

## NEGRO INSURRECTION.

We are informed that a meditated insurrection among the negroes in Marshall county was detected a few days since, in time to frustrate the purpose of those who were at the bottom of it. The instigator of this movement we learn was a white man, as is usual in all occurrences of this kind, and the plot was disclosed through the fidelity of a slave. The negro in question, could not endure the idea of his mistress falling in a general massacre and divulged the plot to a person of respectability, by whose advice the negro appointed a night on which to meet the fiend who directed the plot for the purpose of hearing his plans in full and receiving instructions.

On the night appointed, several persons having secreted themselves close at hand for the purpose of overhearing the conversation, the negro met the conspirator, and so soon as he had opened his plans sufficiently to furnish conclusive evidence of his guilt against himself, the persons concealed rushed upon him and secured him. After his guilt was thus rendered certain the indignation of the whole community around was so greatly excited that it was with much difficulty that the friends of the laws could save the culprit from the vengeance of Judge Lynch. But we are rejoiced to say that in North Mississippi a regard for the laws and the constitution prevailed over the Lynch code, in a case better calculated than any other which can possibly be conceived of, to avert the passions and impel the citizen to administer justice with his own hand.

The Circuit court of Marshall county commenced its regular fall session on yesterday, and doubtless the fiend who could plot so heinous a conspiracy against the very existence of society, will immediately receive that justice which its enormity demands and the law awards.—Pontotoc (Miss.) Intelligencer.

From the St. Louis Bulletin, Sept. 20.

The Mormon Troubles.—We were positively furnished yesterday with the following extract of a letter to a gentleman in this city dated

LINCOLN, (Mo.) Sept. 14.

There is nothing of any account by way of news, unless I mention the Mormon's difficulty, of which I suppose you receive exaggerated accounts. I returned yesterday from an excursion on business into western part of Ray county and found the people all in arms. A company of about two hundred and fifty left yesterday under command of Gen. Atchison of Liberty. I conversed with him on the subject, and find he intends, if possible, to prevent the effusion of blood, but the citizens generally are of opinion that there will be a severe battle.

A force from Clay county started two days ago, and unless the citizens march to the ground with a very superior force, in case of battle the Mormons will overpower them. They are in complete order and discipline, and have every inducement for exertion, as Joe Smith tells them if they are beaten they need not expect a resting place this side of heaven.

Maria Monk, Again.—The editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser takes occasion in his last paper, to contradict, unequivocally, a report which has been circulated in the interior of the State of New York, that he had been prosecuted for libeling Maria Monk, and compelled to pay heavy damages. While his hand is in, he concludes not to stop here and goes on to show that even while carrying on her sanctified deceit she was playing the harlot, and concludes in the following strain:

But this is not all. We stated, more than a year ago, that we had been requested to prepare her manuscripts for the press, exposing her own imposture, and the conduct of her *chique* in this city. Subsequently, and since we have made any publication upon the subject, Maria Monk has voluntarily made a full confession to a Protestant clergyman, a friend of ours, under circumstances of manifest sincerity of the whole imposture and all the particulars, before the inception of the plot, during its progress, and to the end. The details of the story, she says, were chiefly arranged from the leading character of the questions put to her by the precocious concern who had her in keeping in this city. These questions, endless in number, and of every form and character, constituted the web upon which from time to time, she wove her tissue of lies.

But even this is not all. Since Maria made her confessions, she has covered her friends and abettors with shame and confusion, by giving birth to another child! The circumstances rendered it impossible for her to charge this second result of illicit love upon Father Phelan, and so she chose to cast the paternity upon one of her special friends in this city—a gentleman, by the way, whose eyes had been previously opened, and who is just as innocent in the matter as Father Phelan himself.

Nor yet is this all. The celebrated Miss Partridge, the other pure veal introduced to the writer of this article by the head of the famous committee, with Maria Monk, has also since become an unmarried mother! With these facts we take leave of the subject, as we trust forever.

The Great Western went to sea on the 4th inst. She carried out about \$300,000 in specie.

Enchanted Mountain.—The following account of a natural curiosity is from the Texas Telegraph:

This singular mountain or hill is situated on the head waters of the Salley—a small tributary of the Colorado, about eighty miles from Batrop, in a northwesterly direction. It is about three hundred feet high, appears to be an enormous oval rock, partly imbedded in the earth. When the sun shines, the light is reflected from its polished surface as from an immense mirror, and the whole mountain glows with such a dazzling radiance, that the beholder who views it even from the distance of four or five miles, is unable to gaze upon it without experiencing a painful sensation, similar to that which is felt when looking upon the rising sun. The ascent of this hill is so very gradual, that persons can easily walk up to the top; but the rock is so smooth and slippery that those who make the attempt are compelled to wear moccasins or stockings instead of shoes. This act, together with the the place, Holy Mountain, reminded the visitant very forcibly of the command made to Moses at Mount Horeb "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," &c. The Camanches regard this hill with religious veneration, and Indian pilgrims frequently assemble from the remotest borders of this tribe, to perform their Paynim rites upon its summit.

## THE INDIANS.

St. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 15.

On Tuesday night last, about 21 o'clock, Lieut. May, in passing to his command at Fort Peyton, heard the driving of hoises. He pushed on, and had just crossed the last bridge, when he heard the noise of a horse close following, and, reining up, it passed a little ahead. "To the hail, who are you—speak, or I'll fire!" receiving no answer, at the distance of three paces he deliberately discharged a pistol at a person who was leaning forward in the act of slipping from the horse. This occurred within thirty yards of the fort, so near that the words were heard within. The sentinel immediately hailed and ordered by the Lieutenant to stand to post. The following horse entered with an Indian's sash in his mouth for a bridle, and a blanket on his back.

The pistol had been loaded with three buckshot and a ball; the ball was found to have struck the horse high in the shoulder, just behind the neck; the shot are supposed to have taken effect upon the rider, from his position at the moment of being fired upon. By judges of the different Indian characters, Wild Cat is believed to be this bold fellow, whose objects seems to have been to approach without noise, strike the passenger with a bludgeon, and take his scalp, without alarming the garrison; and had it not been for the impudent courage of the red-skin.

In the morning, Captain Mickler, with the volunteers, and Lieutenant May, with some regulars, followed them to the South. Captain Mickler, in taking a course to surround or cut them off, fell into the regular trail ahead, and with a few of the most advanced of his company, discovered the Indians in a spur of Cypress swamp, near thirty miles from the post. They had disposed of themselves with a large pond in front, with a dense and extensive swamp behind. The parties saw each other at nearly the same moment; the Indians who were seen were in number seven or eight; they brandished their rifles in the air, giving their war-whoop, and disappeared into the palmettoes. The captain restrained his men from following and firing, as the Indians were two hundred yards off, and were apparently making ready to give battle.

But no more was seen of them, and pursuit, in the country in which they were, would have been useless. They left behind a few articles, two skins of honey, and their horses. The horses, it appears, they had deliberately driven up, penned and taken from the King's landing, only about a mile from this city, and were driving them south, by the fort, when the affair occurred with Lieut. May.

This is but the history of a day in East Florida, and may give an idea of the daring and prudence of the Seminole, as well as the calmness with which he is sometimes and the difficulties of pursuit.

There is no danger, of course, to be apprehended, within the city, but we whisper a caution to the parties of pleasure, and such who find it necessary sometimes to be out upon disputed territory.

P. S. Yesterday afternoon the Indians again made their appearance at Fort Peyton.

Trees.—Every one who has read the Heart of Mid Lothian will remember the following sentence:

"Jack, when ye has naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jack, when yer's sleeping." Sir Walter Scott says somewhere these simple words inducted a certain Earl to plant a large tract of country, which in such a place as England would in a few years, be of immense value. We will only repeat the advice given to Jack—let every one who has nothing else to do, be "sticking in a tree," that posterity may reap the benefit from it. The cost is comparatively nothing, and the pleasure of doing good of itself should be a sufficient inducement for every one to be "sticking in a tree," who has naething else to do.

Death of Gen. Wm. Clark.—It is with great regret that we announce the decease of this veteran. He expired in St. Louis on the 1st ult. aged, about seventy years, having been gradually declining under the operation of age and disease for the last two or three years. Few men in the Northwest were more generally known, or more sincerely respected, than General CLARK. He had been prominently & constantly before the public for more than thirty years, and it is believed his integrity and honor were never impeached. When but seventeen years of age, he accompanied his brother, General GEORGE ROGER CLARK, in his celebrated and daring expedition across Illinois; and as early as 1790 was in the service of the Government as a confidential Indian agent. His connection with the Indians, in various capacities, continued till his death, at which time he was Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis. For many years, and up to the period when Missouri became a state, he was Governor of the Territory. In conjunction with Captain MERRIWETHER LEWIS, he performed the celebrated journey to the mouth of the Columbia river, and was consequently one of the first of our citizens that ever crossed the Rocky mountains. No white man has ever possessed as much influence with the Northwestern Indians, by whom he was universally respected and confided in. In his death the Indian Department has sustained a loss which can scarcely be repaired and with him perished a fund of information in regard to our relations with the aborigines, which can never be supplied from any other source.—Globe

## ANECDOTE OF BRANT.

In Col. Stone's Life of Brant, is the following interesting anecdote of that celebrated Mohawk Chief. The incident occurred while he was sojourning in England and mingling in the fashionable circles of the Metropolis:

"During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball, or masquerade, was got up with great splendor and numerously attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of the Earl of Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half his face.—His plumes nodded in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glistened in his girdle like burnished silver. There was likewise in the gay and gallant throng, a stately Turkish diplomat of rank, accompanied by two houris, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chief-tain's singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was as brilliant as the imagination could desire; among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk; which, being naturally, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted visor, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humor of a little sport. No sooner therefore, had the Hassan touched his facial point of honor, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasbourg trumpeter, than the chieftain made the hall resound with the appalling war-whoop and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Musselman's head, as though his good master, the Sultan in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rang through that saloon of fashion; and breaking suddenly and with startling wildness, upon the ears of the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror; while the female masquerers—the gentle shepherdesses and fortune-telling crones, Turks, Jews, and gipsies, bear leaders and their bears, Fallstuffs, friars and fortune-tellers, Sultans, nurses, and Columbins, shrieked, screamed, and scudded away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however was soon explained; and the incident was accounted as happy in the end as it was adroitly enacted by the good humored Mohawk."

The Great Western.—The Great Western is still the favorite theme. We learn from passengers who came over, that the gales were constant and unusually heavy—that the sea ran mountains high and dead in her teeth; yet she walked through the crested, foamy billows like a winged thing of life, and scarcely shipped a loghead of water the whole passage, plunging not so deep as craft that carry of necessity a topheavy profusion of canvas to keep them under way. Therein is the advantage and security of steam craft. They surmount the opposing difficulties and go through them—not being obliged to lay to and receive the force of the tempest broadside on—wack, smash, and unable to help themselves—and still less is the tremendous dead-rolling swell after the storm. The dangers are also curtailed precisely in proportion to the speed gained. There is little or none of that twisting, rolling or serpentine motion in rough weather, which causes such deadly sickness to many in sail vessels.—N. Y. Star.

Counterfeit \$10 notes of the Harrisburg Bank have made their appearance.

NEW-ORLEANS, Sept. 23.

The Execution.—Yesterday, O'Neil and Welch, two of the wretches that murdered the Spaniard Barba, some time since, in the Parish of St Bernard, expired their crime at the scaffold. The spot chosen for the execution was near the margin of the river, from twelve to fifteen miles below the city, where the Terre au Boeuf road comes in.

There was an immense concourse of spectators. Besides the number who went in carriages, on horseback and on foot, there were four steamboat loads.

At a quarter before one, the culprits ascended the scaffold: When they dismounted from the cart, Welch was seen to smile; his countenance was lighted up with cheerfulness, and he seemed determined to meet his fate with boldness; but on ascending the scaffold where the rope and coffin met his view, there was an instantaneous change in his features; and his whole demeanor became that of a sincere penitent.

O'Neil displayed nothing of carelessness; from the first he was evidently greatly affected; a deep and settled remorse was depicted in his every feature. Indeed, the spectator could detect nothing of a vicious disposition in the face of either. They gazed for a few moments placidly upon the multitude around them, as if to solicit their sympathy.

They were attended by a middle aged clergyman of the Catholic Church, who did all he could to cheer and comfort them in view of their sudden dissolution: He mounted the scaffold with them, and was looked upon by both as their best and earthly friend. They seemed anxious to listen to his conversation. They grasped him fervently by the hand, and were evidently loth to part with him as the final moment approached. They were seated each on a chair for about a quarter of an hour after being on the scaffold, with the caps drawn over their faces, during which time their voices and gestures showed them to be praying. Welch was heard to say, "The God of Heaven have mercy on my soul!" He also begged of the priest to pray for him. Just before the caps were drawn over the face of each, he was presented by the priest with the crucifix, which he kissed most eagerly.

At one o'clock precisely, the order was given to remove the prop that supported the scaffold. They fell, and in a few moments life was extinct. O'Neil died in about four minutes, while the dying struggle of Welch lasted about eight. Thus ended the career of two individuals who, from the "accursed love of money," shed the innocent blood of a fellow being.

From the New York Times.

Frightful Affair.—Last evening about the third regiment being in advance, they were met by a cartman named Michael Healey, half drunk, driving a very spirited horse in a cart, when first seen, at a gallop. When, however, within a few rods of the troops, he took one of the "rungs" out of the cart and lashed the horse so violently that the animal maddened with pain rushed into the midst of the 3d regiment, through the whole line knocking down some forty or fifty men; more or less, bruising and wounding a majority of them. On went the horse and cart, Healey holding the reins, and, as it is said, maliciously guiding it through the midst of the troops. After dashing through the third regiment, they next came on to the ninth, where more men were knocked down and bruised. One of the dragoons was knocked off his horse and received so bad a hurt that it is thought his life is in danger. By this time the excitement was tremendous, overwhelming, amounting to madness—all subordination was at an end. Vain was it for the officers to call upon the men to maintain their discipline—they rushed upon the miserable cartman in such confusion, and completely overmastered by passion, that they cut and thrust at each other whereby several of them were severely injured. It was reported that two men were thus killed and many others dangerously wounded. At this time Charles H. Hale, at the risk of his life, rushed into the midst of this frightful melee and rescued the cartman with scarcely a spark of life remaining, he having been cut and slashed most horribly. Officers Ross and Jones happening to be on the spot, the poor wretch was given into their custody, and by them conveyed to the upper police, where his wounds were immediately dressed. He received one sabbie wound on the head that is considered dangerous. By the last accounts, however, he was still alive.

Anecdote.—A celebrated English preacher, now deceased, in a charge which he delivered to a young minister at his ordination, thus addressed him:—"Let me remind you, sir, that when you come in to this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your little self with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your memory. I say, that you are never to bring your little self with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place it is your duty to hold up your great Master to the people, in his character, in his offices, in his precepts, in his promises, and in his glory. This picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your little finger be seen."

President Van Buren has returned to Washington.

Horrid attempt by a Mother to Murder her own Infant.—On Tuesday morning, about 10 o'clock, as Mr. J. W. Cramer, foreman of the chemical factory at the foot of 33d street and 11th avenue, was standing at his door, he observed a woman pass down to the dock and throw into the river a large bundle. This circumstance, together with seeing her stop and speak to some children who were gathering bark on the wharf, excited his curiosity, and he hastened down to the dock, where he was told by a little girl that she asked the woman what it was she threw into the water, and she replied, "only dead rats." Mr. C. was still dissatisfied, though nothing of the bundle could be seen in the water. Presently, however, the steamer Telegraph passing by, raised a swell in the waves, and to his surprise, what he then supposed to be the lifeless body of an infant washed up nearly to where he was standing.—He seized the child and laid it on a rock near by, and then turned in pursuit. Mr. C. was joined by two of his fellow-workmen, named Warner and Buren. The woman, succeeded in making good her escape, and has not yet been seen.—N. Y. Express.

## PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

We last week alluded to the raging of fire in the woods in this vicinity. It continued to increase with fearful rapidity, and to approach with an alarming precision, toward the village, from several different points, until last Saturday afternoon, when it was thought advisable to turn out and "fight fire." For several hours the towering flames appeared to sport with "poor weak human exertion," to stay its destructive course, and at several points "wild nature" had given way to it, expecting that before another sun, the little all which it possessed of this world's goods would be "laid low in the dust" of the devouring element.

The wind at dusk increased to almost a hurricane, increased the fire, which had already commenced burning in the immediate vicinity of the dwellings of Dr. Williams, Rev. T. Sullman, Mr. E. R. Thompson, and Mrs. Budington, in the Southern part of the village, and Lt. T. S. Brown and Dr. McDonald, on the most Western limits; to such an extent that all human exertions were useless. It was at this crisis of affairs, that an all-wise Providence interceded, and to the great joy of all, clouded the heavens, and in an instant, as it were, caused a torrent of rain to fall from them. Twenty minutes more and the whole village would have been in a situation from which no human exertion could rescue it. The rain was the first for nearly 4 weeks. Although it was a heavy shower, yet so dry was the ground that the streams are not affected by it in the least.—Dunkirk (Chautauque) Express.

The Bowie Knife Useful.—A Mr. Shaw, who was attacked a short time since near Florence, Kentucky, by two highwaymen, fought his assailants with great effect, though overpowered at last and left senseless. He had brought to Covington some hundred dollars; but having suspicions of two men rode part of the way with him, he left the money there. One of the robbers received Mr. Shaw's dirk or Bowie knife in the abdomen several times up to the hilt, and was mortally wounded. The other desperado was taken.

Gambling on a large scale.—A letter from Dublin, in the London Times, says that rumors were current to the effect that an Irish peer, who succeeded, on the death of his father, to an estate of £15,000 a year, and nearly £300,000 in the funds, had lost every shilling over which he had control, by gaming, even to his life interest in his magnificent entailed estate. Two other members of the peerage are said to have had the plucking of this fat pigeon. From some hints thrown out in the letter, we infer that the "Irish peer" is no other than Lord Powerson, who was in this city not very long ago, and who so grievously disappointed some of our belles, it is said, by afterward married a daughter of the Earl of Rodé.

Ingenious Cruelty to Animals.—A novel and rather ingenious charge of cruelty was yesterday laid before Justice Palmer, of the upper police. It appears that for some time past some dealers in old cows have adopted the following expedient to pass off these animals as young cows. The old cow has been suffered to go un milked for three or four days, so as to give to its udder the appearance and fullness of that of a young one. The better to carry out the deception, a calf has been procured, which these dealers pass off to the unfortunate and unsuspecting buyer, as the calf of the old cow.—The calves used for this purpose are muzzled in a most cruel manner, to prevent them from sucking. Yesterday, Michael Dalton, William Wiley, and Ennis Fogarty, of Sixth street, were arrested and held to bail in \$500 each, on a charge of cruelty as above related.—N. Y. Times.

Big Squashes.—The Claremont Eagle chronicles a squash which grew in the garden of N. Whiteley, in that town, and weighs one hundred and one pounds, and measures six feet in circumference! A squash was exhibited at the Horticultural Rooms this week, which grew in Cambridge, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds! It was a real beauty—and being of pumpkin shape, reminded one forcibly of Thanksgiving.—Bos. Gaz.