

# THE TEXAS REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 1

BRAZORIA, SATURDAY JUNE 6, 1835.

NUMBER 40.

## TERMS:

THE REPUBLICAN IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
**F. C. GRAY,**

And will be printed for subscribers every Saturday at \$7 per annum, if paid at the end of six months, or \$7, if not paid until the expiration of the year.

No discontinuance will be allowed except at the end of the year, and not then until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements of eight lines or under \$1 for the first insertion, and half that price for each continuance—longer ones in proportion—No advertisement will be withdrawn until paid for, but will be continued at the expense of the advertiser.

All communications of a personal nature will be charged for the same as advertisements.

Agreeably to a resolution passed at the last meeting of the board of medical censors for this jurisdiction, held in Brazoria on the 24th ult.; it was ordered that the following resolution be republished in the "Texas Republican for one month; viz:

Resolved, That the applicant for Licence, shall have received from some public School, Society, College or University, legally authorized, a degree of Bachelor or Doctor of Medicine or Surgery, or a Diploma or other certificate evidencing his capacity to practice Medicine, Surgery, &c. &c. When such degree, diploma, or certificate has not been obtained, the candidate for license shall submit to a satisfactory examination before the Board, and present and read a Medical essay and publicly defend it.

By order of the Board,  
**T. F. L. PARROTT.**

Brazoria, March 14th, 1835.

## Attorney at Law.

**I. N. MORELAND** will attend to any business entrusted to him—his office is in Liberty, on the Trinity river.

Reference—**W. H. Sledge,** } Columbia.  
**Jno. Chaffin,** }  
**J. S. D. Byrom,** } Brazoria,  
**P. C. Jack,** } San Felipe,  
**Mosely Baker,** }

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## PILOTAGE

### of the Brazos.

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

**F. J. HASKINS,** Branch Pilot.

Velasco, May 9th 1835.

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

## Negroes, Land &c. for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale one thousand acres of land, being part of the league granted by the Mexican government to Hiesman, situated on the Brazos river adjoining Henry Jones. This is one of the first and best selections on the river and with the exception of about 700 acres previously sold the purchaser has the privilege of making his choice and locating the quantity offered on any part of the balance of the league which has a great proportion of peach and cane on it.

I will also sell three or four negroes and about one hundred head of cattle of which there are about six yoke of work oxen. The land will be sold in tracts to suit purchasers.

**JOHN R. JONES.**

San Felipe, February 7, 1835.

## BRAZORIA TEXAS.

JUNE 6, 1835.

We have had no late news from the United States for some time.

We have been informed by a gentleman, that Mr. Mabry, (late member of the Convention from Knox county Tennessee,) was assassinated in the streets of Knoxville last month.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

No country in the world presents greater facilities in relation to agriculture than Texas! No country is possessed of better health—and we earnestly entreat foreigners to pay no regard to the fabulous fabrications of some designing black hearted individuals, who wish to deter immigration for mere self-interest. We would advise them to pay no attention to such reports, as, revolution, Indian massacres the *Scalping Knife and Tomahawke*. Persons wishing to immigrate would do well to be in haste, and lose no time.

(For the Republican.)

ODD CRUMBS—FROM A BACHELOR'S JOURNAL.—No. 5.

"How precious are the mementos of love! How trifling often, and how affecting in their simplicity—a ring—a lock of hair—a sprig of myrtle or a crushed flower, when gazed on in lands far distant from the giver, assume importance beyond their real worth. Will any one smile, that I touch upon this topic!"

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound"

It is natural for every sensitive heart to place a high value on the gifts of remembrance, and those tokens which are nearly valueless in themselves, become the most endeared, when transmuted by the Midas of sentiment—then it is they are released from that dross in which the vulgar view them enveloped, and to their possessors, seem gorgeous as gold.

This feeling of estimation for 'souvenirs' may be found among all classes of life, and in all states of society. It is as universal as light—wherever the human heart throbs to the touch of passion—wherever refinement has insinuated itself into the bosom, you will find this same devotion to the emblems of hours that have passed away. There is no intellect so strong—no genius so towering as to look on them lightly—and philosophy, though it may be chill as snow, will be warmed to yieldingness by these tiny messengers of the Past. They tell us too plainly of dark eyes, and lips of velvet richness—too audibly of brows that glittered, and tones that burst in music, for the fountain-waters of the spirit to remain untroubled by their spalls—He who contemns them, or the feeling which makes them dear, can never have enjoyed those enchantments, of which they stand, to delicate hieroglyphics.

Such affection for the gifts of "Woman—dear woman"—is not incompatible with the possession of all which composes manliness. True sentiment derogates not from the man; and it enters largely into the character of the gentleman, the scholar, and the courtier.

Where is courage more prominent, than in the protection of innocence, and what, like the defence of helpless beauty, so calls out the sterner and iron qualities of our nature? Were the knights of older time chivalrous? who denies it? "There were giants in those

days", and battered helm, and indented sword, told but too plainly how the red combat was lost and won.

Those knights, though models for courage, were Orpheus in the hall, and Apollo in the drawing room—their touch from their fingers in the dance, was gentle as dew—the glance from their eyes, as soft as starlight—and who doubts that their voice "in ladies ear", was sweet as the mysterious melody of Memnon? And they prized the gifts of the fair—and in the trellised bowers, or under the "trysting tree", they knelt for the delicate chain, or the plaited hair, which, circling the arm or wrist, nerved for the deadly conflict. What said the Duke of Orleans to Anna of Britany, as he was about exchanging the solitude so hallowed by their mutual love, for the turmoil of the camp, and the toils of war?

"Have you not, sweet Anna, some talisman which might render me invulnerable? Me thinks that chain, if placed around my arm, would nerve it with additional vigour, and preserve it from the weapons of the enemy more effectually than my own address has enabled me to do."

The princess could scarcely refrain a smile at this request, but, unclasping the diamond chain from her beautiful neck; she fastened it around the arm of the duke.

The devotion of these cavaliers continued unto death, and often, when a few moments only, shielded them from the brightness of eternity, they summoned their trusty page, and taking the miniature from their bosom, or the bracelet from their wrist, bade him as he hoped to become a true knight, to bear the token to their "ladye love"—surely there is nothing effeminate in our love for mementos.

One corner of my trunk is dedicated to these winning trifles, and often to while away a listless hour, I look them over with the intentness of a nun counting her beads.—The other day, I discovered a handkerchief which had been given years ago by a beautiful woman—Estelle—I had not seen it for months—I thought it was lost, and the sudden sight of it, and her own sweet name in the corner stirred me to instant sadness.—The hours of old—but I will not touch on the Past—let the following "Lines" show my emotions.—

LOVELY memento of the times that were  
Of melting tones and winning smiles  
Departed;

Ease if thou canst, this bosom of its care  
And let remembrance soothe the broken—  
hearted;—

Thou art a pleasant link on memory's  
chain,

Raising the spirit from its wasting  
slumber;

Calling to life the Past—all fresh again  
With pleasures more than human  
thought can number.

In Estelle's bower by love's own magic  
made,

Which the fair Ellen of old days re-  
sembled,

I've seen thee check the diamond tear  
Which tell of shame, vows of pas-  
sion broken,

Was not an herald of the bosom's fears,  
But of its burning love, a silent token;

And when at sundown the damp woods  
were hush,

And into twilight soft, the day had  
faded,

Me thinks by thee, full many a rose-  
leaf blush

Upon her cheek, from my warm gaze  
was shaded.

I cursed thee then—but oh I bless  
thee now:

A modest gift from her own precious  
fingers,

To keep in memory her welcome vow  
And feed the love that in my bosom  
lingers—

Once thou wert waved to her in *mock*  
farewell,

And once too truly—when the waves  
were breaking

Around my dancing barque with foam  
and swell,

While every fibre in my heart was  
aching;—

That hour is past—yet still I hung the  
chain,

Which bound me in its links a happy  
lover;

I cannot hope to meet her e'er again,  
For fate hath made me o'er the world,  
a rover.—

From the New England Magazine.  
**CRECULOUS PEOPLE.**

Talia contingant somnia saepe mihi.—  
*Milton, Eliza 3d. L. 68.* In a shoe-  
maker's shop, in a town not far from  
Boston, about sixty years ago, worked  
Samuel Samalcorn a youth who was  
placed there by his father, that, under  
a responsible master, he might learn a  
reputable trade. Sam was an honest  
lad, somewhat easily imposed upon,  
from the simplicity of his heart, though  
by no means lacking in understanding.  
He was rather credulous; because he  
never wished to impose upon others,  
and hence, he was the butt of the wit of  
some of the fellow apprentices, whose  
malice, in the law phrase, supplied their  
years. Sam had been honestly edu-  
cated—had been taught his catechism,  
which he could repeat every word of it,  
with all the commandments and the  
reasons annexed. He had the highest  
respect for his father, who was the  
worthy representative of a long line of  
Puritan ancestors. In the same shop  
worked Phil Blake, who was the sus-  
picious son of a very suspicious moth-  
er. One day, when Sam was quoting,  
very innocently, some of the sayings of  
his father, Blake cut him short, by re-  
marking—

"Your father, Sam, is a sly old fox, he  
has more blots on his character than  
you know of."

"Blots," said Sam, "what blots? he is  
as honest a man as ever trod soil leath-  
er."

"That may be," said Blake; "but let  
me tell you, what you never knew before,  
and what you may as well know now as  
at any other time—he has one son that  
is not your brother."

"Impossible!" cried Sam; "you are jo-  
king."

"No, upon my soul; it is the truth. I  
should not fear to lay my hand on the  
bible, and say—that your father has  
one son, that is not your brother."

Sam heard this awful assertion, and  
turned as pale as death. His father!  
his respected father!—a member of the  
church, and once having two votes for  
the office of deacon!—could the vener-  
able old Mr. Samalcorn have an illegit-  
imate son. It was just after breakfast;  
but the contents of the morning meal  
did not stay long on Sam's stomach.

He was sick of the world; sick of his  
father; sick of himself; and seemed to  
him, as it did to Brutus under the rock,  
that virtue was an empty name. He  
worried over the tidings all that day;  
nor was it, until the shades of dowy  
evening came over the earth, that he  
found out the dreadful amphibology for  
Blake asked him, whether the himself

was brother to himself." and whether he was not his father's son? Then Sam had a second penance to undergo—being laughed at for his credulity.

For my part, I sympathize with poor Sam Smallcorn & detest Blake, whom I devotedly hope he was brought afterwards to the gallows; for there are cases when credulity is more honorable than unbelief. Indeed, I do not know a phrase, which is more abused than that of 'credulous people.' What is it that makes a man credulous? If, moved by a tale of me, you give to a being, whose form is emaciated and whose eyes are sunk in sorrow, some skeptical old kunks, who loves his purse better than his conscience, will you call credulous. If you think it best to part with your gold to spread the purest principles, purer than refined gold, you will be regarded as the dupe of some holy cheats, whose chief design, however, seems to be the cheat mankind into virtue and happiness. Some people seem to have a mortal aversion to any kind of credulity, which lays the least tax on their selfishness, or calls for any benevolent exertion. It is credulous to believe that the sufferings of the poor are great, as that there are such beings as the poor. It is credulous to believe the bible or to suppose, that the Author of all values the salvation of men more than the laws of nature. It is credulous to believe that religion is anything else than a dream. It is credulous to suppose, that the vast system was made for any purpose, or that the mighty wheels of nature were first created, & are now rolled round by an invisible hand. It is credulous to imagine, that there is any moral government, any reward or imagine, that there is any future punishment for the most abandoned of mankind. In some people's imagination, conscience is the very organ of credulity; and the only way of being a philosopher is to suppress its dictates and blunt its sensibilities. To hear some people talk, you would suppose, that to be credulous was the greatest disgrace; and the only way to avoid that imputation, was to reject all the truths around the pious have gathered; and which heaven has bound by the most sacred obligations, on the hopes and fears of mankind.

I remember that Plato, in one of his dialogues, says, that there was an order of men, in his day, who rejected spiritual conceptions; and taking hold of rocks, hills, or oaks, or some other material substance, affirmed that these were the only real existences, that no wise man would puzzle himself about any ideas or notions, but such as he could see with his eyes, smell with his nose, or touch with his finger. Perhaps the peculiar, tenuous and transcendental philosophy of Plato, was calculated to repel opposing sects to opposite extremes; and he who was always above the clouds might provoke others to be always grovelling on the ground. But, however this may be, we seem, in these days of innovation, which some call improvement, to be making rapid strides to this blessed system. I was told, of a certain bookseller, in a certain city, that often scratches his head and declares that the only work which he fully understands is a treatise on cookery. Another substantial gentleman who boards at Tremont house, assures me that after having long studied Chaucer on the Benevolence of the Deity, he is convinced he never understands the blessings of heaven so well as when they descend before him in the shape of a plum pudding. One man tells me, that even his eye is almost too spiritual an organ for him to trust to; he is not sure of the existence of an object of sight, especially if he sees it at a distance. Of all spiritual objects, he is most sure of the being and happy influence of a good glass of gin, when he feels it warming his stomach.

If infidelity works such folly in the strongest brains, one may well suppose that it will upset the wits of those who are only infidels as far as their parts will allow. The truth is, a man must have some genius to make infidelity wear well, and nothing is more credulous than a weak head attempting to carry the strong notions of its betters. Infidelity is like brandy, which, while it makes some good fellows gay and amusing, taken in the same draughts, it turns others into drunken rags. Let common mortals beware, and leave to Hercules his club, and to Voltaire his principles. I heard a poor man, in a

country town, complaining, a few years ago, that the political movements of our country puzzled him; he had his eye on the office of postmaster; he had been trying to know which party would be uppermost; but no sooner did he take his side, than, unluckily, the party he joined went down; and with some spleen, he remarked, he wished he could tell which party would be uppermost for six months to come. Our political movements, he said, in Washington, completely baffled his powers. Now, what this man is to Van Buren, a common infidel is to David Hume. The system is too much for his head, however congenial it may be to his moral feelings.

My neighbor, Dr. Littletoad, is an infidel as far as he understands the subject. He has imbibed the notion, that it is highly becoming a doctor of medicine to be very skeptical on all other subjects; and I hardly know which are most harmless, his principles or his pills. I have never taken either; and I am as ignorant of the composition of the one as the other. The doctor is always laughing at the credulity of mankind. He wishes to believe the Bible, but he is a philosopher, and cannot be so credulous as the vulgar head. I was reading to him, the other day, the resurrection of Lazarus, and asked him what he thought of it. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'there are great difficulties in the way of receiving that story. It cannot be accounted for on any of the principles of gravity, or galvanism, or electricity. Perhaps, however, Lazarus may have been in a state of suspended animation; and we have known people in a syncope to recover by a blow on the hand, or a voice in the ear. So, Dr. Littletoad has seen that the story of Lazarus may be true.'

Dr. Littletoad delights to hold the balance of probability with an impartial hand, as if it were a moot point, and a matter of indifference to mankind, whether the supernatural events of revelation were believed or not. The genealogy of Moses puzzles him amazingly; and he considers it very hard to conceive that mankind descended originally from one pair; though, on other occasions, I have heard him maintain that OURANG-OUTANG is but an uneducated offshoot of the human race. He rather supposes that there may be such a thing as equivocal generation. He has seen a horse hair play strange pranks after having been soaked in water; and a very sensible ship master told him, on his honor, that he saw growing on a tree in the West Indies, a something, which looked very much like an incipient man. He wished that the vegetable embryo had been suffered to ripen. In this, however, the doctor was very disinterested; for the best part of his practice consists in his being a man-midwife.

But the most credulous man that ever I knew in my old schoolfellow Abner Alltail. Abner was an unaccountable boy, when young; and signalized himself at a school by endeavoring to make impossible gimcracks. He tried to fly a kite, with a string at the tail, instead of at the head; and once insisted that the only true way to navigate a boat was to put the rudder forward. This he said steering in the proper sense of the word. As Abner grew up, he became an infidel; and often has he mentioned to me the argument, which carried conviction to his mind, and which, he says, is unanswerable. Happening to meet with a translation of Lecretius, he there found, that bad philos-

opher, but beautiful poet, teaches the motion of the atoms, through the vast inane, combining and conforming in various adhesions, until this world of beauty, and man at the head of it, arose as the true shapes happened to jumble together. This Alltail combined with the rule of his mutations and combinations, as he found it stated in Pike's arithmetic. 'You must grant me,' said he, one day when he was desecrating on his favorite theme, 'that all sorts of combinations, in these atoms are possible; you must grant me, further, that one of these combinations is the present system and order of beauty; suns, stars, mists, streams, birds, beasts, man male and female. Now, sir,' continued 'he these atoms have had an indefinite period in past time, to shake about like the figures in a kalcidiscopes, and you and I happen to fall on the present configuration. That's all.' I told him I had never seen a system of cosmogony more easily despatched. I ought to have mentioned before, that Abner is an old bachelor, and hates the present race of women almost as he hates his Bible. But as he wants a wife, whenever he can find a suitable one—he is resolved to carry his system of philosophy into practice. He has procured himself a kind of long tub, like the circular churn, which I have seen among the Dutchmen in New York. This tub, or vessel, turns with a crank, and he has put into it some of the finest pipe clay he could get, together with pulverised marble and chalk mixed with a little milk and water. This he turns diligently for six hours every morning; and says he doubts not, when the right configuration of particles comes about, he shall see a beautiful woman hop out of his tub, whom he intends to marry, I called on him the other day, and found him sweating at his task, nothing discouraged by the sweet, reluctant, amorous delay with which his bride, in posse, and not in esse, treats his philosophic advances. Abner has been at work on the project now for almost a whole; and I asked him if he was not about discouraged. 'No,' said he, with great simplicity; for though it is possible that this crank may be found, it is possible, also, it may come the next moment Poor Abner! before I embrace your principles, I think I shall wait until you have found your wife.

\*Yes, though the one raced with his naked harlots, and the other loved his bottle better than his God.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

STICKS.—Said Jonathan to Pat, "what kind of wood is this ere same made of?" holding up a finely polished billiard cue in his hand. "Tis box wood," said Pat, winking at his neighbor, such things grow spontaneously in Texas. Jonathan dropped his head, and went off, guessing as how that Texas could produce a variety of sticks—some straight sticks—some crooked sticks, and also contained some very poor sticks.

Exchange Tuesday evening.

A Good four wheel-light carriage; for sale on accommodating terms—Apply to

EDMUND ANDREWS.

## Race.

THERE will be a match race over the Columbia Turf, on Thursday, 1st Oct. next, between Capt. John Chaffin's horse Gambler and P. R. Splan's horse Rocket, for One Thousand Dollars.

Also, the Columbia Jockey Club will commence on Monday the 5th October.

## Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing between George Huff & Son, is this day dissolved by limitation.

San Felipe, May 14, 1834.

G. HUFF,  
W. P. HUFF.

A meeting of the Medical and Philosophical Society of Texas will be held in Brazoria on the first Monday in June next—The members, particularly, and Physicians in general, are requested to attend.

T. F. L. PARROTT, Record. Sec'y.

m. 39. 1f.



## DOCTOR E. HARRIS.

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

## DISSOLUTION.

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

A. G. Mills,

R. Mills.

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

## NEW GOODS.

### HANDY & LUSK

HAVE just received from New-York, per schooner Elizabeth Jane, a very extensive assortment of

NEW AND SEASONABLE BRITISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN DRY GOODS—

All of which they offer for sale by the Bale, Case or Piece, at New Orleans prices, for cash. Also, a full assortment of fashionable ready made summer clothing. Fine Guns, pocket, belt, holster and duelling pistols; a few medicine chests for plantations.

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## Boarding School.

MISS TRASK respectfully announces to the public her intention of opening a Boarding School, for young ladies and misses, on the first of January, in Coles' Settlement:

Boarding per week, \$2

Tuition per quarter, \$6 to 10

For particulars, those interested are referred to

John P. Coles, Coles' Settlement,

Asa Hoxey, " "

Dr. J. B. Miller, San Felipe,

James F. Perry, Brazoria,

W. C. White, Columbia.

Coles Settlement, Dec. 2, 1834-19a

## Notice.

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

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EDMUND ANDREWS.