

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

GEMS OF

LITERATURE WIT & SENTIMENT.



PHILADELPHIA,

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1833.



OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

In public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Nor friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

No. 1.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY.

[1833.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM PENN.

Perhaps the young reader can find no stronger example of fortitude and practical wisdom in the annals of history, than the life of the excellent person whose name stands at the head of this article. There may have been characters more brilliant; Alexander, and Cæsar, and Napoleon, are more memorable for the splendid mischiefs they occasioned, but the fame of William Penn stands on a more solid basis than theirs. He is famous among the sons of men for his blameless life, his sterling piety, and the good he wrought for his fellow creatures. Admiral Sir William Penn, the celebrated father of a more celebrated son, was actively employed in the British Navy, under the Parliament and Charles the Second. He was early inclined to maritime affairs, in which he so distinguished himself that he was a captain at twenty-one years of age, rear-admiral of Ireland at twenty-three, vice-admiral at twenty-five, and vice-admiral of England at thirty-one. Other great trusts he held, and was employed by both contending parties, the Parliament first, and the King after his restoration; yet he took no part in the domestic troubles, having always in view the good of the nation, rather than the interest of a party. He married the daughter of a merchant at Rotterdam, and William Penn was the issue of the marriage. He died in 1691, of complaints brought on by incessant application to his public duties.

The memorable William, son of Sir William, was born in London, in 1644. His early promise was such, that his father resolved to give him a liberal education, and he became a member of Christ's Church College, in Oxford, at fourteen.

About this time he became imbued with the vital spirit of religion, in which he received instruction from a Quaker preacher, and consequently joined that sect with heart and soul. He withdrew from the communion of worship established by law in Oxford, and held private reli-

gious meetings with those of his own belief. This gave offence to the heads of the college, and he was persecuted for non-conformity. As he refused to submit, he was expelled from Oxford, and returned home, where he constantly showed a preference for the company of sober and religious persons. His father, who was more a man of the world, tried every effort to induce him to abandon his fellowship with the Quakers, thinking it would be a great obstacle to his preferment. But persuasion, and even stripes, had no effect to make the young man forsake his principles, and he remained a shining example of moral and religious purity in a corrupt and licentious age. At last, his father became so incensed at his firmness, that he turned him out of his house. This is, perhaps, the only eminent instance of a son punished by a father for perseverance in well doing.

The young William bore his misfortunes with meekness and patience, so that in a short time his father's affections were restored, and he was shortly after sent to make the tour of France. He returned so good a scholar, and with manners so polished, that his father considered the object of his travel answered, and received him with great satisfaction. Indeed he had become a complete and accomplished gentleman.

At the age of twenty he was strongly tempted to give himself up to the pleasures of fashionable life; but the care of Almighty Providence strengthened his early impressions, and prevented his virtues and talents from being lost to the world. Two years after, his father sent him to Ireland to take care of an estate he had in that country, and there he entered into full communion with the Friends. This was partly caused by his being imprisoned, together with several others, for attending a religious meeting. He was soon discharged at the intercession of the Earl of Orrery, and immediately assumed the dress and manners of a Quaker, which subjected him to infinite ridicule and contempt.

Hearing of what he had done, his father sent

AN INDIAN BATTLE.



From the Saturday Evening Post.

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Waccos 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' P. Bowie, Esq. one of that party, now in this city.

On the 2d 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 Buchannan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas R. Hamm, James Corriell, 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 Camancha Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's party, a chief of the Camancha tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their road to St. Antonio, with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Waccos 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., they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Illano 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, Isaonie, to inform us we were followed by 124 Tawackanie and Wacco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged, and pursued 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, unarmed, and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succour as he could give us he would. But knowing that the only lay between us and him, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavour to reach the old fort on the St. Saba river, by night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

Throughout the day, we encountered roads, being covered with rocks, and the horse feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous place where to encamp for the night. We however made 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 was 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.

ric, 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 the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing the prickly pears from amongst 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 them while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after, it was attacked by the Camancha 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 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 twelve feet 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 two hundred yards distant, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of Indians was heard, and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and threw our saddles and pack horses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they were discovered, we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A few mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground; amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

Their numbers being so far greater than ours, (164 to 11,) it was agreed that Rabin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavour to compromise rather than attempt a fight. He accordingly started, with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and beckoned them, in their own tongue, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with him.

Their answer was—"how do do? how do do?" in English, and a discharge of twelve bullets, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barrell'd gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and retreated back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and destroyed 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 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 north-east, 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 and 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 and killed his horse. 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 of 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 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 horseback, 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 mulatto 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 our 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 forty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering in the left breast and out the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas McCaslin 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 there, 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 McCaslin, where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and while bring his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, 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 too much exposed amongst 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 within point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advan-

hope 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 Corriell, 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 that 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 brought half a dozen down at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing 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 this smoke, they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the mean time, our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage, to prevent the fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork.

They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire, as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of 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 soon learned 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 employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up 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 favourable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Robert 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 twenty shots a minute. As

collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual 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 of us 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 doing.

Our thicket now being so much burnt and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was made round our wounded men and baggage; and commenced building our breastwork higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During this last fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their dead and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of sixteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready for fight, drew off at a distance of one 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 the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over their dead, which 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, our party went out from the fortification, to our encampment, where the Indians had the night previous, and counted forty-eight spots on the grass where the dead and wounded had been lying. As near as we could ascertain their loss must have been forty killed and wounded.*

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, Thomas McCaslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan and Matthew Doyle, and James Corriell—five horses killed, and two wounded—that we recommenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labour until one, P. M., when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into our fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there, and ready for action and well fortified, they put off, after that remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the

* We afterwards learned, from the Comanche Indians, that their loss was eighty-two in killed and wounded.

expiration of which time, being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonia 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 instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live-oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it; when it was opened, the mortified parts had all dropt off, and it was in a fair way for healing, which it finally did, and his leg now 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. Antonia de Baxas.

The following sketch of an introduction to the Prince Regent of England, and of the throngs at the royal levee, is from Rush's Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London:

A competent knowledge of the world may serve to guide any one in the common walks of life, wherever he may be thrown; more especially if he carry with him the cardinal maxim of good breeding every where, a wish to please, and unwillingness to offend. But if, even in private society, there are rules not to be known but by experience, and if these differ in different places, I could not feel insensible to the approach of an occasion so new to me. My first desire was, not to fail in the public duties of my mission; the next, to pass properly through the scenes of official and personal ceremony to which it exposed me. At the head of them was my introduction to the Sovereign. I desired to do all that full respect required, but no more; yet—the external observances of it—what were they? They defy exact definition beforehand, and I had never seen them. From the restraints, too, that prevailed in these spheres, lapses, if you fall into them, are little apt to be told to you, which increases your solicitude to avoid them. I had, in some of my intercourse, caught the impression that simplicity was considered best adapted to such an introduction; also, that the Prince Regent was not thought to be fond of set speeches. This was all that I could recollect. But simplicity, all know, is a relative idea. Often it is attainable, in the right sense, only through the highest art, and on full experience.

I arrived before the hour appointed. My carriage having the *entré*, or right to the private entrance, I went through St. James' Park, and got to Carlton House by the paved way, through the gardens. Even this approach was already filled. I was set down at a side door, where stood servants in the Prince's livery. Gaining the hall, persons were seen in various costumes. Among them were yeomen of the guard, with halberds

in their hands; they had velvet hats with wreaths round them, and rosettes in their shoes. From the court yard, which opened through the columns of a fine portico, bands of music were heard. Carriages, as in a stream, were approaching by this access through the double gates that separated the royal residence from the street. The company arriving by this access entered through the portico, and turned off to the right. I went to the left, through a vestibule leading to other rooms, into which none went but those having the *entre*. These consisted of cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, persons in chief employment about the court, and a few others, the privileged being in high esteem. Knights of the Garter appeared to have it, for I observed their insignium round the knees of several. There was the Lord Steward with his badge of office; the Lord Chamberlain with his *gold stick* and *silver stick*. The foreign ambassadors and ministers wore their national costumes; the cabinet ministers, such as we see in old portraits, with bag and sword; the lord chancellor, and other functionaries of the law, had black silk gowns, with full wigs; the bishops and dignitaries of the church, had aprons of black silk. The walls were covered with paintings. If these were historical, so were the rooms. As I looked through them, I thought of the scenes described by Doddington; of the Pelhams, the Bolingbokes, the Hillsboroughs; of the anecdotes and personalities of the English court and cabinet in those days. The prince had not yet left his apartment. Half an hour went by, when Sir Robert Chester, master of ceremonies, said to me, that in a few minutes he would conduct me to the Prince. The Spanish Ambassador had gone in, and I was next in turn. When he came out, the master of ceremonies advanced with me to the door.

Opening it, he left me. I entered alone. The Prince was standing, with Lord Castlereagh by him. No one else was in the room. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached as to a private gentleman, and said, in the common tone of conversation, that it was "from the President of the United States, appointing me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of his Royal Highness, and that I had been directed by the President to say, that I could in no way better serve the United States, or gain his approbation, than by using all endeavours to strengthen and prolong the good understanding that happily subsists between the two countries."

The Prince took the letter and handed it to Lord Castlereagh. He then said, that he would "ever be ready on his part to act upon the sentiments I had expressed; that I might assure the President of this, for that he sincerely desired to keep up and improve the friendly relations subsisting between the two nations, which he regarded as so much to the advantage of both." I replied, that I would not fail to do so.

The purpose of the interview was thus accomplished. I had supposed it would here end, and was about to withdraw, but the Prince prolonged it. He congratulated me on my arrival. He inquired for the health of Mr. Adams, and spoke of others who had preceded me in the mis-