to his parents of all his absent time. Both love and duty prompted him to do so. Time was when to honor the civil authority, was to be a good and loyal citizen. Now young America is ashamed to brook a father's advice, and a father is in despair, as far as anything *he* can do to reform a wayward son, and calls on society at large to come out and stop the *nuisance* that is tempting him. If a son will not regard the commands and entreaties of a parent, what will he care for popular opinion? Each parent has his own work to do, and not that of his neighbor or that of the public.

The home education is the cause of all this evil in our sons, and the home education should be the cure. When we unhappily discover anything wrong in our children, we should take it for granted, that there has been something wrong in their *home* training. We grant example has much to do, but when we discover that the majority do not honor parental authority, and of course no other, we must conclude that matters are growing worse. It is well known by all who have traveled in foreign countries, that the United States are peculiar in this particular; that in other coun-

tries the very first principles of all that is good, whether we look at the family, the church, or the state, is implicit obedience and reverence to parents, as the foundation of every right principle; and the finger of scorn is pointed, and the youth is forever disgraced, who would dare to disobey his parents—so as to disobey his command or even wishes. So marked the difference of *ours* and other countries, as to the deportment of youth. They tell me the respect of parents almost amounts to worship in good society in the old countries, and never fails to astonish the American—showing he is not used to it. So I will do my little might in pointing out the *cause* and the *cure* of the dissipation of our youth in this place. There is a special command in the bible to fathers, “To command their sons,” and if they will not do it and that *all* the time from their earliest infancy, they can hope for little by calling on the public.

1869.

MARY S. HELM.

WHO MADE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH?

In the year 1851, when our first bishop had sent his first missionary to Connersville, several families of the church had just settled here, and one man of the Lutheran denomination, whose wife was a church woman, and who took an active part in the church Sunday school, but still knew nothing about the church and the denominations, as ignorant of the church as they could possibly be; partly to tantalize, and partly to learn something—I required this man to tell them who made the Episcopal Church? and so he came to me with the questions which he could not answer. I answered him with the following questions:

1. Is the church of God a human or a Divine institution?
2. If divine, has man a right to *change* it, or has man a right to *divide* it?

3. And when so divided, is each division a church ?
4. What church on earth is the most like the primitive ?
5. What was the church like before the Bishop of Rome claimed universal power in the dark ages ?
6. Who had the promise of being the witness and keeper of the truth ?
7. Was the Christian church even then, more corrupt than the Jewish ?
8. Did the Reformation in the sixteenth century seek to reform the church of divine authority, that ignorance and superstition had gradually brought in, or did they make a new church ?
9. Who were the Martyrs ?
10. Where was the church before the rise of each sect ?
11. Was the faith once delivered to the Saints a specified belief, or was it left to each individual to search out a belief according to his private judgment ?
12. And the leader of such system forming a society, is such a society a church ?
13. Can there be anything *new* in religion ?
14. Would it not be likely to make infidels, for christians to deny church history ?
15. If we admit history, is not her voice unanimous in declaring the truth of the Apostolic succession ?
16. Does not history declare that in all countries, each bishop and their church declare the succession of the Apostles, and that all religious history and the Bible, and the Liturgy of the primitive churches, were preserved in the religious houses when the barbarians destroyed everything else—said they respected the God of the christians, and only persecuted the christians because they would not also respect their gods ?
17. Does any one pretend to say the church was lost in the dark ages on account of the ignorance of the people ?
18. What, but the revival of letters and the art of printing, convinced the reformers of the necessity of a reformation, and that they had gradually departed from the primitive pattern ?

19. And was it not literally demonstrated, that the church was the witness and the keeper of the truth ?

20. Does any one deny history, then why deny sacred history, especially when confirmed by profane ?

21. Finally, is the truth to be compromised ?

22. Does not the Scripture represent anti-Christ as somehow connecting with the church—as sitting in the Temple of God. And did not the Romans pass most of the anti-christian tenets in the sixteenth century ?

23. To meet in the Council of Trent, where she ordered most of her anathemas ?

24. Does it not appear evident that reforming the old is not making a church ?

25. Consequently must she not exist under all kinds of civil government, and submit to the powers that be, even under the heathen rulers ?

26. And if the state see fit as in England, to support the church, is it wrong to submit ?

27. Did it not take all the power of both church and State to throw off the tyranny of Rome in England, in the time of Henry VIII ?

28. Has the church changed one iota since that time ?

29. Does not the most learned of all denominations say the Church of England is the bulwark of the Reformation ?

NOTE—The original had fifty answers to the question who made the Episcopal Church ?

SCRAPS;

THE RESULT OF THEOLOGY FOUND ON THE COAST
OF TEXAS.

.. WHAT CAN I DO? "

NO. I.

He that said, "Arise and walk," gave the power to walk; and though man has gone very far from original righteousness, and is not of himself able to do works pleasing to God, yet the germ of love is implanted in his nature and will, by Divine aid, assist the meek and humble inquirer to grow so as to live in the element of love, which is the sum and substance of all law and duty, for love and charity "thinketh no evil, suffereth long, and is kind;" it fulfills the law and the prophets, by doing "unto others as we would have them do unto us;" it breathes a prayer to its great Author for every human being in distress. On all the works of the first great cause of all things it supplicates a blessing. In every state: *first* in the family, where the affections are cultivated, being of Divine institution, love is the grand element; in the church, where holiness is prominent, love to God and man is the sum and substance of piety; in the State, where justice is taught, love for law and order recognizes the powers that be as ordained *by God*. Hence the school of love, as taught by the family, the Church and the State—all being Divine institutions—we may hope will be a prominent means to teach each one and enable him, not in theory only, but in practice, to answer the question, "What can I do?"

“WHAT CAN I DO?”

NO. 2.

As a member of a family, I can do my duty “in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me”; here in particular the affections are cultivated; here is the hallowed spot revered in the book of memory for all future time;—

Here the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Here the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

Here woman, by her unostentatious and hallowed influence, reigns pre-eminently. She may not preside in Church or State, but she trains the hand that ministers in the one and guides in the other. Here the devoted wife and affectionate mother, the gentle sister and obedient, confiding daughter, exerts a conservative influence on all within the sacred precincts; here the devoted husband and father does more by precept and example than all the schools of philosophy to soften the heart, restore the wayward, or reclaim the erring; here the brother and son is in his true element, where no substitute could fill the vacuum of an inquiring and affectionate mind; here is the nursery for the State, and here the nursery for the Church, as the Church is the nursery for heaven.

“WHAT CAN I DO?”

NO. 3.

In No. 1, we commented on love being the sum and substance of all duty; and that the family, the Church and the State were schools for love, by Divine appointment. In No. 2, we considered woman's sphere and the hallowed influence

of the home relations--the family. In this, No. 3, we propose to consider the claims of that Divine society called the Church. Mankind, in all ages of the world, has had a longing for a brotherhood; hence the fraternities, of whatever name, have their origin in the feeling of the necessity for this *brotherhood*; showing a desire for a something they have not by nature. They all have for their object some good to be derived from their mutual aid and concert, for which only human aid and sympathy are promised. Whereas the society of Divine appointment has the promise of Divine aid, and not only promises all the good of those of human origin, but it becomes to the humble believer a school where we are taught our true relations to God and man; where we are shown the exalted state man is capable of in this sacred brotherhood; a continued brotherhood from the creation to the end of time is what the Church calls "the communion of saints." He that would be true to his family must have but one family. He that would be true and loyal to the State must not swear allegiance to any other state, or try to raise a rival government within its bounds; so he that would be true to that society of Divine appointment must not substitute another in its stead.

“WHAT CAN I DO?”

NO. 4.

Having considered the family and the Church as Divine institutions, we propose a few remarks on our duty to the State. And here we go back to the family and the Church to prepare us for good citizens. Would we be loyal and true, honoring and obeying the civil authorities, we would hardly be so if not properly trained and guided by the teachings of the family and the Church. If to a heathen prince, it was commanded to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, surely it cannot be the teachings of true christianity that will talk of resisting the powers that be. The Church teaches

“to honor and obey the civil authority,” and to carry ourselves lowly and reverently, to submit ourselves to all our governors and teachers, and to do all things calculated to make peace and happiness, religion and piety in a nation; in great contrast with a popular teacher, who recommended cannon balls and Sharp’s rifles from a place *called a pulpit*.

RECAPITULATION.

THOUGHTS ON FAMILY, CHURCH AND STATE.

God has given us three institutions: The Family; the Church; the State. The duties of each harmonize and commend themselves to our instincts and our reason. Mankind longs for a brotherhood and for society. Each state has its own peculiar duties. First, the family; where the boundaries that separate it from its neighbors are not geographical but confidential; where the freest speech and mutual interchange of thought is supposed to be sacred from outside ears; where no locks or keys are necessary; where jokes are taken for what they are worth; where thoughts are spoken without reserve; where the interest of one is the interest of all. And if death breaks up a family, and a new one be assumed, still the obligations of the new family are the same, if not all that makes home lovely is gone. What a miserable substitute for a home is a place simply to eat and sleep; such a place only fosters selfishness and isolation.

Thus much for the assumed family. In the first family, angels were the witnesses and God the priest; hence the Divinity of the institution, and hence the blessing of the ungodly, as we often see. Who has not been surprised at the number of happy marriages considering the depravity and disparity of the subjects. Here begin the new relations and new duties, and generally new responsibilities—all for our happiness, all fulfilling the Divine behest. Where the happy pair become interested in wide and universal benevolence;

interested in the very foundation, the very nursery of Church and State; become one of a compact, of a society, of a *brotherhood*. He was a stranger before; but a new interest has opened before a new and coming generation, where a woman has the honored office to train and guide the mind that is a candidate for immortality, may be for an office in the church or state, or both. What higher right can a woman desire? These obligations she may not delegate to another, but they may be delegated to her in case of a mother's death. The family should always be the *nursery* for the church, as the church is for heaven. The family should all be made members of the church before they know how to choose the good or reject the evil, and then taught to "live according to that beginning." "The church is the keeper of the truth." The Ethiopians had the bible, but must needs be guided by an officer of the church. Without the church you have no guarantee against being "carried about with every wind of doctrine;" like being at sea without chart or compass, some favorable breeze might send us to a friendly port, but where is the certainty? We *need* all the help that God has given us. How could we prove the Divinity of the scriptures without the church, or be able to reject all the vague and wild interpretations of fanatics or anti-christian doctrines. The bible compares christian baptism to Noah's ark, as *sared by water*. Mankind longs for a brotherhood, and God has given the family, the church, and the state. The duties blend, all based on love and wisdom, and all *Divine*; hence the foundation, the family being right, all is right; and here is work for woman. In many places the Bible compares the neglect of duty to divine institutions, to breach of trust in the family, and want of loyalty in the state. As the state requires loyalty and allegiance from each citizen, so the church cannot owe allegiance to all religious sects, for it is on account of its divine origin only, that we love and honor it; and they that forsake the church, the Bible compares to an unfaithful wife. So I think the analogy of the duties of these Divine institutions holds good in all its duties. All these organizations are *visible*, that can

be *seen* and known. There is not now an *invisibile* church, any more than an *invisible* family, or an invisible nation. As families and nations become extinct in certain localities, so unfaithful churches in certain nations are removed, and their places, like the nations trampled down by false religions, without destroying the church universal, however, which has the promise for all time as the "witness and keeper of the truth." These thoughts are the result of twenty-seven years study and observation. In my isolated situation, I appreciate the blessing of the family, the church and the state as divine, though abused.

MARY S. HELM.

NOTE—Written before our late war.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

DECEMBER 23d, 1869.

All the so-called churches are, and have been having a protracted meeting. They have put out hand bills like a circus, thus—" \$1,500,000 money can buy it," and quoting scripture as though they were the vicegerents of Christ. These hand bills are all over town, and on each side of the Methodist church door. Ed. Claypool has offered a reward of five dollars to any one who will inform him who stuck it on the bank building. I think it a good way to make infidels. Young people do not know how to separate the absurdities from the truth, and the chance is, they will learn to despise all religion, and have no reverence for God or man. These sudden conversions are always spurious. We might see it from analogy, if the scriptures were silent; but they are *not* silent—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear;" as it is, the blind lead the blind. While we have suffering poor on all sides, last Sunday they raised \$40 *for the negro* in the South!

CONNERSVILLE, November 12th, 1852.

* * * * She seems convinced, but what good will the truth do us, if we do not make personal application of it.

Will it not be as it was with the Pharisees who "rejected the counsel of God against themselves *not being baptised.*" Are not God's ordinances and ministry on earth," instead of Christ's *personal presence*? What is something *visible*? as we have *bodies* as well as souls, do we not require something material and visible, and has not the great head of the church provided it? Has he not provided a *living* ministry? Can it be now strongly proven? Do they not stand in *Christ's stead*, praying us to be reconciled to God? Are we put here as spectators, to see others experiment and make new societies, and call them churches, and talk of the invisible church while they scorn the one divinely instituted? Will you virtually take sides with those scorers and reject the council of God against yourself by not being baptised? Let me tell you that there is not one promise in the whole scriptures for the *unbaptised*. It is true—we are told "not to forbid" those that "follow not with the Apostles," but we are not told to follow them ourselves, a great lesson to be learnt thereby—that we should love and respect those that follow Christ after the best of their knowledge and forbid them not. But who would not say that it is not safer to follow *with* the Apostles? Enlightened as you are, you are only safe to follow Christ in the Apostolic succession. You do not say, or even think you will not follow him. He has not promised to bless you, as long as you reject his baptismal rite—it is not a vain thing to belong to God's family. He requires faith and repentance, both of which you have now as much as you ever will have. You have as much life as the unborn infant has, but still you are not "*born of water.*" The being born of *water* gives you claim to new promises, puts you in a new position, hence it is *compared* to birth (but the child did have life before, but a great *change* takes place at birth, puts him in a new state, has new claims, new relations); and again, the church is called Christ's bride, there is little meaning to a few words of a marriage ceremony, but what a change of relations, of state, what ties, what claims, we knew nothing of before. Our case is materially changed by a few words. Again, this rite is the seal of the covenant, or bar-

gain. Now what written instrument is good for anything without a signature.

God sees fit to *covenant* with his rebellious children; his conditions are simple and easy, "his yoke is easy and burden light." I never fully comprehended the use and meaning of the ordinances until I studied them in the book of common prayer. How true it is that the church is the witness and keeper of the truth. The bible after that, had a meaning in her ordinances. You are of age, you are responsible, you have no husband to oppose you, you are under no particular obligation to ask the advice of even your parents, for you know they err from their early tradition and education. You must obey God rather than man. He has promised to be with his apostolic church till the end of time, and he has promised to be nowhere else. Go then, in the way of his own appointment, and say, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." He will bless his own appointed means. Use all the means of grace that the church, as nursing mother under the Divine head, has provided. Try to get rid of the teaching of your whole life. Give up the idea of an *invisible* church on earth or an *invisible* baptism, if you reject *water* baptism. "Except ye be born of water and the spirit, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." We know there is no virtue in water, but *He* that *commanded* it, pleased to make an *outward* sign of inward grace. Is he not able to bless his own appointed means? First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. We have no right to look for miracles. Try to get rid of the notion of once in grace always in grace; the enemy of souls never set a more dangerous trap. It is always safe to inquire how the church always has believed on the great questions of theology, for at the Reformation they had the means of knowing what the primitive church believed, and you know they did not make a *new* church in the sixteenth century, but went to the old one; and every great verity of the christian faith, was fairly recorded by apostolic men, and even in the darkest ages, not one great verity was denied by the majority, but much was *added* to the faith by means of ignorance and superstition, which called for reformation

as soon as the revival of letters made it manifest, which work was not done by *one* man, or one *set* of men, but gradually as the people were able to bear it.

ON MUSIC.

TO A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR WHO REFUSED TO SING.

NO. 1.

Did you ever read of the one in the bible who buried his talent? Then why be so reluctant to use that talent denied to so many? Little do we appreciate our blessings while we enjoy them. When my heart has been sad, or when joyful, how I have envied the voice that could find vent in song of prayer or praise. It is truly said "Music is the language of Heaven." Could you appreciate your own talent as I do, you would most thankfully and joyfully and confidently lend your aid not only for the congregation, but to raise your own devotion to the Being in whom we live and move and have our being, and thus find your reward in the very act that lends its aid to the devotion of others. Don't be afraid of *repetition*, the same tune is not *exhausted* because it was sung the Sunday before. On the contrary we learn to love it *better*. It is the beauty and the glory of the church, that its services are always *new* and never *inappropriate*, as long as we have the same wants, like our daily sustenance, it is always required; and of many things the more we partake, the more necessary it seems to become in its use. A thousand associations cluster around these ancient forms of *sound words*, which never lose their fervor by repetition, while they have lent their aid and been the medium of prayer and praise for saints and martyrs of the church for generations, while it is in fact and truth, an epitome of doctrine left to us from those that have passed from the church *militant* to the church *triumphant*. All these services were

sung and are to this day sung in many churches. Can you imagine such service without feeling that we are akin to angels, that we were created to enjoy a higher, a holier state of existence; and what higher aspirations can we aspire to, than to cultivate a foretaste for such enjoyments by singing God's praise in his earthly sanctuary? That what is so plainly your duty may become your pleasure, is the sincere prayer of your friend,

MARY S. HELM.

ON MUSIC.

TO A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR WHO REFUSED TO SING.

NO. 2.

I addressed you on the subject of singing from the spiritual and religious point of view. I now propose to address you from a *worldly* point merely; though it is hard to disconnect a subject of duty, so self-evident as *obedience to parents* and a decent respect for friends, from religion. Certainly it would come under the head of good morals, which is always embraced by religion; be that as it may, I feel inclined to have a friendly chat with you on paper. Far better would it be for the church in this place, if the public did not know that your father had good singers in his family; but knowing it, as they do, they feel like leaving their own church, when the family of the clergyman refuse to do what they can. It shows a great want of reverence and perseverance in more ways than one.

One of the ordination vows is, that the candidate shall promise to make the "lives of his family wholesome examples of the flock of Christ." You hurt the cause of the church when you refuse to obey your parents, which every one knows you must do, if you did not *own* as much, yourself. You have freely sung yourself into reputation by your good voice. Your absence or silence when present makes us all feel that something is wrong somewhere. Outsiders would naturally think and believe there had been some offense

given, thus indirectly injuring others beside yourself. It is too late to say that you are *too bashful* or *timid*, because five minutes acquaintance would convince any one to the contrary. You of course are not always *indisposed* at church hours, and ready to go anywhere else at other hours. We do not ask you to play, neither should you do so till you can read notes, and far be it from me to blame you for being embarrassed on such occasions; but your voice is worth all the others put together, and I cannot help but think that you act like a spoiled child when you refuse the easy boon of doing what you can, with all the drawbacks of our small choir and poor congregation, surrounded as it is with criticism and those that would delight to make the church and all connected with it a failure; and no one thing contributes more to that end, than the very course you are taking. Miss — is under no obligation to play for us, neither have we a right to expect other denominations to leave their own meetings to sing for us, as they have, and I venture to predict that the time will come, when all outside help will fail, if you persist in ignoring the plainest principles of duty and expediency. I care not how talented or good a clergyman may be, his children may hurt his usefulness, if they do not unite by all the means in their power to aid the good cause, as the blessed Saviour said of himself—"he that is not with me, is against me." The members of a fraternity can do more harm by their indifference than an *open enemy*. To rise to the feet at proper places is good manners at all times. Common sense directs that we stand to praise, stand when we declare what we believe, as if we were ready to defend it as a *soldier* of Christ, as we are supposed to be, if we have been baptised unto him. A soldier when on drill is always on his *feet*. Time was when to say the creed as we do, was a test of martyrdom—hence the comparison of a *soldier* to be *brave* and not *afraid to stand* in token of our *courage*. Common sense teaches the very *heathen to bow* in time of prayer, even to the *idols*; and shall we not do as much in this christian land, and especially those that are supposed to be "examples to the flock of Christ?" No one lives for himself

alone, even in a worldly point of view (which alone, I proposed to discuss). Good policy dictates a mutual courtesy and kindness, did we think of nothing beyond the good things of this world. Then, what madness to ignore that talent that *costs* you nothing to use, and the neglect of which is a "*desideratum*" greatly to be deplored in the usefulness and well being of your own parent, individually, as well as the *cause which he represents*.

MARY S. HELM.

LETTER TO GOD'S CHILDREN.

WRITTEN IN 1854.^o

My Dear Little Girls:—It was a very solemn promise and vow I made in your name when you were baptised. I want you all to read in the prayer book the baptismal service, that will instruct you in more ways than one. It would be a great sin in me if I did not insist on your learning the creed, the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, and then I want you to consider the first promise I made for you, that you should renounce the devil and all his works. You know that all wickedness is the work of the devil, and when you strive to be good girls, gentle and obedient to your parents and others that are over you, and when above all things you speak the truth, even if by so doing you expose some of your own faults, you are renouncing the works of the devil. And whenever you are disobedient and insolent to your parents and superiors, or should you ever be tempted to tell a falsehood to hide some fault or gain some advantage, then you are doing the work of the devil, which I promised you should renounce. I promised you should renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world. And whenever you think more of a little girl because she is dressed better, or because she has the good things of the world in abundance, you break that promise. And when you want those good things so that others may love you for the sake of your fine clothes, you break the promise I made, when I said "with all the

covetous desires of the same and the sinful lusts of the flesh." When I promised you should renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, all deceit was embraced; that we should not pretend to be any better than we are; and while it denounces the vain show of dress, it requires that we should keep decent at all times, and that little girl who obeys her parents and does her duty in all things, will not be apt to do otherwise—but that little girl who disobeys her mother, and goes abroad and gets into wild company, and is rude, and soils and tears her clothes, joins ill-manners with ill-feeling and ill-looks; she hears ill-language, she witnesses anger, hatred and malice; she is provoked perhaps by ill-treatment and is tempted to return evil for evil, and thus do the work of the devil, which she should renounce. When I promised all this in your name, I knew you could not do so without God's help; so I promised you should learn the Lord's prayer, so that you might call on him every day in the very words that our Saviour gave us, and told us to say when we pray to him. That prayer means a great deal more than you might think, and if you will try to understand each word and each sentence, you will find it asks for all that we need to keep God's holy will and commandments. Try to think of the meaning of each word always when you say it, and God will help you to keep his holy will and commandment for Jesus Christ's sake, "who redeemed you and all mankind," by the "Holy Ghost who sanctifieth you and all the people of God."

Now, my dear little girls, remember that every one has to learn all they know, that we even have to learn to talk, and we must also learn what to believe. I promised that you should learn to believe all the articles of the christian faith contained in the Apostles creed, and when you get older I will give you the reason why the creed is to be believed. Now you are too young to have a reason for everything it is your duty to do. I suppose you obey your mother, and believe all she says without a reason. I suppose your teacher does always give you a reason why you should believe what she teaches you. You are now in God's family, the church.

The church was made by God to teach and train his children so that they may learn their duty in this world as well as to become fit for Heaven when they die, and that is one reason why the church takes young children. It is God's school to teach them his ways. I promised to call on you to hear sermons, and "to learn all things that a christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." I am very glad to see that you behave so much better in church than you used to do, or than many others do now. You should always try to understand all the services and take a part in them, and if you try, you will soon get so that you will understand the sermon and then you will not be tempted to look around and have your mind on something else. Remember the school is not in the place of the church God made to teach old and young the way to do their duty and teach them the way to live with Him in Heaven, and so is Divine. When you recite the creed you say you believe in the Holy Catholic Church—Catholic, because universal and orthodox, and holy because it is the faith of the Bible, and so is for all time. But the Sunday School was made by man to help the minister teach the catechism, because the minister has not time to teach each one separately. The teachers have no authority to teach the meaning of everything in the Bible. That authority was given the minister, when he was ordained; hence the necessity of children attending sermons which I promised to call on you to do, and you are now a member of God's family, and should join public worship. The Bible says "out of the mouths of babes thou hast ordained." The catechism of the prayer book, explains the ordinance ordained by Christ himself. So I hope you will not put the school in the place of the Church. I notice many baptised children go to the school that seldom go to church, and most of people do not require it of their children. This is all wrong. Remember the church is *God's own* appointed way. In old times ministers catechised the children in church, and I think it is the best way for them; grown people that know nothing about the church will have a chance to learn. Your baptism will do you no good, if you ignore your part of the bargain, for

that is the means. We are free agents and you can accept of the bargain that I found for you—that you learn all that a christian ought to believe according to that beginning.

MARY HELM.

VETERANS OF TEXAS.

CONNERSVILLE, April 14th, 1880.

To the Veterans of Texas—Greeting: Again, I am with you in spirit. Forty-five years have not effaced from my memory the stirring times of 1835-6, when more lives were jeopardized by the hardship of leaving comfortable homes, without animals to carry the infirm, the sick, and the helpless, and the absolute necessities of life, than fell by the sword of the enemy. When groceries had to be left behind to make room for breadstuffs; when despair was on every face; when no communication was kept up between the fleeing multitude and our weak army—themselves refugees in the wilderness in the then Brazos bottoms; and even the few who essayed to fortify at the mouth of the Brazos, had a suspicion that the army had been annihilated. So supreme was the suspicion, that the steam of the only boat was kept up when all but seven had gone to try and find the so-called army. My former husband, E. R. Wightman, was among the seven with one cannon to defend the steamboat, in which some had essayed to make their escape, when the match was lit to fire the cannon, which demonstration caused the boat to return to its moorings, and thus matters stood a few days, when the news of the battle of San Jacinto changed the face of everything. This suspense to know the true state of things was more painful than defeat, especially to those in the so-called fort. General Fillelota, who headed the retreating Mexican army, had to write and publish a pamphlet to defend himself, and it was translated into English. He stated that his spies had discovered that there were 500 American soldiers at the mouth of the Brazos, and it was not safe to make an attack. This I read myself after

my husband's story, as told to me as above. Of course no blame can be attached to our feeble army, when it is remembered that many of them had to return to their families, long distances, to help them to a place of protection, even to the eastern border of the State, where I was myself, and where such a multitude as might be compared to the Israelites when fleeing before Pharaoh's hosts. To add to our consternation, false reports greeted us that the Indians from the north would attack us, Mexicans on the west, water south and east, which made it seem more like our Hebrew brethren's retreat, only we lacked the Moses. Our negro servants were our protectors, for very few able-bodied white men were to be seen, but all kinds of conveyance, with poverty and want and despair on all sides, and thus we opened an *empire* to civilization and christianity, which was born of blood and suffering. Will future generations remember and be thankful for this blessed land, the glory of all lands. And when you cease to get your annual greeting, you may know that one more veteran has passed to the promised land and been gathered to her fathers.

MARY S. HELM.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS ON THE CHURCH.

Theory, reason, and experience convinced me of the superiority of the unpopular church. For, if we dispute the *unanimous* history of the church in its *purest* and best ages, we have no way to prove the *Divinity* of the *Bible*; for we prove both by the *enemies* as well as *friends* of religion. But the shortest way to support self-made churches is to *deny* history. No one disputes the history of Greece, or Rome, or England, that they kept the line of their kings or Presidents, or that they were capable of keeping a correct and truthful history with every transaction important to their validity or vitality; and we know that the Church for 1500 years considered the Episcopacy important in its *pure succession*, both for validity and vitality, and I might add

legality also; for there never was a time when they had it not. And as it was always guarded by having these consecrators, there could be no danger of losing the succession. Imagine twelve strands to a rope (as there were twelve apostles), multiplying by three for 1852 years, the same rope into so many strands, is a thing impossible, or even improbable; and that is the much despised succession. I feel disturbed that the boys will not read our small book. I feel in one sense of the word, that it is not a vain thing I ask them to do, that it is their life, not that it, or the church will save their souls, but will any one pretend to say there is no difference between truth and error? If our premises are wrong, deductions are wrong, and one error begets another, until we are brought to the necessity of denying history, and then there is but one step to infidelity. Whoever wrote to prove christianity, that did not use history largely, and that as ancient as christianity itself? One truth gained is worth all the speculations and probabilities and assertions of all the blind leaders of the blind, that ever unwittingly enlisted blindfolded (with false promises) under the banner of error and schism. I would ask them, can you disprove a mathematical demonstration? Neither can they disprove what I knew they would accept as important for their own well being if they would read and hear the witness, in behalf of that church, which is called Christ's "body," "bride," which is *precious*, being bought with his *blood*. If we would be loyal citizens of our country, how could we better show a *treason* to that country than to go and set up a rival government, within a government. But men do this sometimes and improve the government; so they may if they can, for men make governments in all ages and all countries; but not so the Church. God made the Church and He never changes it, only by new revelations as in the time of Adam, Abraham, Moses and Christ, and in 1st chapter of Acts, 2d verse, we see that the Apostles carried it out. Human laws or canons about the polity of the Church, I admit, men may change to suit different governments and ages of time; but the spiritual, doctrinal, positive institution men *cannot change* with-

out sin: for they did not emanate from man, and it is not in his province to make changes in them, and because this doctrine is insisted on, hence all the odium heaped on those that see God in history, and love the Church because it was made only by Him, and is a Divine and not human institution.

TO A CHURCHWOMAN WHOSE CHILDREN HAD JOINED THE METHODISTS.

Dear Friend: Your letter has just been received, and it is with emotions of pleasure that I hasten to answer it. My niece had written to me that *her* name was on the Methodist class-book, and I had replied, which I presume she has received before this. She has read too much to be anything else but an Episcopalian. The teachings of her whole life, namely, that the *feelings* and *excitements* are the rules by which we should be governed, is now the great error that keeps her from the "old paths." She may see it eventually. I know how hard it is to give up an old error, one that we have received by *tradition*, which, perhaps, is the surest way to take deep root in the human heart; hence the necessity of putting the truth before the young, and nothing but the truth, and when that has full possession, there is no room for error. I would have them rooted and grounded in the faith once delivered to the saints. I would have no *new* gospel, no new measure, no self-constituted body whose prayers are to prevail at an "*anxious bench*," though they might call on Him whom St. Paul preached. I would say to them, "Jesus I know and Paul I know but who art thou?" St. John says, "Who is anti-Christ but he who denieth both the Father and the Son?" Now, I think, by that rule I can prove that the Methodists are anti-Christ. For Christ says to his Apostles (and in speaking to them he speaks to their successors through all time), "He that despiseth me despiseth Him that sent me;" so I think it a plain case that all that reject the Apostolic succession are anti-Christ by de-

spising the Apostolic office. Yet I would not have you think that I condemn those that I know know no better, only I think it safe to search and see. It is not safe to take shelter too much in our ignorance; for, remember that those who crucified the Savior, and all who gave their voice against him, though they had the scriptures which told of him, yet were ignorant that it was he, and now the great majority are ignorant of *His* church although they, like the Jews, have the scriptures that tell them that his Church is one called "His body," "His bride." In vain do the scriptures say, "Mark those that cause division and avoid them." In vain do they say, "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" again, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?" I might ask, is Wesley crucified for them? Alas, poor Wesley! he has to father all of their sect, heresy and schism, when he again and again exhorted them not to leave God's church, and told them, if they did, they were no followers of his; that he feared that if they ever forsook the Church of God, He would forsake them; and on his dying bed he said, "Bless the Church!" It is true he helped to form a society to aid the Church, but never, no never, did he dream of substituting it for the Church. But when he found that some of the would-be-"some" in this society had fondly dreamed of making a schism, he labored hard to prevent it. He published a tract from time to time, giving some twenty reasons why they should not leave the Church (and, bear in mind, he always said *the Church*,) and from these views he never changed. And, as some of the fruits of dissent, I have heard, and every one else has heard from the Methodist pulpits, that Wesley was their *venerable founder*. Now, I cannot see that a falsehood is any the less a falsehood for being reiterated in a place called a pulpit. But such miserable shifts are resorted to for an excuse for schism; and what would it avail if it were true? could one man or one set of uninspired men make a church? It does seem to me the strangest thing that any one can be found to accept of such logic. I could fill a dozen pages to prove how false are the fruits of such dissent. I could prove it by the *Christian Advocate*, a Meth-

odist organ which the General Conference is responsible for and appoints its editor, which is full of falsehoods (I can prove what I say). I could prove the fruits of the system by enumerating the losses I have sustained in pecuniary matters (for be it remembered, I have been cheated out of thousands of dollars by one who thought he was converted on his knees by hearing a negro woman pray,) by one who was decidedly a "shouting Methodist," one who was sent for in the dead of night to pray with the dying, and one who would go into the country and "get up a revival," and in the meanwhile cheat the widow and the orphan. I could most emphatically prove their fruit by their hatred of God's church. My dear friend, let me say to you that nothing, in my humble opinion, can make amends for the *mischiefs of dissent*; it makes followers boasters, proud, self-righteous; they are wedded to their respective errors and not afraid to speak evil of dignitaries. My apology for this is, for Zion's sake, I will not hold my peace.

MRS. MARY HELM.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO A METHODIST.

MARCH 6th, 1853.

My Dear Niece:

* * * * Arguments in your behalf present themselves on all occasions and in all places. Even in church to-day, is in great contrast to your Methodist mode of worship. Now hear some of them. Why was it that the Ark of the Lord was so much cared for? even in those times when a visible manifestation might have been expected. And again, when in the most reasonable attitude, and with humble voice, we confessed that "we had done those things that we ought not to have done," I felt that "God was not in the whirlwind" but in the "still small voice;" and when repeating the doxology, I felt the reasonableness of such praise, after the authoritative pronouncement of "forgiveness of sins to

all that truly repent." after repeating the form given by Christ himself. And when we read the psalms for the day, knowing they were written more than 3000 years ago for public worship, and always continued to this day, both by Jews and Christians, I could feel the force of the praise and prayer "said or sung" with the "spirit and the understanding also," and so apply it to myself as common prayer, without making myself conspicuous (as talking in meeting). Knowing the psalms have constantly been thus used all the long ages of both Jews and Christians, till sect and schism had substituted inventions of their own in public worship, ending with doxology, thus acknowledging the Trinity, and I could not but think those Unitarians, so numerous among all those who have renounced the church, would not have done so, if they had kept in the "old paths." And then my attention was directed to the wisdom of the Church's ecclesiastical year. This being the season of Lent, a chapter of the Old Testament pointed to the sufferings of Christ and the New Testament showed the fulfillment of that prophecy, while between the lessons we recite the Te Deum, where the creed is acknowledged in song, to be "said or sung." Tradition says that this beautiful hymn was composed by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine—the latter of these eminent fathers, after having been long bewildered by the errors of a sect took up his abode in the city, of which the venerable Ambrose was the bishop. Moved by his preaching, and at length converted by his powerful arguments, sought baptism at his hands. Some writers report that the hymn was the spontaneous effusion of these holy men, as they were proceeding in solemn procession to the font; others say, Pliny had reference to this hymn, when he reported to the Emperor, that the "Christians rise before day and sing a hymn to Christ as God." The book of common prayer rightly divides the word of truth—each Sunday has its lessons appropriate to the day and division of the Church's year, and thus taking in the whole counsel of God, by "rightly dividing the word of truth"—the words of sound doctrine. The Apostles' creed is said standing, because we are soldiers

of Christ, and soldiers stand when on drill. There should be no spectators, for it is "*common worship*." It was when praying to Baal, that the prophet told them to cry aloud for he might be *asleep*. In the litany there is not a word or want that is not embraced. No affliction, but can find vent for his burdened heart. We pray to be delivered from heresy and schism—from those who are in error and are deceived; for all that are distressed in mind, body or estate. I hope the books I have sent you, have the tendency to restrain you from warming up your devotions by "strange fires."

Be it remembered that if you go with the multitude, under some circumstances you might be a *Papist* or even a *Mohammedan*, without looking into the reason, history and evidence of things. There is a way to find out about all these things, but the Methodist system is such, they are bound to remain ignorant; they are made to believe and feel that they are more holy than others, not by their fruits, but by their *feelings*, and why, say they, should they examine any further, "Their religion is good enough for them." Then again, lest they should have a little leisure to look into the history of all that has gone before, they are required to spend all the time that can possibly be spared from their daily vocations in attending the various meetings—class, prayer, quarterly, protracted—sometimes for eight weeks. And should a young man wish to read in order to become a preacher, they chalk out his work from month to month, with such poison as to confirm every erroneous notion he has imbibed from his former teaching. I have had a Methodist preacher a tenant in part of my house for one year, and have had many a talk with him, showing me all the catalogue of books that they are required to read and remember. One book was Lord King, denouncing the Apostolic succession, and there they stop, while history shows that Lord King became convinced to the contrary, and gave an ecclesiastical living to the man who wrote against his book. History shows that John Wesley was not always of one mind. I will give you some historical facts about Mr. John Wesley at some other time, also a copy of Dr. Coke's application to our first bishops for

Episcopal ordination, promising them that all the men he had ordained, should be ordained again by *our Bishops*, if they would make *him* Bishop. Bishops in the church never nominate themselves, and when he could not become a lawful bishop, he went to England and applied to Mr. Wilberforce to be made bishop for the East Indies, and requested not to make known his request if it failed of being accomplished, but after Mr. Wilberforce's death the letter was found among his papers.

You write you are convinced that the "Episcopal Church was the first and true Church from which all other churches sprang," and that you felt disgusted at the flimsy arguments of which you are constantly hearing. You seem to think, by such an expression, that all these sects are churches. Now, you know that each thing in nature brings forth after its kind, both vegetable and animal. And we find that this same "True Church" is compared to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. You remember the "blade, the ear and the full corn in the ear." Again, a "seed becoming a great tree," and again, it is compared to a "living body." Now, we know that a part of the human body cannot be separated and live, much more propagate itself. So your separatist cannot be a part of that "one body," neither do they pretend it, but claim their authority from their "inward feelings." You say you are alone in your sentiments, with none to sympathize with you. Do you not expect to pass the dark valley and shadow of death *alone*? In a matter of eternal interest must you look around to see whether a positive and Divine institution is going to be popular? Our christian charter gives us no such *promise*; but, on the contrary, it says: "Man's foes are of his own house," and "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake." Next you become satisfied that the Church believed that baptism is *conversion*. So because you cannot understand a doctrine of the Church, or, in other words, because a Church clergyman could not understand your notions of excitement, they forsooth do not believe in conversion. To know what the Church does believe, read your prayer-book, founded by the

“noble Army of Martyrs,” of whom the world was not worthy, ages on ages before the modern inventions of anxious benches were thought of, and you must bear in mind that in the Dark Ages they did not so much take from the liturgy as add to, which our Reformers of the fifteenth century corrected. How do you know how much you might have been blessed had you been “born of water” through God’s own authorized ambassador? Forget your teaching and read your Bible—what it means by being born of water and the spirit—water first. Read my letters on the subject and the Baptismal service and Bible lessons in connection, which I have quoted at length in full in former letters, sometimes called “The Washing of Regeneration,” “Saved by Baptism,” “Arise and be Baptised and Wash Away thy Sins.” Since I wrote the above I have read the Methodist Discipline, and there I find the doctrine for which I am contending. I always knew that the Presbyterian Confession of Faith acknowledged it. I can find it in every theological book I ever read, no matter by whom written. Over fifty years ago, I remember hearing two Methodist ministers talking on the subject (for I was often called to their part of the house when I had one for a tenant). One said to the other: “Have you noticed that in old times they understood baptism different from what we do now?” I took the liberty to reply that, there is one church that never changes, and referred them to Clark’s Commentary on the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, in Titus iii., 5th verse. They read but made no reply. I repeat it, that your notions and that of your cotemporaries are younger than the Methodist Discipline, younger than the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, younger than the Lutheran Concordance, younger than all that wrote prior to the nineteenth century. Hence, Baptism is compared to birth, which puts the subject into new privileges he had not had before, yet had life.

“A few kind words of faith and pray’r,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth’s children never knew.”

Then, again, Marriage is compared to Christ and the Church

and the Bible calls it a "Mystery." The Church is compared to the bride and Christ the bridegroom; also, compared to a living body, Christ the head; to a house; to a tree. You know these emblems of the Church show it cannot be divided and live; hence, but one Church by these comparisons. Rather than save man by any means outside the Church, even an angel could not tell Cornelius, but sends St. Peter, and at St. Paul's conversion, the Lord only says "I am Jesus," and sends Ananias to tell him what to do, viz.: "Arise and wash away thy sins" (water first), and he that instituted the ordinance blessed it, and Paul received his sight. Thus the Bible calls it "baptismal regeneration," yet St. Paul says "I keep my body under, lest after preaching to others I myself might be a castaway." So the Church teaches this earthly state is a state of probation, which the Methodists also believe. Our blessed Saviour calls baptism "being born of the water and the spirit," placing water first. St. Paul calls it "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," placing the water first. In another place he says: "They that have been baptised unto Christ have put on Christ," when baptism is named first. And we read that: "The Pharisees rejected the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptised." And if we had nothing but St. Peter's sermon, in Acts, chap. ii., one would think it sufficient for all practical purposes, to-wit: "Repent and be baptised every one for the remission of sins (water first) and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you and your children and to all that are afar off." "And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Do not expect a mysterious change at once; the Divine influence is compared to the wind. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whither it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit." Divine grace is also compared to the vegetable kingdom: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." And remember "The Church is the ground and pillar of the truth."

MARY S. HELM.

LETTER TO A BAPTIST SISTER.

WRITTEN IN 1851.

* * * * * You write: "We differ in religious sentiment as widely as the territory that separates us."

Now, did it never occur to you that your sentiments might have been the result of your early teachings by those who themselves were very ignorant and those who never availed themselves of the help of the christian fathers in the interpretation of the scriptures in the earliest and purest ages, when the disciples of the Apostles were still living? and all along in the ages of persecution, when to be a christian was to be a martyr—long ages before the Bishop of Rome assumed *temporal power*. You play into the hands of the Roman Church when you ignore the christian fathers. Truth will always bear investigation; to ignore the truth of history strengthens the Roman belief, who argue that the *end justifies* the means. Hence that large book by a Roman priest called "The End of Controversy," misrepresenting history, and none of the modern sects knew any better—for instance, our old school teacher long before I learned about the church from literature thrown by the waves of the ocean on the coast of Texas. He told me that his prejudice against the Roman Catholics had entirely given way by reading Millman's "End of Controversy." I found it not safe to read only *one* side of history, after I found I had been wrongly informed so many times on different subjects, and so I became doubtful on almost everything I had learned in my school days: and as I always had time to read and not much taste for society, I made it a business to review many things I had learned in childhood and youth, whereas you had the care of children, and if you had desired it, you had not the right kind of books to show you the other side of the story, and thus tradition became *law and truth* to you. But to my story. An old gentleman from New York came to live in this place,

and his life had been cheered by the consolation of the worship and teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At that time we had no clergyman here and he sought the society of church people. He always brought me something to read, among the rest three large volumes of an answer to Millman's "End of Controversy," by our venerable presiding Bishop, Hopkins, long since gone to rest, but I had made his acquaintance by reading church papers for years, and so I was prepared to accept *all* that he said, and would you believe it, he took the whole book of Millman's and reviewed each historical quotation, showing that the great majority of Millman's quotations were wrong, one sided and calculated to deceive the common reader, and so the one volume of Millman, was enlarged into three by Hopkins. I take it that in this age of ours, no one is left to themselves to form an opinion of the Church and duty, but a system is taught them by the so-called preachers and this teaching has its influence in shaping our views as we read the bible. Never did I cease to be tormented with the Calvinistic doctrine of election, till I had the blessing of the church in holy baptism. "He that doeth my will shall know the doctrine," and then the doctrine "Once in grace, always in grace," as your sect believes and I once thought was so, as well as Calvinistic election; and all the while I was waiting for a miraculous conversion as being taught by those that taught that hard doctrine of election. After I was willing to take the teaching of the church, I was troubled no more, only taught to keep my body under, "to do to all men as I would they should do to me," and I found that St. Paul was afraid he might be a castaway after teaching others. Thus I learned by the church that all christians are on *probation*, and that the church service is so rich in instruction that it is really a comment on the bible. And the more I learn about the Liturgy, the more I admire it, for I find the very first liturgy extant was by St. James, who was the presiding Bishop of Jerusalem, who pronounced his judgment on the first council held in Jerusalem. You remember the subject about the Jews requiring the laws of Moses, see

chapter xv of Acts, especially 19th verse, showing that James presided. I have an account in an old history of the Eastern Christians, how politics had separated nations for several centuries, and it was found by travelers that each nation had the same Liturgy, said to be given and made by St. James, which proved to be exactly alike, and so it is found that all ancient christendom had always had forms of worship. Buchanan who was the first traveler that explored the East after the discovery by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, found a copy of St. Thomas' Liturgy. I will write you what one of the reformers on the continent says about the Puritans in the time of Cromwell.

I have read more church history since I saw you than I ever read before, and the more I read the more I am convinced of the cause of indifference as stated above, and also of the dishonesty of the different sects and parties. For instance, it has always been kept from you and most of people in this country that since the reformation, all the Protestants ignored a form of prayer or liturgy for some one hundred and fifty years, so said by those sects. The Greek and Eastern churches, they do not speak of, because every one knows they were never under the dominion of the Bishop of Rome, and always have and do yet, "use the Ancient Liturgy without the idolatry and superstition of Rome. I was always taught to believe that only a few of the reformers used forms of prayer, and that Cromwell, and the Long Parliament and Puritan parties, pretended to *imitate* their brethren on the continent, by ignoring the Liturgy of the English Church (whose descendants were the Puritans). You know the Presbyterians always claimed John Knox—now hear what he wrote in 1574, just twenty years after the power of the Pope was abolished in England, by the united effort of Church and State, for it took both to do it.

Knox says, God gave such strength to that Rev. Father in God, "Thomas Cranmer, to cut the knots of devilish superstition," etc., etc. And in 1566 he says, "We can speak with truth whomsoever we offend, there is no realm where the sacrament is in like purity; for all the others, how sincere

soever the doctrine be that by some is taught, retain in their churches and in the members thereof, some footsteps of anti-Christ and dregs of popery. But we, all praise to God, have nothing within our churches that ever flowed from that man of sin." Bishops, therefore, was not Popery in the mind of Knox. And again 1559, he wrote from Geneva, from which place and occasion he should have condemned Episcopacy, if he did not believe in it—hear what he says: "Let no man be charged in preaching of Christ above that a man may do, I mean that your Bishoprics (we would say dioceses) be so divided, that of every one, as there is now, for the most part be made ten—that so in every city and great town there may be placed a godly learned man, with so many joined with him for preaching and instruction as shall be thought sufficient for the bounds of his charge." Knox was not only for retaining bishops, but for multiplying them. But in 1641, in Cromwell's time, all the above and much more was left out of the "London Edition." The Parliament under Charles I., a short time previous to the revolution, abolished the prayer book and substituted in its place what they called "The Directory to be observed in all the churches within this Kingdom." Be it observed by what follows, that they did not carry their opinions as far as their descendants in the nineteenth century who enjoined the minister to read the scriptures in public, and prohibited him from expounding till he had got done. They published *forms* before and after sermons. They prescribed rules for the management of sermons. They enjoined some other forms for the occasion—such as matrimony, visitation of the sick, fasting and thanksgiving, and recommended the use of the Lord's Prayer. Their descendants, however, have thrown off every restraint, have to some extent banished the public reading of the scriptures, abolished the public use of the Lord's Prayer. [Note—Not so much now as fifty years ago]. I recollect when I was a young girl, the son of a church clergyman, asked the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, why his father never used the Lord's Prayer? The answer was, "he could pray *better*;" he but made the extempore gift the all

in all. Thus the enlightened piety of America in the nineteenth century has outrun in the course of its extravagance, the maddest faction of the maddest age of English history. The piety of the old Puritans had so much regard for decency as to clothe itself in a few *scanty forms*. That of their descendants in America has attained to the perfection of *nudity*. The Puritans boasted of their agreement with Reformed Churches on the continent, and it has been echoed by their descendants from that time to this; how true, however, we shall show. "Let all the world know," says Derrell, himself a minister of a Reformed Church on the continent, "that there never was, nor is yet, any one Reformed Church on the continent, that has only a *directory* and not a *book of common prayer* for the public worship of God." "I do not speak this," he adds, "only by conjecture, for I have either used these set forms myself, being a minister, or have seen them in print, translated into Latin from the several languages, or I have been so informed by divers members of their churches upon my enquiring." The writer then gives a list of the names of those writers who have acknowledged the same, "one of whom," says he, "one hundred and forty years ago when the separation was made from Rome, and the church people coming out of Babylon cast off the Pope's tyranny, and purged the same of superstition and idolatry"—and all such things as were burdensome and had contributed little or nothing towards the edification of the Church. Accordingly in several places *set forms* and holy liturgies were framed and instituted. Those simple and pure, then enumerating all the reformed churches of Europe, differing as little as possible from the ancient set form of the primitive Church. These set forms have hitherto met with happiness and profit, each of them in their several nations and districts, till very lately there sprang up in England a morose, scrupulous, fastidious and superstitious generation, who have thought for many reasons, and those very *light* and almost of no *account* at all, not only to blame, but to wholly abrogate and abolish the liturgy used hitherto in their churches, together with the whole hierarchical govern-

ment of their Bishops, and substituted for the liturgy their "Directory," as they call it. This may suffice to show us what the Reformed Churches thought of dissenters. But it may be asked, were all of the Reformed Churches obliged to use their forms? Hear what Derrell says—"I was above eight years a minister in one of said churches, and though my occasions have called me into most of the provinces, and I have been present in several of their synods, I am certain that I have used always their set forms, not only because I was willing to do so, but because I was bound to it by their injunction. I have seen other ministers do the same, and I am sure it is imposed on every one of them to do the same. And if every one of them should happen to be so unwise, or so peevish as to blame and reject them, or so self-convinced with his extemporaneous gift of prayer as to presume to begin divine service with extemporaneous compositions, or other kind of prayer of an *hour long*, instead of that short one (confession of sins) which they use always, and no other to begin with, as it would not be suffered." He then gives an instance of a minister being subjected to discipline for not rehearsing the *creed* after morning prayer. The only part of the services for which no form is presented, is the short prayer before the sermon, but he adds, "the clergy never availed themselves of this discretion, but each had a form written by himself and strictly adhering to it without change or variety." Indeed the rejection of the National Liturgy in England, excited general surprise on the continent. "I am surprised to learn," says an eminent continental divine, "that some are found in England, that are wholly averse to any set form of liturgy to be uniformly observed throughout the kingdom. Among us it is nowhere admitted to reject the use of the liturgy which was made by Calvin." History informs us that in the days of Queen Elizabeth, a Roman spy by the name of Cummings assures the Pope that his spiritual prayers (public extempore), had taken so much with the people, that the Church of England was become as odious as the mass, whereupon the Pope gave him two hundred ducats." That was the first time that

such prayers were ever used in public, but it took one hundred and fifty years to abolish the Prayer Book by law, and then they gave some scanty forms in its place. In twenty years, however, it was restored again, and has undergone no change since in its spiritual parts, as the preface will show.

Calvin and his co-workers advocated Episcopacy, and Calvin wrote to the Duke who was Lord Protector of England during the minority of Edward VI., to obtain Episcopal consecration, as they could not get it at home, but one of the Pope's emissaries intercepted the letter, and Calvin supposed an insult intended because he did not get an answer, and made a virtue of necessity, and now his descendants stoutly fight Episcopacy, and it has to be fairly on the defensive in this nineteenth century. But you will see by the workings of all those systems that have thrown it off by reading those books I send you.

MARY S. HELM.

SCRAPS OF THEOLOGY

FOUND ON THE COAST OF TEXAS.

JOHN WESLEY'S TRACT.

[REASONS FOR NOT LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.]

[Mr. John Wesley had the following tract published in all his circuit from time to time in the various provinces where he had established the lay preachers, and never would permit them to hold service at the same hour as the Church service and at no time to administer the sacraments.]

1. Because it would be a contradiction of the solemn declaration which we have made in all manner of ways—in preaching, in print and in private conversation.

2. Because on this as well as on many other accounts, it would give huge occasion of offence to those who seek and desire occasion, to all the enemies of God's truth.

3. Because it would exceedingly prejudice against us many who fear, yea, who love God, and thereby hinder their receiving so much, perhaps any further benefit from our preaching.

4. Because it would hinder multitudes of those who neither fear nor love God from hearing us at all.

5. Because it would be throwing balls of wild-fire among those that are now quiet in the land. We are sweetly united together in love. We mostly speak and think the same thing.

But this would give occasion for inconceivable strife and contention between those who left and those that remained—nay, between those very persons who remain who are inclined one way or the other.

6. Because to form the plan of a new church would require infinite time and care which might be far more profitably bestowed, with much more wisdom and greater depth and extensiveness of thought than any of us are masters of.

7. Because from some having barely entertained a distant thought of this, evil fruits have already followed; such a prejudice against the clergy in general and aptness to believe ill of them; contempt, not without disguise of bitterness, of clergymen as such, and a sharpness of language towards the whole order entirely unbecoming either gentlemen or christians.

8. Because we have melancholy instances of this, even before our eyes. Many have, in our memory, left the Church and formed themselves into distinct bodies, and certainly some of them from a persuasion that they could do God more service. But have any separatists ever prospered? Have they been more holy or more useful than they were before?

9. Because by such a separation we shall not only throw away the peculiar glory God has given us, that we do and suffer all things for our brethren's sake, though the more we love the less we be loved, but should act in direct contradiction to that very end to which we believe God has raised us up.

10. Because the chief design of His providence, we believe, in sending us out, is undoubtedly to quicken our brethren; and the first message of all our preachers is to the "lost sheep of the Church of England." Now, would it not be a fatal contradiction to this design to separate from the Church? These things being considered (we cannot apprehend whether it be lawful or not) that it is unlawful to us, were it only on this ground, that it is by no means *expedient*.

11. It has indeed been objected that till we do separate

we cannot be a compact, united body. You mean by that expression a body distinct from all others, and we have no desire to be so.

12. We took upon ourselves, not as the authors and ring-leaders of a particular sect or party; it is farthest from our thoughts; but messengers of God to those who are christians in name but heathen in practice and life, to call them back to that from which they have fallen to real genuine christianity.

13. We look upon the clergy as part of our brethren, but as that part whom God by His adorable providence has called to be watchmen over the rest, for whom, therefore, they are to give a strict account. If these men neglect their important charge; if they do not watch over them with all their power, they will be of all men the most miserable, and so are entitled to our deepest compassion; so that to feel and, much more, to express either contempt or bitterness towards them betrays an utter ignorance yourselves of the spirit we especially should be of.

14. Might it not be a prudential rule for every Methodist preacher not to frequent any dissenting meetings? though we blame none who have always been accustomed to it. But if we do this, certainly our people will. Now this is exactly separating from the Church. If, therefore, it is at least not expedient, neither is this expedient.

15. Indeed we may attend our assembly and the Church, too, because they are at different hours; but we cannot attend both the meetings and the Church if they are at the same hours.

16. If it be said: "But at the Church we are fed with chaff, whereas at the meetings we have wholesome food." We answer: First, the prayers of the Church are not chaff, they are substantial food for any that are alive to God; second, the Lord's Supper is not chaff, but wholesome food for all who have pure and upright hearts.

17. Yea, in almost all the sermons we hear many great

and important truths, and whoever has a spiritual discernment may easily separate the chaff from the wheat therein. How little is the case mended at the meetings?

18. Either the preachers are new-lights men denying the Lord that bought them and overturning His gospel from the very foundation, or they are predestinarians, and so preach predestination or final perseverance, more or less.

19. If we continue in the Church, not by chance or want of thought but upon solid and well-weighed reasons, then we should never speak contemptuously of the Church or of anything pertaining to the Church. In some sense it is the mother of all who have been brought up therein.

20. In order to cut off all jealousies and suspicion from our friends and hope from our enemies, or of our having a desire to separate from the Church, it would be well for every Methodist preacher who has no scruples concerning it to attend the service of the Church as often as conveniently he can.

21. And the more we attend the more we love it, as constant experience shows; on the contrary, the longer we abstain from it the less desire we have to attend it.

COMMUNICATED.

Some years ago, when the celebrated converted Jew, Dr. Joseph Woeff was traveling among the nations of the east, he was puzzled to answer the inquiries of those who wished to know by what authority he preached the gospel. "This question," he says, "'What Bishop sent you out?' was addressed to me by the great Bogas, the late Patriarch of the Armenian nation at Constantinople; the great Hermes, Archbishop of the Armenian nation at Tiflis; and by the whole body of bishops at Ptsah Miazin, the celebrated convent at the pool of Mount Ararat; by the Syrian Patriarch in Mesopotamia by the Coptic bishops; by the Greek patriarch at

Constantinople; and by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Bagdad. When I replied to them, 'my internal voice sent me forth,' the answer I received was, 'Moses heard the voice of God on Mount Horeb, but God himself deemed it to be necessary to endow him with the gift of miracles [Ex. viii.], in order that Pharaoh might be forced to acknowledge him as the extraordinary ambassador; and the ordinary ministers of God, the Levites, had to receive their commission from Moses; and Christ made the same provision in his Church. He imparted the gift of miracles to the Apostles, in sending them forth; but they instituted bishops by the laying on of hands, and charged them to follow up that manner in constituting ministers.'"—[Titus i. 5.]

"If you, Joseph Woeff, are an extraordinary minister, prove it by miracles; if an ordinary one, who laid hands on you? Your internal voice is evidence to you, not to us."

Dr. Woeff adds: "The very fact that all the eastern churches, without one single exception, have bishops, priests and deacons, and the very fact that the Presbyterian church is unknown, is to me a sufficient proof that Episcopacy is of Divine origin, and that the doctrine of Apostolic succession is a scriptural doctrine."

I have alluded to this striking incident in the life of Dr. Woeff as having a bearing on something which happened during the career of Bishop White. According to the rules of the Church, which have been handed down from the beginning, none but bishops can ordain: and, therefore, those who claim to be bishops, or priests, or deacons, all must be able to show from what Bishop their authority has been derived. When the Rev. John Wesley, who was a priest of the Church of England, began that great work of reviving the slumbering energies of the Church, which at last ended in the departure of his followers from the true fold, under the name of Methodists, he had no idea that such a deplorable separation would be the result.

At a late period of his life, he sent out two preachers to America to look after the welfare of Methodism in this great

country, and, from the nature of their offices, were called superintendents. He knew that he, being only a presbyter, could not make them bishops, and they were well aware of it themselves.

These two preachers, Coke and Asbury, accordingly came over as plain superintendents; but after awhile they began to allow themselves to be addressed as bishops, although they had just as much right to lay claim to be kings or emperors. When Mr. Wesley heard of all this, he was much astonished, and wrote to Mr. Asbury after this manner:

“In one point, my dear brother, I am afraid both the doctor and you differ from me. I study to be *little*, you study to be *great*, I *creep*, you *strut* along. I found a *school*, you a *college*. Nay, and call it after your own names. Oh, beware! Do not seek to be something! Let me be nothing and Christ be all in all.

“One instance of this, your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you—how dare you—suffer yourself to be called *Bishop*? I shudder! I start at the very thought! Men may call me a *knave*, or a *fool*, a *rascal*, a *scoundrel*, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop! For my sake, for God’s sake, for Christ’s sake, put a full end to this! Let the Presbyterians do what they please, but let the Methodists know their calling better.” This was in 1788. [Life of Bishop White, by Dr. Norton, pp. 108–111.

Dr. Coke, in 1791, wrote a letter to Bishop White, seeking a union with the American Church for the Methodists, and adding his testimony to Mr. Wesley’s against a separation. And in 1813 Dr. Coke wrote a most importunate letter to the distinguished William Wilberforce, begging him to use his influence to have him appointed Bishop to India.

Since Dr. Coke sought Episcopal consecration from the American Bishops, and from the English Bishops, he could not have considered himself already a bishop. And having failed in both applications, he never was a bishop. Mr. Wesley, so far from thinking himself a bishop, would not even allow anyone to address him in that title, and as he lived and died

a presbyter of the Church of England, how can there be any bishops in the Methodist denomination? And without a bishop, there is no church, according to the testimony of the early Fathers.

Q. E. D.

Mr. Charles Wesley says :

“I think myself bound in duty to add my testimony to my brother’s. His twelve reasons against our ever separating from the Church of England are mine also. I subscribe to them with all my heart. Only with regard to the first, I am quite clear, that it is neither expedient or **LAWFUL** for me to separate. And I never had the least inclination or temptation so to do. My affection for the Church is as strong as ever; and I clearly see my calling, which is to live and die in her communion. This, therefore, I am determined to do, the Lord being my helper.—**CHARLES WESLEY.**” [Wesley’s Works. Y. Y.; Waugh & Mason, 1832. Vol. VII., pp. 293-8.

Twenty years after, in 1778, he says in a letter :

“The original Methodists were all of the Church of England; and the more awakened they were, the more zealous they adhered to it in every point, both of doctrine and discipline. Hence we inserted in the first rules of our society: ‘They that leave the Church leave us.’ And this we did, not as a point of prudence, *but as a point of conscience.* * * * I, myself, find more life in the Church prayers than in any formal extempore prayers of dissenters. Nay, I find more profit in sermons on either good tempers, or good works, than in what are vulgarly called gospel sermons. That term has now become a mere cant word. I wish none of our society would use it. It has no determinate meaning. Let but a pert self-sufficient animal, that has neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ, or his blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out, ‘What a fine gospel sermon!’ Surely, the Methodists have not so learned Christ.” [Wesley’s Works, Vol. VII., p. 242.]

Both the Wesleys and Coke were presbyters of the Church of England, professedly devoted to her cause. To be a Methodist was not to leave the church; none of them ever dreamed of such a thing; but the elder Wesley had been a missionary in America, and he took on *himself* to alter the book of Common Prayer for the use of the Church of England in America, and the church clergy sent missionaries from England, whose oath of allegiance prevented them from joining the army in this country and they were glad to return to England, so that when Wesley sent his fellow-laborer, Coke, to the country, our church folks were at that very time asking ordination for our first Bishop, but politics prevented it, and so he went to Scotland and got consecrated. All this took time, and Coke came over as superintendent of the church in the States, where he found a church without a minister. The church always requires a consecrator. Coke was dissatisfied with his office. So as soon as we had our new Bishop, Coke applies for ordination; but remember that Bishops never nominate themselves.

EXTRACTS FROM DOCTOR COKE'S LETTER TO BISHOPS WHITE AND SEABURY.

RICHMOND, April 24th, 1791.

To Bishop White—Right Reverend Sir: Permit me to introduce a letter on your time, upon a subject of great importance. You I believe are aware that I was brought up in the Church of England, and have been ordained a Presbyterian of that church. For many years I was prejudiced even, I think, to bigotry in favor of it, but through a variety of causes or incidents, which would be tedious or useless to mention my mind was exceedingly biased on the other side of the question. In consequence of this, I am not sure but I went farther in the separation of our church in America, than Mr. Wesley, from whom I received my commission, did

intend. He did indeed solemnly invest me as far as he had a right so to do with Episcopal authority, but did not intend, I think, that an entire separation should take place. He being pressed by our friends on this side the water for ministers to administer the sacraments, (there being no clergy of the Church of England then in the States), went further than he would have gone if he had foreseen some events which followed. And this I am certain of, that he is now sorry for the separation. But what can be done for a reunion, which I much wish for? And to accomplish which, Mr. Wesley, I have no doubt, would use his influence to the utmost. The affection of a very considerable number of the preachers, and most of the people are very strong towards him, notwithstanding the excessive ill-usage he received from a few.

My interest also is not small, and both his and mine would readily be used to the utmost to accomplish that, to us, very desirable object, if a readiness were shown by the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal to receive and reinstate.

After some statistical statements showing the numerical strength he could bring out of schism, by the measure he proposed, and attending to some objections which he fears might thwart his wishes. "My desire of a reunion is so sincere and earnest, that these difficulties almost make me tremble. And yet something must be done before the death of Mr. Wesley, otherwise I shall despair of success, for though my influence among the Methodists in these States as well as in England, I doubt not, is increasing, yet Mr. Asbury whose influence I know is very capital, will not easily comply, nay I know he will be exceedingly averse to it. In Europe where some steps had been taken tending to a separation, all is at an end. Mr. Wesley is a determined enemy of it, and I have lately borne an open and successful testimony against it. Shall I be favored with a private interview with you in Philadelphia? In the meantime permit me with great respect to subscribe myself, right reverend sir,

Your obedient servant in Christ,

THOMAS COKE.

NOTE.—Mr. Wesley died the March before, but so slow was communication that they had not heard of it in America.

DOCTOR COKE'S LETTER TO SEABURY.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14th, 1791.

Right Reverend Father in God—Bishop Seabury—Right Reverend Sir: From your well known character, I am going to open my mind to you on a subject of great importance. Being educated a member of the Church of England from my earliest infancy; being ordained of that church, and having taken the degrees in arts and two degrees in civil law in the University of Oxford, I am almost a bigot in its favor. When I first joined that great and good man, John Wesley, which is fourteen years ago, and for five or six years after my union with Mr. Wesley, I remained fixed in my attachment to the Church of England. But afterwards for many reasons, which it would be tedious and useless to mention, I changed my sentiments and promoted a separation from it as far as my influence reached. Within these two years, I am come back again; my love for the Church of England has returned. I think I am attached to it on a ground much more rational, and consequently much less likely to be shaken than formerly. I have many a time run into error, but to be ashamed of confessing my error, when convinced of it, has now been one of my defects. Therefore, when I was fully convinced of my error, in the steps I took to bring about a separation from the Church of England, in Europe, I delivered before a congregation of about 3000 people in our largest chapel in Dublin, on a Sunday evening after preaching an exhortation, which in fact, amounted to a recantation of my error. Some time afterwards I repeated the same in our largest chapel in London, and in several other parts of England and Ireland, I have reason to believe that my proceedings in this respect have given a death blow to all the hopes of a separation which may exist in the minds of any in those Kingdoms. On the same principle I most cordially wish for a reunion of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these

United States. The object is of vast magnitude." Then after giving some statistical accounts of the society, and of the importance of their numbers to the church, he says, "How great then would be the strength of *our* church (will you give me leave to call it so. I mean the protestant, if the two sticks were made one)." He then agrees to make the concession (if it may be called a concession), "of using the prayer book on all occasions of public worship on Sundays," and also to have all of their preachers *reordained*, and requests the church on their part not to exact the *learned languages*, and to provide that the bishops, their successors, shall not require it, and that the Methodists shall retain all their rights as a society, in receiving and rejecting members in, or from our classes, bands, lovefeasts, etc., etc. That he has had three interviews with Bishop White on the subject and some correspondence, and after directing the Bishop where to direct him in Europe, concludes: "The importance of this subject on which I have now written to you will, I think, prevent the necessity of an apology for the liberty I have taken in writing to you.

Your very humble and obedient servant,

THOMAS COKE."

Doctor Coke writes from Leeds, England, April 14th, 1813, to Mr. Wilberforce, the great English statesman, asking his influence in Parliament to be sent to the Indies, as Bishop to that country to found a church there, when it was well known that the government never conquered or took possession of a country without having its missionaries there supported by the society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, which was founded in the year 1701. Hence most of the English clergy in America, received the support of this society, and owed allegiance to it, as also to the government connected with it. Hence the odium cast on the church in consequence, at the breaking out of the war of the revolution in 1776, when most of the clergy were driven from

this country. Hence the odium of this church, that has been handed down by tradition. In 1787, Wesley writes, "I never had any design of separating from the Church of England. I have no such design now. I do not believe the Methodists who regard my judgment or advice in general design it when I am no more seen. I declare once more, I live and die a member of the Church of England." [Wesley's Works, Vol. vii., p. 33.]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER BY THE REVEREND DOCTOR COKE TO WM. WILBERFORCE.

"LEEDS, April 14th, 1813.

"*Dear and Highly Respected Sir:* A subject which appears to me of great importance, lies much upon my mind, and yet it is a subject of such delicate nature, that I cannot venture to open my mind upon it to every one of whose candor, piety, and delicacy and honor, I have not the highest opinion; such a character I do indubitably esteem you, sir, and as such I will run the risk of opening my whole heart to you upon the subject. For at least twelve years the interests of our Indian Empire, have laid very near my heart. In several instances I have made attempts to open a way for missions in that country, and even for my going there myself. But everything proved abortive. * * * * The Lord has been pleased to fix me for about thirty-seven years on a point of great usefulness." And then after describing the influence he wielded over the Wesleyans in different parts of the globe, the doctor adds: "And yet I could give up all for India, could I but close my life, in being the means of raising a spiritual church in India. It would satisfy the highest ambition of my soul here below." And then after relating a motion in Parliament concerning religious establishments in India, connected with the established church at home, he says: "After an introduction drawn up in the most delicate manner in which I said all to him I do to you, etc.,

etc., I enlarged on the earnest desire I had of closing my life in India, that if his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, and the government, should think proper to appoint me their bishop in India, I should cheerfully and gratefully accept the offer. I should be glad to receive three or four lines from you (don't write me unless it be of immediate importance), signifying that I may wait on you immediately on my arrival in London. I have the honor to be with very high respect, my dear sir, your very much obliged and very humble servant, THOMAS COKE." [In Wilberforce's correspondence, English edition.]

Of the Prayer Book, Doctor Adam Clark says: "It is the greatest effort of the reformation. Next to the bible translated into the English language, as a form of devotion, it has no equal in any part of the universal church of God. It is founded on those doctrines which contain the sum and essence of christianity, and speaks the language of sublimest piety and of the most refined devotion. Next to the bible it is the book of my understanding and of my heart."

The eloquent Robert Hall, the baptist, says of it: "I believe that the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the classical fervor of its devotions, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have contributed to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

The presbyterian Doddridge, Hall's Works, Vol. 1: "The language of the Prayer Book is so plain, as to be leveled to the capacity of the meanest, and yet the sense is so noble, as to raise the admiration of the greatest."

John Calvin said: "The discipline which the ancient church used, is wanting in us, we ourselves do not deny. Again the Episcopal itself, had its appointment from God. The office of a bishop was instituted by the authority and defined by the ordinance of God."

Béze, one of the noted reformers on the continent, says: "If there be any, which, however, you will not easily induce

me to believe, who reject the whole order of Episcopacy, God forbid that any man in his senses should assent to their madness." And Melanethon, who was one of Luther's advisers and a great and learned man, says: "I would to God it lay in my power to restore the government of bishops, for I see what manner of church we shall have. The ecclesiastical polity being dissolved, I do see that thereafter, there will grow up a greater tyranny in the church than ever was before." And also, Grotius, a presbyterian, says: "The Episcopate is of Apostolic institution, because it appears that bishops were ordained or approved in some churches by the Apostles.

THE END.

AMONG the hills, adown the stream, the winding pathway led ;
 The Carisites and Matagordians slowly wend their way.
 The bursting thorn and bamboo-briar, the mesquit and nojal,
 Spread a carpet thick, with woof of varied thorn and briar :
 The sun was lost, and night shades 'round were hung ;
 Bexar's waters over rocks and rapids rolled ;
 But secret, mute and quick, some forty wend their way.
 For deeds of great achieve, as one, were all resolved,
 For, on the heights west of Bexar's tide stood, age-whiten'd,
 The lime-stone walls of Goliad,
 Which had braved the utmost storms of Guachipino
 And all the hostilities of men of old.
 Nor allied Hueco, Tehuacano and Comanche.
 Nor Carankawas and Castilian thunder
 Had moved, for centuries, the walls of Goliad.
 To cross the flood, to lead up to the attack,
 And head the band, was named Collingsworth.
 But spies were out : and one descried and hailed—
 " Qui viro ? " " Mexicana ! " Not friendly was the voice.
 " What is your name ? " " Upon my feet, my name is Milam ! " "
 " Huzza, Milam ! " echoed all around, when
 He, the war-worn, dungeon-worn and thread-worn
 Man of iron : " Who and what are you, boys,
 And what bold emprise brings you here ? " "
 " Goliad, LaBahia, must this night be stormed and carried !
 Texas now asserts her rights,
 And Bexar has and Goliad must acknowledge them ! " "
 Then he replied : " Years have I borne
 The privations of Mexican camps and suffered
 Innumerable deaths, in battling for Mexican liberty ;
 But Liberty was not recognized by them—they knew it not.
 But myself, among its votaries and defenders,
 Have been repaid by dungeons, starvation and persecution :
 But the gallant band I meet o'erjoys, repays and
 Ample amends make me for all. Yes, this
 One night has relieved my heart and cured my ills,
 And paid for all my twenty years of suffering ! "

APPENDIX.

INTRODUCTION TO APPENDIX.

E. R. Wightman, from whose field notes and other writings the following Appendix has been compiled, arrived in Texas about 1824, and was one of Stephen F. Austin's original colony of three hundred and one of his first surveyors. He wrote the first history of Texas, corrected former latitudes and longitudes of the coast regions, made field notes of all the rivers and their branches, and compiled the first map of Texas in 1828, from which all subsequent maps obtain their basis. Mr. Wightman was the first husband of Mrs. MARY S. HELM, author of "Seraps of Early Texas History."

APPENDIX

TO

SCRAPS OF EARLY TEXAS HISTORY,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

ELIAS R. WIGHTMAN.

The publication of the following general description of that part of ancient Louisiana known as the province of Tejas, between the Sabine river and the Rio Grande del Norte, ceded to the Spanish government by the Florida treaty, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers.

It now composes one of the departments of the free, sovereign and independent states of Coahuila and Texas, bounded east and west by the said rivers, Sabine and Del Norte, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the north by the territory of the general government of Mexico, separated by the 33d parallel of north latitude and situated between the 25th and 33d parallels of north latitude and 93 deg. 15 min. and 102 deg. west longitude: containing about 165,000 square miles.

It may be divided into four divisions, of different descriptions of land:

1. That bordering on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, extending from thirty to forty miles back, is, in general, different from lands along the Atlantic coast, being of rich alluvial bottom lands, of great depth near the rivers, covered with cane, wild peach, haw, persimmon, mulberry, hackberry, pecan, walnut, ash, cypress, cedar, cottonwood, box elder, sumach, liveoak, Spanish water, postoak and overcap oak.

The cane more immediately on the margin of the rivers, and receding; the winter grass, wild rye and parsley furnish a rich repast for stock during the short time the grass on the prairies is not good. While the live oak, overcap, pecan, and wild peach fatten the swine, which thrive well on these and roots, young cane shoots, haws, etc., the year round, with no other expense than scattering a little corn to them whenever they come home, to keep them tame.

The rivers and bayous of this division are ebbcd and flowed by the tide, and are navigable for greater or less vessels. And there are many safe harbors in the bays and rivers.

The soil is most productive in all productions suitable to the climate. Sugar cane grows more luxuriant, becoming sweet, and grows much higher in the stalk than in Louisiana, the frost being several weeks later here than in that State. The cotton is of much longer staple, of more soft and silky texture, than that of Mississippi, producing 2,500 pounds of seed cotton to the acre as an average crop, while Mississippi will not produce over 1,600 when not endangered by the rot, to which it is very subject, when half a crop only is realized. And this never happens, nor is such a thing known in Texas.

Sweet potatoes, rice, indigo, maize, pumpkins, melons and all kinds of culinary vegetables, succeed beyond description. In this division the majority of the land is timbered bottom, from the Rio Colorado to the Sabine, and will be principally cultivated by sugar and cotton planters. It is the most valuable section of Texas, lying on the coast, mostly cane and peach bottom, always good, and possessing all the advantages of navigation and ready market.

2. This division will embrace about sixty miles further from the coast north, and has a much greater proportion of prairie; but on all the rivers and bayous is found the same description of soil, and timber from one to seven or eight miles wide. The most distinguished rivers in size and, for quality of land, are: the Sabine, Trinity, Brazos, Colorado, San Andreas, Guadalupe, San Marcos, Santa Maria, Perdinales, Nueces, Neches, San Saba, San Antonio, Rio Grande del Norte, and numerous smaller ones called bayous.

This division, excepting the creek and river bottoms, is in general level, extended prairies, of good, rich black soil: sometimes subject to bake and crack open and sometimes having so much sand as to prevent it; sometimes becoming more rolling; where there is plenty of good water. Prairie locusts abound, bearing a bean eight or ten inches long, very nutritious, on which horses fatten. Live oaks are not infrequent, near little rills and in valleys, to relieve the traveler from the dull uniformity of extensive prairies and from his fatigue, by affording him a resting place. Between the Colorado and Guadalupe it becomes quite hilly, with post oak, black jack and hickory timber, and many rivulets of fine water, which section, though not so great in the proportion of rich bottom lands as that next the coast, has much of the same on the rivers and bayous. And time will develop the fact that these prairies will be susceptible of fine sugar and cotton plantations, which are now neglected for want of timber. But hedges and ditches will supply the place of fence and more durable, the prickly pear being admirable for this purpose—when once planted it never need be replanted, and through which nothing can pass. Coal, with which the upper country abounds, must supply the fuel and the clay for brick for building, while many kind of timber may be planted out and the rapid growth of the timber of this climate would soon make forests, and a boundless range for horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, would be an inducement for stock raisers, and the Southern States and islands would always be a good market for horses and mules.

3. This will extend north or northwest about seventy or eighty miles further, which will include the San Antonio road, leading from thence to Nacogdoches, on the dividing ridge from which the waters fall off both ways, into the Guadalupe, San Marcos, Blanco, Perdinales, Colorado, San Andreas, Brazos, Trinity, etc. This road is in its direction parallel with the coast and about one hundred and fifty miles from it. And traversing this ridge all travelers who have described the country, have had no opportunity to know the country in general, particularly that between this road and

the coast—for in fact the Spaniards themselves knew nothing of the country between the Attascosa road and the coast, which is the timbered bottoms described in the first division, always making their way through the prairies and in general by the San Antonio, La Bahia or Attascosa roads. Even Colonel Stephen F. Austin, now better than any other man qualified to give a minute description of the country—the first man appointed empresario for a settlement of a colony of foreigners, and who, through indefatigable exertions, and perseverance for two years in Mexico, procured the grant thereof in 1821—knew nothing of the importance of that section on the coast within his own colony, extending from Bayou San Jacinto to la Arroyo Lavacca, until his surveyors explored it. So that all information heretofore given, has been what they saw along the San Antonio road or the dividing ridge. Much of it is sandy; post oak and black jack hills, valuable indeed for the cultivation of the vine, which is the best of any, and the wild grape is everywhere seen in this description of land, completing this fine country, supplying wine, while the other divisions are so productive in sugar, cotton, rice, corn, indigo and all necessary fruits and vegetables. It will not be supposed that all of this division is of the best described class or that nothing but the vine will flourish, for the vine and olive flourish together, and there are alternately hills and dales, and numerous bayous on which is fine land for cotton, corn and sugar, as well as much of the country, high, rolling prairie, well-watered and excellent grazing land; besides, the main rivers, for their whole course, retain the excellency of their timbered bottoms, and rich adjoining prairies, which are called bottom prairies between the timbered bottoms and the timbered high lands.

In this division are found great herds of wild horses, cattle, buffalo, deer, etc., and some silver mines on the Rios San Marcos and Santa Maria, with valuable streams for mills and forests of pine timber on the Colorado and in the eastern section of this division. And on the whole this division is a valuable section of Texas, being elevated, rolling and finely

watered, promising health—where a portion of stock raisers, planters and vinters may advantageously situate themselves with all the comforts and luxuries of life.

4. This division will extend from twenty miles above the San Antonio road to the northern boundaries of the State, and will embrace a most valuable description of country, being more level, though more elevated than the third division—rich in silver and copper, coal and stone, etc., with a large portion of excellent land of a chocolate and sometimes a vermillion color, which tinge is found in most of the rivers in the upper countries, particularly the Red River, Trinity and Brazos. This division is well watered by many springs, rivulets and tributary rivers. The principal ones among which are the Perdinales, San Saba, San Andreas, Gabriel, Rio del Bosque, Little Brazos, San Pedro, Palo del Azucar, etc. In this division are situated the Hueco and Tehuacano Indian villages on the Rio Brazos, and San Pedro village, on the Neches.

In this division are many valuable silver and copper mines, which though a source of national wealth rendering money plenty in the country, is nevertheless of little benefit to individuals, requiring large capital to analyze and extract the silver, requiring many experiments, all very expensive before it will be known what portion of quicksilver—if too much or too little, it all proves abortive, and without large capital, it will run the *empresario* ashore before anything be realized. The copper is much more certain, it being almost pure in its native state. But both of which must contribute from the most obvious reasons to the wealth of the State. Coal is found in many places in this division and immediately on the principal rivers. Above this division is the territory of the General Government. It becomes more mountainous and is the great resort of wild horses, cattle, deer, buffalo, etc., which beat down toward the coast in winter and north in summer. In particular the buffalo, which the Comanche Indians follow for their sustenance, rendering them a wandering people, as also the Lapans, Huecos and

Tehuacanos—as they are frequently at war with each other, they are careful to know the route each other take and as the country is extensive they avoid each other except when a war party pursues.

Though I have made the divisions as above for the better describing the different qualities of the country so conspicuous as one progresses—traveling from the coast north or northwest, while one traveling parallel with the coast in a northeast direction as all the roads run, and which all travelers follow, they only see one description of land, and this has happened with all who have attempted to give any description of this country, and of course must be erroneous in regard to the whole. For while the first and second divisions exhibit no rock or stone, or pebble even to dull the edge of an axe, this third and fourth furnish a plenty of limestone rock and freestone, approaching the mountains, with fine spring water. So different is the country adjoining the coast and that back from it, or these natural divisions would have been unnoticed, and the civil divisions as they now exist, colonies, would only have been noticed.

The Department or Ancient Province of Texas is divided into partidos, (sub-departments or districts, composed of pueblos, towns or villages), which have inhabitants enough, two hundred, to elect an Ayuntamiento (municipal assembly) each Ayuntamiento being recognized by the government as a partido. The following Spanish towns have an Ayuntamiento—San Antonio de Bexar one, La Bahia de San Barnardo one, Nacogdoches one, and each of the colonies as soon as they possess two hundred inhabitants, are entitled to one, and one is organized in San Felipe de Austin, on Brazos de Dios. Austin colony: each Ayuntamiento, is composed of an Alcalde Primero (first magistrate), two Regidores (rulers). one Sindico procuridor (prosecuting attorney), and two or more Comissarios, through which body all petitions, remonstrances, appeals, etc., must pass, signed by the Alcalde who is also President and political chief of the partido, to the Gefe Politico del Department (political chief of the department), and from him to the government, in which Ayunta-

miento all causes of minor importance are prosecuted to final judgment. Of which court the Alcalde is the judge, assisted by the other members, unless the parties choose each a man to sit in conjunction with the Alcalde to determine the affair. Those of higher importance are referred to the Fiscal General (attorney general), who decides the affair and if the parties are dissatisfied, he lays it before the Supreme Court, whose decision is final.

There are twelve colonies, and new ones continually granted, viz: Col. Stephen F. Austin first, for three hundred families, now full, and since a new grant for five hundred families within the same limits; Col. Green DeWitt, four hundred; Col. Milam, five hundred; Lovell & Co., five hundred; Col. H. H. League, eight hundred; for the Nashville Texas Association (Major David G. Burnet), three hundred; Col. Thorne, five hundred; Gen. Wavel, from England, eight hundred; Barzel, from England, eight hundred; Col. Woodbury, eight hundred; Mexican Mining Co., five hundred. All contracted to be accomplished within six years from the date of their grants, which were most of them made in 1825, but none are yet filled, except that of Col. Austin, granted in 1821, by the general government, previous to the law of the 18th of August, 1824, which prohibits the settlement of the twenty-border leagues adjoining any foreign power, or ten of the sea coast, which was returned and received in 1827. But his land grant, obtained from the State of Coahuila y Tejas, since its organization for the settlement of five hundred families more in the same limits, is not full, and is subject to the restriction of the said law of the 18th of August, 1824, in regard to settling on the coast. It is situated between 28 deg. 10 min. and 31 deg. N. latitude, and 95 deg. 30 min. and 98 deg. 20 min. W. longitude, bounded on the northwest by the San Antonio road, which separates it from League's and Milam's colonies; on the south by the Gulf of Mexico; on the east by the San Jacinto bayou, which separates it from Woodbury colony, and by LaArroyo Lavacca, which separates it from DeWitt's colony; on the west it is nearly a square form, its sides bearing 30 deg. W. from

the coast and forming a right angle with it; containing about 18,000 square miles, or 2000 square leagues. Its population at this time is about 2,500. San Felipe de Austin, the capital, is situated on the Rio Brazos de Dios, about seventy miles from the coast, and has about two hundred inhabitants. The Empresario's office and house for the sessions of the Ayuntamiento and courts of the first Alcalde, two stores, a schoolhouse, etc., etc. Matagorda, at the mouth of the Colorado, Bell's Landing, on the Brazos, twenty miles from the coast, Mitchell's Landing, at the mouth, Clopper's Landing, on Trinity Bay, and Harrisburg, on Buffalo bayou, are all ports, admitting vessels of one hundred tons, and Trinity and Matagorda bays much larger. But the towns are all in their infancy, just commencing. Bolivar, Fort and Bravo, on the Brazos, Montezuma, Columbia and Fort Austin, on the Colorado, are higher up the country, and also in their infancy.

RIVERS AND NAVIGATION.—Arroyo Lavacca, the western boundary of this country, has fine bottoms and delightfully high dry prairies, of good rich land, with scattering liveoak and postoak timber, and is a beautiful healthy country. The river, navigable to head of tide for large boats, twenty-eight miles, to DeWitt's Landing. Vessels of one hundred tons lie in safety in the bay at the mouth.

Rio Colorado, like the Lavacca, never overflows its banks, and has in its whole length as good lands as any river in Texas; the bottoms from one to eight miles wide, the soil alluvial, of a dark chocolate, and like all the other rivers of Texas, bears very much west above the San Antonio road ascending. Its length is 600 or 700 miles, and it is remarkable for its clear water, being seldom tinged with the red soil of the upper country, as in the Brazos. The timber of the Colorado bottoms are similar to the other rivers of Texas, but with more cedar, black walnut and pecan, and having the finest ranges for stock and mast for swine—winter grass, wild rye, buffalo grass, cane, etc.

Vessels of sixteen feet draught can enter the bay at Matagorda, at Paso Caballo, and nine feet to the mouth of the Colorado, and good steam and other navigation for one hundred or more miles.

Cany Bayou, once one of the passes of the Colorado, but has now no head^d water from that river; but the tide sets up it about thirty miles forming a noble river that distance, but at the mouth an oyster bar prevents anything but small crafts entering; has extensive bottoms of timberland, the liveoak and peach mast make the best of range for hogs, the adjoining prairies pastures for stock. Where the inhabitants settle on the borders of the prairies among the wide-spreading liveoaks in front, and nothing but the Colorado timber to intercept the sight for about ten or fifteen miles distant; where they may see their own stock at all times grazing, and when a little advanced into the prairies, those of the Coloradians; their timber in the rear, and next the bayou their corn, cotton and sugar plantations; where to begin, is no more than to burn off the reed cane and plant; where cotton or corn will require no more attendance the first season, for where this cane grows the frequent fires has first^t deadened the timber, then succeeding fires destroyed it so that next the bayou for half a mile each side, there is no timber, nothing but reed cane which is called prairie cane brakes. So that it is easier to make a beginning here than in the best improved farms in some of our northern countries. For if one has a plenty of corn land, he has to hoe it; if he has meadow land, he must cut and save the hay; if he has hogs, he must feed them his corn; if he has timber to burn, he must cut and draw it; if he has money, he must build a good house to protect him from the cold. Do we then have no houses in Texas? as good as the climate requires, but less expensive. Very little wood is burned, no corn or fodder is required for horses, cattle, sheep or hogs.

Rio San Bernardo, a short river rising on the prairie, for about seventy-five miles from its mouth is wide, deep and tranquil; about forty miles up in its meanders and twenty-five in a right line to head of tide is navigable that distance for one hundred ton vessels, but for an oyster bar at its mouth, like Cany Bayou and Colorado. Its timbered bottoms are extensive, uniting with those of Cany and Brazos to the head of tide, where a point of Grand Prairie puts down, in

the extreme point of which, is situated William Bell's plantation, equidistant and three miles from this and the Brazos, and on the west uniting with the Peach creek, at the distance of fifty miles from the coast. The Cany and Peach creeks and Colorado river form one body of timber, of the richest of land and fine cane bottoms.

Rio Brazos de Dios, which empties into the Gulf fifteen degrees northeast of the San Bernardo, admits vessels of nine feet draught, though the channel is subject to change, being sandy bottom—where they may ascend to Bell's landing, forty miles. It meanders through a delightful and romantic scenery of cottonwood and sycamore skirting the banks, running to every point of the compass, to which its bottoms are united with the San Bernardo on the west and Oyster Bayou on the east. Above this they are from two to seven miles wide. It receives the Navasota from the east, Mill creek and Las Vegas from the west—the most considerable streams in this colony.

Oyster and San Jacinto Bayous are fine streams of water, with rich bottom land. The former emptying into the Gulf seven miles east of Brazos, and the latter into Trinity Bay, navigable to the junction of Buffalo Bayou with it, on which is Harrisburg, twenty-two miles from its junction with the San Jacinto. Both of the last mentioned are made by numerous head streams spreading out and forming an extensive body of fine rich bottom land of cane and peach, which denote its superior soil, always alluvial. The tide flows up about thirty-five miles. The San Jacinto is the eastern boundary of this colony.

Much might be said of DeWitt's and Milam's colonies. The San Antonio road separates them and is the northern boundary of that of DeWitt; the Gulf on the south, the Arroyo Lavaca east, the Rio Guadalupe and two leagues west, following its meanders, the western containing about 6000 square miles. It is a remarkably healthy and pleasant country, well watered, with numerous springs and rivulets, and limestone in the upper section. Rio Guadalupe, nearly the size of the Colorado, is a rapid stream of fine, clear, cold water, receiv-

ing the San Marcos from the east, which is a fine little river, very rapid, with excellent land, not surpassed by any. It rises in the mountains just above the San Antonio road and receives the Rio Blanco one mile above it, and the Santa Maria ten miles from its junction with the Guadalupe. From the east at said junction is situated Gonzales, the capital, laid out in 1826, seventy miles east from San Antonio and seventy-five west from San Felipe de Austin. The Guadalupe has fine bottoms, very similar to those before described. Sixty miles below Gonzales, on the east side of the river, is Victoria, a Spanish town, founded by Martin de Leon, of about one hundred inhabitants. This town is twenty-five miles northeast of LaBahia, the Spanish town and garrison. DeWitt's colony is on the whole a fine, elevated, well-watered, pleasant, healthy country, better for stock than Austin's, but less valuable for cotton and sugar plantations, though on its river bottoms inferior to none.

Milam's colony, being situated above the San Antonio road, between the Rios Colorado and Guadalupe, and forty-five miles back, is a high, elevated and sometimes mountainous country; is admirable for stock, where a fine grass (called mesquite), on which stock of all kinds thrive both in summer and winter, and where are seen herds of wild cattle, buffalo and horses in great numbers.

League's colony, north of Austin's and separated from it by the San Antonio road, bounded on the east by La Arroya Navasota, and the high land dividing the waters of the rivers Brazos de Dios and Trinidad, until it intersects Monte Grande, thence southwest to the head of Rio San Andreas, thence southeast to the San Antonio road, including a most valuable section of rich bottom and prairie lands, besides the Rio Brazos, the Little Brazos, Rio San Andreas, Rio del Bosque and many other smaller ones with extensive rich bottoms, well calculated for a dense settlement of rich planters and stock-raisers, where now innumerable herds of wild cattle, horses, buffalo and deer are sole proprietors. Silver and copper mines are also found in its limits, with plenty of coal.

Burnet's colony, which joins this on the east, extending

along the San Antonio road as far as Nacogdoches, is so similar as to require no particular description, embracing the rivers Trinidad, Neches, Angelina, San Pedro and numerous smaller ones.

Woodbury's colony, lies south of Burnet's, embracing the coast country. Extending from Austin's colony to the twenty-border leagues and Thorn's on the north of Burnet's, including Pecan Point.

The free, sovereign and independent state of Coahuila and Texas, with the view to promote the arts and sciences, to encourage agriculture and cultivation of their fertile lands, improvement in the breed of their stock, etc., offers to foreigners who may come and domicile themselves in its territories—provided they comply with the laws on the subject, to present a certificate from the authorities whence they came of their christianity, moral character and industrious habits—to each man of family, one square league, of 5,000 varas on each side, or a superficies of 25,000,000 square varas (4,446 acres), and to unmarried or single men, not attached to any family, one-fourth of said portion, and a full league to be completed to him when married, and if marriage be contracted with a Mexican, one-fourth more. It provides that government may augment this portion, in proportion to size of family, capital, enterprise and utility of the settlers, as may be communicated through the Ayuntamiento, so as there is not vested in one man's hands more than eleven leagues.

No other compensation is required for this than \$30 as an acknowledgement. The commissioners fees to be regulated by the last fee bill (arancel) of the Ancient Audience of Mexico, who together with the surveyors and settlers, shall settle the surveyors' fees as they may best agree. The fee as regards acknowledgement, quantity and quality, shall not be altered within six years from the passage of the same, April, 1825.

From the date of settlement no other tax, duty, impost or tonnage, of whatever name shall be imposed for the term of

ten years, except that which shall be generally imposed in case of invasion to repel the same, this term being concluded they shall be on the same footing as other inhabitants of the State.

Rio Trinity derives its name from the bay into which it flows, which is so-called from its three bays almost distinct from each other, viz: East bay, which extends from Point Bolivar along the coast towards the Sabine bay, and that on the west between the island of San Luis (sometimes called Galveston Island), and the mainland, which bay is also sometimes called Galveston bay, but more properly Bay of San Luis, and North bay, or that part of the bay lying north of Red Fish bar, which is eleven miles across from Davis' point to Persimmon point, which three constitute Trinity bay, which has always given name to the river. I shall designate them hereafter as East bay, Bay of San Luis and Trinity bay. The entrance of Bird Key island northwest to the San Jacinto, between the two former, will be more particularly described when we come to speak of the coast, bays and harbors. The Trinity rises in the mountains bordering on Red River, in the timbers of Monte Grande or Cross Timbers, and in latitude 32 deg. 45 min. north, and about seventy miles from Red River, and runs southeast, receiving a number of bayous which make out of a chocolate cottonwood prairie and post oak land, until it crosses the northern boundary line of Colonel Burnet's colony, in latitude 32 deg. 15 min., which is also the northern boundary of the State, and fifteen Mexican leagues or thirty-four geographical miles north of the town of Nacogdoches, which is in latitude 31 deg. 41 min. north, and 12 min. south of Natchitoches in Louisiana, where it receives the Pala del Azucar from the west, which rises near the Incoque, a branch of the Rio Pala Duro, a tributary of Red River, which, after passing through a fine elevated country, swarming with wild horses, deer and buffalo, forty or fifty miles southeast of and passing Monte Grande, it bears off east and joins with the Trinity in Burnet's colony. Descending below this we come into the lowlands or level extensive vale below the mountains;

though undulating and sometimes hilly, it appears to be a valley between the highlands of the north and the dividing ridge along the San Antonio road to Nacogdoches, and the dividing highland of this river and the Brazos west, and those between this and the Neches east.

Texas has a milder climate than places farther south in higher lands at the foot of the mountains, north, by which it is sheltered from the chilling breezes of the north, and perpetual spring smiles in this delightful vale—for so I choose to call it, although it is an elevated and rolling country. The bottoms of the rivers are from one to five miles wide, and commonly intervals of prairie adjoining the timbered bottoms, of a deep black soil, and from five to three miles in width. Passing these bottoms or intervals of prairie, we ascend either into the postoak, black jack and hickory highlands; or highland prairies, and then alternately one and the other at greater or less distances, except where there are creek and spring branches, when the cottonwood, hackberry, willow, etc., skirt their banks, with not infrequently a grove of prairie locusts scattered about, much resembling an old apple orchard. Occasionally large branching liveoaks, exhibiting a very conspicuous superiority. All of these hills and dales, woods and prairies, abound with buffalo, deer and turkies for sustenance, and occasionally black cattle for milk and work and mustangs for riding. The bottoms supply timber of the most valuable kind, such as cedar, cypress, cottonwood, sycamore, persimmon, mulberry, black walnut, pecan, live and Spanish oak, peach, etc., for all useful purposes and fruit. The most of one-half of those mentioned furnish mast on which swine fatten, and food for bear, deer and turkies; for these are all your own, with no other expense than to kill them. The river is susceptible of carrying down produce by boats during high water to points where vessels may receive it. Although the coast country has its advantages, yet this section will obtain immigration just as easy; as most of the immigrants are used to a high, pleasant country, with good water, they cannot reconcile themselves to a low-level country where they cannot have good springs.

Texas has people from all parts of the United States and Europe, and has a variety of soil and climate suitable to all. The upper section will supply the inhabitants with maize, wheat, grapes, olives, etc., while the lower sections will produce sugar and tropical fruits. Honey bees are more abundant in this section than in any I know of, and afford more honey. And if it does not literally flow with that and milk, there actually is an abundance of both. From here the river takes another stretch south, about twenty miles, and in a western bend receives a fine large bayou, with fine rich, black soil, with a luxuriant growth of wild sunflower weeds growing on the prairies and the timbered bottoms, on which fine plantations might be situated. The river bears off east again, and then southeast twenty-five miles, and receives another bayou from the north. The section of country in this vicinity is of the dark chocolate soil, and in some places of vermillion color. The prairies are beautiful and fertile, with a rolling surface and good water. Occasional beds of limestone rock occur, and, back in the post oak hills or highlands, is frequently seen a soft yellow stone which tinges the water that runs through it. Thence southeast about seven miles it receives a bayou from the southwest, which rises among the rocks that divide the waters of Navasota from those of this river. Then meandering east, northeast and southeast about thirty miles it receives the Arroyo Tehuasis from the north, which has its sources in the highlands dividing the waters of the Trinity and other rivers of the Gulf of Mexico from those of Red River, in latitude 32 deg. 20 min. It has numerous heads and waters a fine country, having excellent land. These heads unite just below latitude 32 deg. and constitute a fine little river with excellent bottom land, and is a great place for game and much frequented by the Tehuacanoes, Choctaws and other tribes of Indians for hunting. Between this river and the Rio Royal is a beautiful undulating prairie and post oak country, with frequent quarries of building stone. At the junction of the Tehuasis is a beautiful country of fine prairie bottoms, and on both sides and in the forks between them richly timbered. But what are the words beautiful,

delightful, superb, desirable, to portray that which excites admiration, astonishment and delight, and when the tongue tacitly acknowledges that the emotions are unutterable. On arriving at one of those spots favored both by heaven and man, for that had adorned and this had not dismantled or contaminated its domains, I observed to my companions: "What a beautiful place is this! what a beautiful vale, and there is a mound for a mansion! how green and fresh the young grass is, and what a beautiful grove on yonder opposite elevation, as if planted out to adorn! a fine spring and running rill; and there the path to approach the house on foot and on that side a winding carriage-way! at the foot, in the rear, clusters of grapevines running up the elm saplings! Scull creek, meandering at the base, with its deep, dark bottoms and changeful bed to counteract the wildness of the extended prairie to the south! the deer carelessly feeding in full view, now looking and then feeding, alternately! The turkies gobbling behind a point of timber! Does not this look as if intended for the seat of some happy man?" When many other properties which it actually possessed were pointed out by my companions, and an observation made to me: "Yes, if our friends only knew all the advantages and beauties of Texas, many of them who think themselves well situated, would not rest contented there, when so many beauties lie here wanting more hands than ours to crop them. Wanton growth now lies waste and unenjoyed." Yes, this place is truly delightful and worthy a settler. And how many more in Texas! How many have we seen in our perambulations equal and superior to this? This is only one among a thousand, and that nowise conspicuous. From the Tehuasis to the mouth of the Rio Nojal, about thirty miles in a direct course southeast, it deviates first to the north and then to the south, in a great bend of as much as eight miles. Thus increasing its quantity of bottom land, and receiving several bayons on the right and left.

Rio Nojal is in its general direction due south from its extensive heads, which have their source in the highlands dividing the waters of Rio Trinity and Red River, and has

no very prominent bends from its general course, but gently meandering here and there. And although it keeps the line generally it is never upon it, but when crossing it receives a great many tributaries. But as we are but little acquainted with these or their names, we shall pass them, only observing many of them have superior bottoms. The whole course of the river lies as it were in a vale between highlands on the east and west, and the country thus favorably situated holds out great inducements to settlement. The general appearance of the country is prairie, of a chocolate color, the highlands approach somewhat nearer this than the Trinity and are more abrupt. But the bottoms made from this description of soil are of a most superior quality and are in width on an average about three miles. The timber is the black walnut, pecan, sycamore, cottonwood, elm, ash, peach and many others peculiar to the country. The Nojal is a stream nearly as large as the Trinity, and running through the centre of Burnet's colony north and south till it meets the Trinity, must hold a conspicuous place not only among the rivers for size, but also for the fertility of the soil of its bottoms and surrounding country for farming and stock raising. It unites with the Trinity about twenty-five miles above the Tahuacano trace to Nacogdoches in latitude 31 deg. 27 min., or which is near the center of Colonel Burnet's colony. It meets the Trinity nearly at right angles, the Trinity running east, and the country in the forks between the rivers and on each side above and below is admirably calculated for a dense population. The bottoms of the Trinity are very wide and have adjoining bottom prairies from two to five miles, before it ascends on to the elevated table-land prairies, with gentle undulations here for plantations, there for dwellings and stock, and yonder for game and wild horses, until it shall become so valuable as to induce the farmers and stock-raisers to hedge and ditch, when it will be not only good but in some points superior to the timbered bottoms. Good spring water, fresh air and superior accommodations for stock from here to the Tahuacano trace. Curves or

bends northeast, making a general southeast course where are frequently seen encampments of the Hueco and Tahuacano Indians, where they have made temporary abodes for the purpose of hunting; which as I before said is never done in uninviting places; so here it is in wide spread bottom prairies, bounded by a thick, dark, deep bottom of rich cotton land, the entrance of which exhibits a romantic pleasing gloom, from the evergreen peach, oaks, etc., and lofty surrounding timber, the solitude which seems to reign, all inspire one with an awe peculiar to such scenery. Which country is certainly delightfully variegated with timbered highlands of post oak, blackjack and hickory, prairies and vales, with rivulets and spring branches, and some limestone rock, the soil either black or chocolate, the game everywhere plenty to supply their wants which is not less inviting to the planters and stock-raisers. About ten miles nearly west from the Tahuacano crossing the Kichais creek comes in from the north, having its source with the heads of the Rio San Pedro in the highlands which divide them. It is a beautiful creek, with much good land and where the Tahuacano trace crosses it about fourteen miles east of the Trinity, is situated the old Kichais Indian village, which is enough in praise of the lands and country around, that they have selected the spot for their residences, and although it may differ, it is not inferior to other Indian selections for their villages, and attempt no description. Suffice it then, that the soil is black and rich, prairies good, prospect pleasant, fruit, and most of the peach, oak, pecan, walnut, hickory and plum in plenty, and game in abundance. It enters the Trinity in a northern bend of the river where is another beautiful spot of Texas, which we shall say no more of, than that it is one among the many in Burnet's colony, too good, too rich, pleasant and advantageous to be unoccupied, while so many in the old States are tenants and hirelings on land which, beside this, would not be cultivated. From here it is twenty-five miles to the San Antonio road, the lower boundary of Burnet's colony. The prairies are elevated, interspersed with post oak groves and bayous, of timbered

bottoms, and frequent elevations or knobs to constitute a diversity of soil and render it pleasant. Although this is the general range of the dividing ridge which that road traverses on the Trinity, it seems to subside at some distance, yet it may be traced. Both sides of the Trinity is susceptible of a dense population, the bottoms are wide, the adjacent prairies not deficient in rich soil, or water, and post oak timber sufficient for every purpose at hand. Arriving at the road we behold the prairies covered with cattle, mules and horses, the property of the inhabitants settled here. A few Spaniards and Americans are settled here, and it is the crossing place of all the cavallados that are driven to the United States of the north, they are frequently kept here to recruit on these prairie bottoms. At this place, above the road in Burnet's colony, Judge Tate has established himself, whose worth is well known, both in his civil and military capacity, whose courage and cool presence of mind, enabled him to withstand and keep off a host of Hueco Indians, who attacked him while hunting. They knew him well, and knew he was a marksman, and that his gun always counted when discharged. They also had in possession a number of rifles. They attacked him on horseback, the rifles advancing in front within shot, when he would deliberately level his, when they would fire and give spur to their horses; then he would retreat until closely pursued, and again was compelled to face about and make another stand. He received as many as eighty gunshots, and felt the effects of many a ball—and when he attended the Colonial Legislature a short time afterwards, his clothes and hat were completely riddled. His hat was bored through and through as high as I recollect, five or six times, and several light and one severe wound in his head which furrowed deep in the top. He is a man that I am little acquainted with, but is a gentleman of easy manners and prepossessing appearance. His head is white with age, but active, strong, and his character is that of a gentleman and his abilities those of a high class. Although his services are well appreciated, Texas is not in the habit of listening and heaping so many honors on every one who has distin-

guished himself, or they would be praising all the time. Judge Tate speaks of it as an ordinary occurrence, and in no way meritorious, as every man is bound to defend himself, and that he merely escaped through their unskilled marksmanship, and the protection of providence. His plantation is immediately on the river, and besides its pleasant situation possesses all the advantages peculiar to the Trinity, the excellency of its rich bottoms, good timber, and facility of sending his cotton and other productions to market in high water. He has the best of range with no other bounds than the usual walks of his stock, thereby keeping down the grass young and tender, and stock will not range farther, as the uncropped grass soon becomes rank and tough when stock will not feed on it, while they can have the young and tender.

The San Antonio and LaBahia roads intersect here at about 280 miles from the former and 245 from the latter and 80 from Nacogdoches, in latitude 31 deg. north, longitude 95 deg. 50 min. west, where it receives all the travel from the United States to the Brazos and Spanish country as well as the cavallados of mules and horses to the United States of the north, the troops and supplies of the Mexican Government stationed at Nacogdoches, as well as being a favorable point of trade and communication with the Indians, and other commercial business. Here ready communication is had with the coast country either by land or water, which affords many superior advantages, while it is also the connecting link between the upper and lower countries. On the east side of the river, at this place, the bottom prairie is very extensive and beautiful, but in very high water is subject to temporary inundation, which is the great fault of the Trinity. But the duration is so short that its consequences do not extend to damage of crops, and it must operate unfavorably to health, although the inhabitants do not complain of sickness. And then it is of short duration and readily drained off, and happening in the cold seasons, the effects are not so pernicious. The postoak, black jack and hickory highlands approach the bottom prairie and form fine, slightly, elevated situations for building. As to richness and fertility, the

Trinity exhibits all that might be desired, with the best of timber in the bottoms, and the surrounding country finely watered with rivulets and spring branches. Below the road is the colony of Woodbury, which extends to the coast, leaving vacant the twenty-border leagues adjoining the United States of the north, and ten on the Gulf, being bounded on the west by Austin's colony. The country soon becomes more level, the river bottoms rather more extensive and more of a prairie country, though there are several fine bayous with excellent bottoms. About ten miles below the road the Arroya Carisa enters from the northeast, which crosses the San Antonio road about eight miles northeast of Trinity, where is a small Spanish settlement and good accommodations, by a Spanish gentleman. The creek takes its name from the cane which grows in its bottoms and has most superior soil, and, though not very extensive, is susceptible of settlement to its mouth by fine plantations. About twelve miles below this the Arroyo Mesquit enters from the north; it rises near the waters of the San Pedro and crosses the road nine miles east of Carisa. It also has cane bottoms and adjoining postoak and prairie lands, alternately, in convenient distribution of each for settlement. About thirty miles below the entrance of La Arroya Mesquit, southeast, through a very pleasant country, and receiving several small tributaries, it receives the Bedie creek from the west, which rises from several sources above the San Antonio road in Burnet's colony, watering a fine section of country about its heads, and crossing the road about twenty-two miles southeast from the Trinity. At the crossing there are fine bottoms though the timber is scarce and narrow. But the prairie bottoms, of equally good soil, extend back some width and make it more pleasing to the eye. And as there is plenty of highland timber, it will make up for the deficiency on the banks of the creek. It is of the larger class of creeks in Texas, though in low water but a little stream. It possesses much good land, and in evidence of it, the Bedie Indians have their village on its banks, about thirty miles below the road on the west side, where they have good hunting and a beautiful,

rich country, not far back from the coast, and the soil rich and the prairie fertile, and grass of the first quality abounds for their horses, of which they are all possessed. Their village is situated on the bend of the river, which opens a wide bottom prairie to the southwest and a thick bottom of timber in the rear. Opposite the east side Arroyo San Juan enters, which makes from several branches rising above the road. The principal one, called Black creek, which is the outlet of Laguna Prieta (black lake), receives two or three others and unites with the San Juan five or six miles below the road, and thence about thirty miles southeast falls into Bedie at the place mentioned. Its bottoms and the country through which it runs are very similar to Bedie creek, but has more cane bottom. From here it meanders its general course nearly east for about twenty-two or three miles, and then falls into the Trinity at the place before mentioned, nearly opposite the old Cosache Indian village, on the east side, on the banks of the Trinity, and about five miles from a small bayou, called Cosache Bayou, rising in Mustang Prairie and having some beautiful vales and narrow timber bottoms on it, and is good hunting ground for deer and turkies. It falls into the Trinity about ten miles below the village, in a beautiful prairie country. Six miles below it receives Scull creek from the west, which has its rise in the highland dividing the waters of the Navasota, a tributary to the Brazos, and the Trinity, about twenty miles above the San Antonio road, and runs southeast to the LaBahia road, and has much good land and elegant situations for settlements though the timbered bottoms are narrow. But as the country is alternately postoak wood and prairie, no want of timber will be experienced. At the crossing of the LaBahia road is that fancy situation before described as "only one among a thousand, and that nowise conspicuous." The creek is narrow but of deep bed, and in low water is a small creek but rapidly rises to the dimensions of a river in time of rains. It receives a bayou from the east, about ten miles below the road called Los Buroš, which rises nearly as high up the country as Scull creek, which is six miles from it and of considerable size.

Below the entrance of Los Buros, Scull creek bears off more east, making many large bends through a delightful country, mostly prairie interspersed with groves of timber, in islands and on small bayous, intersecting in various directions, thus diversifying the scenery and rendering it picturesque and romantic until it falls into the Trinity at the head of tide, where it opens into a fine river navigable for large vessels if but over the bar at the mouth, which is said to be susceptible of improvement to admit 100-ton vessels with little expense. The soil and land on the west side are undoubtedly the best, but objected to for want of timber and water. But these objections are not formidable; for, in a country so favored with water communications and contiguity to the ocean, possessing a soil capable of forming fine sugar plantations, means will be found to dispense with fencing. Timber for building is plentiful, and stone-coal, with which the upper country abounds, will supply every want of fuel.

The prairie country of which I now speak, will produce forests in a less time than would be expected by those unacquainted with the rapid growth of the country, and particularly certain kinds of timber, the China tree, and many others become trees of eight or ten inches in diameter in five years. But there are timbered bottoms on the rivers and bayous, though not so deep as in some other places. The cane bottoms here on the Trinity and many of the bayous are not inferior to those of Austin's colony, west of the mouth of Scull creek. And at the head of Cedar bayou is a fine grove of cedar timber, postoak and hickory. On the prairies, water is readily obtained by digging fifteen to thirty feet, where it is good and cold. About fifteen miles from the mouth of Scull creek in a southeast direction, though making several deep western bends, we arrive at the crossing of the Attascosa road where there is a considerable settlement and fine plantations of respectable negro force. It is fifteen miles from Cedar bayou, and twenty-five from Rankins on the San Jacinto. A beautiful little bayou, between this and Old river, runs parallel with the Trinity about twenty miles, and enters the Trinity about half way between the road and en-

trance of Old river. It has some fine cane and peach bottoms, and is all fine plantation land between Old and Trinity rivers, with several bayons tributary to each. On the east side the country is mostly prairie and considered not so good as on the west. From the entrance of the middle bayou to the junction of Old and Trinity rivers, about eight miles, a little east of south, the river making a deep southern bend, regaining the line of direction. About four miles above said junction, at the union of these two rivers, the view is commanding and beautiful. The tranquil waters of both here spreading their silver surface, the bold high banks affording a prospect up and down the Trinity and up Old river. The prairies extending themselves on every side, render this place not only important with regard to its navigation, soil, etc., but a pleasant and health promising situation, where all the advantages of fish, oysters, game and commerce will contribute their share to the happiness of the inhabitants. A beautiful grove of liveoaks are seen from here on a high bluff of the bay, about five miles distant to the southeast, at an indenture or cove of the bay into the land, which appears conspicuous at a distance when out in the bay. From the union of the two rivers a strait reach, southeast six miles, comes to the diverging of the river into six passes or mouths, forming the radius of a semi-circle from southeast to northeast; those running southwest emptying into Marn bay; those southeast into the strait or pass; Turtle bayou and those northeast, into the Laguna lake, a point of land with high bluff banks running down between the Laguna and river.

Turtle Bayou, so-called from the frequency of turtles in the lake and bayou, has its source in the prairies between the Trinity and Neches rivers, about twenty miles above the Attascosa road, near the old Alabama Indian village, and runs due south, and for its regularity in its course and that with little meanderings, it is not equaled by any stream in Texas, all the rest running to all points and making a general oblique direction from north and south; though this is not excepted in its meanders, it does not deviate so far, and

soon finds its line of direction again. From the old Alabama town to the Attascosa road is about twenty miles, and from the road to the mouth twenty. The tide sets up near to the road and thus far it is a deep, noble bayou. The lands on its banks are good; the cane and peach bottoms are narrow, but the adjoining prairies good, rich sugar lands. It empties into Turtle lake directly east of the mouth of Old river. Settlements on all these bayous, bays and rivers, will make this a country of wealth and beauty, with all the water privileges added to rich plantations and extensive stock ranges.

Double bayou, has its sources in the prairie east of North bay and north of East bay; it has but a short course nearly west to the bay, in two nearly parallel streams or rather bayous, for they can hardly be said to be streams, as they have no head water except in wet seasons, but are made from the bay and consequently are proper bayous; though custom has sanctioned the application of the term to creeks and rivulets as we have used it—it properly means an arm of a bay. Near the bay they unite in one, and are thence called Double bayou. It has no bottoms but runs through the prairies, which is rich soil, and when land becomes valuable will no doubt be converted to good use. Its entrance is about five miles north of Persimmon point, which makes into the bay at the east end of Redfish bar, where is a grove of persimmon trees, which bear that excellent fruit only excelled in flavor and sweetness by the fig, which point will be noticed hereafter.

Rio Neches or Snow river, rises in Thorn's colony just above the line between him and Burnet, and runs nearly southeast and empties into the Sabine river. There are two principal head branches east and west. On the latter about twenty miles below the line is the Cherokee Indian village, or rather a temporary residence—a beautiful country, well watered and timbered. The soil a dark chocolate and occasionally limestone—the surface undulating and sometimes hilly; game plenty. The eastern is similar, with some sandy post oak hills and fine timber. They unite about forty miles

below the line of the colony, in a fine country of rich land, good timber and water. The same vale, as before mentioned of the Trinity country between the highlands north and the San Antonio road, receiving many fine bayous, which water the country in every direction by their various tributaries, mostly rising from fine springs, which everywhere abound. Cypress, cedar, yellow pitch-pine, black walnut, cottonwood, elm, pecan, etc., abound in the bottoms, which are varying in width from one-half to two miles, and at the junction of the San Pedro, much wider. Where the beautiful prairie bottoms spread and form an extensive prospect, sufficiently elevated to be dry and healthy, yet belongs to the bottom prairies—always rich. The San Pedro coming from the west unites its fine bottoms with those of the Neches, constituting this a most delightful, pleasant, and healthy place, which seems to invite to settlement. It has been at various times in possession of different tribes of Indians, as each in their turn could keep possession, and seems to be the favorite spot of all. But it is on middle ground between the lands of the Choctaws and Cherokees, who have emigrated to the Arkansaw and Red rivers, the Osages and Cados, high upon Red River, and the Hueco and Tahuacanos on the Brazos, with the numerous petty tribes in its vicinity, in alliance with one or the other of the more powerful, viz: On the Sabine—Nabadachos 80, Cosaches or Coshattas 470, Tachies or Tichais 80; on the Trinity—Bedies 100, Kycheyes or Kichais 170; on the Ayish Bayou—Addain 95, Ayish 25—total, 1,020. Mostly poor, pitiful, broken and dispersed tribes, willing to live in peace with all that will let them hunt and kill their necessary food, and to beg their peace and protection from the whites. So there was no difficulty to be apprehended from them. The other most powerful tribes are either United States Indians of the north, who receive annual pay and will not interfere with the whites, and those of the west with whom all difficulty is over, and who have learned to appreciate the American rifle, and are now altogether pacific. A party of Cherokees had in the winter of 1827, taken possession of San

Pedro and intended settlement under the colonization law of the State. But Colonel Burnet, Empressario of the colony, held a talk with them, and they agreed to remove further north and not interfere with his colony. So that this favorite spot remains vacant, and the Empressario contemplates establishing the capital of his colony here. And the ensuing season, 1829, will also establish a ranch for stock—when no doubt, it will soon be thickly settled up and down both rivers and in the forks, as well as on the numerous bayous so inviting to stock-raisers, planters and vintners. It is situated in latitude 31 degrees, 30 minutes north, and longitude 95 degrees, 28 minutes west, about twenty miles above the crossing of the San Antonio road and 45 degrees west of Nacogdoches.

The Rio San Pedro rises near Rio Trinity, at one of its greatest northeastern bends, near the centre of the colony, thence curving southwardly through a post oak and hickory country for about twenty-five or thirty miles, when it reaches the vale below the highland whence it originated, and opens into a beautiful, diversified country, of timber and prairie, undulating, hilly and level land, with rivulet and spring branches in every direction. Then bearing east and north-east through a similar country to the vale of San Pedro, the Indians in the forks of the Neches, as before mentioned. Taking a view of the two rivers and well-watered country around, the pleasant and salubrious section, the vicinity to Nacogdoches and the United States of the north, the market for mules and horses, which the country so invites to raising, the favorableness of the soil and climate to the culture of the vine and husbandry in general, promises that this favorite ground will ere long display cultivated fields and vineyards, towns and villages. The ground-work is laid, and the enterprise and perseverance of the Empressario will leave nothing on his part to promote it. And we may expect that, acquainted as he is with the country in general and the influence he possesses with the Indians to the west—the most powerful of any of the country—the Comanches, in particular, will contribute not a little to the interest of the colony, with

whom he became acquainted by means of a trading expedition undertaken in hopes of re-establishing a declining health, by living on buffalo meat, which he happily realized, and learned what it was to depend on himself, not alone to procure his meat from the wood, but also on his own resolution and address to appease, persuade and control the wild savage in his fury from the wrongs of others, who did not observe so scrupulously with him the line of rectitude, regardless where the effects of their injustice might fall, but which he invariably observed, and says: "That he has not to reproach himself with a falsehood ever told an Indian." But he incurred their displeasure by striking one who had abused a Spaniard, whom he had bought from them to restore to his freedom and country, his feelings having been touched by the beatings with clubs which the Spaniard had to endure every evening. He had much trouble in negotiating for him, having concluded many bargains and as often they would ask for some other article, until his patience was exhausted; but when he looked on the imploring countenance of the Spaniard, who looked to him as his only hope, he offered all they demanded, and as they delivered him one of them pulled off the only rag he had left and struck him with it in the face, when Austin, without reflection, knocked the Indian down. A great turmoil ensued; but the chiefs granted a council, and Austin made a speech in which he set forth that the property was his, and it was a direct insult on him, and he as a trader had a right to protect his property, and that the Great Spirit would avenge him if they offered violence to him. After mature deliberation they decided as expressed by these chiefs, that "It was good that their friend had a good heart, but bad head;" which he often afterward repeated whenever he got in a passion, and sometimes made the same remark in familiar chat. But he established himself among them as a great man, a good man, and an orator. Thus he had that influence among them that, in future difficulties, his presence or advice in council would be listened to, besides establishing a very profitable trade among them for horses and mules. And as the country possessing silver mines lies

north of them, a good understanding with them would be indispensable. Below San Pedro village, about eight miles, the junction of it and the Neches is about the same distance to the San Antonio road, where the postoak and pitch-pine lie in the bottoms to a narrow compass, in general approach first on the right and then on the left in its meanders, thus leaving the timber bottoms first on one side and then on the other, as if struggling to break its way through this dividing ridge along the San Antonio road. At the crossing the river runs along the hills to the east, thus leaving the bottoms on the west, where 'Squire Williams has a fine plantation and has located himself at the verge of the timbered bottom on the prairie, where he has the advantage of the prairie for stock and the bottoms for his plantation. But for stock it is not here so favorable as many other parts of Texas, being more postoak and pine hills. And in fact the traveler along this road is unfavorably impressed with its appearance, and, were he to judge of the country from what specimen is presented along the road, would do it great injustice. For Col. Burnet himself, in traveling here in a wet time and high water, and his horse frequently bogging down in the quicksand of these pine hills, exclaimed: "If the country was all like this I would abandon it." But, after passing this ridge northwest, he observed that it became another country, at the same time remarking that "it was completely the country affording the valuable pine and cedar and capable of producing the vine in greater perfection than the richer countries above and below." Two miles east of the Neches is Mound Prairie creek, so called from Mound Prairie, a small prairie of highland which bluffs up to the creek, and a few rods from the banks is one of the ancient mounds, so common and not satisfactorily accounted for, about fifteen feet in height, and 300 in circumference at its base. On this mound was a dwelling and place of entertainment, which has at different times been occupied by various individuals, but at present is abandoned. It is a beautiful place, with live-oak trees scattered about, for shade on the prairie. The upland is good and well timbered. The creek has fine cane

bottoms, and falls into the Neches about five or six miles below the road, where the Neches assumes a more pleasing appearance than near the road. And about twenty miles below the road it receives the Arroyo Mestango, which rises above the road and runs through Mestango Prairie on the road, a beautiful little bayou with cane bottoms. It receives the Hurricane Bayou about fifteen miles below, which also crosses the road about six miles east of Arroyo Mestango, and the same distance from McLean's, who lives on a branch of the San Pedro, about six miles from Rio Neches. At their union they form a fine bayou with excellent bottoms and good adjoining prairie, and from thence, twenty miles nearly east, fall into the Neches. The country here is very susceptible of a dense population, having extensive bottoms, beautiful timbered upland and rich prairies. The bottoms of Arroyo Mestango, Neches and Angelina (which enters from the east, about five miles below) approach near each other, leaving only a small space between, of prairie and post oak land.

Rio Angelina, a river but little inferior to the Neches, rises as far north as that river, from many sources in the dividing highlands between it and the Sabine, which when united in Burnet's colony, constitute a beautiful little river with fine rich timbered bottoms. It has also post oak and pine highlands approaching near and hemming in the fine bottoms similar to the Neches; but is nevertheless an important stream receiving many tributary bayous from the east and west which water the country, rendering it all susceptible of good settlements, especially about the center of Burnet's colony through which it passes, and in fact may be said to be a river of his colony, as its greatest length from its head to its entrance into the Neches is in that colony. Its direction is nearly on a line of the general course of the Neches, from its union with it to its mouth, the branch west which bears the name deviating to the west. At the crossing of the San Antonio road, is the residence of William Larison—a most accommodating man who keeps entertainment for travelers and a ferry-boat in high water for crossing

the river. It is somewhat mountainous or hilly and broken around him, which keeps the river within a narrow compass, but the bottoms are good and rich, and plenty of cane almost the whole distance of the road. At ten and fifteen miles below the road, the river receives two bayous from the east, which cross the road between it and Cissulver's creek, and about five miles below arrives at the junction with the Neches. The country around, the fine wide bottoms, the united rivers, all conspire to make this a place worthy of settlement. The river now assumes more importance and claims a place among the principal rivers of Texas—the bottoms widen, the soil is good, the prairie more rich and extensive, game everywhere plenty and grass abounding. It is now susceptible of a fine settlement along its bottoms for plantations, with good stock range in the adjoining prairies and post oak lands. The hills have subsided into a good rolling, undulating country. It receives many bayous from the west and east, with whose names we are unacquainted, which furnish plenty of stock water. It receives the Ayish bayou from the northeast at a deep eastern bend of the Neches about fifty miles from the junction of the Angelina, in latitude 30 degrees and 30 minutes north, and longitude 94 degrees and 16 minutes west, which is the head of the tide, to where vessels of 100 tons can come, with the exception of shoals at the mouth, which it is probable, may be improved, but may at present enter with four feet of water. The banks are high and permanent, and bottoms rich and extensive, admirably adapted to sugar and cotton—stiff cane-brake and peach bottoms, with all the timber mentioned of the Brazos and Colorado, the depth of soil being from twenty to thirty feet. The adjoining prairies are not inferior to any—the game, the fish and other water privileges are no small consideration in the first settling of the country. The back country so fertile and extensive seems to mark this spot for a place for future business. The site is well adapted to such an event, with sufficient bottom land, to be laid off into labors, to accommodate a great many planters. Between the Neches and Ayish bayous is an extensive, deep, rich bottom, uniting

their timbers with each other some distance above their junction, and when the bottoms of both, so superior in quality and extent, become united or run contiguous to each other, thus increasing the quantity of the valuable bottoms, together with the facility of navigation, the anticipation of its future prosperity is irresistible. Boats may descend in high water from above the San Pedro village in Burnet's colony, as well as down the Ayish bayou, which together with the surrounding country will support the place, where vessels can receive the produce and bring whatever articles are wanted from New Orleans and other posts. If small craft alone should be able to ascend here, it will be sufficient to render it an important point. It is now subjected to the prohibitory law of the 18th of August, 1824, in regard to settling within twenty border leagues of a foreign power, or ten of the sea coast, without the previous approbation of the Supreme Executive power, being within twenty leagues. But will probably be permitted to settlement by proper application.

Ayish Bayou, so named from the Ayish tribe of Indians settling on it, has its rise in the mountains north of Nacogdoches near the northeast corner of Colonel Burnet's colony, and forms a curved line to the east and almost regaining its westings again at its junction with the Neches, receiving several important tributary bayous, and at its junction is nearly as large as the Neches. The country through which it runs is mostly a deep chocolate and sometimes vermilion colored soil, which is deep and fertile and productive. The timber growing in this description of soil from its thrifty growth, indicates its quality, for although that timber is never found to grow to such height in southern climates as further north, but making up the deficiency in branches. Yet this soil produces very tall, straight, handsome timber, even on the uplands, and as good cotton as most of the bottoms. The black walnut, pecan, elm, live and Spanish oak, mulberry, etc., grow in this soil on the upland, which is not common. The upland is more heavily timbered than any upland elsewhere in Texas that I have seen. The country

is well watered, and is somewhat hilly, like our northern States, though not mountainous and is extremely healthy. At the crossing of the road leading from Nacogdoches to Natchitoches, as well as above and below, and east and west it is a settled country, called the Ayish Bayou country—of 1,500 or 2,000 inhabitants. But as the settlements were mostly made under old Spanish claims which often proved invalid, some settled without permission, presuming to hold by priority, or to abandon when no other alternative was left; others relying on the right which the United States of the north had over it, and that they would assume and support their claim, have remained. While some becoming restless, without a permanent title sold and gave place to others soon to be as restless. They petitioned Government for titles and many other things which they felt either aggrieved in or wished amendments of their situation. But Government, viewing them as interlopers whom they had never given permission to settle, only answered that they might become citizens by complying with the laws. But ever so many valuable plantations had to be put down as unlocated lands, when the prohibitory law of the 18th of August, 1824, passed by the General Government, put them into greater uncertainty. And the inhabitants, unwilling to submit to the customs and laws, which some individuals would persuade them emanated from the Mexican Government, but perhaps in the administration of them they rendered them in effect those of old Spain, which kept up a continual rancor among the inhabitants.

Some Spanish settlers, whose partiality for the old customs and laws with which they were accustomed, who had not learned the mild republican government which the congress had adopted, did not contribute much to harmonize. And in 1825, Col. Edwards obtained a grant to settle five hundred families in the limits which are now Burnet's and Woodbury's colonies, and not taking measures to reconcile their feelings, demanded pay on the sitios then occupied, which irritated them still more, and they acting together with those in office as alcaldes, represented his conduct to the Government, and

he was dismissed from his empessarioship. Not willing to give it up, he, in accord with many of the Ayish Bayou country, determined to resist the Government and establish an independent government, and probably was not a little influenced thereto by a certain Dr. Hunter, who has made some figure as being Indian bred, and only guessed his origin by comparing his color with that of some traders. The traders represented his case to Washington city, and the authorities there had him released from captivity, and while he was yet a lad, gave him a liberal education and sent him to England to complete his studies. While in England, he wrote an account of his life and published a plan to civilize the tribe of Indians that had brought him up from infancy, and whom he still respected and loved and who had claims on him as relatives; for his Indian mother and relatives were still dear to him. His plan was to settle near them and establish a plantation, factories, etc., and invite their assistance and residence with him, setting them the example and learning them industry and the arts, etc. He had gained some influence among the Indians, and had just returned from Mexico and knew all about their resources. Relying on him the disaffected assumed a bold and defiant stand, and fortified themselves at Nacogdoches, depending on Indian alliance and flattering themselves that Austin's colony would join them, declared themselves independent, and hoisted their own colors under the name of Fredonia. The Government, informed of the procedure, sent on a detachment of regular troops, under Col. Ahumada, who called on Col. Austin for his forces, who turned out en masse, and accompanied by the political chief, Antonio Saucido, marched for Nacogdoches. Major Kinney was despatched by Col. Austin with his company of chosen riflemen, to proceed by a forced march to gain the Cherokee and other Indian rendezvous, and either secure them in their interest or defeat them. In the former, however, they succeeded, and the party of Fredonians assembled at Nacogdoches, learning that Col. Austin's colony were in the interest of the Government and that the Indians were deserting them, and other succor on which they relied to

afford them assistance, prudently determined to abandon their stronghold at Nacogdoches and make good their retreat. Some of them were intercepted by Major Kinney and brought prisoners to Nacogdoches, which they had lately evacuated and which Major Kinney took possession of and held until the troops under Col. Ahumada arrived, who said: "It was hard service for the Americans to take their own countrymen prisoners and deliver them up to their adopted country." He very generously determined, as they were not the principals in the rebellion, to set them free by their leaving the Republic. At the earnest request of Col. Austin, this ended the Nacogdoches war, with only the loss of two or three by the Indians, among whom was Dr. Hunter, by one of his own Indians, who said Hunter had deceived him in telling that all the Americans were concerned with him, and another young gentleman who was flying with his family and who had been led into it. All those actively concerned in the affair were banished the country and tranquillity was restored, but nothing has yet been done by the Government with regard to the titles to this section. But it is said that General Teran is shortly to be sent on to adjust their claims and put the inhabitants upon a permanent footing; and if settlements are permitted hereafter, no country can boast of greater advantages than this, so salubrious, fertile, and contiguous to the coast. And the United States certainly cannot fail to render this section a most valuable one in the State. For the rich land is not confined to the bottoms, but all the intermediate land between them is of superior quality of upland. And the many bayous which water the Ayish Bayou country have all of them fine bottoms. Two miles east of the crossing is a small bayou which crosses the road, and eight miles farther the Palo Guacho, which falls into the Ayish bayou about twenty miles below the road. Palo Guacho (broken tree) is a fine country, with extensive and rich bottoms, with excellent timber and some cane and peach. Below the entrance of Palo Guacho, the Ayish bayou receives the Arroyo Oveja, which is the union of two creeks which rise above the road and water this fine country, and when united with the

Ayish bayou, flows southwest, receiving the Attoyaque from the northwest which rises northeast of Nacogdoches, between the head of Ayish bayou and that town. The soil, bottoms, timber and adjoining upland are very similar to those of the Ayish bayou, of a reddish or deep chocolate-colored soil. Too much cannot be said in favor of the Attoyaque and Ayish bayous. At the crossing of the road leading to Nacogdoches is a considerable settlement. A Wm. Lloyd keeps a ferry in time of high water, but is confined to narrow bounds by the adjoining uplands. From Nacogdoches to within fifteen miles of the Sabine, from high up to the coast, is susceptible of a dense population and the richest plantations. The Attoyaque, after receiving several tributary bayous in its winding and curving course, unites with the Ayish bayou eight or ten miles above the junction of the latter with the Neches, at which place, as before mentioned, steamboats and barges plying the Neches and Angelina west, meet such vessels as may navigate the river below, as no other difficulty would be experienced in ascending with one hundred ton vessels than at the entrance at the pass or strait of the bayou and the bar at the mouth of the river, which is thought by many, can be easily removed by opening the channel. From which place the river runs south about five miles receiving Indian and Walnut creek from the east, then making a deep western bend and receives another bayou from the west, and thence another equally great bend east, with many meandering courses, as if undetermined what course to pursue. All a rich cane and peach bottom, of from five to ten miles in width—very similar to those of Cany and San Bernardo, with liveoak and all the other timber mentined of on those rivers, and not inferior in range for stock and swine to them, from which it must be obvious that this country will soon find emigration and flourish in cotton and sugar. To say more would be to repeat, to say less would be injustice. From the lower bend it finds its way to the Sabine bay in latitude 29 deg. 58 min. east, and longitude 94 deg. west. The country about the mouth is prairie, and between this and Trinity bay is alternately prairie and timbered bot-

toms, on the several bayous which enter the Gulf and bays. The principal are the Salt Marsh bayou, which is about forty miles in length, has some excellent bottoms, and enters into Salt Marsh at the west end of Mud Flats, at which place a small craft may in safety go ashore when the sea is too rough out, as small boats frequently coast along the shores.

Arroyo Terminos, which rises west of it and runs into an arm of East bay and bayous, for both of these almost unite with each other and with Sabine bay, and in high water do actually flow together, thus presenting a limit to inland water communication with the Trinity, and consequently still on the west to Matagorda, Aransas, Corpus Christi and Matamoras, which is altogether practicable by means of the different lagunas and connecting bayous with the several bayous on the coast.

Taking a view of the country drained by the Neches and its tributaries, it exhibits a wider country and better watered and richer soil than any other river of the same magnitude in Texas, extending along the coast not less than one hundred miles, embracing the following rivers, and bayous: San Pedro, Neches, Attoyaque and Ayish bayou.

Rio Sabina or Sabine river, the eastern boundary of the State of Coahuila and Texas, divides it from that of Louisiana in the United States. This river rises in the mountains, dividing the waters of the rivers of Texas from those of Red River in latitude 33 deg. north, from numerous sources, making its general course a pretty regular curve and describing nearly a semi-circle of a radius of one hundred miles. Its head branches are abundantly watered and run through Thorn's colony north of Burnet's. It is a river better known than the other rivers of Texas. I shall, therefore, say but little of it. The lands with some exception, twenty miles each way from it, is yellow or pitch-pine hills of rather forbidden appearances, similar to some lands along the San Antonio road. And those who have barely crossed over into the Mexican territories, will be unfavorably impressed with its lands and appearance. While the river has fine bottoms, they are subject to inundations and we find but little

to say in its favor. The fine lands described will no doubt be well adapted to the culture of the vine, and the timber land valuable for lumber, and situated so near the coast must, notwithstanding all that makes against it, become valuable and in fact fine plantations will be made in the bottoms, as small levees will secure it against the overflows. The timber of the bottoms is valuable and some plantations on both sides of it are now worked and found to produce good cotton and corn crops. And the many tributary bayous also furnish rich bottoms—and east of it in Louisiana they are settling the country rapidly and will settle, and let the Ayish bayou country pass without even viewing it, only because it is under another government, so partial are we all to our native land—"every one's ever best loved country is at home." However, if I may not be charged with Mexican partiality, I would say that Sabine runs through a better country and less hilly, though elevated, until the head branches become united and crowds up near to Red River where the pine hills commence about on the 94th deg. of west longitude, where it touches the boundary line between the two governments, at the mouth of Dugan's creek, which enters from the north, near the Nabadacho Indian village, thence running east and southeast to the Nacogdoches road, receiving Darby's, Toney's and Loftus' creeks, and Haw creek from the north and east, and Nabadacho and several others from the west. The road crosses it twenty-five miles of Cantonment Jessup and fifty from Natchitoches, and sixty from Nacogdoches, where there is considerable settlements on both sides of the river. The pine hills approach to the timber bottoms without any prairies, consequently is not a stock country, when compared with the prairies. And I should think it not very good for corn or cotton except in the bottoms, while wheat and English grains and the vine will be the productions of the uplands. Below the road the river makes many deep bends eastwardly and then runs southeast to the bay, receiving the Canari, San Jose, Bayou Toro and Bayou Coaco. At the mouth of the last is situated the old

Coshatta Indian town, where the country becomes much more pleasant and rich, with prairies adjoining the river and Coshatta creek from the east, and the Tausha, Patron. Wau-chatcha and many other bayous from the west, and falls into the Sabine bay in latitude 30 deg. north, and longitude 93 deg. 52 min. west.

COAST, BAYS AND HARBORS.

The coast from the Belize at the mouth of the Mississippi to the Trinity, Matagorda and Aransas, is very easy of navigation. To Galveston, at the east end of the Island of San Luis, is due west, making a considerable indentation at the Sabine bay, and by standing out from Belize to gain the open sea, almost invariably a direct course may be held with a southeast wind, until against Galveston, and the entrance to Trinity bay in longitude 95 deg. 10 min. west, and latitude 29 deg. north. To make the mouth of the Brazos de Dios, the Island of San Luis runs very near east and west, and about fifteen miles from the west end three liveoaks appear conspicuous as you sail along parallel with it—the mainland bearing nearly southwest from the western extremity of the Island about ten miles to the entrance of the Brazos, where is generally a signal or beacon, but may be always known by the timber marking its course, and the reddish hue of its waters can be discovered some distance at sea, especially in high water. The channel is subject to vary and although a skillful navigator would be at no loss to follow it by strict attention, pilots can be obtained, which would be safer to those unacquainted. It is in latitude 28 deg. 50 min. north, longitude 96 deg. west. Though the Spanish and other charts make it more. From the mouth of the Brazos to Passo Caballo the coast is south 30 deg. west, eighty miles, having gained 40 min. southing and 1 deg. 10 min. westings. Fourteen miles southwest of the mouth of the Brazos is the

entrance of the Rio San Bernardo, which small vessels of only four and a half feet draught can pass the bar, and Cany bayou eight miles southwest of it, about the same depth of water, and fifty-eight miles southwest of it, Passo Caballo. The entrance into Matagorda bay is easily recognized, as the bay is seen for forty miles along the coast, with only a narrow strip or peninsula of land from one-half to two miles wide, separating it from the Gulf, at the extremity of which is a small sand island, between which and this point of land vessels six feet draught may enter, but the pass on the southwest side is sixteen feet water, the land immediately bearing more southwardly. Immediately after gaining the inside of the pass a bayou puts into it from the west, which communicates with the bay of San Bernardo, thence from Passo Caballo the land bears more southwardly to Passo Aranjuez about thirty miles, and thence south to the mouth of Rio Bravo del Norte, two hundred and twenty miles from Passo Caballo, in latitude 25 deg. 45 min. north, and longitude 97 deg. 30 min. west. Dwight makes the Rio Colorado three hundred miles north-northeast of the Bravo, seven hundred and twenty miles between the Colorado and the Perdido in Louisiana, and the width between the Gulf and 33 deg. north latitude, two hundred and fifty miles—consequently the coast of the Gulf in latitude 29 deg. 24 min., which may be the average latitude of the whole northern coast of the Gulf, but too high for that part west of the Sabine.

The depth of water along the coast is very regular, gradually shoaling as you approach the land, so that by once sounding, it is known what the soundings are for ten miles around and how far from land ever so dark a night. The water is generally shoal half a mile from shore. At the Sabine bay the water is shoal and channel narrow. Small boats navigating the coast, may go ashore at the west end of Mud Flats of the Sabine. The rest of the way to Bird Key, there is more surf than east of the Sabine which however is not in general heavy. The Trinity bay is about nine feet deep, intercepted however, by a shoal reaching clear across from Davis' point on the west to Persimmon point on

the east, a distance of eleven miles, called Redfish bar, with only a pass near the middle admitting vessels to pass which have draught of about seven feet, when they may ascend to the San Jacinto and Buffalo bayous. But at the harbor of Galveston on the west end of the Island of San Luis, vessels drawing sixteen feet may enter by passing around Campeachy island and entering the harbor directly south of Point Bolivar.

The port of Galveston has been for some time nominally established as a port of entry, and if it should be found eligible for that purpose, will no doubt become a place of consequence. Though Colonel Austin when ordered to examine and make survey of it, reported the situation too low, as being subject to storms, to inundations from the sea, which, if that danger cannot be remedied by levees and embankments, must render it ineligible.

The Bay of Matagorda is very irregular and indented by a point extending into it. But it is a good safe harbor and mud bottoms for anchorage—where any number of vessels may lie in perfect security under the point of land which separates the bay from the Gulf, and making the pass safe at all times in still water, by the main on the southwest and west, and the Island and Peninsula on the southeast and south. Vessels drawing nine feet of water may approach near the mouth of the Rio Colorado, forty-five miles northeast, where the bay is only seven miles wide; and six feet draught to the mouth of the Arroya Lavaca, thirty-eight miles north, sixteen deg. west. And vessels drawing six feet may pass through the connecting bayou between Passo Caballo and the bay of San Bernardo, and thence to Mesquite Landing near the junction of Rios San Antonio and Guadalupe, with the exception of some obstructions among some small islands in the bay of San Bernardo.

San Bernardo Bay is very irregular, arms running far into the land south and east, and uniting by means of a connecting bayou with that of Aranjuez, forms an island from Passo Caballo to Passo Aranjuez, as irregular as the bays, by the points and peninsulas between the arms of the bays. Here

large quantities of first rate alum or rock salt may be obtained. The high tide filling various reservoirs or ponds with salt water, which between neap and spring tides or hard storms is evaporated by the sun and made into salt, which the colonists are commencing to make into an article of commerce. The Spanish settlements having a plenty to the west of this along the coast in various places from here to Tampico, where any quantity of this may be obtained. From Passo Caballo to Mesquite Landing is northwest forty miles, and from there to the town of La Bahia is thirty-five miles west.

Aranjuez or Aransas bay lies adjoining San Bernardo northwest. The pass or entrance to the bay is in latitude 27 deg. 57 min. north, longitude 97 deg. 30 min. west. Vessels of eight feet draught may enter the pass and lie in safety in the bay, but cannot go to the head of the bay with more than six feet, which is a very crooked channel, but easily followed. The general course is 16 deg. west of north about twenty-eight miles and about thirty-five miles from the town of La Bahia. Between the most northern extremity of this bay and the extremity of the northwestern arm of the bay of San Bernardo, is situated the fort of Monsieur de la Salle, erected in 1685. This is the best and easiest port for vessels communicating with the Spanish country on and adjoining Rio San Antonio.

The bay of Corpus Christi lies south and southwest of Aranjuez, which is said to be similar to that of Aranjuez in commercial advantages and will be the main harbor of Lovell & Co.'s Colony. There can, with very little labor in completing the union of the several bayous almost united, be an inland communication from this bay to the Brazos Santiago and south and east to the Sabine, which must be no small advantage in commercial operations to the inhabitants of Texas. Salt is found along the coast between Aranjuez bay and Rio Grande del Norte. The water in high swells of the sea and rough weather, breaking over the first boundary of the waters and filling up the space between the first and second banks of sand and shells, of which the natural levees

or embankments of the shore of the Gulf is composed, and when the storms subside is left to be evaporated by the sun and is formed into a first-rate salt which is in such quantities as to be inexhaustible, which will probably become an article of export.

Small boats, navigating from New Orleans to the Trinity, have practised ascending the Mississippi and entered Bayou La Fouché, and descended it until the Bayou Têche makes out west, and descending it to a small lake or bay, thence taking Morris' cut off to Vermilion bay, and then coasting along where they can run into several bays and inlets—the Calcasieu, Mermentau, etc., etc.—until they can make the Sabine, and watching favorable tides may make the Trinity in small open boats in safety. And from thence through that bay to Rio Brazos de Dios. But to those unacquainted with the coast it would be dangerous. Vessels sailing from the Belize to the several harbors on the coast of Texas, by the Spanish and other charts, almost uniformly find themselves brought up by the land before they expect it, and outrunning their reckoning and making the trip before they calculated—nor do they keep out so far as they intended from the land. The reason is, the coast is represented in too high a latitude, not bearing south so soon as it actually does; for from the western extremity of the island of San Luis, the land immediately slopes very much south to Passo Caballo, and I think the longitude is made too much—which if it be, that cause together with an unperceived or unnoticed eddy along the coast, contrary from the Gulf stream, which here commences, increases their velocity, for which they do not allow in their calculations. And I believe that various rivers have been taken for the Colorado, to-wit: The Brazos, for its length and color of its waters, as well as emptying into the Gulf, all agree with that represented on all the old maps for the Colorado, and the Brazos not being noticed at all, seems to confirm the idea that the Brazos has been taken for the Colorado. And indeed the name itself (Colorado), signifying red or reddish, seems to have meant that river, for it is in fact as much so as Red River in the color of its waters,

while the Colorado is not, but is generally clear, transparent water. Besides the Colorado is forty-five miles wide at its entrance into Matagorda bay from Passo Caballo, where vessels in general, heretofore, would have no business to lead them to its mouth; and seeing the Colorado upon the maps have taken the Brazos for it, which however, will not agree with the longitude given of the Colorado. And they who have judged from the longitude have taken the Guadalupe for the Colorado. Had the longitude agreed with the Brazos, I would have concluded that the present Rio Brazos de Dios was the original Colorado, etc., and that it had by some means swapped its name with that river, and perhaps with a view to mislead, for the same confusion exists among the bays, some confounding the Matagorda with that of San Bernardo. Others making the bay of San Bernardo at the mouth of Rios San Bernardo and Brazos, which both empty boldly into the Gulf itself. Others make the Aranjuez bay to be that of Corpus Christi, and have no San Bernardo bay represented. Passo Caballo also has its uncertainty, or otherwise there are several passes called by that name. For both Spaniards and Indians, who speak Spanish, say that the true Passo Caballo (horse pass), is at the cluster of islands in what I have denominated San Bernardo. But I believe that the truth is that wherever the Spaniards and Indians have been in the habit of crossing these ranges of bays with horses, they have denominated those places *passo caballos* (horse passes), which are at various places where they can either swim or ford with their horses. But at present the strait or inlet to Matagorda has received the sanction of that name. In ascertaining the true bay of San Bernardo there can be no difficulty, for the present town of La Bahia is written on the Spanish maps, La Bahia de San Bernardo, and although it is not within forty miles of the bay, it is so called, signifying the bay of San Bernardo from this circumstance. That a town was commenced on the shore of the bay of San Bernardo, and took its name, but the place not proving favorable, or from some cause, it was removed back to its present site on the west bank of the San Antonio

river, carrying with it, in the removal, its original name of La Bahia, which without the knowledge of this fact, is a mystery why so called.

PRAIRIES.

The prairies between Rio Grande del Norte and the Nueces, are quite extensive and almost one entire prairie, except where small rivulets occur, when they are fine river bottoms. The Arroyo Patronillo especially, is a most beautiful stream with fine rich bottoms; but the general face of the country is prairie, in some places, however, somewhat resembling the barrens of Kentucky and Tennessee, though not like them covered with shrub oaks, but various kinds of shrubbery alternately occurring with the prickly pear, which grows immensely large and branching, through which nothing can pass, and then clear open spaces, and occasionally groves of mesquite (prairie locust), which is however denominated prairie. These thickets considerably impede traveling, as it is always necessary to go around them, especially the prickly pear, for sometimes there are acres covered with them, nor man, nor beast will attempt to penetrate them. The soil is susceptible of cultivation and rich and fertile, and where water can be had—with the exception of timber—would be a desirable place to live. And when land shall become scarce and valuable, there is not the least doubt that these prairies will be cultivated; where water is lacking, wells must be sunk; hedges and ditches supply the place of fence and brick made use of for building; and coal for fuel, with which the upper country abounds.

From the Nueces to the Rio San Antonio, excepting the Spanish settlements and claims, belongs to the colony of Messrs. Lovell & Co. It is in general interspersed with lawn, groves of timber, creeks, bottoms and uplands, rolling prairies, delightful mesquite vales, etc.; immediately on the coast, where it receives all the exhilarating influence of the

sea breezes unintercepted; good water and fine range for stock. The mesquite grass which abounds here is superior to every other known, consequently must be a great stock country; the game is plenty, deer and turkies at all times, and buffalo in the winter. Wild horses are seen in immense gangs in all directions; fish, oysters and other shell fish along the coast in plenty; and abundance of the coarsest kind of alum salt on the islands and along the main, which fills up in high water or hard storms when the swells break over the first boundary of the Gulf, and evaporates from the heat of the sun. There is evidently a great lack of timber in this section, but necessity always gives spur to invention, and as the Spanish country, especially in the interior, is lacking in timber, they have shown the way to remedy the evil, which colonists must adopt in their economical habits with regard to timber, for little in this favored climate will answer every purpose.

Messrs. Lovell & Co. contemplate introducing emigrants from France to settle their colony, with the view of cultivating the grape, for which this portion of the country is most admirably adapted. Speaking in general, this section may be denominated prairie country. But there is certainly no inconsiderable portion first-rate timbered bottoms.

That section lying between Rios San Antonio and Guadalupe may also be denominated prairie country, but a strip near the latter river, after passing the prairie bottoms about thirty miles from its mouth, is mostly post oak, blackjack, and hickory timbered lands, beautifully watered with many perennial creeks, which issue in springs from those hills or highlands. Next the San Antonio it is more prairie, but with many tributary bayous, on which is plenty of timber, and there are occasional post oak groves in various sections. The general face of the country is undulating, or sometimes approaching to hills, the soil good, and well adapted to stock-raising and farming. Cotton would succeed well in almost any part of the country, sugar in the bottoms. The olive and the vine will no doubt be extensively cultivated as almost all the uplands will be well adapted to their cultivation.

Above the San Antonio road, after passing the same dividing ridge which that road traverses, which here assumes the character of mountains and many places rich ledges of rock, we come into a more level though elevated country, where the soil is of fine chocolate loam, very productive in all kinds of vegetation. The whole country abounding in game, turkies, deer, wild cattle, buffalo and mustangs; the latter in gangs, from fifty to three or four hundred, are seen every day traversing the prairies. The country to the extreme heads of the Rio Guadalupe is represented as being most delightful and pleasant, interspersed with many beautiful rivulets, and many considerable tributaries to Rio Guadalupe, on which are fine bottoms. The country in general certainly promises health and can be no other than salubrious. The prairies between the Guadalupe and Colorado rivers near the coast, are nearly one extended open prairie, only divided by the few bayous which intervene. But the Lavaca and Navidad bayous are exceptions. When thirty miles from the coast the bottoms on the several bayous are more extensive, and the postoak, blackjack and hickory interspersed in groves, and liveoaks scattered here and there, which renders the scenery delightful and no inconsiderable portion of the land of superior soil. At the distance of sixty miles the country becomes more elevated, rolling and approaching to hills, with fine water in abundance, everywhere rivulets running over limestone rock, and beautifully diversifying the country with groves of timber along their courses, and the intervening prairies, hills and dales, where deer are everywhere seen, and wild horses frequent in large gangs, and in the winter season buffaloes beat down from the north and are here in large droves.

Above the San Antonio road no country could be more delightful, alternately hill and rolling postoak groves of timber, and intervening lawns, with rivulets meandering in every direction; the soil rich, black and fertile, most pleasant and delightful for the settlements of stock-raisers, vintners, etc., where all kinds of farming may be advantageously followed. This extensive and rich country, now in the possession of the

Comanche and other wandering tribes of Indians, will ere long be under the cultivation and in the occupancy of an enlightened and intelligent community who will cause it to shine forth what it really is susceptible of and for which it was designed. That section between Rios Trinity and Brazos to the San Antonio road, although much of it prairie, has much more timber and the prairies less extensive than that between the Brazos and Colorado. That near the coast is much of it timbered bottoms, then succeed the prairies, then the post oak hills about the San Antonio road and considerable cedar timber, then the level or rolling table land, then the mountains and mines. The whole is well watered and salubrious.

Between the Rios Trinity and Neches, is very similar to the latter section mentioned. Between the Neches and Sabine near the coast, is fine bottoms and prairie. Above, the country is in general well timbered, and near the road a great portion of valuable yellow pitch-pine, above the road similar to the two former.

HORSEMANSHIP OF THE SPANIARDS.

The Spaniards are most admirable horsemen, having accustomed themselves to catching mustang or wild horses, and even those raised by themselves are but little better than wild, they as well as the mustangs being always caught by throwing the cabaresto or hair rope, which they will do with surprising art and dexterity, seldom missing at a distance of thirty yards. and prefer the horse or other animal intended to be caught to be under full motion. When a horse is in the noose, the horseman, whose saddle is buckled as tight as can be with a strong hair girth and one end of the cabaresto wound around the saddle horn, falls back a little and passes on the other side of the mustang, dashes forward drawing hard on the cabaresto, which throws the

mustang, buffalo or what else he has in the noose. A second Spaniard who is always in company, is ready to lash and tie the creature thus caught before it can rise, and be ready for another. And in their sports of exercising, they will take after any of their own stock, which are almost perfectly wild, will catch a cow, steer or bull by the tail, fetch it a twist around their saddle horn, dashing past along side and throwing them heels over head and give chase to a new one. In this way their young men become expert in horsemanship, also by practice in that of throwing the rope, which they begin while children. Almost every stock-raiser, for the purpose of raising young jacks the better, take colts from their dams and put young jacks to suckle in their place: these are called proof jacks. The colts are left to live as they can, and serve for the children to practice on in throwing the rope, riding, etc., at which they become so expert as to rope almost every animal, bears, deer, etc. Even men are not exempt, as hordes of banditti infest the interior of the country and rob travelers by roping them. Sometimes falling in company with them, riding along side, all at once throw the rope or cabaresto, and putting spur to their horse, drag the man or men off their horse at what distance they please and bind them or otherwise dispose of them at pleasure.

The Indians, natives of the country, are not inferior to the Spaniards themselves in the art, but rope the Spaniards with whom they are, and have been since the conquering of Mexico, engaged in a war. That is the Comanches or ancient Mexicans, who never were subject to the Spanish yoke, but have sworn perpetual and eternal hatred and hostility to all Spaniards, remembering the wrongs of Montezuma, and boast of being the sons of Ahromack, and are determined to revenge the cruelties of their tormentors. They are unconquerable, as being a traveling and itinerant people, very numerous, about 10,000 warriors, and annoy the Spaniards at various points, being possessed of a large extent of territory and at home everywhere. They are noble, generous and brave, and great friends to the Americans. They say they know not which is the greatest nation, themselves or the

Americans (that is the United States people of the north so-called in all the Southern States, by way of distinction from Spanish, French and Indians), and they are uncertain how a war would terminate between them, and wish ever to avoid. The Spanish Government made great preparation for a campaign this year, but has failed as the Comanches predicted, saying that for a century, they have been telling the same story, but have never verified it, and they consider them great liars.

In the late struggle for liberty they were very active, making indiscriminate war either against Gauchapins or patriots, so as it was only war against Spaniards, their eternal enemies, and readily united with the Mexicans against the royalists. On the 15th of May, instant, I was at La Bahia, and saw some of the men brought in who had been roped and dragged about, scalped, etc., as before described.

Some small tribes of Indians who are friendly to the Spanish Government, who have been converted to the Roman catholic faith through the missionary establishments—are notwithstanding, cannibals, devoting the head and heart of their enemies to the gods, and the body to themselves, and who have been no little detriment to the American settlements. I seeing some of them in La Bahia, one of whom came dashing forward and seized me by the hand saying distinctly in American, “how de do,” adding in Spanish “mucho amigo.” On my asking an intelligent Spaniard why they harbored them, he said they were good Indians and did no harm. I replied they killed Americans every opportunity they got. He said no, that a great many years ago, they made war upon them and killed all the old ones, and took the young ones to the missionaries, who trained them and made good christians, very good christians of them, and they would not kill many Americans. But the Government permitted us and we have destroyed many of them and still go armed when in their range.

A traveler in this country would make a ludicrous appearance to an European, or those from the United States of the north. Equipped on a Spanish nag, caparisoned with a

Spanish saddle with wooden stirrups of enormous weight, a bridle of a very singular construction, a bit that would break the jaw of any horse, and to any horse that is a little refractory, it proves a cruel curb: their nostrils distended, mouth wide open from the Spanish bits, eyes flashing fire, foaming and prancing, and menacing destruction, the blood streaming from the lacerated mouth, and goaded sides. Sedate, grave and serious sits the unconcerned Spaniard in his saddle, with much composure, striking fire from his steel and flint to light his segar—then with much sang froid, applying the Spanish spur (four or five inches long, the rowel one inch or more in diameter), the beast is hurried through thick and thin, as the Spaniard can alike ride through thickets, brambles, prickly pear, etc., or open prairie, from his buckaree he has nothing to fear.

Many are the surprising instances of the art of throwing the rope. It is practiced on almost every animal—the bear is not exempt, though the worst of all others. A gentleman of respectability and veracity, informed me he saw one roped, and the Spaniard making off at full speed with the bear attached, the bear only tumbled down, and went to taking up rope sailor like, hand over hand, until he brought himself in contact with the horse, and the Spaniard glad to release him, cut the rope and saved himself and horse—the horse's flesh was torn and bleeding. The Spaniard exclaiming, "Oso mucho diablo." [Bear the very devil.] They in fact, as well they may, consider the bear the worst and most dangerous animal to rope, though they frequently do it, when two or three are in company, as while the one is making off, the others are endeavoring to kill it with their spears, etc., without danger, while it is thus too much engaged to give them battle.

BOUNDARY OF COAHUILA AND TEXAS.

The two ancient provinces of Coahuila and Texas compose the present State of Coahuila and Texas—bounded on the east by the Sabine river, on the north by Red River, up said river to latitude 35 degrees north, and longitude 103 degrees and 30 minutes west of Greenwich, which rivers are also the boundaries between the United States of Mexico and the United States of the north, thence following a southeasterly direction, to a point in latitude 30 degrees north, and longitude 102 degrees 20 minutes west, where it leaves the boundary line of the province of Texas, to encircle that of Coahuila; taking a southwest direction it intersects the Rio Grande del Norte at the mouth of Rio Puerto, in latitude 30 degrees and longitude 104 degrees 33 minutes, thence continuing an irregular line to the boundary line between the royalty and the interior provinces, in latitude 24 deg. north, and longitude 105 west.

AS A FARMING COUNTRY.

A farmer from the northern country who is used to industry, and with no other force than his own and one or two hirelings, may commence in the first place—on a new plantation—about the first of November, and with a good ox team, may plow with one of the cast patent plows, which would be best, one-half an acre per day, and by the first of February, could not fail of having thirty acres ready for planting, which put into corn in the month of February, and corn planted at this season would be no risk in calculating twenty-five bushel to the acre, which would make corn enough for his use and some to spare. After the planting, providing the sward was turned completely over, would want no more attention or working for the first year, and after planting,

sweet potatoes could be attended to, which are all important—as being at the same time a very great luxury, as well as the most nutritious and wholesome vegetable, supplying the place of bread; and in fact, making a very good living without either bread or meat, when milk and butter can be had, and many negroes are stinted to a bushel a week, and do good labor on them. I have myself for six months, in preference to eating corn bread, of which I am not fond, made my steady meals on the sweet potatoe, with gravy, and my coffee, without bread or meat, which I never eat much of the latter, and never enjoyed better health in the southern country. About five hundred bushels to the acre can be raised. Almost all kind of vines do extraordinarily well—pumpkins and melons excel that of any other country I am acquainted with. Pumpkins spread over the ground to a surprising degree, and it is confidently asserted by many farmers that four seeds, provided they all come and stand, is sufficient to the acre. Where there are trees in the field, the vines run all over them, and you will see suspended in the air from the branches of the trees large pumpkins a foot through, hanging all about your field, and seeming literally also to cover the ground.

Muskmelons and water melons are very fine and large, and are a very pleasant beverage in a hot day. Cucumbers do well. Corn yields the best in comparison with other countries of anything I am acquainted of the grain kind. Southern climates not being so congenial as more northern for it, though one man can raise five times as much here as in the northern states, from the care of the cultivation of the land, and I may say ten times as much, as he may have double the time to plant and tend it, as corn planted from the first of February until the middle of July, will produce good crops and get ripe, if not prevented by drouth. Nearly one half the year is seed time. Oats produce beyond anything to be imagined. From the few specimens, we are induced to think no country will exceed in the raising of that grain. Rye also does exceedingly well, yet that and wheat, we are inclined to believe, will be but little cultivated, as the more

profitable crops of cotton and sugar will engross the attention of the planters and flour is offered to us on such easy terms from Orleans, where the market is always glutted from the upper countries on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. The fig, orange and peach flourish here, and two kinds of grapes grow spontaneous. One kind—large, sour and thick-skinned, which grows high on trees, etc., in the bottoms—it is said, makes good brandy when distilled, but not good wine. The prairie grape is a small sized vine which runs on low bushes, grows in clusters and very sweet, which is easily cultivated, and would no doubt be an important business.

The timber consists chiefly of hackberry, cottonwood, China tree, sycamore, pecan, black walnut, elm, cypress, wild peach, mulberry, ash, Spanish oak, liveoak, post oak and blackjack, toothache wood, Spanish buckeye and mesquite.

The prickly pear grows to an enormous size, and is the device of the nation, one leaf serving as the base for a number of others peculiar to that vegetable, representing each one a state, viz: Chiapas, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Texas (or Tejas), Durango, Guanajuato, Mexico, Michoacan, New Leon, San Luis Potosi, Sonora y Sinaloa, Tabasco, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Hualisco, Yucatan, Zacatecas, and the territories of upper and lower California, Colima, Santa Fé, Tlaxcala. The tradition of the national device is this, whether true or not I cannot vouch, but not improbable that it was adopted from the following circumstance: that in the Revolution the army both men and horses subsisted on it, while but for it all must have perished, as the fruit supplied the army and the leaf—if it may be called—which is an inch thick, and of an oval form, six inches or more longest diameter; when the prickly needle points are burned off it is supplied to the horses. It is also a happy representation of defence, like the porcupine.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

At present we are free from duty from taxation of every kind, according to the colonization laws, and to continue for twelve years from August, 1824. This liberality, which certainly is a great one, is in consideration that we will contribute to the protection of the State against the hostile Indians. And also of the gift of a league of land to each family with only the sum of \$30 per league to government. That we will be heavily taxed at the expiration of the twelve years is not to be expected, as the native Spaniards do not complain, and we have it guaranteed that we shall be on an equal footing with them. The great and formidable barrier to emigration from the north is that no other religion is tolerated than that of the Roman Catholic, and to be sworn to an allegiance to support the Constitution and Government, which decrees it, is to a protestant somewhat against what he conceives compatible with a free government. But if we reflect for a moment, and look to the degraded and low condition that the system of the old government had reduced things—the common people kept in dark ignorance of everything but their own manner and mode of worship, to which they were most zealously attached, taught to think and call all heresy that was not Roman, and most of them supposing the protestants to deny Jesus Christ—it were vain for the more enlightened to speak of free toleration. The Revolution had failed of gaining their independence had this been insisted on, but it was stretched to the extremity, as much as was safe at that time to urge. They have disarmed the church completely, depriving them of any part in the civil government. They are by the Constitution forbidden to hold any office of either trust or profit. A bold step; what could they do more? But what are we to expect? It still does not answer for protestants. For four years no priests have been sent among us to celebrate marriages, or baptise infants or adults. What does this say, but that government does not

intend it. Further, the people since their liberty, begin to think for themselves, and at Guadalajara of late, was issued a spirited address to the people, calling on them to finish the work of liberty—its motto “no half-way liberty”— inveighing against that part of the constitution which maintained intolerance, and demanding liberty of conscience in matters of religion, as well as that which is already guaranteed—liberty of speech and press, and security of person and property.

In general the prairie lands do not receive the attention of travelers and immigrants which they invite; as in the first place, it is less valuable from its not being immediately on the streams; and in the second and third, that it wants timber and will not produce so abundantly. But a due reflection will convince any person that the former has not such decided advantages as might at first seem to promise over that of the latter, for the bottom or timbered land, except on tide water, can receive no advantages from navigation, and as it regards timber, a ditch and hedge will be found superior to fencing. The atmosphere having such decomposing properties as to occasion a rot in the rail timber in a very short time, and although that property does exist in the atmosphere, yet the growth of vegetables and particularly the large growth of timber is so rapid, as to make it coarse grained, low and brash to a surprising degree when compared with the same kind of northern growth, verifying in timber the proverb of the human—“Southern climates accelerate the growth of the human species, and shorten its duration.” And as it regards fire wood and building, very little is needed for the first, and brick will supersede the demand of the second, and yet, if objections to this must exist, to obviate them, we need only cultivate the growth of timber and in less time than would be imagined would be supplied; besides almost all our prairies are skirted and interspersed with mesquite, liveoak, etc.; on the high lands and along every branch or rivulet, is pecan, hackberry, etc., etc. We may add the custom, and the locality of the country justifies the practice of not having inclosures for stock, but a herdsman to superintend them:

for when hundreds of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, are owned by an individual, it is hardly to be expected he will confine them to a small space, when they may have the wide world, as it were, for a range. That it will not produce so abundantly may be admitted, though in a drought the deep loam prairies will produce altogether the best, and such prairies is by far the major part, though it is variable, and although black and rich in some places, the mixture of sand is an objection to its retaining moisture. And the security of being free from inundation in time of crop-making may, I think, fairly be offset by the superiority of quantity produced when that accident does not happen. And for stock-raising it certainly has the most decided preference as to water. In general a sufficiency for stock is to be found in small branches, and wells are easily dug, and in general find good water at the depth of twenty or twenty-five feet. It will be understood that I speak of the prairies removed from the neighborhood of the large streams, as all near those streams are generally included in the survey of what is called front leagues, and those removed from those waters are entirely overlooked, and generally esteemed not susceptible of settlement, but in fact the pleasantness of the situations on high rolling prairies, the quality of the soil (which is generally very deep, black and rich, producing much better grass than near those rivers), and above all the health that must prevail, and induce settlement; and although the rich sugar and cotton plantations will monopolize the rich bottoms on the margin of the rivers, and near the seaboard, yet the thrifty flourishing part of community will seek situations for health, wealth, and retirement on the high rolling prairie, and the country seats of the rich seaboard planters will be selected back, while their overseers will conduct their business on their plantations. These observations are general.

As one very powerful argument in favor of the prairies and the quality of the soil and superiority of the grass, we may mention that the large gangs of mustangs, wild cattle and buffalo, instead of being found near the coast and large rivers, it is most generally that they are found on the high

pleasant prairies, preferring the kinds and qualities of grass found there on which they get very fat. The wild horses are very numerous, in gangs of different sizes from twenty to three and four hundred. It is somewhat singular that they seem to have a commander-in-chief with his subalterns, an adjutant who brings up the rear, and a sentinel and a spy. The sentinel gives the alarm, and a spy is sent to reconnoiter and examine the nature and force of an enemy: and coming within a distance deemed prudent, either stops and looks, or if satisfied without, takes a wheel circuitously back and at a snort and wheel and a flourish of the tail, the whole force break and flee. The first instance I ever witnessed of the kind, was between the Colorado and Guadalupe rivers, having some wagons and pack horses in company, proceeding to the mouth of the St. Mark to lay off and settle the present town of Gonzales. I was some distance in advance of the balance of the company with my compass surveying the road, as we went on a herd of mustangs on an eminence to our right sent out a spy, when he came with speed, rapidity and majesty, answering the descriptions of the war horse described in the bible, his flowing main and tail spread to the wind, his nostrils distended, fleet and strong limbs exerted, his neck clothed in thunder, approached me direct. I being unarmed, was about to leave my horse. While I was waiting the result, he whirled, flourished his long tail and at the signal the whole herd that had been watching the result took to flight over the thundering plain, while the spy would now and then wheel to view my movements as he made after the herd. Further in the interior, I am credibly told, may be seen herds not broken in their continued march at full speed, continuing day after day, which must give us an idea of numbers immeasurable.

THE SEASONS.

The winter is by far the most agreeable season for either man or beast, no snow and frost seldom, the grass continuing good all winter in the bottoms and several kinds of grass on the prairies : the mesquit, the buffalo and the curly grass are good in winter on the prairie. The winter or water grass on the bottoms becomes green, tender and luxuriant in winter, the wild oats and rye, the wild parsley and several other kinds of herbage spring up in the timbered bottoms, which supply stock in winter. In that season neither is the cold or heat disagreeable, and the sky generally serene and clear, rendering this the most delightful season imaginable for labor, and the industrious have an ample field for the display of enterprise for preparing for cotton, corn or sugar crops, etc. Winter can be said to commence about the middle of December, and spring middle of February.

MILAM'S COLONY.

Milam's colony is bounded on the south or southeast, by DeWitt and Austin ; on the east and northeast, by the Colorado ; on the west, by the Gaudalupe ; on the north, by a parallel line forty-five miles distant from the first mentioned or San Antonio road.

END OF APPENDIX.

ERRATA

On page 5, sixth line from top, 1823 should read 1821.

Page 6, fifth line from top, for "Lemantoma" read *San Antonio*.

Page 18, fifteenth line from top, read "skins of deer and other animals from top to bottom."

Page 99, the head-line "Letter to God's Children" should be *Letter to my God-children*.

Page 111, nineteenth line from top, the words "over fifty years ago" should be included in the preceding sentence.

Page 115, eighth line from bottom, the date 1574 should be 1554.

OBITUARY.

MEREDITH HELM.

Died at his residence in Connersville, May 27, 1859. He was born in Kentucky, A. D., 1796, and immigrated to Indiana, then a territory, in 1811. Early thereafter he settled in Connersville, where he resided until his death. He was associated in early life in the mercantile business with Solomon Harlan, John Conner and others, of the first settlers of this place, and spent the best years of his life as a merchant. After acquiring a competency he retired, like a philosopher, to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

His manhood has been spent in this town, and his energies have been directed to the promotion of the true interests of the country. He was an early friend and the first president of the White Water Valley Canal Company, and continued acting president thereof, until the completion of the canal; was the first president of the Fayette County Bank, and continued as such, during its existence in business, and until the organization of the bank of the State of Indiana, when he was chosen president of the branch thereof located at Connersville, which position he retained until the bank went into active operation, when at his own request, he retired from the presidency. All of which positions he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to those interested, exhibiting under all circumstances most excellent judgment and business qualities. Thus has passed away

the oldest inhabitant of Connersville. He came here when it was a wild unbroken forest, inhabited by the Indian and wild deer, the rude wigwam standing where the stately mansion now marks the progress of civilization; has seen the forest give way to the woodman's ax, witnessed the building up of the town and country round about, until it is almost without a rival in beauty and magnificence; has seen a generation come and go, as he has gone, to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

In all the relations of life he manifested those stern and manly qualities that characterize the pioneers of our country—open, frank, generous, free, independent and undisguised; as an honest man, without a spot or blemish. Few men have lived so long and acted as conspicuous a part in society, against whose integrity the breath of suspicion has blown so lightly. He lived and died a splendid example, "that an honest man is the noblest work of God."

He died in the fullness of years, loved by those who knew him best, respected by all, hated by none—leaving a host of friends and relations to mourn his departure.


MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.



ELIAS R. WIGHTMAN,

DIED OCT. 26, 1841, AGED 49 YEARS, 9 MONTHS,
BEING BORN IN 1792.

“ He had a head to contrive,
A heart to conceive,
A hand to execute—
Angels could no more.”



ON MR. HELM'S SIDE OF MONUMENT:

“ His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him,
That nature might stand up and say,
' This was a man.' ”

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