

VINCENNES SATURDAY GAZETTE.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

VOLUME VII.]

[NUMBER 19]

MAJOR DOWNING.

We regret to notice that our types did injustice to the Major's last. The most glaring of the errors committed, however—such as "four days ago," for "four years ago,"—we presume would be immediately noted by the reader as an error in print—for the Major never makes mistakes as to the dates and facts, (unless they be wilful ones.) All we can say about it is, if any future oversight on our part should draw from the Major as good a story, by way of episode, as is contained in the following letter, we shant regret it.

Nigh the Wreck of the Two Politics.
ROCKAWAY, L. I., Sept. 18, 1837.
To the Editors of the N. Y. Daily Express.

I got one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to "Uncle Sam," and when reading on it, was fortunate for you that you was 20 miles off,—for I never did see such "tarnal work" as you made of some parts of my letter. However, all I've got to say about it is, for folks who read my letter in print, find any thing in 'em that don't read smooth, and ain't correct as to dates and facts, they may set it down again the printers. It was jest so once with young doctor, a friend of mine, in the *Colare* times. He writ a long letter once, about how he cured folks by giving Calomel,—he writ "Calomel in doses every minute,"—and the printers put it in print "Calomel in does every minute." Up went Calomel among the Pothecaries, and down went the poor sick folks. It warn't the Doctor's fault,—for it was all own to the printers, and a little "e."

Now before I trust you with other matters, I'll give you the printen of a story I've got to tell—and you may stick as many L's and O's and I's into it as you please, and I don't care what you make out so long as folks take the *mother wit* and bearin' on't. It is a story about "Uncle Sam," and some of his capers among the women folks.

"Uncle Sam" you know, always was a *sociable* kind of critter, and from his first comin into life, never could get along well without havin his hull family about him, all on'ems given him "a boost up the tree,"—but, "Uncle Sam" found, as most folks do, when they get gray, that unless he took a wife to take care of his buttons and keep things slick'd about house—he would get into trouble and so forth. Well, after tryin various plans and seen a good deal of trouble one way and another, he took advice some twenty years ago, and got married to a smooth quiet quaker Lady, worth 28 millions of dollars—and as Uncle Sam was considerable *liberal* in his way he put into the family stock 7 millions of dollars; (not in the *rule* *grit*); however, but what he said then was just as good as "grit" and so together they had 35 millions. Well 35 millions was no trifl, and things went on smooth and slick for nigh upon two years, and every body said at home and abroad, there never was a happier couple. Uncle Sam's wife did all a wife could do, and tho' Uncle Sam would once and a while, *swell up* and talk big, his wife said nothin, but kept stickin up his breeches when he'd split 'em and sew on buttons when he twich'd 'em off. But by and by "Uncle Sam" got mixin up with odd company, and among other things, got a kink in his head out of Fanny Wright's doctrines, that a man of so much importance hadn't ought to stick to one wife, but have as many as the great *Magid*. "I swow," says Uncle Sam, "I'm a good mind to try it" and so he talk'd to other folks about it, and to rights the galls got the notion too, and then "Uncle Sam" got one Amos Kindle to go round and sound about, and see if the galls would stand the racket,"—and he come back, and says he, "Uncle Sam, there's no mistake about it; and more than you can shake a stick at, and sure enough, just then the galls all havin got the notion, set to—they praised up "Uncle Sam," and abused his good old quaker wife—O shocking! there's no tellin what they didn't say; and among other things they said that "Uncle Sam's" wife was —————— Pshaw!! you dont say so!! and —————— m'cayce on us!! Well the next thing we see of Uncle Sam was he look'd as fin as a fiddle—ruffles round both ends of his shirt, and such a caparin as he cut among his new wives for a spell, never was seen afore—and such frolics!! and all his old cronies as high as he was among 'em' till some folks began to wink and whisper that Uncle Sam was *so liberal* he had wives enuf for himself and friends. Things went on thus for about three years, when "Uncle Sam" began (as most folks do, when they get too much of a good thing) to smell and feel trouble; and jest then I got back from foreign parts, and met Uncle Sam," and if it had not been for his bein on own blood relation and known him and lovin him, in any shape, as I do my own father or mother, I never would have known him at all. "Why," says I, "Uncle Sam, is this you?" says I. "I don't know, Major," says he; "but why do you ask—don't I look as natural as ever?" says he. And there he stood—holdin his breeches up with both hands, and his elbows both torn out, and a dirty shirt sleeve peepin through, and holes in his stockings, and his shins all plastered over. "Why," says I, "Uncle Sam

what on earth ails you? Come," says I, "give me your hand my old friend, and let us talk it all over together." "I am sorry, Major," says he, I can't shake hands with you jest now—my hands are busy," says he. "What," says I "holdin the momey aye, Uncle Sam—both hands full, as usual," says I. "Not exactly, Major," says he, and with that he cum up close to me, and whispered in my ear, "I am in a bad box," "Major," says he, "I have so many wives, I ain't got a button left for my suspenders—they are all off." "Do tell now," says I, "I want to know!!!!"—"It's true," says he, "and you may see for yourself." And with that I look'd—and sure enuf, there never was a man in sich a pickle.

Well, says I, "Uncle Sam" this comes from folks given you bad advice—or rather by your not taken good advice. You forget, says I, one fact,—and that it was intended that your family matters should be regulated on the same plan of every other well regulated family—and that tho' years is in the *General Government* family, it was intended to be regulated on the same plan as the family of the humblest of "your masters,"—and there, says I, was the *mother wit* of the thing in the beginnin." What "masters?" says he spunkin up and tryin to swell—but taken care to hold on to his breeches—"who are my "masters?" says I—"Why the people"—and if you had stuck to the rule they made for the regulating of your family, you would not now be in your present condition."

"Now" says I—"Uncle Sam"—there is but one way that I can see for you to take—and that is for you to call all your young women about you and tell 'em that you can't have but one wife—and they must git husbands each in their own states." Here Uncle Sam shook his head and looked considerale sad—"I am a fraid Major" says he, its too late—it was an easy job to get rid of one wife, but to get rid of so many all at once, I am afraid I shall git spank'd as red as a cherry." Never mind that," says I, "you'll git no more than you deserve if you do, folks that dance must pay the fiddler," says I, "Uncle Sam." "But" says I, "Major must I divorce them all?" "No," says I, "there is no divorce in the matter, you can't do that unless you can prove crim. con.; that's the Law," says I—"Well I can," says he, "I can prove that the *Post Office* the *Land Office*, and Amos ——"Hush," says I, "Uncle Sam, dont talk so, for it is an old story in all countries, that a man who has more than one wife, is a bigger fool than his friends, and has more friends than buttons." Now dont say any thing more about it. You have got in a scrape, and the best way is to git out on't. You'll find that your young wives will be as glad to git rid of you, as you will be to git rid of them.—But you musn't talk of divorce, or they'll bring you to the proof, and show that you first came a courting. And by the time you prove guilty on' em, they'll git you "on the hip," and keep you there too," says I; "Now look at your courting, and compare it with what it was—its a sad change," says I, "Uncle Sam, aint it?—however," says I, "my old friend you have had a rare frolic, and this is the end on't—and pretty much the end of all frolics." "Now" says I "we must go and see what can be done with the old wife—I'll be bound" says I, "she is as sound as ever she was, and not the worse for having taken shelter in her old native State of Pennsylvania. I'll go on first," says I, "Uncle Sam, and tell her to git her buttons and s'pe ready for you, and if I don't miss my guess, you will in a few weeks look as cherl agin as a boy, and as she is a good natured critter and likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for the young women you have been galavantin with of late, for she thinks you more to blame than they be." And then," says I, "Uncle Sam, when all git slick'd up, and you git all your buttons sew'd on, you will have a spare hand always ready to welcome a friend or knock down an enemy. At present," says I, "Uncle Sam, you are 'hum-bug'd'—And with that Uncle Sam he twisch'd up his breeches, and spank'd up considerable, and we moved on together."

I'll tell the balance of this story another time.

Your Friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2nd Brigade.

* We never knew exactly before the actual meaning of that word, *Humbug'd*. —Eds.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.
Shawneetown, Sept. 18, 1837.

Massrs. Editors:

I have just landed here from the S. R. Mountaineer—on which, you know, Black Hawk, Keokuk and twenty-five or thirty of their braves of the Sac and Fox tribes, came passengers. They are hastening on to Washington, and I hear the constant inquiry made, for what purpose? The answers given are numerous. One is, that the Government desires a meeting of these two tribes, at Washington, with the Sioux and Iowas (or Ioways)—that their ancient enmities may be buried, and mutual peace and friendship restored. But this cannot be effected to any extent—for

the condition and disposition of the Sioux evil is undeniably on the increase. The tribe is such, that no lasting arrangement of peace can be effected, unless Government stations a line of posts along the whole extent of the Sac and Fox boundary. Another reason given is, that Government wishes to treat with them for more lands!

But I cannot think this the case, for they already openly declare that the Government "HAS LIED" to them, and that they will sell no more lands until those already sold are paid for. I see that their confidence is exceedingly impaired in the promises of Government, which you know, they have had much reason for and which, indeed, should be held in more sacred observance by us.

On the goods taken there some weeks ago by some merchants who no doubt, wanted to turn the profit to their own account, they were asked an hundred per cent, higher than the same articles could be purchased of their own traders! You have already noticed this disgraceful shift on the part of our Government officers—and as the Indians have not received their last year's pay nor many of their horses, &c. I hope you will reiterate the injustice done to our public faith, until the poor Indian shall receive his just rewards. My belief is, that this visit on their part to the Seat of Government is to inquire for themselves, personally, further into the cause of this shameful failure to meet our engagements.

Look at the sum thus wasted in consequence! The fare of these thirty-one Indians from St. Louis to Pittsburgh, is \$778, besides the expenses of the Agents, Interpreters, &c. So that from the time of leaving their homes, until they return several thousand dollars are consumed—and all at the expense of the Government!

Would it not have been wisdom in the Agents of Government to have tried its credit at some "shaving shop"—and thus have raised the money at a sacrifice rather than carry out this system of child's play?

The company of mounted Dragoons which lately set out from St. Louis for Florida, have just passed this place. Many of them are sick having exhausted their high tone of martial courage and physical strength before crossing the "tip end" of Illinois!

This you will readily comprehend, from the ease and grace of manner which many of them assumed on horseback, before leaving our city:

And how could it be otherwise! for there was such a mixing up of "Pukes" — "Suckers"—Germans, Poles and Spaniards—each anxious to out do the other in military exploit, or in the excess of the bottle—until perfect jargon has been the result.

Col. Twigg left here sick and discouraged with his prospects of doing either his country service or his name credit, after so long a travail and with such an admixture of material as composed the company under his command. Very many of the horsemen giving out even this short distance of travel—and were sold and exchanged at enormous sacrifices. My word for it—this new move will prove a complete failure.

Nor will the Florida War—the two years war with a hundred of Indians—be terminated, until the brave ones of Kentucky and Tennessee simultaneously turn out determined to scour the swamps of Florida, until every Indian is willing to come in and lay down his weapons of rebellion.

When I saw the brave Sac and Foxes, on arriving at Paducah, Ky., shut themselves up in their rooms and the social hall from the very dread they entertained of Kentucky courage and ferocity, I never before so forcibly realized the consternation they must carry into the field of action.

Wherever I go, the president's Message is all talk—and great solicitude is expressed to know how it is received by the St. Louisans. There were a hundred passengers on our boat—and among all I have met elsewhere the last four days, I have not heard one solitary individual express any other than sentiments of displeasure at the ruinous bearing of the document.

Nothing short of a volcanic out-pouring of the staled energies of an abused people, will be able to wrest the control of our financial affairs from the grasp of the President and his favorite satellites, and create order and harmony from the chaos that now engulphs the affairs of the whole people and nation.

P. S. In the late statement you published of the exhibit of the *Shawneetown Bank*, you make it very judicious and economical managers rather extravagant in the eyes of your readers. Their incidental expenses, instead of being \$9075, are only \$90,75 cts.

Your Children.
Sit down among your little children, and let me say a word to you about family government. We good people of America, in our rage for self Government are in danger of not governing ourselves. Our lads grow up insubordinate; finding out to our and their cost; that "it is a free country." An English traveller could find no boys in the United States; all being either children or men. The

same sense of impending dangers could have united in one common cause, persons entertaining such a diversity of views as to the proper administration of public affairs.

"The Senator," he continued, "causes to the opposition the Federal Party. Of all the political parties that have existed in this country, I have before said what I believe, that in the main they have been honest and patriotic. That may be affirmed of the Federal party as of any other. The causes which produced the ancient divisions of the People into Federal and Republican parties have since ceased to operate, and it is unique and dangerous to preserve or affix the denominations for party purposes. The Federal party was indeed to lean more than their opponents did, to a strong and energetic Executive, and in that respect the Administration party of the present day may be pronounced to be more Federal than their opponents. The original causes having ceased, the Federal party has divided itself between the two parties of the present day. The better portion of it united with us and the worse, with the *Democrats* and their friends. I will add that of all the politicians in this or any other country, some of the Federalists who united with us and adhered to the Jackson party, are the most detestable. They appear to have cut themselves loose from every tie and obligation, and principle, which should bind them to their country and society."

Caution.—Nutmeg, in large doses, is a virulent poison. The writer has witnessed the effects of it in two instances. The first case last spring—the second last evening. The first was a young married lady of rather feeble health. The second was a young unmarried lady of a perfectly sound constitution and sound health. The first ate a nutmeg—*one whole nutmeg*—the second one and a half—*to use her own language, "good fat ones."*

Symptoms.—Sudden and alarming agitation of the nervous system; numbness of the tongue and face; intolerable distress in the eyes—described as a sensation of whirling or violent twisting—death-like sickness at the stomach, and faintness—intolerable vertigo, ringing in the ears—and the most intense mental agony. The stomach is rendered almost perfectly insensible to the action of the most stimulating emetics. This is a very imperfect sketch, but enough has been said to warn the reader to be careful how he eats nutmeg in large quantities. Cloves, oil of Peppermint, Spearmint, Tansy, &c, taken in large doses, are often attended with disastrous consequences.

Portland, Aug. 18, 1837.

Ploughing to some purpose.—We were presented yesterday with two French silver coins, one issued in the reign of Louis XIV., in the year 1676, and the other in the reign of Louis XV., in 1722, which were part of a parcel so found on the farm of Mr. Nash of Goldsborough, (Mo.) Mr. Nash was ploughing in a field assisted by two hired men, brothers. One was with him at the plough, when the treasure was turned up by the share. They stopped to examine it, and on discovering its value, Mr. Nash with noble generosity, ordered the man who was with him to call his brother, saying they would share alike in the good fortune. The brother, who was at work at a distance, was called, when all three commenced search and found French crowns, half crowns, and other fractional parts of a crown, to the value of over \$200. The coins were all of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and bore the dates of the years 1674—5 and 1672—21 and 22, and were in perfect preservation. The coins of Louis XV.'s reign appearing to have never been in circulation, and the impressions as sharp as if just issued from the mint. A tradition has long existed in the town, that the place was once settled by colonists from France who were driven away by the Indians, and this money is supposed to have been buried by them for concealment. We are told by the gentlemen, who gave us two of the coins, that the good people of Goldsborough (not as inapt a name by the bye) have all turned out, and not a foot of ground in the town, but has been or will be turned up in search of more of the treasure.

Fractional Bullion.
When the tomb of the great Emperor Charlemagne, of Aix la Chapelle, was opened, his bones were found enveloped in Roman vestments, his double crown of France and Germany was on his fleshless brow, and his pilgrim's wallet was by his side, as well as his good sword Joyeuse, which, according to the Monk of St. Denis, he chose in two a knight clothed in complete armour. His feet rested on the buckle of solid gold given him by Pope Leo, and round his neck was suspended the talisman which rendered him victorious, and which was formed of a piece of the true cross, sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was enclosed in an emerald studded to a large chain of golden links. The burghers of Aix la Chapelle presented it to Napoleon in 1811, when he entered that town. One day, in playful mood, he threw it over the neck of Queen Hortense, declaring that he wore it on his breast at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, as Charlemagne had worn it for 9 years. From that day the precious relic has never been separated from the Dutchess de St. Len, (now Queen) who relies upon it in sickness as a talisman. Boston Transcript.

"Such a getting down staircase." The government is now acknowledged, by the supporters of the administration, not only to be on the brink of bankruptcy, but actually INSOLVENT. It appears from the proceedings of Congress, that Silas Wright, the "conscience keeper" of the President, proclaimed in the Senate on Saturday last, that the Secretary of the Treasury had informed him that the government had run out of funds; and that unless the people's representatives offered them immediate relief, in FIFTEEN DAYS from that time, they would be unable to pay those to whom the government was indebted! What a commentary, this, on the experiment of the "old Hero," recommended and supported by Martin Van Buren.

Another acknowledgment of the bankruptcy of the nation, may be founded in the estimate of receipts and expenditures for the ensuing quarter, published in this day's *Whig*. NINE MILLIONS in debt. Was ever such confiding people as the Americans have been, so easily gulled by professing democrats. But the tide is changed, and will continue to change, until *nearly* a revolution in public sentiment takes place. The *honest* men

portion of the party, rapidly renouncing their sins of *commission*; and the real *loafers*—*democrats*, finding themselves in the minority, will be compelled to follow suit.

Cincinnati Intel.

Horrid Rencontre.—By the steamer Robert Morris, Capt. Massis, from Louisville, we learn that a fatal rencontre took place at a wood yard above Natchez, on Sunday evening last. A difficulty arose between Captain Crosley, of the steamboat Galienian, and one of the deck passengers. Capt. C. drew a Bowie knife, and made a pass at the throat of the passenger, which failed to do any harm, and the Captain then ordered him to leave his boat. The man went on board to get his baggage and the Captain immediately sought the cabin for a pistol. As the passenger was about leaving the boat, the Captain presented a pistol to his breast which snapped. Instantly the enraged and wronged individual seized Captain Crosley by the throat and brought him to the ground when he drew a dirk, and stabbed him eight or ten times in the breast, each blow driving the weapon into his body up to the hilt! The Captain expired in a few minutes. The passenger was arrested, carried to Natchez, tried and acquitted.

What a melancholy commentary upon the frequent use of deadly weapons!

Picayune.

From the New York Cou. and Eng.
The Sergeant-at-Arms is seen, almost daily, parading the House with a bag of gold paying the members. Contrast this with the fact, that the pensioners of the revolutionary war were paid last week their miserable pittance in the most worthless rags. No matter what you hear to the contrary, I repeat, and challenge contradiction, that the revolutionary pensioners in this city were paid their pittance in paper rags, and although they solicited only a few dollars in specie, it was refused. I conversed this morning with one of them, in his eighty-fourth year, who was thus treated, and thus under the eyes of the President and his Cabinet. It is in this way that Mr. Van Buren evinced his regard for the helpless, broken down, unprotected war worn soldier, while he and his associates fare sumptuously on the bounty of the Government. While such shameless abuses are permitted to exist, prate not to me about the "rich against the poor." It is the Jesuitical slang of the most profligate hypocrites.

AN OBSERVER.

"It is fortunate for the Banks that Gen. Jackson's term of office expired before the suspension of specie payments occurred, or he might again, in a fit of patriotic self-devotion, have declared martial law, ordered his marshals to have entered the Deposite Banks, taken the people's money, placed it in the Treasury and thus restored, as he might think, the balance of the Constitution."

The above is from the Winchester Virginian, a leading Van Buren organ, and the whole tenor of the article, from which the paragraph is taken, shews, that the editor intends to signify his full approbation of the course, which he intimates that Gen. Jackson would have adopted.—We have no doubt, that, if the President had adopted that course, the mass of the party would have approved it. If this functionary had declared martial law and sent forth his armed troops to break open and rob the banks, the suspensory press would have hailed the act with approbation and applause.

Does the Virginian mean to intimate, that Mr. Van Buren, as a faithful treader on the foot steps, is bound to adopt the measure in question?—*Low. Jour.*

The Government professes an anxiety to cut loose from all banks, and yet we find the Secretary of the Treasury writing to the banks in New York and endeavoring to persuade them to purchase the 12 millions of Treasury shin-plasters and