

# THE WASHINGTONIAN.

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BY GEORGE COCHRAN & CO.]

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lowest rates.

## POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

From the Massachusetts Cataract.  
DRUNKERIES, AND THE "PUBLIC GOOD!"

BY D. UPHAM.

You say the "public good" requires  
That Houses should be kept  
In which are dealt those liquid fires,  
That men from earth have swept!

Not for the good of those we know  
Who only right would do—  
Not for the good of those that go  
For temp'rance measures, true.

Not for the good of those we see,  
Who drink and drink, and go  
For anti-temp'rance measures free—  
For Rum-holes high and low.

Not good for him who stily drinks,  
Presuming no one knows,  
(Himself except) or even thinks,  
That where he does, he goes.

Not for the good of those, we know,  
Who taxes have to pay,  
That Rum-holes, either high or low,  
Their coppers pick away.

Not for the good of her, whose life  
Most wretched oft we see;  
No! not for one, the drunkard's wife,  
Good can such houses be.

Not for the good of widows, all  
Forsaken, lonely left—  
Of partners dear, by Alcohol  
Of all on earth bereft.

Not for the good of children poor  
(Who drunken fathers have),  
Compelled to beg from door to door,  
Themselves from death to save.

Not for the young, the thoughtless, gay,  
Good can such houses be,  
As tempt, and lure young men away  
To drink, carouse, and spree!

Not for the good of those, who keep  
Rum-holes, and serpents too,  
That oft into their bosoms creep,  
And sting, till death ensue.

Not for the good of Ladies, no,  
Since some, (no doubt) not all,  
That do with them to Rum-holes go,  
Together with them fall.

Not good for you, not good for me,  
Not good for those that fall,  
That set among us that should be  
Death-traps in Alcohol!

## MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

AIR—*Off in the stilly night.*  
March to the battle field,  
The foe is now before us!  
Love is our sword and shield,  
And Heaven is smiling o'er us.  
The woes and pains,  
The galling chains,  
Of rum that kept us under,  
In deep disdain  
We've broke in twain,  
And torn each link asunder.  
March to the, &c.

Who, for his country, brave,  
Joins not against th' Invader,  
Who doth her sons enslave,  
And ruin and degrade her?  
Our hallowed cause,  
By Kindness' laws,  
'Gainst tyrant Rum sustaining,  
We'll wear the crown  
Of true renown,  
And die the right maintaining.  
March to the, &c.

A man who loves his family will take a  
newspaper: and a man who respects his family  
will always pay for it.

If we enjoy any good, we must make the  
necessary sacrifices to obtain it.

Earth has no sweeter music than a gentle  
word breathed into a sorrowing heart.

Who will not keep a penny will never have  
many.

Wealth has a powerful influence, but the  
influence of a well balanced and cultivated  
mind can arise above and control it.

To whom you betray your secret, you give  
your liberty.

Remember thy own children, and do by all  
children as thou wouldst that others had done  
by thee when thou wast a child.

How fearful a thing it is to live! At every  
step we take, a stream of influences burst forth,  
which must flow on through all eternity.

## POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

### ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

The Mexicans advanced so rapidly that they  
were upon us, before we were aware of it, and  
we were compelled to retreat, leaving the garri-  
son of the two forts to their fate, and a right  
melancholy one it proved to be.

One morning, news was brought to Goliad  
that a number of country people, principally  
women and children, were on their way to the  
fort, closely pursued by the Mexicans. Fann-  
ing, losing sight of prudence in his compas-  
sion for these people, immediately ordered five  
hundred men under the command of Maj. Ward,  
to go and meet the fugitives and escort them in.  
The Major and several of the officers doubted  
as to the propriety of the measure; but Fann-  
ing, full of sympathy for his unprotected coun-  
trywomen, insisted, and the battalion moved  
out. They soon came in sight of the fugitives,  
as they thought, but on drawing nearer the  
latter turned out to be Mexican dragoons, who  
sprang upon their horses which were concealed  
in a neighboring island of trees, and a desperate  
fight began. The Mexicans, far superior in  
numbers, received every moment accessions  
to their strength. The Louis Potosi and Santa  
Fe cavalry, fellows who seemed born on horse-  
back, was there. Our unfortunate countrymen  
were hemmed in on all sides. The fight lasted  
two days, and only two men out of five hundred  
escaped with their lives. Before the news of  
this misfortune reached us, orders had been sent  
to Fanning to evacuate the fort and join us with  
six pieces of artillery. He received the order  
and proceeded to execute it. But what might  
have been practicable for eight hundred and  
sixty men, was impossible for three hundred  
and sixty. Nevertheless, Fanning began his  
march through the prairie. His little band  
was almost immediately surrounded by the en-  
emy. After a gallant defence, which lasted  
twelve hours, they succeeded in reaching the  
island, but scarcely had they established there,  
when they found their ammunition was expended.  
There was nothing left for them but to  
accept the terms offered by the Mexicans, who  
pledged themselves, that if they would lay  
down their arms they should be permitted to  
return to their homes. But the rifles were no  
sooner piled, than the Texans found themselves  
charged by their treacherous foes, who butcher-  
ed them without mercy. Only an advance post  
of three men succeeded in escaping.

The five hundred men whom he had left in  
San Antonio de Bexar, fared no better. Not  
being sufficiently numerous to hold out the  
town as well as Alamo, they retreated into the  
latter. The Mexican artillery soon laid a part  
of the fort into ruins. Still its defenders held  
out. After eight days fighting, during which  
the loss of the besiegers was tremendously se-  
vere, the Alamo was taken and not a single  
Texan left alive.

We thus, by these two cruel blows, lost two-  
thirds of our army, and a little more than seven  
hundred men remained to resist the numerous  
legion of our victorious foes. The prospect  
before us was one calculated to daunt the  
stoutest heart.

The Mexican General, Santa Anna, moved  
his army forward in two directions, one stretch-  
ed along the coast towards Velasco; the other  
advanced towards San Felipe de Austin. He  
himself marched in the centre. At fort Ben,  
twenty miles below San Felipe, he crossed the  
Brazos, and shortly afterwards established  
himself with about fifteen hundred men in an  
entrenched camp. Our army, under the com-  
mand of General Houston, had retreated to  
Harrisburg, to which place the Congress had  
retreated.

It was on the night of the twentieth of April,  
and our whole disposable force, some seventeen  
hundred men, bivouacing in and about an island  
of sycamores. It was a cloudy stormy evening;  
a high wind was blowing, and the branches of  
the trees groaned and croaked above our heads.  
The weather harmonized well enough with our  
feelings, which were sad and desponding when  
we thought of the desperate state of our cause.  
We (the officers) were setting in a circle around  
the General and Alcade, both of whom appear-  
ed to be uneasy and anxious. More than once  
they got up and walked backward and forward,  
seemingly impatient, and as if they were wait-  
ing for or expecting something. There was a  
deep silence throughout the bivouac; some  
were sleeping, and those who watched were in  
no humor for idle chat.

"Who goes there?" suddenly shouted one  
of the sentries. The answer we did not hear, but  
it was apparently satisfactory, for there was no  
further challenge, and a few seconds afterwards  
an orderly came up and whispered something  
in the ear of the Alcade. The latter immedi-  
ately hurried away, and presently returned,  
spoke a few words to the General, and then to  
our officers. In an instant we were upon our  
feet. In less than ten minutes, the bivouac

was broken up and our little army on the  
march.

All our people were well mounted, and armed  
with rifles and bowie knives. We had six field  
pieces, but we took only four, harnessed with  
twice the usual number of horses. We march-  
ed at a rapid trot the whole night, led by a tall,  
giant figure of a man who acted as our guide,  
and kept some distance in front. I more than  
once asked the Alcade who this was.

"You will hear by and by," was his only  
answer.

Before day-break we had ridden five and  
twenty miles, but had been compelled to aban-  
don two more guns. As yet no one knew the  
object of this forced march. The General  
commanded a halt, and ordered the men to re-  
fresh themselves by food and drink. While  
they were doing this, he assembled the officers  
around him and the meaning of our night march  
was explained to us. The camp in which the  
Mexican President and General-in-Chief had  
entrenched himself, was within a mile of us;  
General Parza, with two thousand men, was  
twenty miles further to the rear; Gen. Filasola,  
with one thousand, eighteen miles lower down  
on the Brazos; Vei Ca, with fifteen hundred,  
twenty miles higher up. One bold and decided  
blow and Texas might be free. There was  
not a moment to lose, nor was one lost. The  
General addressed the men:

"Friends! Brothers! Citizens! Santa Anna  
is within a mile of us with fifteen hundred  
men. The hour to decide Texan Liberty is at  
hand. What do you say? Do we attack?"

"We do!" exclaimed the men with one  
voice, cheerfully and decidedly.

In the most perfect stillness we arrived  
within two hundred paces of the enemy's  
camp. The reveille of the sleeping Mexicans  
was the discharge of our two field pieces load-  
ed with canister. Rushing to within twenty-  
five paces of the entrenchment, we gave them  
a deadly volley with our rifles, and then throw-  
ing away the latter, bounded up the breast-  
works, a pistol in each hand. The Mexicans,  
scared and stupified by this sudden attack,  
were running about in the wildest confusion,  
seeking their arms and not knowing which  
way to turn. After firing our pistols we threw  
them away as we had our rifles, and drawing  
our bowie knives we fell in with a shout upon  
the masses of the terrified foe. It was more  
like the boarding of a ship than any land fight  
I had ever seen or imagined.

My station was on the right of the line,  
where the breast-work, ending in a redoubt,  
was steep and high. I made two attempts to  
climb up, and both times slipped back. On  
the third time I nearly reached the summit,  
but was again slipping down, when a hand  
seized me by the collar and pulled me on the  
bank. In the darkness and confusion I did  
not distinguish the face of the man who ren-  
dered me this assistance. I only saw the glit-  
ter of a bayonet which a Mexican thrust into  
his shoulder at the very moment he was help-  
ing me up. He neither flinched nor let go his  
hold till I was fairly on my feet; then turning  
slowly round he levelled a pistol at the soldier,  
who at the very moment was struck down by  
the Alcade.

"No thanks to you, squire!" exclaimed the  
man, in a voice which made me start, even at  
that moment of excitement and bustle. I look-  
ed at the speaker but could only see his back,  
for he had already plunged into the fight, and  
was engaged with a party of Mexicans, who  
defended themselves desperately. He fought  
like a man more anxious to be killed than kill,  
striking furiously right and left, but never  
guarding a blow, though the Alcade, who was  
by his side, warned off several which were  
aimed at him.

By this time my men had scrambled up after  
me. I looked round to see where my help was  
most wanted, and was about to lead them for-  
ward, when I heard the voice of the Alcade.

"Are you badly hurt, Bob?" said he in an  
anxious tone.

I glanced at the spot whence the voice came.  
There lay Bob Rock, covered with blood and  
apparently insensible. The Alcade was support-  
ing his head on his arm. Before I had time  
to give a second look, I was hurried forward  
with the rest, toward the centre of the camp,  
where the fight was hottest.

About five hundred men, the pick of the  
Mexican army, had collected round a knot of  
staff officers, and were making a most gallant  
defence. General Houston had attacked them  
with three hundred of our people, but had not  
been able to break their ranks. His charge,  
however, had shaken them a little, and before  
they had time to recover from it, I came up.  
Giving a wild hurrah, my men fired their pis-  
tols, hurled them at our enemies heads, and  
then springing over the carcasses of the fallen,  
dashed like a thunder bolt into the broken  
ranks of the terrified Mexicans.

A frightful butchery ensued. Our men, who  
were for the most part, and most times, peace-  
able and humane in disposition, seemed con-  
verted into fiends. Whole ranks of the enemy

fell under their knives. Some idea may be  
formed of the horrible slaughter, from the fact,  
that from the beginning to the end, did not last  
above ten minutes, and in that time nearly eight  
hundred Mexicans were shot or cut down. "No  
quarter!" was the cry of the infuriated assail-  
ants; "Remember Alamo! Remember Goliad!  
Think of Fanning! Ward!" The Mexicans  
threw themselves on their knees imploring  
mercy. "Miser cordia poor el amor de Dios!"  
shrieked they in heart-rending tones; but their  
supplications were not listened to, and every  
man of them would have been butchered, had  
not General Houston and the officers dashed in  
between the victors and the vanquished, and  
with the greatest difficulty, and by the threats  
of cutting down our own men if they did not  
desist, put an end to this scene of bloodshed,  
and saved the Texan character from the stain  
of unmanly cruelty.

When all was over, I hurried back to the  
place where I had left the Alcade with Bob.  
The latter lay bleeding from six wounds, only  
a few paces from the spot where he had helped  
me up the breast-work; the bodies of two dead  
Mexicans served him for a pillow. The Alcade  
was bending by his side, gazing sadly and earn-  
estly into the face of the dying. For Bob was  
dying; but it was no longer the death of the  
despairing murderer. The expression of his  
features was calm and composed, and his eyes  
were raised to Heaven with a look of hope and  
supplication.

I stooped down and asked him how he felt,  
but he made me no answer, and evidently did  
not recollect me. After a minute or two—

"How goes it with the fight?" he asked in  
a broken voice.

"We have conquered, Bob, the enemy killed  
and taken. Not a man escaped.

He paused a little, and then spoke again.

"Have I done my duty? May I hope to be  
forgiven?"

The Alcade answered him, in an agitated  
voice:

"He who forgave the sinner on the cross,  
will doubtless be merciful to you, Bob. His  
holy book says—'There is more joy over  
one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety  
and nine just men.' Be of good cheer, Bob!  
The Almighty will surely be merciful to you!"

"Thank ye, squire," gasped Bob, "you are  
a true friend in life and death. Well, it has  
come, it's come at last," said he, while a re-  
signed and happy smile stole over his features.  
"I've prayed for it long enough. Thank God,  
it's come at last!"

He gazed up at the Alcade with a kindly ex-  
pression of countenance. There was a slight  
shuddering movement of his whole frame—Bob  
was dead!

The Alcade remained kneeling for a short  
time by the corpse, his lips moved in prayer.  
At last he rose to his feet:

"God desireth not the death of a sinner, but  
rather that he may turn and live," said he in a  
low and solemn tone. "I had these words in  
my thoughts four years ago, when I cut him  
down from the branch of the Patriarch."

"Four years ago?" cried I. "Then you cut  
him down and were in time to save him! Was  
it he who yesterday brought us news of the  
vicinity of the foe?"

"It was, and much more has he done," re-  
plied the Alcade, no longer striving to conceal  
the tears that fell from his eyes. "Four years  
has he dragged on his wretched existence,  
weary of the world and despised of men. For  
four years has he served us, lived, fought, and  
spied for us, without honor, reward, hope, or  
consolation—without a single hour of tranqui-  
lity, or a wish for naught except death. All  
this to serve Texas and his countrymen. Who  
will say this man was not a true patriot? God  
will surely be merciful to his soul," said the  
Alcade, after a pause.

"I trust that he will," answered I, deeply  
affected.

We were interrupted at this moment by a  
messenger from Gen. Houston, to whom we  
immediately hastened. All was uproar and  
confusion, Santa Anna could not be found  
among the prisoners.

This was a terrible disappointment, for the  
capture of the Mexican President had been our  
principal object, and the victory we had gained  
was comparatively unimportant if he escaped.  
Indeed, the hope of putting an end to the war  
by his capture, had more than anything encour-  
aged and stimulated us to the unequal conflict.

The moment was a very critical one. Among  
our men were thirty or forty most desperate  
characters, who began handling their knives  
and casting looks on the prisoners, the meaning  
of which it was impossible to mistake. Select-  
ing some of our trusty men, we stationed them  
as a guard over the captives, and having thus  
assured the safety of the latter, began question-  
ing them as to what had become of their gen-  
eral. They had none of them seen Santa  
Anna since the commencement of the fight, and  
it was clear that he must have made his escape  
while we were getting over the breast works.  
He could not now be very far off, and we at

once took measures to find him. A hundred  
men were sent off with the prisoners to Harris-  
burg, and a hundred others, capably mounted  
on horses found in the Mexican camp, started  
to scour the country in search of the fugitive  
chief. I accompanied the latter detachment.

We had been twelve hours in the saddle and  
had ridden over nearly a hundred miles of  
ground. We began to despair of finding the  
game we were in quest of, and were thinking  
of abandoning the chase, when at the distance  
of about seventy miles from the camp, one of  
our most experienced hunters discovered the  
print of a small and delicate boot upon the soft  
ground leading to the marsh. Following this  
trail it at last led to a man sunk up to the waist  
in the swamp, and so covered with mud and  
filth as to be quite unrecognizable. We drew  
him forth from his hiding place, half dead with  
cold and terror, and having washed the dirt  
from his face we found him to be a man about  
forty years of age, with blue eyes, of a mild but  
crafty expression; a narrow high forehead; a  
long thin nose, rather fleshy at the tip, project-  
ing under lip, and long chin. These features  
tallied too exactly with the description we had  
of the Mexican General, for us to doubt that  
the prisoner was Santa Anna himself.

The only thing that at all tended to shake  
this conviction, was the extraordinary politeness  
of our new captive. He threw himself on  
his knees, and begged in the name of God, and  
all the Saints to spare his life. Our reiterated  
assurances and promises were insufficient to  
convince him of his being in perfect safety, or  
induce him to a demeanor more consistent with  
his dignity and high station.

The events which succeeded this fortunate  
capture are too well known to require more  
than a brief recapitulation. The same evening  
a truce was agreed upon between Houston and  
Santa Anna, the latter sending orders to his  
different Generals to retire to San Antonio de  
Bexar and other places in the direction of the  
Mexican frontier. These orders, valueless as  
emanating from a prisoner, most of the Gen-  
erals were cowardly or weak enough to obey,  
an obedience for which they were afterwards  
brought to a trial by the Mexican Congress. In  
a few days two-thirds of Texas was in our pos-  
session.

The news of this success brought crowds of  
volunteers to our standard. In three weeks  
we had an army of several thousand men, with  
which we advanced against the Mexicans.  
There was no more fighting, however, for our  
antagonists had had enough, and allowed them-  
selves to be driven from one position to another,  
till, in a month's time there was not one left in  
the country.

The struggle was over, and Texas was free.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Here silver pence are turn'd to golden pounds."

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

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September 20, 1845.

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\$30,000!!! \$12,000!!! \$8,000!!!

1 prize of \$5,000 | 1 prizes of 4,000

1 do of 1,647 | 25 do of 500

TWENTY-FIVE prizes of \$1,000.

&c. &c. &c.

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For tickets and shares, and certificates of pack-  
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Corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 6th street,  
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Orders for Tickets and Shares and Certificates of  
Packages, in the above splendid Lotteries, will re-  
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