THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

BY ERASTUS BROOKS & Co.

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☞ For LATEST Commercial Intelligence, Domestic Markets, River News, Imports, Money Market, &c., see third page.

See fourth Page for Miscellaneous News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The annexed extract from a Washington letter published in the New York Journal of Commerce, is not wholly improbable, seeing the many and grievous causes for resentment which the Mormons have against the Americans:

WASHINGTON, July 24, 1847.

There is a letter in the city, received by the Western mail, with the startling intelligence that the Mormon regiment and the Mormon settlers, in California, had risen and rebelled against the American government as established there, taken possession of the country, and established an independent government of their own.

There may be some foundation for this startling rumor. The Mormons, prior to the origin of the Mexican war, had designed to establish an empire in California, and had taken some steps towards the enterprise. But from California direct, whence recent intelligence has been received, we hear nothing of such a rumor, and hope it may prove unfounded.

We have, however, what, in times of a proper respect for the laws of the land, and the rights of the people, would be esteemed, a startling rumor. We allude to the conduct of Commodore Stockton. In a letter from Monterey, dated February 1st, we read that "seven persons have been nominated (*nominated by whom?*) to form a Legislature. They, too, are to hold two sessions this year; the first in the town of Angeles, in March; and the second some time in the autumn, in Monterey.—(*By what authority?*) The persons nominated to form this Legislature, are, the Ex-Governor of Alvarado, Gen. Vallejo, David Spencer, Esq., Thomas O. Larkin, Esq., Don Juan Vandine, Don Santiago Arguelles, and E. Grimes, Esq. It is very much doubted if either of the three first mentioned persons will accept of the office to which they have been appointed; neither does this proceeding meet the approbation of the community. (*We should suppose not.*) Perhaps it would have been better, if legislators had been *elected!* and there is some expectation that ultimately such will be the course pursued; at all events it is the method most desired."

One would think certainly, that if California is already part and parcel of the United States, there would be some virtue in the elective principle, and it is quite consoling to know that, *in time*, it may be adopted.

From a Monterey letter before us, dated March 3, we read Gen. Kearney has taken his seat as governor, and a Constitution for the future government of California is now in press." This, too, is very cool again. And for the hundredth time, we are constrained to ask, what sense of Constitutional right and legislative liberty can an Administration have, which directs such abuses of power!—These may seem small things now, but as all great undings, evil as well as good, are the consequence of small beginnings, we confess, to some alarm, at such innovations upon the written Constitution, and the established rights of the People.

We also read in a late letter from Monterey that Commodore Stockton would leave San Diego for the United States without stopping at Monterey and as all persons in Monterey who had any money had lent it for the uses of the United States, and it was necessary that their bills should be signed by him before any can be reimbursed. A natural hope was felt that these persons would not lose their money.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY in Montreal are doing a world of good by their attentions to the sick and laying up treasures in Heaven as the reward for their labors here. Six of the "sisters" of the Montreal Convent lately died from the fever, to which they willingly exposed themselves, to provide the homeless emigrant some few dying comforts. The unalloyed devotedness and constancy of kindness which mark their daily errands of mercy, we are told, are the ceaseless praise of every person here. We doubt not too, that the happiness of these ministering angels, whose labors are confined to no one country or city, is more on earth than those who dwell in palaces and amidst the riches and revels of the gaiest life.

New Books.

Russel, a Tale of the Reign of Charles II. by G. P. R. James Esq., Harper and Brothers New York, for sale by M. A. Miner, Smithfield St.

"To the blue eyed maid of the cottage," he gives the first chapter, and from this starting point the reader may fancy where such a subject would lead in the hands of such a prolific penman as James.

"Anti magic" or an argument against Magnetism by Perry B. Marble, Lexington Missouri. The writer gives Mesmer, a fair hearing and then replies to him with argument and facts that we think cannot be gainsayed.

DEATHS.—The deaths in New York last week reached the large number of 528, or *ninety six* more than the week previous. Of these 187 were under one year, 81 between 1 and 2 and 22 from 2 to 5 years. Eighty eight died of Cholera Infantum, 52 of convulsions, 40 of consumption, 31 of dysentary, 23 of typhus fever, &c.

In Philadelphia there were 243 deaths, 86 under one year and 41 between one and two.

In St Louis there were 111 deaths of whom fifty five were under five years.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.—A number of mountaineers have arrived at St. Louis, having in charge 1,307 packages of buffalo robes. Mr. Murray, of the party left Fort Alexander, high up on the Yellow Stone river, on the 6th of June, and Fort Union, at the mouth of Yellow Stone, on the 12th. He represents the Upper Missouri country quiet, with abundance of buffalo, and a brisk trade.

YUCATAN.—An arrival at New York from Sisal brings information that all was quiet at that place on the 4th inst. The U. S. ship Albany and a brig of war arrived at Sisal about the middle of June, having three American commissioners on board, who proceeded to the capital, and sailed again in the above vessels on the 30th of June.

DOG'S SITE CAUSE TO CHILDREN.—A child of Mr. Charles Chapman, of Danbury, Conn., was poisoned on the 5th instant, by putting a visiting card in its mouth, which its mother had given it to play with. It died in forty-eight hours after. An analysis of a card showed that the enamel or coating was composed of carbonate of lead.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

Letters From a Young Artist.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

ROME, 1847.

But I proceed to unfold to you some of the things which have been occurring in this city of olden times, which is the place of our daily abode, and which, the reform, I am half the time almost forgetting is Rome. So common do the greatest things become to us by custom and familiarity. I wish I had kept a regular journal of every thing interesting here, but the use of the brush has made the pen retire somewhat from service. I will, however, commence just where we are now, and perhaps here and there give you a rapid sketch.—We are in the midst, or rather verging towards, the close of the Carnivals. I don't think it is easy for a sober American to conceive of it as it really is. Just imagine the whole population suddenly turned into a great stage company, every one trying to outdo his neighbor in extravagance and gaiety. Masques, buffoons, men and women, in costumes and disguises of all sorts,—men dressed as women, and women as men, some with green noses, a yard long, powdered and curled.

"Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may."

Gay young men, and beautiful women, in carriages, and on foot, and at windows and balconies, flinging about a perfect hail storm of confetti, bonbons and boquets,—all crowding their tide of mad frolic into one narrow street, without side walks more than a foot wide, or so. Windows and balconies all decorated with crimson and gold hangings,—men and boys selling thousands and thousands of baskets of flowers, the ragged boys picking up those that are thrown away, and selling them over again. All a perfect rush, and noisy helter skelter bedlam—and this kept up for eight or ten days, with few intermissions,—commencing at 1 P. M., and ending with a horse race, without riders, at sundown. And then the beautiful women in and under the balconies and windows. I have never seen so much beauty anywhere as in Rome; and it is as common in the humblest women walking bare headed in the street, as in the high born and wealthy, riding in their carriages. The first two days of the Carnival, I went on foot, with my basket of boquets, exchanging them here and there, along the street, with the fair ones I met.—Then I looked on one day as a spectator; then yesterday I went again with the crowd. It is impossible to be on the Corso, without taking a part in the festivities. But the greatest time I have had in the way of frolic, was the other night, when I went with a party of friends to a masquerade party, at the American Consul's, Mr. Brown. I went in a black domino and mask, disguising my voice, as they all do in masks, and for a long time puzzling even my friends. I assumed three or four voices in the course of the evening. There were several other dominos, and some splendid costumes, but most of the company were not masked. At one o'clock we went from there to the public fescina, at the Apollo theatre, where we staid till after 4 o'clock in the morning. The pit of this large theatre was entirely floored over, and the whole space was crammed with people, either in masks, costumes, or plain dress, and the boxes filled with spectators. There was music and waltzing in a small space left by the crowd. But the fun was confined to the maskers, who devote themselves to puzzling all the English and Americans they meet without masks. Sometimes we would go to the boxes and talk to the ladies, to whom, whether friends or strangers, we of course fell lies of all sorts. Universal liberty is allowed, but never have I seen the least violation of any decorum. The Italians are never rude, and contrast strongly with the English, who set all reinements at defiance. On the Corso, during the Carnival, they always distinguish themselves by their fierceness in throwing confetti, and in the quantity thrown. Whole plates and basketsful are sometimes thrown at a time, and quite indiscriminately, at friends and foes—and sometimes oranges, which are forbidden. Lord Ward, an enormously rich Englishman, it is said, received a black eye the other day; in a broil occasioned by a violation of the customary ways of conducting the sports. Every where it seems as if the English were the most overbearing and insolent of all nations, if I may judge of some of the specimens I have seen abroad.

At the *festinos*, as well as the Corso, during the Carnival, all sorts of extravagant disguises are assumed. One fellow, with a scarlet coat, and footman's breeches, boots, and a head and queue about five times the size of life, stood bowing silently and respectfully at the door. Another silent chap perambulated the room with a head the size of a house pumpkin. Some were with dog's heads, and some with donkey heads, and some like great parrots. A friend of mine I carried around, introducing him as the great baboon of the west. It is almost impossible to recognize another, if he is only careful in disguising his voice.

But there are two more days yet of the Carnival to come. But the great day was last Thursday, which they call *Grovedi grasso*, or Fat Thursday. It was fat, I assure you, even to *greasiness*. The street was too intense in the streets for much enjoyment, and as much as one could do to avoid the carriages, for there are no side walks, was enough to walk on. The Carnival is over at last, and I am not sorry, for there was "something too much of this." The last day was particularly lively. Nothing could exceed the multitude and variety of masks and costumes. The day was closed with the Moccoletti, when the whole Corso presented one blaze of light. People in carriages carried lights, and people on foot tried to put them out,—and lights were hung out of windows, and poked out by long poles from other windows. Every one either carried a light, or tried to blow out others, and during the whole there was one long peal, without pausing, of "Senza Moccolo! Senza Moccolo-o-o-o-o!" But in an hour, all *was* silent and deserted, and people were commencing to pull down the stagings and seats on the side walks. There are a great many Americans in Rome at present.

The other day I visited the Castle of St. Angelo, a tremendous fastness—once the Mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian. Three hundred years ago it was used for a prison. We went in with torches, into the very cells in which Beatrice Cenci and her mother were confined—and also Benvenuto and Cellini, and saw the walls over which he escaped.

C. P. C.

To the Editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

I have had the pleasure of reading a pamphlet entitled "An Examination of the cases of the Rev. JOHN N. MAFFITT and Rev. JOHN C. GREEN; by a gentleman of the Bar."

As the cases of these gentlemen have caused much excitement in New York and elsewhere from the manner in which certain Bishops, and the 'Book room Association,' connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church undertook the disposition of said ministers from their functions; I procured the book from Morse's Periodical office in this city and after a careful perusal of the matter, therein set forth, I must say that far strict examination of facts and ecclesiastical law, together with forcible argument, the "gentleman of the Bar," has shown himself fully equal to the task and more than a match for the aforesaid constructionists of ecclesiastical law or discipline.

Although "the compiler is not a member of the Methodist E. Church," still I am inclined to believe that his *associations* were such as caused him to examine into the rights of the Reverend gentlemen who have been arranged and so summarily disposed of.

From the peculiar style of writing, which abounds with the grave, the playful and sarcastic I think I could place my finger upon the author, in our midst, and should the Bishops or 'associations" ever wish to try how far their power can go, I feel assured they will find a friend and champion for their misguided party in this "gentleman of the Bar." A. B.

RAILROAD MEETING.—The citizens of Mercer held a meeting last week and appointed a committee to inquire into the practicability and probable cost of constructing a railroad from that borough, to intersect the Erie Canal at some point near the head of Shenango a distance of five or six miles.

ABOLITION CONVENTION.—The National Committee of the Liberty party announce that their Convention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency, will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 20th of October next.

GRAIN CROPS.—The wheat crop of Butler co., Pa., has been cut, and we are glad to learn, is much better than was anticipated. The Butler Whig says the spring crops look remarkably well, and fruit more abundant than for many years past.

Invitations have been issued by the committee to Lord Elgin, the Governor General of the Canadas, and to Mr. Van Buren, the ex-President, to attend a State Agricultural Fair to be held in September.

THE PRISONERS OF ENCARNACION.

Deeply Interesting Narrative of the Capture, Adventures, and Sufferings of Major Gaines and Borland's party in Mexico.

The principal events of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's parties are well known to our readers. These officers, with *three companies* of Kentucky and Arkansas Cavalry, were out on a scouting party. It was thought that there were small bodies of the enemy's cavalry prowling about the country, but no one had the slightest apprehension that a large force could be so near Gen. Wool's camp.

Major Gaines having joined Major Borland at a Rancho near Encarnacion, the two commands went into quarters for the night, after posting sentinels some distance in advance and on the top of the house in which they were encamped. That night the officers, who, tired by a very long march, had lain down to sleep, were several times aroused by the alarms of the sentinel, who declared that he saw an armed Mexican approaching the rancho. But the sentinels on the top of the house declared they could see nothing, and the man who gave the alarm was treated as rather a nervous and dreaming individual. The officers thereupon retired again to their blankets and had scarcely fallen asleep when they were aroused by another alarm from the sentinel, who declared that he had again seen an armed Mexican and had pulled trigger on him, but, his gun being wet, the cap did not explode. Other alarms were also given by other sentinels picketed some distance from the rancho. The night was now waning fast. It was very dark and misty. The officers bestirred themselves and arousing the men, prepared to meet the attack, thinking that the enemy consisted of a force of four or five hundred, which Major Gaines had already been in pursuit of, and which he considered about equal to his own.

Our men were all collected on the top of that rancho, with their guns already for action, full of courage and zeal, and warmly desirous of a battle with the enemy. The morn broke slowly. The mist hung heavily around them, and although they could hear very plainly the approach of horsemen, they could see nothing. At last the light began to break through the mist, immediately in their front, and the faint outline of a strong body of armed horsemen was perceptible in the distance. And as the mist rolled and gathered up into huge clouds, and gently ascended to reveal the neighboring hights, it revealed, with most painful distinctness, a whole regiment of splendidly equipped Mexican lancers, drawn up in battle, and occupying a commanding position within three hundred yards of the rancho occupied by Major Gaines' party.

Unhesitatingly surveying and counting this strong force before them, our men prepared for action, crying out, "Oh there are only six hundred of them—its a fair fight and we'll see it out!" Look on the right as the mist leaves that side of the rancho, there is another regiment just as strong as that in front.

"Hell!" cried a stalwart Kentuckian, who kept all the while a bright eye on his long rifle, "this is coming it rather strong; the thing looks serious, most decidedly; but I reckon we can lick a thousand Greasers, and throw in two hundred for good measure." "Cant we?" was the unanimous cry of the party.

"But, oh cranky," cried the tall sergeant, "here's more of the varments." And there sure enough on their left was another regiment about six hundred strong, whose bright helmets, flaming pennons and showy uniforms, loomed out conspicuously in the dark horizon. And there, too, just a few hundred yards in the rear, was still another regiment.—Thus was this small party of one hundred and twenty Americans entirely surrounded by a Mexican force of about three thousand cavalry, the finest in the country and commanded by one of their best officers.

Undismayed, our men prepared for action, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Never did men go more calmly and coolly to work than this little Spartan band, as with many a jest and the most imperturbable *sang froid*, they reloaded and recapped their rifles, looked to their cartouch boxes, felt the edge of their bowie knives, and glanced a proud defiance at thier legion foe.

In the mean time the enemy preserved the most perfect military order, and presented a display of martial magnificence, such as our men had never before witnessed. Their officers covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blasts.

Maj. Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their threatening flourish, by blowing with all his might the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers.—The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed.—The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, so awed by the loud and terrific burzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Gessins M. Clay, and then buzas were prolonged to the full compliment until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans that their General, to prevent his men from running away, ordered his fine brass band to strike up the Polka, and to march his men into column and put them on the march. It open'd in order and with military precision the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the inspirivence and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroy him.

An officer with an interpreter and white flag was sent to Maj. Gaines to demand his unconditional surrender. "Never," replied the gallant Major Gaines. "Then no quarters will be given," remarked the Mexican. "Very well," exclaimed Capt. Clay; "remember Col. Alan's fate; before we surrender on such terms, more than five hundred of your yellow-belly scoundrels shall be left to bleach on yonder plains." This remark, the interpreter did not think he could do full justice to in the translation, and he left the officer to guess at its meaning, which, however, was no difficult task, as the Captain accompanied his declaration with very emphatic and expressive gesticulation.

It was finally agreed that Maj. Gaines should have an interview with Gen. Minon. From him the Major received very courteous treatment, and was assured that in surrendering himself and his party they would be treated with all the consideration of prisoners of war.

Maj. Gaines, on communicating the result of his interview with Gen. Minon to his officers, took a vote whether they should fight or surrender, and Capt. Clay and Danby and Lieut. Davidson were for fighting, and Maja. Gaines and Borland were for surrendering. While they were parleying with the Mexicans, Major Gaines observed that their men were approaching near the rancho. He immediately ordered his men to fire upon the Mexicans if they approached a foot nearer, and told their officers he should not continue the parley until their men fell back to their original position, which they did in very quick order when a few rifles were leveled in their direction. They finally, Capt. Clay giving in to Maja. Gaines and Borland, agreed to surrender on the most honorable terms as prisoners of war, the officers to retain their private property and side arms. They delayed the surrender however as long as possible with the expectation of being reinforced from Gen. Wool's camp. It was an express condition in the capitulation that the Mexican guide, who had been forced by Maj. Gaines to act in that capacity, should have a fair trial, and if he was acquitted, should be released. The Mexicans at first objected to this, but Capt. Clay said he would die before he would surrender the unfortunate guide without assurances of his safety. As soon as he was surrendered, the faithless Mexicans immediately murdered the poor fellow. The prisoners were then marched, without food or water, for thirty or forty miles on the road to San Luis, under an escort of eight lancers. Maj. Gaines having been allowed to ride, selected, in preference to his own charger, a blooded mare belonging to Sergeant Payne.

Col. Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, and who accompanied Maj. Gaines as an interpreter, had rendered himself extremely useful on the occasion of their capture, by his coolness, sagacity, and knowledge of the Mexican language and character. Capt. Henrie was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Maj. Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for *every two Mexicans*, it was a fair game and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their breasts, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the City of Mexico, Capt. Henrie!" "Excuse me, senor I generally choose my own company," replied the cool and courtly Captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado, famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Maj. Gaines's high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the Mejor requested Capt. Henrie, who is a famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wine-edge of her spirits." The captain did so, and riding up to Capt. Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the men by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lances, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopettes at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no use as the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustangs. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, senores—adios, senores?"

Our readers may fancy the intense excitement which this scene produced among the prisoners, and will, no doubt, excuse them for so far forgetting their situation as to give three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known to our readers. After many narrow escapes from the enemy, and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's party.

City News.

THE LATE RIOT.—On Thursday morning the prisoners who had been arrested and committed for a re-hearing, for being concerned in the disturbances in the fifth ward, were brought before his honor the Mayor and re-committed to answer at the next court of Oyer and Terminer, to the charges of Riot and Murder. We have taken notes of the depositions and oral testimony upon which the Mayor thought it his duty to incarcerate the prisoners; but as the matter is to undergo an investigation in Court, we forbear their publication at present.

The Mayor and officers have acted throughout the whole matter, thus far, with promptness and decision; and it now only remains for a Jury to decide from the facts which may be developed in the course of an investigation, upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoners.

There are certain facts in connection with the riot, about which there can be little dispute. There was a large crowd about Flecks house on Tuesday night—stones and brickbats were thrown—the people harangued—fire arms were discharged—several persons wounded who were *mere spectators*, one of whom is now dead,—and twelve Persons who were in the house at the time the disturbance took place, have been arrested. Whether they were all engaged in violating the peace, or acting in self defence remains to be shown hereafter.

Mrs. Fleck who was held to bail to appear before the Mayor on Wednesday, has been so indisposed as to be unable to attend. She is in Jail under a commitment in another case.

None of the persons wounded by the discharge of fire arms on the evening alluded to, were in anywise concerned in the disturbance; but as we are assured they were mere spectators. It is to be regretted however that curiosity should have prompted any one to have been a spectator of such a *scene*.

A young man by the name of Reynolds, who has not been mentioned in connection with the wounded, we are informed, was shot in the hand, legs and abdomen. It is thought he will recover with proper care and attention.

INQUEST.—Coroner Richardson was called upon, in the forenoon of Thursday last, to hold an inquest upon the body of Thomas Campbell who was wounded in the affray on Tuesday night last. The following is the substance of the testimony given to the Jury:

William Cunningham stated that he heard a noise, and ran over to the corner opposite to the house occupied by Fleck. Stones were thrown and guns discharged—he went over to the corner where Barker was speaking, and while standing beside him he felt something against his breast—had never before witnessed. Their officers covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blasts.

Maj. Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their threatening flourish, by blowing with all his might the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers.—The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed.—The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, so awed by the loud and terrific burzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Gessins M. Clay, and then buzas were prolonged to the full compliment until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans that their General, to prevent his men from running away, ordered his fine brass band to strike up the Polka, and to march his men into column and put them on the march. It open'd in order and with military precision the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the inspirivence and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroy him.

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Col. Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, and who accompanied Maj. Gaines as an interpreter, had rendered himself extremely useful on the occasion of their capture, by his coolness, sagacity, and knowledge of the Mexican language and character. Capt. Henrie was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Maj. Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for *every two Mexicans*, it was a fair game and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their breasts, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the City of Mexico, Capt. Henrie!" "Excuse me, senor I generally choose my own company," replied the cool and courtly Captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado, famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Maj. Gaines's high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the Mejor requested Capt. Henrie, who is a famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wine-edge of her spirits." The captain did so, and riding up to Capt. Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the men by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lances, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopettes at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no use as the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustangs. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, senores—adios, senores?"

Our readers may fancy the intense excitement which this scene produced among the prisoners, and will, no doubt, excuse them for so far forgetting their situation as to give three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known to our readers. After many narrow escapes from the enemy, and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's party.

City News.

THE LATE RIOT.—On Thursday morning the prisoners who had been arrested and committed for a re-hearing, for being concerned in the disturbances in the fifth ward, were brought before his honor the Mayor and re-committed to answer at the next court of Oyer and Terminer, to the charges of Riot and Murder. We have taken notes of the depositions and oral testimony upon which the Mayor thought it his duty to incarcerate the prisoners; but as the matter is to undergo an investigation in Court, we forbear their publication at present.

The Mayor and officers have acted throughout the whole matter, thus far, with promptness and decision; and it now only remains for a Jury to decide from the facts which may be developed in the course of an investigation, upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoners.

There are certain facts in connection with the riot, about which there can be little dispute. There was a large crowd about Flecks house on Tuesday night—stones and brickbats were thrown—the people harangued—fire arms were discharged—several persons wounded who were *mere spectators*, one of whom is now dead,—and twelve Persons who were in the house at the time the disturbance took place, have been arrested. Whether they were all engaged in violating the peace, or acting in self defence remains to be shown hereafter.

Mrs. Fleck who was held to bail to appear before the Mayor on Wednesday, has been so indisposed as to be unable to attend. She is in Jail under a commitment in another case.

None of the persons wounded by the discharge of fire arms on the evening alluded to, were in anywise concerned in the disturbance; but as we are assured they were mere spectators. It is to be regretted however that curiosity should have prompted any one to have been a spectator of such a *scene*.

A young man by the name of Reynolds, who has not been mentioned in connection with the wounded, we are informed, was shot in the hand, legs and abdomen. It is thought he will recover with proper care and attention.

INQUEST.—Coroner Richardson was called upon, in the forenoon of Thursday last, to hold an inquest upon the body of Thomas Campbell who was wounded in the affray on Tuesday night last. The following is the substance of the testimony given to the Jury:

William Cunningham stated that he heard a noise, and ran over to the corner opposite to the house occupied by Fleck. Stones were thrown and guns discharged—he went over to the corner where Barker was speaking, and while standing beside him he felt something against his breast—had never before witnessed. Their officers covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blasts.

Maj. Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their threatening flourish, by blowing with all his might the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers.—The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed.—The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, so awed by the loud and terrific burzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Gessins M. Clay, and then buzas were prolonged to the full compliment until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans that their General, to prevent his men from running away, ordered his fine brass band to strike up the Polka, and to march his men into column and put them on the march. It open'd in order and with military precision the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the inspirivence and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroy him.

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