The Press.

VOL. I.—NO. 128. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1857. TWO CENTS.

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PUBLISHED DAILY, (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,)
BY JOHN W. FORNEY.
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1857.

HAVELOCK AND MULGRAVE.—A CONTRAST.

Nothing like contrasts, for bringing out effects. Just now, our friend John Bull has ample opportunity, by contrast, of estimating the comparative value of personal merit and family connection, in the respective cases of Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, of Lucknow, and the Right Honorable the Earl of MULGRAVE. HAVELOCK, son of a country gentleman of limited means, commenced life by entering at the Middle Temple, and attending the lectures of CHITTY, the special pleader, where the late Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD was his fellow-student. His elder brother had fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and his example induced the would-be lawyer to enter the army. This was in 1815. After eight years service in the United Kingdom, he exchanged into a regiment under orders for India, where he arrived in 1823, in his twenty-eighth year. He served in India for a time, in the Burmese war, and on a mission to the Kingdom of Ava. In 1827, he published a "History of the Ava Campaigns." In 1838, at the mature age of forty-three, after three-and-twenty years active service, as a subaltern, he was promoted to the rank of captain. Had he possessed money he could have purchased a captaincy after five years' service. Had he been so fortunate as to have had relations among the nobility—to have had an uncle, for instance, like Lord PANMURE, who telegraphed "Remember Dowb," to the Crimea—HAVELOCK would certainly have risen rapidly in the army, for he was so universally admitted to be an admirable officer that he was always selected for difficult duty. Merit, without cash or connexion, avails less in the military service of England than in that of any other country.

After he was promoted, Captain HAVELOCK was a staff officer in the first Affghan campaign, was present at the storming of Ghuznee, and the occupation of Cabul, and, on his return to India, wrote a "Momoir of the Affghan Campaign," which was published in London. Going back to the Punjaub, he was placed on General ELPHINSTONE's staff as Persian Interpreter, detached to serve in Cabul under Sir ROBERT SALE, and, in the final attack on MAHOMED AKBAR, in April 1842 which obliged that chief to raise the siege of Jellalabad. Captain HAVELOCK commanded the right column, and defeated him before the other columns could come up. His reward for this was a brevet Majority, and the wonderful distinction of being allowed to wear a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole, as Companion of the Bath. NAPOLEON would have made him a General on the spot.

After this he served under Generals POLLOCK and GOUGH, all through the campaign, accompanied the army to Gwalior, and was engaged in the battle of Maharajpore. In the Sikh war, he was also employed, and was present at every great battle. In 1849, after twenty-five years' hard service, he revisited England. On his return to Bombay, in 1851, he was made brevet Colonel, and, through the kind recollection of Lord HARDINGE, (by whose side he had fought like a Paladin in the three battles of the Sutlej,) was appointed Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops in India. He was second in command of the expedition to Persia, and, immediately after his return to Calcutta, after the Indian revolt had broken out, was sent to Allahabad in command of the moveable column, with which, in nine pitched battles, he defeated the Matratta leader, NENA SAHIB, whose revenge found a vent in the dreadful massacre of Cawnpore. His relief of Lucknow, at this moment, excites general attention. For having won nine battles, against vastly superior forces, he was made Major-General, and received a pension of $500 a year. He was subsequently raised to the hereditary rank of Baronet, and public opinion has literally compelled the British Ministry to add a grant of $5,000 a year, to support what is called the "dignity" of the title—as if such a man as HAVELOCK does not confer honor or the baronetcy instead of deriving any from it.

Now, let us mark the contrast. We have seen how, despite of want of money and noble relatives, HAVELOCK has raised himself. Allow us to present an opposite case.

The Marquis of NORMANBY is a nobleman, with comparatively narrow means. He is well connected, however, and, when cash ran low and credit was wholly gone, his noble friends, the leaders of the Whig party, sent him into safe and lucrative exile in 1832, as Governor of Jamaica, with a salary of $30,000. He did not long remain on his island, but returned to England, where—still out-at-elbows—he obtained the office of Lord Privy Seal, with a large yearly salary. The amount was insufficient for his extravagance, and he was sent to Ireland as Viceroy, with a princely income of $100,000 per annum. He continued in this capacity from 1835 to 1839, after which he served as Colonial Secretary, and as Home Secretary for a couple of years, at $25,000 per annum, until PEEL's acceptance of office threw him out of place. In 1846, he was sent as Ambassador to France, at $50,000 a year, and a furnished palace. In this capacity he continued until after the *coup d'état* of 1852. He returned to England, still a "pauper peer," and, as such, (for his ability as a diplomatist was limited,) was sent as Minister to the Court of Tuscany, at $10,000 a year, where he still resides. From first to last, this gentleman, simply because he is a Marquis, because he is allied to many of the leading nobility, and because he has been in debt all his life, has drawn over $750,000 from the tax-payers of England, and, most probably, if the truth were known, actually thinks that the public ought to be very much obliged to a man of his rank for condescending to play the Ambassador, and pocket their money.

The Marquis has a son, whose real name is Mr. PHIPPS, but usage gives him the courtesy-title of Earl of Mulgrave. He has lived thirty-eight years in the world, without any one ever having had reason to suspect him of being a man of ability. He sits in Parliament for the borough of Scarborough, (near which his family mortgaged estates are situated,) but has scarcely ever done any thing, as a legislator, except to give a silent vote for his father's friends and patrons, the Whigs. He has been very useful, however, as a sort of deputy whipper-in, taking care that the supporters of the Ministry should be at hand, to vote, whenever required to do so. As the pauper son of a pauper and office-holding peer, Lord MULGRAVE had to be provided for. In 1851, he was made Controller of the Queen's Household, salary $5,000 a year. In 1862, he became Treasurer of the Household, for which he has ever since condescended to receive $5,000 per annum.

This gentleman, whose life has been passed in the unwholesome atmosphere of a Court, has just been appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, (salary $15,000 a year, with a residence,) and we dare say, has so little knowledge of the country he is to govern, that it would puzzle him to declare its exact position, without carefully hunting it out upon the map. His simple qualification is that his uncle, Colonel PHIPPS, is a favorite and salaried parasite at Court—that his father, though a pauper, is a Marquis—and that his own necessities make the Governorship extremely acceptable, because it will bring him in a large income. The Nova Scotians, we suspect, with all their lip-loyalty, will not be very grateful to Queen VICTORIA for sending them such a Governor. Sancho Panza, at Barataria, will stand forth a miracle of sagacity, compared with this lordling.

Mark the contrast! HAVELOCK, 23 years in the army before he got his captaincy; only a Major General at the age of 62; put off with a good-service pension of $500 a year, and finally, when made a Baronet, given a pension of $5,000 a year. MULGRAVE, six years in office in the Royal Household, a constant guest at the Royal table, and appointed the Queen's representative, in one of her colonies, at a salary exactly three times as much as HAVELOCK, crowned with honor, obtained after 42 years' service. In one case, Merit has slowly advanced the hero of the Indian campaign. In the other, aristocratic connection has raised Lord MULGRAVE from a Court flunkeyship to to the dignity and pay of a Viceroy. If MULGRAVE had not been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," his position must now have been humble indeed.

FRANCE, SEEN THROUGH THE LAST FRENCH JOURNALS.

The Rebellious Article of the "Press."

In our last we mentioned the suspension of *La Presse* for two months, on account of the revolutionary tendency of one of its editorials. The article appeared on December 3d, and among the "nouvelles deverses" of the next day *Le Constitutionnel* has this pithy line, "*La Presse* has not appeared to-night. We are assured that it has been suspended for two months." *L'Independence*, Brussels, of the 6th instant, after mentioning the excitement produced by the event in Paris, adds, "as to the other journals, they exhibit this morning extreme prudence and reserve. *Le Courrier de Paris*, which, during the last elections was one of the firmest advocates of the Democratic party, publishes this morning, at the head of its columns, an article in which it declares that the entrance of Messrs. DARIMON, HENON and OLLIVIER into the Legislative body is the commencement of a new party, which, 'leaving behind it old parties and old passions, will consider progress as independent of political forms, and exert itself to secure it upon legal grounds and within the limit of the imperial Constitution.'" M. PEYRAT's condemned editorial is to the following effect:

"In the elections which took place in June, the Democratic party elected seven of its candidates, five of whom have taken their places in the legislative body, whilst two, Messrs. Carnot and Goudchoux, have refused to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution. Which of these two parties has been most faithful to the principles they were elected? Among them there is evidently an error and a false calculation. On which side is the error? Who has made the false calculation?

"We are aware that the question is a delicate one, and without not have raised it if we were in bonage to any party. But in the sight of God, we are in the habit of thinking and speaking freely, uttering the feeling of the moment, without consulting time, or place, or suitability.

"A party clique calls upon us to serve it with closed eyes, and to accept all its caprices without examination—owing our devotedness to the exercise of our reason. We are not of this class of adorers; we do not believe that anger and obstinacy are the only homage worthy of the cause of Democracy. Our friends know that our zeal is not lukewarm, but it is neither unreflecting nor exaggerated. We are not in the habit of wishing to hide ourself under the shadow of a coterie, where we can find our opinions ready made, and where we are excused from the onerous burden of forming them for ourselves. But in politics as in religion, there is a respectable reason against blind faith. This said, let us examine the question raised by the conduct of Messrs. Carnot and Goudchaux.

"Through the name which he bears, M. Carnot has position and influence in the Democratic party; and M. Goudchaux is bound to it by long service—worthy of the esteem which he receives from all parties. He is a worthy and upright man. When such men, in such positions, and above all in such circumstances deceive themselves upon a point of duty, the misfortune is to be doubly deplored—their example, instead of being useful to their party, can only injure and mislead it. Let us now see whether the act under our consideration is conformable to the wishes and the interests of the Democracy.

"For some months there has been in the universal conscience a vague trembling—a vibration that has struck every attentive ear. To us it signalled the birth of public spirit. The hour for decisive resolution is upon us. The problems which preoccupy the world of politics simplify themselves—the parties draw together and count their strength—the conflict of principles wages more boldly than ever—Piedmont and Belgium are the scene of violent agitations, and the part we take in the triumph of our friends of Turin and Brussels proves that the people of Piedmont and Belgium are not the only ones interested. It seems that we have all heard, from one end of Europe to the other, a voice crying: Arise, and march forward!

"Shall we remain deaf to this mysterious voice? Must we, living always in our memories and our hearts, sink deeper and deeper in our abasement? The question has been before us for six months, and an immense majority of the Democratic party has been resolved against the partisans of the policy of despair and abandonment.

"Shall the Revolutionary party imitate the Legitimist, which by its withdrawal has made itself a stranger in its own country. The Legitimist party is a corpse, which the Allies galvanized in 1815; it lived an artificial life until 1830, when it was again entombed, and may God in his mercy forbid it a resurrection. Shall we, too, descend to the tomb without hope of an awakening

"Messrs. Carnot and Goudchaux thought not thus six months ago, when they provoked the electoral movement and threw themselves into it with such resolution. Wherefore do they withdraw themselves to-day, when that movement has become so energetic?

"What was the meaning of the campaign of electoral bulletins, of the reiterated appeals, the memorials, the editorials, the contest of the election? Are we to see nothing but a comedy in this struggle, so voluntarily entered upon, so patiently sustained, and which has ended in such success?

"In 1852 M. Henon refused to take the oath—to-day he yields to the wishes of his constituency and enters the legislative body. Why should not Messrs. Carnot and Goudchoux show the same deference to the expressed will of the electors of Paris?

"Experience has condemned the system of those who, in the month of June, preached indifference and withdrawal. It was the obstinate error of a rigor pushed to excess. But that rigor has the respectable character of the sentiment which inspires it, and it merits the esteem of those who do not agree with it.

"But how can we respect the conduct of those who after preaching action six months ago, when the issue of the struggle was doubtful, condemn and abandon it to-day when success has so fully justified it. It was you who announced and led the conflict, you animated the feeble and led the undecided; and now, when we are banded together, when our community of action has been strengthened by your personal triumph, it is you who are striving to destroy it.

"But now we are aware of our strength, we know that we are a great party devoted to the Revolution, and equally resolved to defend it against those who would destroy it, and those who would sully it. We have among us men strong in talent, experience, courage, and public consideration, and shall we renounce our rights to them?

"When you called the electors to the ballot they expected you to march before them, like generals heading their battalions, and they responded to your call. What will they think to-day, when they find themselves the tools of a coterie, 'sacrificed to motives of personal vanity? They have chosen you, they expect you at the work, and you abandon them; they will abandon you in their turn, do not doubt it. You would have been in the minority in the legislative body; you will now be in the minority of your own party.

"It has been asked what service would these members have rendered if they had taken their seats? That is another question, which shall be examined hereafter. We have intended, to-day, only to protest against an act designed to distract public opinion with uncertainty and discouragement.

"But public opinion: does it exist at this moment? Yes—notwithstanding the words of those who would wish its voice smothered. It has been compelled to hide its course in subterranean channels; but it has its birth in unfailing fountains, and has never ceased to flow. Mighty efforts are required to lead it back into its accustomed channel, and make it flow again peaceably between its banks; and it is because the conduct of Messrs. Carnot and Goudchaux tend to paralyze those necessary efforts, that we find them most impolitic, and that we blame them so energetically."

La Presse was founded by the distinguished *feuilletonist*, EMILE DE GIRARDIN, and is the most influential journal of France, having a circulation of about 40,000, and being valued at $365,000. A year ago M. GIRARDIN sold his share to M. MILLAUD, a wealthy Jew banker, who has since that time had much power over the journal, being the proprietor of more than half the stock.

La Presse, although devoted to the Democracy, has been conducted, until very lately, with great sagacity and caution under the control of M. NEFTZER, but he has recently withdrawn from the editorship, and a new policy has been instituted by the younger members of the corps, headed by M. PEYRAT, whose license of dangerously-free speech has just now been put under the imperial padlock.

It is said, we do not know upon what authority, that the proscribed editorial had been submitted to the revision of the leaders of the Democratic party, and was to have been followed by one of an equally inflammatory character. If this is the case, there is, in all probability, some secret organization standing ready to vindicate the truth of M. PEYRAT's startling paragraphs; and the editorial that we have quoted from the *Courrier de Paris* is merely a cloak, a judicious shifting of its ground, in order to avoid the penalty incurred by its more daring colleague.

If the article for which *La Presse* has been suspended does not bristle with rebellion to our Democratic eyes, it serves to show how slight the hint required to put a tyrant's fears up on the alert.

Now, if M. PEYRAT, editor of *The Press*, (French) were tempted to declare that he is not a Democrat, and will not in any event support an unlineal successor to the Presidency or Empire, with proffered patronage, large and sure, to compensate his shame, would he trample the offer under foot, or fight the battle out against all odds? We shall see. We have good hopes of him and of his friends, though as usual in all matters of pure speculation, we can only reason from the known to the unknown.

COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM A RADICAL DEMOCRAT.

[For The Press.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29th, 1857.

I have been a constant reader of your paper since its commencement; and trust not an inattentive observer of passing events. I must in candor admit, that, generally, the paper has given me much satisfaction. I lay no claims, however, on this account, to any space in your columns. *The Press* is your property, and it is not only your duty, but your right, to refuse the insertion of any communication that you may deem detrimental to your interests, or subversive of your policy. With this idea of your right, I solicit the insertion of the following letter:

If I understand the principles of the Democratic platform, laid down at Cincinnati, and upon the basis of which we appealed to the people in the fall of 1852, that basis amounted to nothing more, and certainly to nothing less, as far as it related to Kansas, than that the "bona fide citizens of that Territory should be entirely free, without fraud, intimidation, or coercion, to regulate their own affairs. This doctrine was enunciated from every rostrum, and through every newspaper belonging to our party, and I hesitate not to assert that, had any Democratic orator possessed the hardihood to avow the right of the minority to rule, that he would have been hissed from the hustings, and would have sealed his own political condemnation.

I am a law-abiding citizen—I dread and abhor mob rule and anarchy, but, as Godwin, in his "Political Justice" says: "Anarchy is better than tyranny, because liberty may arise out of the former, but never out of the latter." It is a conceded fact, denied by none, that the pro-slavery party in Kansas are in a very great minority. If this be true, and none denies it, why force upon the unhappy people of that Territory a Constitution objectionable, to eighty per cent., of the population? Is it fair? is it just? is it honorable? as is it Democratic? But, it is said "that we Pennsylvanians have nothing to do with this business." This is grave ground and Thiel, in his History of the French Revolution, says "that political errors frequently become crimes." We Democrats of the Keystone State have our pledges sacredly made to the United States citizens of Kansas; made, too, through our national representatives at Cincinnati, who nominated James Buchanan, "Pennsylvania's favorite son," our present wise and experienced Chief Magistrate, to fulfil. We made those pledges before the whole civilized world. Shall we violate those pledges, or shall we keep them? Honor and justice proclaim, Fulfil them to the letter; but even if honor and justice were dead in our breasts, and thank Heaven they are not, interest alone, in its sternest reality, dictates their sacred fulfilment. Suppose for a moment that we fail or falter; suppose that we prove recreant to our avowed promises—how will we be treated in 1860? Will not an indignant nation say to us, when we shall have presented our principles and our candidates before it for its support—Away with you, you faithless party with broken vows and violated faith. Would not this be the response? Could we complain? This appears to me to be a plain, practical way of putting the Kansas difficulty before the Democracy.

I have a high appreciation of the American intellect. I am proud of our great statesmen, even when they do not belong to the Democratic faith; but I am doubly proud of them when they belong to ourselves. The Democratic party and popular rights have become synonomus terms. With the existence of the Democratic party are linked the progress, greatness, and destiny of the Republic; with the failure or disruption of the Democratic party ends the union of this Federation and the happiness of its people.

I candidly confess that I know but little of the casuistry of the schools; I know less, perhaps nothing, of mere precedents and forms, and technicalities, but I do hope that I know something of equity and justice. I believe that the best and safest way will be to elect a new convention in Kansas, to form a new Constitution; such Constitution in all its parts to be submitted to the popular will. This must satisfy every national Democrat, although it may be objectionable to the extremists South and North. Yet, in the face of all the difficulties surrounding the subject, to me it appears the only safe and feasible method to adjust it, and the only plan by which the aroused passions of the people, in and out of Kansas, can become tranquilised.

But let me ask, is there not something underneath the surface of this Kansas agitation? Is there not an ambition some whose emanating from some quarter which desires and endeavors to keep this an open and a harrassing question until the Presidential campaign of 1860? If this be not the case, why is it that a minority at Lecompton—I grant you in accordance with law, but not in accordance with equity—has refused to submit the whole Constitution to the people? If the people are capable of judging and voting upon a single clause of their Constitution, are they not equally capable of understanding and voting upon it entire? Why object to submit the whole? What motives could have urged that Convention to act as it did? On the other hand, the Topeka Convention, representing the majority, but illegal in itself, also makes a Constitution, which it knew could not be accepted by Congress. Why, with an ill-judged pertinacity, not to call it by a harsher term, did the free-State men refrain from voting when they had an opportunity so to do? Are there not ulterior and designs flimsily endeavored to be concealed behind the action of both parties? Each denounces the other as the anarchist and tyrant; who can tell whether or no the disunionists North and South may not be at the bottom of the whole? Who can tell to the contrary, if our bitter enemy, England, may not be the prime instigator in this fratricidal strife? Are not her Exeter Hall emissaries and anti-slavery propagandists in all our large Northern cities? Does not her daily, and weekly, and monthly press teem with abuse of us and of our institutions? Is it not worth while, then, to pause and adopt the only remedy that can settle this Kansas entanglement?

The President, I have no doubt, has given to this question all his attention; so that his long experienced statesmanship and great wisdom will enable him to cut the Gordian knot. He is as anxious as any that the evil passions arising from this question should be allayed. I have every faith in his desire and ability to accomplish so laudable and patriotic a purpose.

In regard to popular sovereignty, I have carefully read Governor Walker's definition of it, in his letter of resignation, and he must indeed be a sorry Democrat who cannot understand, and who dares not appreciate, the true Democratic doctrine there laid down.

I have also read critically Senator Douglas's speech upon the same subject, and it meets my most cordial approbation; nor have I failed to peruse, day after day, your very able articles in THE PRESS, and have been highly pleased with the same.

But there is one omission, and to my mind a cardinal one, in your course upon this question, and it is this—that while your paper is continually filled with Douglas, Walker, and Forney, or Walker, Douglas, and Forney, or Forney, Walker, and Douglas, &c., the refrain being still upon the triumvirate, there is little or nothing said of that great Southerner, whose record is clear and emphatic upon this question of questions, popular sovereignty. Of course, I mean the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. I do not recollect to have seen his name but once alluded to in your paper, and then with a sneer. This was upon an occasion when you gave a couple of extracts from a letter of his, you introduced them with the sneering remark that "he was an enemy of General Jackson." This remark was so uncharacteristic of the otherwise general high tone of your paper, that I felt both mortified and astonished. For to my mind, Governor Wise is one of the greatest of American statesmen. Andrew Jackson and Henry A. Wise work in harness together! Bah! the thing was impossible. No two great minds ever pulled in the same traces; such a thing cannot happen, it is beyond the range of human events; the greater and lesser may and frequently do, but equals never, never. Providence never intended it. To me, Mr. Wise appears the beau-ideal of a legislator; he possesses industry, honesty, capacity, and courage. It required courage of the highest order to beard the old General. Look at Governor Wise's heroic and patriotic conduct in his anti-Know-Nothing campaign for Governor of Virginia. Have we anything like it in the annals of American history? This fearful, unrepublican, anti-Democratic heresy, had swept like a hurricane over the free States, almost crushing out the Democracy, had passed on through Maryland, had gotten a foothold in the "Old Dominion," when it was laid hold of by this true patriot, this indomitable champion of the rights of all; nor did he unfasten his grip from the throat of the monster until, Hercules like, he strangled it. I was sorry at the time, and have regretted since, that you did not publish his letter in full, without any caustic remarks upon his previous career.

In conclusion, allow me to say that I am with you in this advocacy of the Democratic doctrine of popular sovereignty. If I err, I am satisfied to find myself in the company of Jefferson, and the other patriots and sages of our revolutionary struggle. If I err, I err with Madison, and Monroe, and Jackson. If I err, I err with yourself, and Wise, and Douglas, and Walker. If I err, I err with the rank and file of that Democratic party which has hitherto guided the destiny of our common country, and which will, I doubt not, maintain in this crisis its own cherished creed—the doctrine of popular sovereignty. While I write, I have heard the news that the Lecompton Constitution will be sent to Congress for ratification. I cannot believe that Congress will sanction it.

I am a pro-slavery man. I do not believe in negro equality. I have no sympathy with abolitionists. Had I been in Kansas, I would have voted a pro-slavery ticket; but this Kansas question has assumed a far more important attitude than merely slavery. The President, Congress, Wise, Douglas, Walker, Forney, &c., &c., are as but chaff compared to it. It is the foundation upon which our political fabric is laid; undermine the foundation, and the structure tumbles to ruins. May I never live to witness so dire a catastrophe.

ALPHA.

NOTE.—We publish all that "Alpha" writes, because he *says* what he *thinks*, and *means* what he says. If we do not second all his sentiments, we applaud his candor.—[ED. PRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INDIAN WAR IN FLORIDA.

[Correspondence of The Press.]

SAN AUGUSTINE, EAST FLORIDA, December 20th, 1857.

By the arrival of the mail from the South, I was placed in possession of the following important news from the Indian Nation. It is contained in a letter to a gentleman from his brother in the service, and can be relied upon as correct in every particular:

CAPE ROMAN, FLA., Dec. 2, 1857.

I wrote you a few days since, and alluded to a scout then in contemplation after Indians, the result of which is not so satisfactory as we desired. On the 24th ult., a command of seventy-five men, consisting of detachments from Brady's, Hardee's and Parkhill's companies, started out from Chocksikei Key, on Pachobatchee river, Capt. Parkhill in command, for a seven days' scout, on foot, carrying their provisions on their backs. On the 28th they met a party of Indians in ambush across a very deep creek, Captain Parkhill with eighteen men in advance; upon approaching the creek the Indians fired upon them, killing Captain Parkhill almost instantly, and wounding four of his men and one of Hardee's, a Mr. O'Niell. The number of Indians killed is supposed to be three. The men behaved handsomely, one of them (Wilkinson, of Savannah,) killed the Indian who first fired and shot Captain Parkhill.

After destroying several of their fields, which were abundantly supplied with pumpkins, corn, peas, potatoes, &c., the scout returned.

Since that time there has been received a highly interesting letter from Colonel L. A. Hardee, which contains important news in detail from the seat of war. The following extracts are from his letter:

On or about the 19th ult., Captain Cone, with a portion of Captain Whitehead's company and his own, numbering sixty-three rank and file, struck a pecan trail leading south direct to the "Cypress." This trail, be it known to former commanders of the Florida War, was ten or fifteen years old, a well-beaten track, about eight miles from Fort Doue and five from Fort Kaies. Eight miles on the trail he found an Indian village, consisting of forty-five huts, recently erected. This village was not known by the War Department. Finding a fresh trail of some sixty or a hundred warriors, it was thought advisable to send back for reinforcements. Captain Stephens, Stewart and Harrington, with a portion of their respective companies, soon reported themselves to Captain Cone, who, in command of the whole, began to travel on the trail in earnest. After following the trail some four or five days through mud and water, they heard the Indians beating rice. It becoming now impossible to control the men—"The hot blood coursing their veins" at the recollection of their savage deeds, Captain Cone ordered a general charge, himself, in company with the gallant Dr. Hilton Jones, led on they rushed until in twenty paces of their wigwams, when they were discovered by the squaws, who gave the alarm with their deafening yells. At that time two of the warriors were trying to escape, Lieutenant Stephens with his unerring aim caused them to "kiss the soil" so dearly loved. The remaining nineteen were easily captured. The prisoners were then ordered to march under a strong guard, when a number of warriors begun firing in the rear; then Dr. Hilton Jones charged back on them, which made them show how nimble they were in their *limbs*. The warriors continued in pursuit, and occasionally firing, but doing no damage, save injuring a pumpkin which one of the boys had on his back for dinner, and that only made two round holes, the ball landing safe under his shirt. The warriors, anxious for revenge, proceeded near their encampment, found thirty-eight of their horses grazing, and succeeded in capturing and cutting their throats. This party of warriors, was no doubt commanded by Gen. Bowlegs in person, as his likeness and full regalia were a portion of the trophies returned.

It is now late at night. Express just arrived and reports another bloody engagement in the Cypress, and, with deep regret, we learn that Capt. Parkhill, of Tallahassee, was killed while leading his men on a charge.

W. T. B.

CITY POLICE—DECEMBER 30.

THE TROUBLES OF ARCHIBALD COLLINS.—Mr. Archibald Collins, a well-dressed young gentleman, charged Mrs. Mary Collins with the offence of having one husband too many. Archibald alleges that he is the lawful spouse of said Mary, and that while he was on a visit to Chicago, said Mary married another man, viz: a certain Thomas Hendricks. The particulars of the case are worthy of notice:

Mrs. Mary Collins was the widow Allison at the time she became acquainted with Archibald. She was carrying on the millinery business with great success and profit. Archibald was by trade a coach painter, but as soon as he was married to Mary, he seemed to consider it unnecessary to labor any longer in that vocation, as the income of his