

DOWNING LETTER.

Uncle Jack Downing away down east in the state of Maine, that man keeps post office at the corner of Downingville.

Dear Uncle Jack—I haven't written you for sometime, and shouldnt now, but at particular request of the General—you won't understand by this that I've got above folks and grown proud like—though to be sure I can remember people's names so well as I once could, and Downingville is a good ways off—and since that affair about the duel that our representative from Cumberland fought, I don't like to say much to the General about Maine. But I and the General have been so busy since Congress got together that I havent had no time at all to do muching. That plagy Senate keeps the General in such a fever that I verily believe they'll be the death of him—but if he got round 'em tother day I tell ye, I spose you have heard how the Senate blamed the president bout the fortification bill and how much talk they've have had about it—when they were right in the hottest on it, the General says, Sargent Joel just step up to the Capitol and tell Mr. Quincy Adams I want to see him. I went pretty quick, I tell ye, and brought him back with me—as soon as the General and he had shaken hands—says the General, mr. Quincy Adams, shouldest you like to be looking ahead after an office? Gracious how mr. Quincy's eyes sparkled, just like an old cat's when she's about to jump for a rat. General, says he, I'm your servant. Well, says the General, if you'll just make a speech against that Senate, and you are elected Representative again and don't get the office of Selectman of Quincy—I'll make you postmaster there at any rate; this was enough for mr. Quincy Adams—he started off like an old racer and didn't stop till he had got into the Representative's Hall—when I got there he was putting it on to Mr. Webster I guess as he never took it before; that whipping that Mr. Hayne give him was no touch to it—and if he did not prove that the third day of March, has thirty-six hours in it, then I promise you there is no dependence to be placed in the Downings. Well when he finished they clapped him so loud that the Senate heard what was going on, and they were so frightened that they never set again till Monday, and that was Friday when they got the whipping. When I told the general about mr. Quincy Adams' speech, he was mighty tickled—says he, what a good thing 'tis to have so many sides as mr. Adams has, so that he can turn any time—that's just what I like mr. Van Buren for. Sargent Joel, says the General, just sit down here—I've something to say to you. Now the General was sitting in that little room next to the East Room that they call the breakfast room, smoking his pipe. Well, says I, General say on; well says he, you've been summing up recruits sometime and exercising them in military tactics, but I don't think there'll be a war with the French, after all. What, no fightings says I, General—have I been drilling all this time for nothing? Oh as to that, says he, you can fight the Indians in Florida; says I, General I'd have you to know that I prefer civilized warfare. Well, says the General, I'm sorry as well as you—but I jested had a note from the King of England, and he has promised to get my old message made into French by one of his ministers so that it shall give no offence and make the French people pay the five millions, and I'm about agreed to it—but—(here the General was interrupted by a man in the entry, and pretty soon in come Mr. Van Buren and Amos Kindall. Well, Mr. Van Buren, what's the matter, I never saw you look mad before. Mr. Kindall didn't say a word, but pulling out a newspaper from his pocket put into the hands of the General—it's all a d—lie, said the General, throwing down the paper almost as soon as he looked at it—that cursed monster that I've killed so many times 'live again. I wont bear this—Sargent Joel, go and get my sword—I'll march right off to Philadelphia—I'll kill nick Biddle—I'll teach my Senators to betray me. And I really believe he would have gone right off if Kindall hadn't got before the door and held it fast, while Van Buren jumped up to the window. While the General was roaring in this way, I just took up the paper and read that the Bank was rechartered—well thinks I, here's trouble enough—the country's ruined after all. Now if it hadn't been for that plagy Senate, the General with three millions might have kept them are nine Pennsylvania Senators all true to their integrity; but now the Bank has bought them and the country's ruined. No sooner had I read this than I caught right hold on the President; General, says I, hear me; I can't git you out of this trouble; the General was mad as a sheep in a minute. Mr. Van Buren jumped down from the window, and Kindall let go of the door; Speak Sargent Joel, says the General, don't keep us in suspense. Well says I General, I've been thinking that as how you've a right to interpret the Constitution as you understand it, you might veto that Bank. Well says the General, I never once thought of that; what do you say Mr. Van Buren, can I veto the Bank this time. Mr. Van thought it might be done if any thing of the kind had been done before; he said all that folks wanted was a precedent. Well says I General, let's suppose a case a State Government should remove a United States officer; wouldn't the General Government have a good right to veto a state law? Certainly, says the General, well says I, General, that thing has been done down in Maine; I remember when President Hall was Governor, he made and unmade United States officers, is that a fact said the General? him to retire into the hammock, while they Yes 'tis says I, and Uncle Jack Downing went to the camp.

I know all about it, for that was the first time I ever seen a Legislature, when he got his taste for public life. Well Sargent Joel, says the General do you sit right down and write to Jack Downing and tell him if what you say is true, to go to the Secretary of State's office in Augusta, and get me a copy of Gov. Hall's removals—and not to stop night nor day until he gets to Washington—and tell him as his post office is not worth much, I'll tell Mr. Kindall to make him an extra allowance of wrapping paper and twine.

Your loving nephew,
SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

P. S. As soon as you get this, start right off—don't ever stop to change your shirt, as the General will be in a terrible flutter till he sees you.

Indian War.

From the Jacksonville Courier, March 17.
GENERAL GAINES & OSEOLA HAD AN INTERVIEW.

The news from the Camp of Gen. Gaines continues to be of great importance. In our last we stated Gen. Clinch, with the Alachua militia, had joined him. We were then unable to state correctly the particulars. The following extract of a letter to the editor will show the force which accompanied the provisions.

"The force which went to the relief of Gen. Gaines under the command of General Clinch, consisting of four companies of mounted volunteers from Alachua county, commanded by Captain Williams, Carter, Hern, and Lieutenant Dell, one company from Hamilton county under Captain Martin, the Richmond Blues, about seventy friendly Indians, and some regulars, in all about seven hundred men. Verbal reports state that the Indians are getting short of lead.

With this force Gen. Clinch went to the relief of Gen. Gaines. The night before his arrival, Oseola sent a negro to the Camp of Gen. Gaines requesting an interview, and promising to stop killing white men, if he would stop killing Indians. This proposition was agreed to and Oseola was told to come next day with a white flag, when they would have a talk with him. The next day in company with another chief, he came to within about a hundred yards of the Fort, waved his white flag around three times, and sat down upon a log. Three officers from the camp went to meet them.

Oseola informed them that Gen. Clinch was on his way to join them with a large number of horsemen. He expressed his willingness that hostilities should cease, and to give up his arms. The officers required him to sign articles of agreement by which he bound himself to proceed immediately to Tampa Bay, and there embark for the Mississippi. Some say that Oseola objected to this mode of removing and wished to go by land. Others that he would not promise to go at all, but wished to live on the other side of the Outhachoochee and to have that for the boundary line between them and the whites. Their discussion was interrupted by the arrival of Gen. Clinch. During the course of it, Oseola inquired how they were off for provisions. They told him they had a plenty. He said he knew they had not, and if they would come over the river, he would give them two beavers and a bottle of brandy.

As Gen. Clinch approached, the friendly Indians, discovering the hostile Indians about three hundred yards from the Camp of Gen. Gaines, raised the whoop, which was immediately followed by one from the hostile Indians. The men immediately formed and fired a platoon. The Indians fled and were closely pursued. A runner then came from Gen. Gaines ordering them to stop, and informing them that Oseola was treating with them. At first those in pursuit could not be restrained; but the cry of "treaty," "treaty," soon checked them. Gen. Clinch then formed and proceeded to camp.

The following extract of a letter, written after their arrival, contains some interesting particulars:

HEAD QUARTERS, CAMP IZARD, Flor., On the Outhachoochee, March 8; night.

"We arrived at this post on the evening of the 6th, and found Gen. Gaines' army in a state of starvation, eating horses, dogs, &c. Less than a gill of corn was issued for a day's rations. We brought but a small quantity of provisions with us, and I believe there are but few men in camp who are not hungry at this time. We found plenty of fresh Indian signs two miles above this on the river, and some of us wanted to pursue it, but the General directed otherwise. When we came in sight of the camp, the spy guard reported Indians (500) in battle array. The war whoop commenced, and all who heard it expected; and I believe, were prepared, ready, and willing for it. I was at the head of Captains Martin and Carter's companies, the left flank when we discovered a considerable body of Indians on our left and gave them a fire; two only returned it, (and one of the balls struck near me) they instantly fled into the hammock; it is said we killed one and wounded two; to-day the spot has been visited, and a considerable quantity of hides, some rice, &c., were found, so I guess they left in a hurry. They have had Gen. Gaines completely surrounded for several days previous to our arrival; they had fought him all the day before without much execution on either side.

Hearing the attack of Gen. Clinch, the officers in conversation with Oseola advised him to retire into the hammock, while they

On reaching the camp, Gen. Clinch found its inmates in great distress. They were literally in a state of starvation. They had killed and eaten, several horses and dogs. One soldier having stolen a dog and killed it, sold one of the quarters for five dollars. For this act of stealing, killing, or selling, or all together, he received a severe flogging. One man gave six dollars for a piece of horses' entrails about a foot long. Five dollars were given for a biscuit and the same for a quart of corn. We forbear to mention many other facts, showing what hunger will compel one to do, which are related of these patriotic men, thus surrounded and suffering in a savage wilderness. Yet there was perfect subordination, and every man was prompt in the discharge of his duty. The Abahua volunteers cheerfully distributed their biscuit and corn, reserving none for themselves. It was effecting to witness the greediness and thankfulness with which they received a whole or a half biscuit from their deliverers.

The evening of the day on which their interview was interrupted by the arrival of Gen. Clinch, Oseola sent word to General Gaines, that if he would send away the horsemen, (Alachua militia,) they would come and surrender their arms. We know not whether from suspicion or otherwise, the horsemen were not sent away. After waiting three days to hear of Oseola, and not having provisions to remain longer, Gen. Gaines returned to Fort Drane at which place Oseola was to have met him, Monday or Tuesday last. After reaching this Fort, he transferred the command to Gen. Clinch, and left for New Orleans by the way of Tallahassee. During some of the engagements, he received a wound—the ball passing through his lip, knocked out two of his teeth, but its force being nearly spent, it did him no further injury.

This movement of Oseola in requesting an interview, when Gen. Gaines had been entirely surrounded by his followers for several days, is inexplicable, and seems to have taken all by surprise. Whether it was an artifice devised on learning of the approach of a reinforcement, to give time to make a safe retreat—or a stratagem by which, after introducing five hundred Indians within the breast work under the pretence of surrendering their arms, he intended to make an attack with his main force, and taking advantage of the confusion, to massacre the whole before Gen. Clinch could render them any assistance or, as he says, he is really tired of murdering white men, General Clinch's arrival sooner than was anticipated, prevents us from determining, and time alone can now decide.

Though Oseola has courage and cunning to plan and execute almost any bloody movement, we sincerely hope he has seen the hopelessness of further resistance and that the Indians will now surrender their arms, and prepare to abide by the stipulations of the treaty for their removal. Should this be the case, Gen. Gaines will receive a nation's thanks and a valiant General's fame.

To the manner in which he has conducted his part of the campaign, much credit is due. His alacrity in bringing to the theatre of action so large a force, his march from Tampa Bay, and the burial of the unfortunate Major Dade and his companions, entitle him to the gratitude of the citizens of Florida, at whose cry of distress he so promptly came, and of the afflicted relatives and friends of the unfortunate men, whose bodies were strewn over the plain, and upon which the vultures were battening.

TEXAS.—The last intelligence we have from Texas, is not of the most encouraging kind for the friends of Mexican emancipation. In the Provincial Government, a rupture had taken place, which had led to the expulsion of General Houston. The adventurers are divided into two parties, and confusion was the order of the day.

In regard to the expeditions that have been fitted out for Texas, in this country, against Mexico, it is proper to say, that the most unqualified assurance has been given, by the proper source, that they shall not be preserved in, and prosecutions have already been commenced against the leaders of those which were got up this last autumn. The most rigid vigilance is now in operation to bring past offenders to punishment. General Jose Antonio Mexia, the author of the Tampico expedition, has been arrested, and an officer left this city a day or two ago, to make an important arrest in the city of New York.

We were the first to publish the law which makes it treason to engage in, and set on foot, any expedition against a foreign power with which we are at peace—and we have never ceased to cry aloud, against the ill-judged proceedings of some of our citizens in relation to Texas. The consequences of their conduct have been deeply felt in the commercial arrangements at the South, and ill blood, and false impressions, have been engendered among people friendly to us in all respects.

Washington Mirror.

CURLED HAIR—A KNOTTY QUESTION.

Since the adjudication of the strange contest between the eyes and nose, no judicial decision has excited more interest than one lately pronounced by his honor the Mayor of Boston. One of the young ladies in the Boys-ton school was so exceedingly regardless of the rules of good taste, as to come to school with her hair done up in papers. The pedagogue protested against this, the young lady and her guardian demurred, and the matter was finally referred to the Mayor and the general School Committee, who decided that it

was plainly unconstitutional to wear the hair officers. These words acted like a charm on the follow; who, though gradually began to recover, stood up, apparently with much difficulty, directed his doleful looks in the direction of the Park, and perceived the magistrate's messenger entering its gate.

He now proceeded feebly on; but when he observed him nearing the Police office, he foresaw that he had no time to lose, and taking to his heels, dashed down Chambers street in such a manner as to astonish the beholders and defy pursuit.

On Sunday arrived here from Boston four schooners, each having had a passage of forty-nine days from that port. They had been in sight of the Sandy Hook light house three or four different times, and blown off to sea. They have experienced dreadful weather, and suffered much in their spars and rigging.

On Sunday morning a Mrs. Lucy Jocelyn, aged 50, was burnt to death in East Broadway. She was found on the floor nearly divested of her clothing—having apparently torn them off her person, as the burning fragments were strewn about the room, round her lacerated corpse.

A wonderful invention called the "Axe-rite," has been announced in England—to the great dismay and consternation of the barbers, which will enable persons to shave themselves without the aid, or use of a razor, water and soap! Verily this is the age of discoveries!

Upwards of one thousand men are at work, and over two hundred new buildings in the course of being erected, in the district desolated by the late conflagration. A distressing accident occurred in this devoted spot, on Friday afternoon, by the falling of part of the ruins, which buried five men and a boy, who were excavating near it. One man and the boy were killed instantly; another man died within a few minutes; a fourth was pronounced past recovery; and the other two are dreadfully injured as to render their recovery extremely doubtful. I suppose an order will now be issued by the city authorities to level down the many ruined walls which are still threatening the lives of citizens, and particularly so the unfortunate laborers employed in the foundations of the new buildings now erected among the ruins.

The captain of the ship John Marshall, three days from Portland, fell in with the brig Baltimore, Captain Cushing on fire. He took off her captain and crew, and in a short time afterwards the brig was entirely enveloped in flames.

The Court of Sessions is again at work; but nothing of interest has come before it, with the exception of the case of a yellow woman, named Hetty Ann Josephs, the *chere amie* of the colored man John Scott, for cutting his throat while he was asleep, on the 22d ult. The man's life was for several days in imminent danger. Hetty was only sent up for four months to pick oakum." This threatening is not such a great crime after all!

A new penny-paper, called "the Democrat," has made its appearance in our city. It professes to be devoted to the interests of the working class, and pledged to oppose and expose all those monopolies which "grind the faces of the poor," and whose privileges and usurpations are often so overbearing.

A sloop with four horses and loaded with passengers, left Hudson on Thursday morning, 5th March, and arrived at Sing Sing the next day—performing the whole distance upon the river. It is said that such an ice-journey upon the Hudson, so late in the season, was never before known.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.
New York, March 16, 1836.

MESSRS. EDITORS—

The ship Reliance, Captain Saunders, of Bristol, (England) bound to this port, was totally lost on Rockaway beach last Friday morning. She was a fine new ship of 400 tons. She had made her passage in five weeks, was reported by the news boat arrived, and was coming to Sandy Hook with a fair wind, when the pilot boarded, and stating that the weather was, or would be, too foggy to cross the bar put her out to sea again, and went to bed where he continued until she struck.

Great credit is due to the farmers and other residents about Rockaway, for their humane and praiseworthy exertions in behalf of the sufferers. They assisted their landing, by running breast high into the surf, to receive them, and conveyed in their wagons the half frozen passengers and crew to their hospitable homes, where they were bountifully provided with every comfort. One of the crew was drowned; and neither them nor the passengers, saved any thing but the clothing in which they were wrecked.

It is reported that the increase of corporation taxes for the present year, will exceed that hitherto paid, by 50 or 60 per cent. in consequence of the recent verdict given in the Court of Common Pleas, which covers the principle of making the corporation liable for claims amounting to upwards of one million of property destroyed by order of the municipal authorities at the late great fire. The corporation has appealed from the decision, but its reversal is rather doubtful.

A stout and hearty looking rascal has been for some time past impeding upon the community by falling down—(but cautiously, so as not to hurt himself)—in the streets, and going through all the parts of a person in a fit; and after having succeeded in collecting an auditory, recovers by degrees from his dreadful malady, and with trembling limbs and hat in hand, appeals to the sympathies of the crowd. Justice Wiley, who is not easily imposed upon by the "craft," called out to an acquaintance across the street to step to the Police Office and send down a couple of the

officers. These words acted like a charm on the follow; who, though gradually began to recover, stood up, apparently with much difficulty, directed his doleful looks in the direction of the Park, and perceived the magistrate's messenger entering its gate.

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