

FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Wacos and Tawackanies Indians in Texas, amounting to 164, and a party of Americans—nine men and two boys, eleven in number—is related by Razin B. Bowie, Esq. one of that party now in this city.

On the second of November, 1831, we left the town of St. Antonio de Baxar, for the silver mines on the St. Saba river, the party consisting of the following named persons: Razin P. Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Cephas R. Hamm, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, James Correll, Thomas M'Caslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until the 19th on which day, about ten, A. M., we were overhauled by two Chamane Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaoine's party, a chief of the Chamane tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their road to St. Antonio with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Wacos and Tawackanies, and were about returning them to their owners, citizens of St. Antonio. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c. &c. they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Hlano river.

We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp; his horse very much fatigued, and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isaoine, to inform us that we were followed by 124 Tawackanies and Waco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaoine had held a talk with them all the previous evening, and endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose, but they still persisted, and left them enraged, and pursuing our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated that his chief requested him to say, that he had but sixteen men, badly armed and without ammunition—but if we would return and join him, such succor as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it most prudent to pursue our journey, and endeavor to reach the old fort on the St. Saba river, before night came on, distance thirty miles. The Mexican returned to his party, and we then proceeded on.

Through the day we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses' feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to encamp for the night. We, however, made a choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the North of them a thicket of live oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the West, at the distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the East of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence by cutting a road inside of the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge of it all around, and clearing the prickly pears from among the bushes, we hobbled our horses and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards in 1752, for the purpose of protecting themselves while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years before it was attacked by the Chamane Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been occupied. Within the fort is a church, which, had we reached it before night, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land, under a 12 foot stone wall.

Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time in the morning, in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting we discovered the Indians on our trail to the East, about 200 yards distant, and a footman about 20 yards ahead of the main body, with his head to the ground, tracking. The cry of Indians was given, and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses were made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action.

A few mounted Indians were reconnoitring the ground: amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to the Americans.

Their numbers being so far greater than ours, [164 to 11] it was agreed that Razin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavor to compromise rather than attempt to fight. He accordingly started with David Buchanan in company, and walked about forty yards to where they had halted, and requested them in their own tongue, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with them. Their answer was—"How do do? how do?" in English, and a discharge of twelve shots at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barrelled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulders, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places, without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other remaining four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

We then discovered a hill to the Northeast, at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire on us with loud yells. Their chief, on horse-back, urging them in a loud audible voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm's. James Bowie cried out, 'who is loaded?' Mr. Hamm observed, 'I am.' He then was told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg.

We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell; and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of these were shot down by our party. The whole body then retreated back to the hill, out of our sight, with the exception of a few Indians, who were running about from tree to tree, out of gun shot.

They now covered the hill for the second time, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows, which we returned by a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant another chief appeared on horse-back, near the spot where the last one fell.

The same question of who was loaded, was asked; the answer was nobody; when little Charles the matto servant came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and bore off under fire.

During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear at about fifty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering in the left breast and out of the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas M'Caslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, "Where is the Indian that shot Doyle?" He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture, as from the report of their guns they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, was shot through the centre of the body, and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, "Damn the Indian that shot M'Caslin—where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and while bringing his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun shot away and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time, our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general, from all quarters.

Finding our situation much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it, and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were in point blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us.

The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemy, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one man wounded, James Correll, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

They now discovered we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot: they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which bro't half a dozen at every round.

They determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of driving us from our position, and, under cover of the smoke to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the West, and they placed the fire in that quarter where it burnt down all the grass to the creek and then bore off to the right and left, leaving around our position a space of about five acres that was untouched by the fire. Under cover of the smoke, they succeeded in carrying away a portion of their dead and wounded. In the mean time our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves, to keep the fire from passing over, and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breast work.

They now discovered that they had failed to rout us by the fire as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of the rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the North, and blew very hard. We now discovered our dangerous situation, should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all round. The two servant boys were kept employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling rocks and placing them around the wounded men. The remainder of the party were warmly engaged with the enemy. The point from which the wind now blew being favorable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not been burnt, but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Armstrong.

At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done!—we must either be burnt up alive, or driven into the prairie amongst the savages. This encouraged the Indians, and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air; they, at the same time, firing upon us about 20 shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge upon us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effort—fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to a determination, had they charged us, to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives, and fight them as long as any one was left alive.—The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins, and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in removing all the killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown; and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready for fight, drew off at a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by ten, P. M. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, crying over their dead as is their custom; and at daylight they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning, two of our party went out from the fortification, where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the dead and wounded had been laying. As near as he could judge, their loss must have been forty killed and thirty wounded.

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, Thomas M'Caslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan, Matthew Doyle, and James Correll—five horses killed and three wounded—that we recommended strengthening our little fort, and continued our labors until one P. M. when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into the fort again. As

soon as they discovered we were there, and all ready for action, and well fortified, they put off. We after that remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the expiration of which time, being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonio de Baxar. We left the fort at dark, and travelled all night and next day until afternoon, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, where we remained two days, expecting the Indians would again when recruited, follow our trail; but however, we saw nothing more of them.

David Buchanan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instrument, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live oak bark very strong, and thickened it with powdered charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sowed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it, when it was opened, the mortified parts had dropped off, and it was in a fair way of healing, which it finally did, and his leg is as well as ever it was. There was none of the party but had his skin cut in several places, and numerous shot holes through his clothes.

On the twelfth day we arrived, in good order, with our wounded men and horses, at St. Antonio de Baxar.

Saturday Evening Post.

From a Correspondent of the N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

LONDON, July 17, 1833.

Passing through the Strand a few days ago, I noticed a meeting at Exeter Hall, got up to denounce the American Colonization Society. I went in, and found a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, some members of Parliament, &c. and James Cropper, merchant of Liverpool, in the chair. After the meeting was opened by Mr. Cropper, Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, rose and addressed the meeting for nearly two hours. He commenced by declaring himself a friend of all mankind, the persecuted by Americans, in the cause of freedom and the freeing the colored population; and that on his own account, and supported by the voluntary contribution of his colored friends in the United States, he appeared before the enlightened, judicious, and discriminating British public, to guard them against the operations of the American Colonization Society, a band of negro breeders and shippers! And thus in a style the most abusive, wicked, and false, he announced and humbugged the John Bull's at the expense of the American character, beyond any thing that can be conceived.

He was followed by Daniel O'Connell, M. P. who abused the Americans as a band of robbers and slave dealers, for he knew no difference between the holder of stolen slaves and the man who stole them. He said if there was a place black enough in hell, that was the place for Americans. I did not discover an American in the room besides myself, except Mr. P. of New York. I took some steps to speak in reply, but was put down by the call for the passage of the resolutions. I refer you to the English papers for the proceedings of this meeting. If I had them I would send them to you. I send herewith a few of the pamphlets in circulation here. As evidence of the lunacy and turpitude of heart of Garrison, he declared Virginian members of the American Colonization Society to be black hearted and selfish, and called General Charles Fenton Mercer, of Virginia, a canting dissembler, hardened oppressor, and negro breeder! Really this Garrison is too bad.

A colored man named Paul, also addressed the meeting in a style of abuse of America, that is incredible to relate. An English gentleman observed at the meeting, that Mr. Garrison must be a very contemptible fellow to abuse his own country, and sit patiently and hear Mr. O'Connell abuse it also—the meeting putting him down with a hiss. I feel ashamed to make this communication, but I do it from duty, hoping that you may be able to place Mr. Garrison and his associates in their true character before the American public and that your essays will be copied into the English papers.

We regret to find the name of Mr. O'Connell among these of the revilers of America; but we can scarcely suppose that a man of his sanguine temperament would say less of a country whose native citizens felt no compunctions at calling the most respectable citizens negro breeders and shippers. We hope there is some mistake in the report.

We have no part in the dispute, believing that both societies could beneficially operate without either interfering directly with the benefits of the other.

Extract from a letter to the Editor of the Wabash Courier, dated

PORT-WAYNE, Aug. 23, 1833.

Mr. Editor: I take the liberty of writing you a line or two in order to correct what I hear is the current report of your neighborhood, to wit: That the Canal laborers are dying daily, and that almost all are sick. There have been four deaths on the Canal, and there are, at this time, ten or fifteen men unable to work, but not one within my knowledge that is not able to walk about.

There are about two hundred and fifty men now working on the Canal, within two miles of Port Wayne, not six of whom are at this day absent from their work on account of sickness. Messrs. Ward and Hanna have about eighty men employed on one job; they all shanty together. By this company not six days work have been lost by sickness. Of the four deaths spoken of, three were Germans, and indeed what sickness there is seems to be confined to that class of laborers. When we consider the great number of strangers in the vicinity of Port-Wayne, we wonder not at the few cases of bilious fever actually existing, but that there are not five times as many. I do very believe that I never lived in any neighborhood where there were so few cases of sickness, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, at this season of the year, as here. I have fifty Germans employed, continually, and this day all are on the work, but one within my knowledge that is walking about the shanty.

There have been a few cases of the flux—or, as some call it, modified cholera; but it cannot be said to be prevalent. I consider the health of the Canal laborers, and the inhabitants of Allen county, generally, to be good. We have great hopes here that we shall not be visited with the cholera.

The fact of fame has given our county a sickly reputation, will, I have no doubt, retard in some degree our Canal work; but at present there is a good deal of work being done, and the prospect is that the contractors, without a single exception, will be able to complete their work before the expiration of their contracts. Contractors are likely to be well paid for their time, as provisions of every kind, save pork, are getting down to a fair price. This fact does not go in well with the prediction "that the provisions will cost more than the estimated expense of the whole work." The fact is, the whole work has been taken several thousand dollars below the estimate, and the contractors will save to themselves several thousand dollars out of what they get. This proves that the Wabash and Erie Canal will not cost more than the friends of it have promised it should cost.

The whole number of passengers over the Saratoga and Schenectady Rail Road during the month of August was 14,131; and during the months of June, July and August, thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-five.

Omnium-Gatherum.

We entreat the worthy publisher of the Western Annalist, either to use white paper or white ink, on his weekly sheet—a little contrast between the color of the paper and the ink being very agreeable to weak eyes.

Boston Statesman.

Biography of Gen. Jackson.—We learn from the Utica, (N. Y.) Observer, that a gentleman is now in that city for the purpose of procuring subscriptions for a Biography of Andrew Jackson, which will also contain his Proclamation to the people of South Carolina and his Inaugural Address. The book will contain a portrait of the General, a view of the battle ground at New Orleans, and of the Hermitage.

In New England, the verb "to doctor," is synonymous with the Kentucky verb "to knock into a cock'd hat"—i. e. "to flog" "to finish." We know of no man who has so literally *doctored* his enemies, and the enemies of his country, whether in the field, in civil rule or in contest before the people, as Andrew Jackson. It is suggested to those who still make wry faces because Old Harvard chose to confer his highest *doctorate* upon the illustrious Soldier and Statesman, to think of the matter in this light.

Alb. Argus.

The New York Courier mentions the following as a common occurrence:—"A stranger in the city, tall, straight, and solemn, some where from the eastern part of Pennsylvania, lost, night before last, a silver patent lever watch with an eight strand gold chain, together with a small amount of money. How he lost it, as is usual in such cases, we can afford no satisfactory account, being at time, as is usual, "a little the worse for liquor."

The Philadelphia papers are filled with accounts of riots—hog-fights and dog-fights. Nothing can be done in the city of Brotherly Love without raising a mob—whether it be subscribing to the stock of a Bank or catching a pig. Even Girard's bequest which ought to have put them in a good humor for half a century, has set them all by the ears, and is frittered away in fees to lawyers. This is an awful state of things.

Bull. Gaz.

Business of New York.—It is stated, and we believe it, that there never has been a month of August in any year, when so much business has been transacted, as the month just passed. The city is full of strangers from all parts of this country and from Europe; so much so, that it is difficult to procure lodgings. One hotel had during the period named no less than 1705 entries of boarders on its Register, making 54 per day on the average.

N. Y. Gaz.

Mr. J. S. Curtis, at his manufactory in Hampton, Conn. turns out ten thousand pairs of silver spectacles per annum, and now contemplates enlarging his establishment.

Two Mormon preachers have been holding forth in Andover, Me., from the Mormon Book, and baptised nine persons, formerly members of the Free Will Babist Church.

Bath Enquirer.

Bears.—A number of those wild and ferocious animals still roam through the forests of the Province, devouring sheep and pigs and other domestic animals, and sometimes alarming man himself.

Nova Scotia paper.

Flouring.—There is a Flouring Mill in Rochester, N. Y. which grinds 1600 bushels of wheat in twenty-four hours.

Cholera.—Captain Webster of bark Commerce, arrived at New York, from Rotterdam, informs that the Cholera was raging violently at that place when he left, by which disease he lost several of his men on the passage.

Rumor asserts confidently that the U. S. Bank has taken the opinion of counsel, and resolved thereupon that it is not bound to deliver up the public moneys for depositing in any other institution, and it will not deliver them. Perhaps they will not be demanded, but one would like to know its real intentions.

N. Y. Stand.

Cure for the Dyspepsia.—The vener