New Orleans Daily Crescent.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1859.

SLUMBER ON.

Gov. McWillie, of Mississippi, in his late message to the Legislature of that State, used some forcible and patriotic language in regard to what the Southern people should do in case Abolition fanaticism should succeed next year in electing an "irrepressible conflict" candidate to the Presidency. The Governor's remarks were strong, just, sensible and to the point, in our opinion, and should, and no doubt will, exercise considerable influence in our sister commonwealth, especially when it is borne in mind that Mr. Pettus, who has recently been elected Chief Magistrate by an overwhelming majority, is understood to entertain similar sentiments.

The Governor's message, however, does not please the "Union-at-any-price" gentlemen with whom the South is afflicted, and who, by word and act, and in every possible manner, so far as indirection can go, evince a refreshing willingness to become provincial serfs of Abolitionism that cannot fail to be excessively agreeable to Seward and his coadjutors. We do not expect they will be satisfied with the inaugurals of Gov. Pettus. We do not look for them to be pleased with anything that indicates a disposition to prepare for self-protection, to guard against invasion, or to prevent insurrection. Had the Harper's Ferry emeute succeeded, and had thousands of Virginia men, women and children, been murdered with every concomitant of untold horror, and were the heavens still illuminated with the glare of blazing dwellings, we believe that there are "Union-at-any-price" men here and elsewhere in the South who would still be chanting praises in honor of our "g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s Union." They obstinately refuse to look at things as they are, and persistently maintain that there is no danger to be apprehended from the schemes of the Abolitionists.

The Nashville Patriot of the 12th inst. has a long review of the message of Gov. McWillie:

The recommendations and suggestions of Gov. McWillie are of a grave and serious nature, if it is expected that the Legislature of Mississippi or a Convention of the Southern States, will respond to them favorably. The action of the former may, therefore, be awaited with interest. If Mississippi take the steps her Governor proposes, how many Southern States will follow her? Will Tennessee? Are the Democratic members of the Legislature of Tennessee prepared to act upon the assumption that the election of a Black Republican to the Presidency will be a sectional aggression that justifies the South in demanding new guarantees of protection, and in the event of a refusal, in resorting to revolutionary measures to coerce the North into granting them? If the candidate of the Black Republicans be elected—a very probable occurrence—he will be elected in accordance with the provision of the Constitution. Shall the Constitution, therefore, be broken and destroyed? Or shall the South await the action of the President and Congress, and resist when it be shown that the triumphant Republicans intend to use the power of the government to degrade or crush our section?

Certainly—wait. Wait, until the army and navy pass into the hands of Seward, or a more abominable Abolitionist. Wait, until all the fortresses in the South are garrisoned by soldiers commanded by Abolition officers. Wait, until a steamship, or other vessel of war, commanded by Black Republicans, lay in every Southern harbor, prepared to destroy the city or town, as the case may be, in the event "the triumphant Republicans who intend to use the power of the Government to degrade or crush our section" are resisted. Wait, until we are perfectly helpless, bound hand and foot, and then prepare for resistance! That's sensible advice. WASHINGTON said, "in time of peace prepare for war;" but these "Union-at-any-price" men are wiser than him, for they will not allow even talking about preparation, much less preparation itself, when dangers are imminent, the present ominous, the future threatening, and the skies growing darker day by day.

Gov. Wise and the Virginia authorities were altogether too prompt in the Ossawatomie Brown business. They should have been more dilatory. They should have *waited* until Old Brown had got some thousands of degraded white men and refugee negroes together; and then *waited* until they had butchered some hundreds of men, women and children; and *waited* until they had burned many scores of dwellings and destroyed some millions of property; and then, perhaps, according to the reasoning of the "Union-at-any-price" folks, they might, possibly, have been justified in arresting their depredations and bringing them to punishment.

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

Nothing of importance transpired yesterday on Carondelet street. The usual gatherings at the several corners were large—some remarks on the staple passed, a little talk about exchange, something brought up about freights and vessels, and a good many remarks about sugar. The accounts from the coast are of the most unfavorable character. The cold weather of Saturday night the 12th, the 13th and 14th, has cut short the expectations of planters largely. It is impossible at this time to arrive at the real injury sustained. The frost last year which seriously injured the cane was on the 17th of November, but the cane was considerably in advance of this present season. We shall have further accounts in a day or two. The transactions yesterday in sugar warrant us in the belief that higher prices will rule. There was some talk of 4000 barrels of molasses, or the bulk thereof, on some plantation on Bayou Gross Tête having sold at 30c. ⅌ gallon; and the talk is, that the ginlet rangers at the depot are asking higher figures than last week for both sugar and molasses.

There were some country traders and merchants on the flags yesterday. They talk and complain of great losses in cotton purchased in the interior and sold here. This is no recent thing, and can readily be accounted for. Cotton directly out of the ginhouse will of course lose more or less in weight on being sold in this market. It has been so from time immemorial. But many country merchants have been paying too much for cotton, say for the general run 11⅞@12c. These are too high prices, even in the way of barter or half cash and the balance in merchandise. We are informed that as high as 15c. has been paid at some villages between here and Canton, Miss., for fancy parcels. If we could name the markets between this and Canton, China, there might be some shadow of reason for this high price.

The receipts of cotton, though large, are restricted from the very low stage of water. There is an error in the statement of the Mobile Price Current of the 12th inst. The receipts of the 4th of November, 1858, are given as 115,525 bales, and the receipts of the 11th November, 1858, are given at the same figures. This would lead to the supposition that there was no cotton received at Mobile for the week ending the 11th of November last year, 1858. It is presumed the discrepancy will be rectified in the present week's figures. The figures should be for last year 137,000 bales, which would make the excess of receipts at all the ports up to yesterday over last year 115,750 bales, instead of 137,000 bales.

There was of course some talk of the fire demon, the sway of which was again made manifest in the burning of a half of square of houses in the Fourth District yesterday morning. These continued fires have led to the declination on the part of two responsible offices to take further risks beyond the limits of the pipes and conduits of the present water-works, and other offices are considering about enhancing the rates of insurance. It is no use to talk any more about water. If people will not move in carrying out the purposes and intent of the privileges granted to the inhabitants of the Fourth District by an act of the Legislature, we cannot help it. Some people are instituting suit against the present water-works for violation of charter. Fudge; the State has already tried that course and was defeated. The city has brought suits and been defeated. The present Company have not the resources at command to extend their works or pipes. The fact is, in the parlance of the day, it is not strong enough—it has not got the ready "rhino." The stock is worth but little over 50c. on the dollar, and we expect the entire charter and privileges could be had for about a million of dollars, which cost or stood in about $1,800,000. The talk is, inquiry is made, where is the association of men of money or means that will buy it? These works were never calculated for only the old limits and boundaries of the city, say from Felicity Road to Esplanade street and rearwards to Basin street; therefore, it is useless to be talking of a supply of water through them. The means, ability and resources, are not within the scope of the Company.

The circular addressed by the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association to the American Chamber of Commerce, Liverpool, will be found under our monetary head. The complaints of sandy and dusty cotton will, it is hoped, receive some attention after the many expressions we have published.

The Master of the Savana.

To the Editors of the Philadelphia Dispatch: The following eloquent description of the instincts and habits of the wild bull I extract from "Moreau de St. Mery's description of St. Domingo," published in this city by subscription in 1796, in two volumes, 8vo. The author lived several years in the West Indies, and had been a fellow-member with Robespierre of the French Assembly, through whose persecutions he left France and came to Philadelphia. He wrote the work referred to in French, and William Cobbett translated it into English. Among the subscribers to the work are T(h)imothy Pickering, Secretary of State; Rufus King, U. S. Senator; Gen. Knox, Vice-President Adams, Benj. Franklin Bache, Wm. Bingham, U. S. Senator; Matthew Carey, P. S. Duponceau, Gen. Rochambeau, and Volney, Talleyrand Perigord and La Rochefoucauld Laincourt, the three latter persons being described as of Philadelphia. The article following is truly Homeric in style.

HIPPONAX ROSET.

It is observed in the herds of horned cattle that one bull assumes the empire over all the herd, and drives away every beast that gives umbrage to him. At his look, the other bulls grown up in the herd retire. The cows reserve their favors for him; or at least if they wish to commit an act of infidelity without exposing the favored lover, they are obliged to avoid his sultanic presence. This despot of the seraglio has no law but his will, and that will is an exclusive enjoyment. Nature, however, raises him up enemies to abd crew near by.

As soon as the age of desire arrives, as soon as love, that tumultuous passion, begins to warm the heart of the young bull, his courage awakens, and he begins to mutiny against that sort of servitude in which he has been held by the king of the herd. First, he dares to stand in his way, and seems to remove unwillingly at his approach; next, he retires in broken murmurs; at last the day arrives, when, full of rage, he presents him the menacing points with which his front is armed. This excess of impudence inflames the old chief; he darts half mad on the daring rebel. Accustomed to the combat, proud of his domination, he utters a roar that strikes terror through the whole herd, which, terrified and immovable, fix their regards on the combatants, and seem to wait the decision.

In this struggle, generally unequal, the young bull, more impatient than adroit, spends his strength in vain efforts, and is soon obliged to avoid, by flight, the death that would consummate his punishment. The vanquisher disdains to follow him. Proud of having thus reinforced his authority, he contents himself with keeping the vanquished at a distance, and declaring by his proud deportment that he is worthy of his rank. It even seems that the herd affect to renew their homage, and express their satisfaction at his triumph. Sometimes, however, such an event causes the formation of a new herd; some of the cattle follow the fortunes of the defeated youngster, and adopt him for their chief.

If the bull, abused by his courage, continues in the herd, he entertains a hatred continually exercised by a stronger passion; he tries his strength against other bulls of the herd, and in those plays, resembling fights, he finds out the measure of his powers; he learns to employ them, and when he can no longer endure the recollection of his defeat, he again braves the author of his disgrace and seeks for vengeance.

Who can describe the strokes exchanged by these two rivals in absolute power? The hills and valleys ring with their noise. From the clashing noise of their horns, one may judge of the impetuosity of their attacks. A hundred times each is deceived with the prospect of victory. They boil and foam with heat and rage. Sometimes wrestling with their heads, they drive and twist each other this way and that, till an unwary spot, a false step or vengeful impatience, obliges one or the other, or both, to draw back; sometimes darting on each other, each seems to aim his deadly points at the bowels of his adversary. But the fatal moment is arrived. Years have betrayed the hope of the fine old chief, who thought his empire durable as his existence. The ardor of youth seconds the prowess and vengeance of the enemy, and victory decides in his favor. Dreadful vicissitude! The mighty tyrant, sole object of regard and obedience, at whose stamp, at whose very look the herd trembled but a moment before, now shrinks from the blows of one of his subjects; descends to cunning shifts to avoid the fight; draws back and flies. Already he is in the middle of the herd, seeking to hide his dishonor and impotent rancor.

While he is thus hurled from his power and his rule, his youthful successor receives the adulations of the versatile and fawning herd. The haughty vanquisher, boiling with rage that breaks through the joy of his success, raises aloft his angry front, as if to seek for the defeated champion, and forbid him his presence forever. Everything seems to foretell that one tyrant has been changed for another.

Let us leave him to enjoy his triumph, and to the exercise of this jealous tyranny that will raise him, too, enemies to humble him in his turn, while we look for his fallen predecessor.

He creeps away to those spots where he may hope to avoid the disdainful regards of his insulting foe. Here he mopes; the cutting remembrance of his happy days redoubles his anguish; he pines and withers away to nothing. His once-glowing eye sinks, fades and grows dim; it is the seat of sadness and despair, and seems to call for the hand of death to close it forever. Useful and laborious animal! why has nature given to thee, as to man, the fatal faculty of remembering the past, and of feeling those sorrows which are the harbingers of death?

THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL SPRINGS.—The excitement in regard to the recent working of the oil springs found in this, Warren, Crawford and Venango counties, along the Allegheny river and Oil creek, is becoming intense. Speculation is rife and land purchases or oil claims are obtained at high rates. Companies are forming, and the resource is about to be developed in all its strength. The oil is no new discovery; its existence has been known for years, and it has been collected to a limited extent from an early day. Evidences of very ancient means for its collection are visible at points where it is most abundant. The late excitement has been produced by the operations of Mr. Drake, near Titusville, where, by means of pumps and machinery, he obtained almost fabulous amounts of it, and he is adding machinery which will increase the yield to 2,500 gallons per day. This being worth seventy-five cents per gallon at the spring, is getting rich fast, and is enough to stimulate others to operating.

The claim which Mr. Drake is working belongs to the "Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company," and has never been worked to any extent heretofore. Mr. D. leased it for fifteen years, and was to pay the company twelve and a half cents per gallon for all the oil he gathered at his own expense. In sinking a shaft for salt to the depth of seventy feet, he came upon the spring which now yields so handsomely.

This oil is known as "Petroleum," and "Seneca Oil." The former being the Greek for rock oil, and the latter name is derived from the fact that it was at one time collected by the Seneca tribe of Indians. It is medicinal in its character, and has been sold by druggists, for years, under the title of "British Oil."

Many of the inhabitants of the localities where it is collected have never used any other internal or external remedy for any kind of sickness. By submitting it to a refining process it becomes an excellent agent for the production of light, and as a lubricating substance has no superior.

How and through what means this oil is formed, is a matter of conjecture. Indications of coal and salt always accompany it, and as it is only found in large quantities at great depths, electrical heat and bitumen most likely have something to do with it. It is formed far below, and finds it way up through crevices and clefts in but small quantities. [Erie Dispatche.

STEAMBOAT SUNK.—We learn that a telegraphic dispatch, dated Jackson, Nov. 13th, was received in the city yesterday, stating that the steamer Advance had sunk near Peevey's Landing, on her upward trip. The Advance left here for Demopolis, on Saturday, with a full freight. The extent of the loss is not stated in the dispatch. [Mobile Advertiser.

MISSISSIPPI STATE FAIR.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

JACKSON, MISS., Monday night, Nov. 14, 1859.

Ed. Crescent—Your correspondent took his first ride on the Jackson Railroad to-day, and this evening reached the city of Jackson, the capital of all the Mississippis. Your correspondent was insane enough, when he kicked the dust of New Orleans from his shoes, at the depot on Calliope street, to fancy that he was going to travel thro' a country of Arcadian greenness and freshness, and to discover, in the city of Jackson, a little Elysium of poetic relaxation and repose. With humiliation he confesses, as he writes, that the only green or fresh thing he has seen so far, is himself.

The whole country, all the way up, had a parched Desert-of-Sahara sort of look; and as for the dust—don't talk! In New Orleans, there are watering-carts; along the Jackson Railroad there are none. "Suffis to say," the passengers who entered the cars in garbs of many colors, came out in a general uniform of premature gray. The only things along the road that wore a decently natural look were the pines; and that was because they happened to be tall enough to tower over the dust, if not over the drought. In many places, along the road, fire was greedily licking up shivering earth's blanket of autumnal leaves, and making a particular barbecue of each prostrate log, and a grand fireworks display of each dead tree that had'nt fallen. At one point, the trestle-work of the railroad had 'condescended to succumb to the fiery rim of the ground conflagration. The timbers were in a brisk blaze when the train arrived, and the fire would soon have cut off communication.

The drought, however, is blessed all through the cotton country, for it has facilitated the picking. Most of the fields we passed were picked to the last shred; and the enormous trains of heavily loaded cotton trucks we met, showed what the picking had amounted to.

The different towns and stations along the road struck this correspondent with their square and modern style appearance, and their fresh and sawmillish look; all proclaiming, as distinctly as if they had said it in English, "see what a railroad will do in a new and fertile country like this!"

But, to return to dust, (not the dust that the preachers tell us of, but the aboriginal dust which has so long been illustrating the atomic origin of things,) if you would like to know what dust is, you should be here. I arrived here in the midst of darkness and dust. I have groped around enough to discover that each street in Jackson is a river of dust; each house is a bank of dust; the larger buildings are monuments of dust; the commons are placid lakes of dust; the gardens are billows of dust. Big clouds and whirlwinds of dust, every minute, choke the streets in all directions. They would be considered phenomena, but for the supposed fact that each has for its invisible center and momentum, a cab or carriage. If this be the dust to which, as the good book hath it, we must all return, this same goodly city of Jackson offers about as sumptuous inducements with her dust as any city or town I ever had the luck of visiting.

If you think Jackson isn't crowded, why, then, think so. The town was what they all called crowded several days ago. To-day it is gorged. It seems to be a gutta-percha sort of town, however, for notwithstanding that every railroad train from South, North and West brings its crowd, I have not heard of any one sleeping in the streets yet. The Bowman House (from which I write) had every room engaged more than a week ago, and it is a big hotel for the city in which it stands. Still, the people pile into it, and most find a friend who can spare the edge of his bed or a blanket by the fire-place. "Mine host," Mr. H. Hillzheim, has'nt slept for a week, and does'nt expect to sleep for another week. No mate of ship or steamer ever more thoroughly exhausted his skill in stowage than our host of the Bowman House. I considered myself lucky in securing the offer of half a bed in a room in the fourth story—there being a double-bed in each corner, and three cots in the middle. I went in a while ago to look after my half of my friend's bed. I found half a dozen sets of human spoons snoring away, and all the passages stuffed with exploded carpet-bags and a general wreck of boots and wearing apparel. I could'nt get to the bed in which I had so great an interest, and backed out; but I am satisfied, for I have a pre-emption on a matress in the lady's parlor. My scribbling is in the only secluded part of the whole hotel—the wine room.

But to "return to our mutton." I headed this with something about the State Fair, but have'nt said Fair once. Well, to-day was consumed in preparations. The Fair did not open, as announced, but will open to-morrow. I have not had a chance to see anything yet; but I hear that the preparations are commodious and well conceived, and that the agricultural and industrial resources of Mississippi will be well represented, as well as the mechanical genius of other States. Great numbers of the visitors are from New Orleans, and New Orleans and Louisiana will be well represented in the machinery and some other departments. I shall post you about all that takes place.

As I close there is a great demand for waiters all over the building. The bell multiplication table is going it without rest, like an automaton edition of the Swiss bell-ringers. The waiters are stamping up stairs and down and all around, and visiting the bar-room and carrying drinks of, they don't know what, to they don't know who. The Bowman House is one of the houses just now. G.

BLOODY AND FATAL ROW AT A CIRCUS.—The Petersburg Express publishes the following letter from Whitehall, N. C., dated Nov. 8:

A bloody and exciting row occurred at this place this afternoon about 4 o'clock. A man named Grantham, who was inebriated, attempted to enter Robinson's Circus, but was repelled by the door-keeper. A difficulty ensued, in which circus men and the friends of Grantham participated. The fight was very desperate, bowie knives were used and pistols fired. Mr. Leach, a schoolmaster here, was killed by a pistol shot, and a brother of Grantham was dangerously wounded in the same manner. He is expected to die.

One of the circus men named Robinson—I have not learned whether he was the proprietor—was dreadfully stabbed on the shoulder. The wound is about four inches in length, and went to the bone. The matter will be legally investigated. Writs have been issued for the arrest of all parties concerned.

JOHN BROWN'S PIKES.—Charles Blair, the manufacturer of John Brown's pikes, says that Brown never informed him what he intended to do with them. He says:

In March, 1857, old Brown came to this town and exhibited some weapons which he claimed to have taken from Capt. H. C. Pate, at the battle of Black Jack. Among others was a bowie-knife or dirk, having a blade about eight inches long. Brown remarked that such an instrument, fixed at the end of a pole about six feet long would be a capital weapon to place in the hands of the settlers in Kansas, to keep in their cabins to defend themselves against any attack by "Border Ruffians or wild beasts," and asked me what it would be worth to make one thousand. I replied that I would make them for one dollar each, not thinking that it would lead to a contract, or that such an instrument would ever be wanted, or put to use, in any way, if made. To my utter surprise, however, Brown furnished me the order immediately, and in a few weeks advanced me $500.

Strong passions belong only to strong minds, and terrible is the struggle that reason has to make to subdue them.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

A fellow not on good terms with his boots had the impudence to remark that he could sell them easily enough, because they had been half soled once.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

TELEGRAPHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

[BY THE NATIONAL LINE.]

Anxiety for the Steamship North Star.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The report of the non-arrival of the steamship North Star at Aspinwall, up to the 4th instant, has caused considerable anxiety. The North Star sailed from this port on the 20th ult. for Aspinwall, having on board 108 sailors, 37 marines and 19 officers, which were to join the United States steam frigate Saranac, of the Pacific squadron.

The North Star had, besides, 333 first and second cabin passengers and 50 in the steerage, which, with 180 soldiers and marines for the steam frigate Saranac, and the crew of the steamer, consisting of 101 sailors, makes a total of 878 souls on board.

New York State Election.

ALBANY, Nov. 15.—The Argus of this morning claims a majority of 201 for Jones, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State. The Journal, on the contrary, claims a majority of 104 for Leavenworth, the Republican candidate.

The returns as far as have been received indicate the election of Jones.

Specie and New Orleans Mails for Europe.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—The steamship American, which sailed for Liverpool via Havre to-day, took out $100,000 in specie for Europe. The latest New Orleans mails for Europe, which were taken out by the American, were those of the 10th, the latest. Telegraph dispatches from New Orleans to Europe, which were taken out by the American, were those of this morning.

Search for the North Star.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The steamer Daniel Webster, of the Aspinwall line of steamers, will leave this port this evening in search of the missing steamer North Star.

Arrival of Steamships.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The steamship New York has arrived at this port from Southampton. Her news has been anticipated by the steamships Asia and Hungarian.

Domestic Markets.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The Flour market closed firm; sales to-day comprise 1000 bbls. at $4 80 for Superfine. Whisky closed steady; sales to-day amount to 1400 bbls. at 22½c. Corn closed firm at 44 to 45c. Western Mess Pork closed steady; sales to-day amount to 500 bbls. at $13 50. New Molasses is quoted at 45c. Sugar, sales to-day consist of 16 hhds. prime new at 8c. Choice Coffee is quoted at 13c.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The Cotton market closed steady. Sales to-day amount to 1500 bales. Flour closed dull. Sales to-day consist of 1400 bbls. at $5 30 to $5 35 for Ohio superfine. Corn closed dull. Sales to-day amount to 16,000 bushels at $1 03 for White and $1 01 to $1 03 for Yellow. Eastern Mess Pork is quoted at $15 12½. Western Mess Pork is quoted at $15 50. Muscovado Sugar is quoted at 6½c. to 7¾c. Panama Railroad Stock has advanced 10 per cent. during the week, and is now quoted at $132½.

River Intelligence.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—The Mississippi river at this point has fallen two inches during the day, and the upper streams are reported as falling slowly.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 16, (Evening.)—The river at this point is stationary, with 5½ feet in the channel from here to Cairo.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 15.—The Ohio river at this point is falling slowly, with only four feet of water in the canal.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The river at this point is rising at the rate of one inch an hour.

VICKSBURG, Nov. 15.—The steamer Ed. Walsh passed down at 11 o'clock this morning, and the South-Wester passed down at noon.

THE FAIREST LAND.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eyes hath seen
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'Tis where those we love abide—
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though twere but a barren mound
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With thee you sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou could'st make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

The Harper's Ferry Insurrectionists.

The telegraph has already informed us of the conviction and sentence of all the insurrectionists in the hands of the authorities at Charlestown. The Virginia Free Press, after stating that Judge Parker had overruled a motion to strike out the charge of treason against Cook, says:

The point will be carried to the Appelate Court. If this Court affirms the ruling of Judge Parker, there will be the end of the case, and Cook will have to expiate his outrageous crimes upon the scaffold; but if this ruling should be reversed, and Cook thereby placed within the ability of the Governor to pardon, we have no doubt that the most earnest efforts will be made in his behalf.

The Press argues at considerable length against extending executive clemency to Cook, as it regards him as more criminal than his confederates.

Cook's confession fills twenty-one pages of foolscap, but throws comparative little new light upon the Harper's Ferry affair. It was mostly a record of Cook's personal experiences. It related how he first became acquainted with Brown in 1856, just after the battle of Black Jack; how he was induced to join Brown to cooperate with him in his labors for securing the freedom of Kansas; how certain expeditions for rescuing slaves from Missouri and setting them free in Canada were accomplished, and similar details equally irrelevant. The more important portions were those which told of the convention held in Canada, at which the well-known constitution was framed; of the military training under Stevens, which Brown's party went through, altering their original intention, which was to be instructed by Col. Forbes, and of his own exploration of Jefferson county, Va., under Brown's directions, to prepare the way for the insurrection.

Gerritt Smith, Fred. Douglas, Dr. S. G. Howe and others, were mentioned in the confession, but it is said, not in a way to deeply implicate them. Their connection with Brown involved, however, the presentation of pistols, money, etc. Cook said that the time of the invasion would have been different but for the information given by Col. Forbes. But, altogether, the confession does not bear very strongly upon the case, and it is the opinion of the court that Cook has withheld the greater part of his knowledge. The confession is to be published in pamphlet form and copyrighted.

A correspondent writing from Charlestown, says:

I have just been in to see 'old Captain Brown.' I inquired after his health and condition. He replied that his recent wounds had caused some inflammation in an old one, received, doubtless, in some of his 'Kansas work;' with that exception he was easy in mind and body, and thought he had done his duty to God and man. If it was declared that he should suffer for it, very well; it was of but small consequence to him. He cared but little any way. I asked him if he had no regret for the valuable lives he had destroyed. The old sinner replied he had not intended that. In answer to the query, 'If he thought his designs could be carried out without bloodshed?' he replied, 'It had been done in Missouri.' Just at that point the interview terminated. The prisoners are still guarded with the greatest vigilance. Hundreds of men, all the time under arms, are stationed at the jail.

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

A sweet girl is a sort of divinity, to whom even the Scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip-service."

Gold may be all the time in a man's mind, and yet none of his thoughts be golden.

Local Intelligence.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Yesterday, Deputy Coroner Weysham held an inquest on the body of a young, and at one time peculiarly beautiful brunette, known to the habitués of the Theater d'Orleans as a *Mlle Clementina*, a French Opera Chorister, whose real name was Maria Clementina Peyret. It appears that deceased had "loved not wisely, but too well," and her life, like all such frail flowers, was overcast with many a tear-shower of sorrow, that nurtured within her broken, wayward heart a morbid desire to commit suicide. To this end she made many attempts during the past twelve months, but either the Fates of friendship, or her own lavish hand with the deadly agents, preserved her life until this fearful hour, when her soul—

"Spotted by contumely,"
"Cold inhumanity,"
"Burning insanity,"

urged her to the fatal final deed that has placed her who once won the smiles and laudations of the *élegants* and fashionable visitors of the gay dress-circle in the "old Orleans" Theater—placed her in that, alas! too much swelling circle—where she will be

"One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!"

On Sunday last she had fully prepared herself for her adieu to life, in her age but out of 'teens, as the following note, written in the French language, proves in its simple yet sadly expressive brevity:

"This will be the third time I have attempted to destroy myself. This will be certain. I am tired of life."

A few great words are these, speaking volumes. A beautifully favored creature, formed to adorn the world, at the age of but twenty years tired of life!

But to our crude, cold facts. The body was discovered in her humble dwelling on St. Peter street, watched by an old faithful negro servant, who appeared wrapped in an oblivious, dreamy unconsciousness of the dead form near by. A paper, partially saturated with arsenic, was found on the floor, and the features of the deceased indicated the marks of the intensely severe struggle of the inner life on the outer form.

The Coroner rendered his verdict in accordance with the above facts, and she who was once the loved of her parents, has now added eternity to the twelve years of her orphanship.

"Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanely;
Not of the stains of her."

ANOTHER DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION IN THE FOURTH DISTRICT.—Scarcely have we had time to deplore any one of the recent numerous and severe losses by fire in the Fourth District, before another breaks out. The grave features presented in these oft-recurring fires in the Fourth District, and their origin being too evidently the work of incendiaries, call the active consideration of our citizens to the opportune letter of Mayor Stith, presented to the Board of Councilmen at their last meeting, and published in the Crescent of to-day. We are at a loss to divine the causes or sources of these incendiary acts, and we are still more unable to suggest any means by which the recurrence of these deplorable acts can be prevented or their perpetrators brought to speedy and severe punishment. The officials of our city having the immediate supervision of the protective department against such disasters have done, and are doing, all that human ingenuity and vigilance can suggest to bring about a stop to these fearful destructions; and they are none the less energetic in their endeavors to trace the causes and incendiaries; but up to this hour they are unequal to the power of the perpetrators, the knowledge of their motives, or, indeed, their *status* or whereabouts. A perplexing mystery hangs around the whole of these dreadful proceedings. Plunder cannot be the motive, for we find in no instance any trace of such, and if personal revenge be the spirit actuating the perpetrators, then they are characters so base that no judge or jury would dwell a moment on the rendering of any other verdict but that of hanging.

It has been suggested to us that a Vigilance Committee be formed by members of the Fire Department, who shall have power to delegate a watch patrol, and for whose services the city treasury might be responsible. This suggestion has a point of consideration in it worthy deliberation, and we submit it to the interested.

The fire we have now to record broke out at the hour of 2 o'clock yesterday morning in the rear of a cottage residence of Mr. Blanck, on St. Mary's street, between Laurel and Constance. From this point it rapidly spread over the greater portion of the square bounded by St. Mary's, Laurel, Constance and St. Andrew streets, devouring everything within its fearful range. From our inspection we conclude that the majority of the buildings destroyed were occupied by a class of our citizens who are the least able to meet their severe losses, at this period of the year especially. The buildings were principally frame ones, and inhabited by thrifty mechanics and laborers. Commencing at the point above indicated, the fire sped on toward Laurel street, and thence to St. Mary's, destroying four cottages, (eight tenements, or four double buildings) three two-story houses, and Mr. Blanck's cottage and stable—sixteen family residences altogether.

The following list comprises the property, its value, and the owners or residents names:

One small house on St. Mary's street, Mich. Kennon	$1,500
One house on Laurel street, John Stultz	1,000
Four double houses on Laurel street, Geo. M. Pinckard	5,600
Cottage residence and adjoining one, Laurel street, Mathew Tardy	2,700
House on Laurel street, Mrs. Ann Carness	1,000
Two-story house, St. Mary's street, Alex. Kelly	1,400
Paid Blanck, (insured in $600)	1,000
Total value	$13,200
To which add furniture and other property	6,700
Gross total	$20,000

We learn that much of this property is insured. The insufficiency of the water supply rendered the labors of the engine companies very trying, and the forethought and exertions of Mr. Bradbury, First Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department, deserve special commendation.

No personal accident, as far as we have learned, occurred at this fire, beyond a slight burn in the hand to Mr. Blanck.

THE ALARM OF FIRE YESTERDAY.—We are happy in stating that the fire alarm bell, which rang yesterday afternoon, had no cause for its sounds in the shape of a fire. False alarms are much more welcome now in this particular matter.

SOME FISH.—Yesterday a crowd of wandering personages paid much attention to a fish of monstrous size that hung outside the saloon of Astredo, on Royal street, near the Post-Office. These fish, found but rarely in any other of our salt waters than those off the coast of Florida, are known as "Cherace" in the Spanish language, and "Mairie" in the piscatorial English. The weight of this finny fellow was three hundred pounds.

"HE WHO WOULD LIFT HIS HAND TO WOMAN," etc.—Martin Higgins, whose personal appearance would indicate otherwise, evidently knew, or at least little heeded, the moral Arabic precept of "he who would lift his hand to woman in anger is false to his Maker." Martin did not, and more is the pity that he did not, follow this command; for if he did he would not have been submitted to the exposure of a public prosecution before Recorder Monroe yesterday by Mrs. Mary McCarty, the wife of said Martin. The marriage contract, commenced and closed by these parties only within the five months past, among other features had one giving each of the wedded ones the right of administrator and control over his or her property; but Martin, being a man of will, like Luther, did not abide by this contract, but upset its force by forcibly treating Mrs. McC., and preventing, as per her wish, the sale or occupation by her of said property, and causing her to seek refuge elsewhere, whereupon Mrs. McC. prays that all-powerful law will bind Martin Higgins over to keep the peace towards her person and cease to trespass on her property. The law in its power did so, by bonds on Mr. H. of $250.

DESTITUTE BY THE FIRE LOSSES.—Yesterday, in witnessing the scene of the late fires in the Fourth District, we were grieved to behold some thirty or forty persons, male and female, old and young, thrown on the bleak world without a dollar, a dinner or a friend. One poor old widow woman, who had seen cheerful days, sat on the blackened ruins, weeping and weary, penniless and pitiable, alone in this great world. Think of it, young belle and dashing matron, with your warm parlors and bounteous larders, your rich attire and social luxury, your ball-room and opera box, think of it, and ask yourself what it is to be old, friendless and poverty-stricken, alone in this great world! Had we space to relate this poor aged woman's past history—once the belle, then the happy wife, anon the affluent mother, seeing the world roll in its bright glory, and being in and of it—had we space to tell of this gay and sad life-turn, as the poor weeping woman told it to us, then we think many a woman's heart in this good city would pulsatingly cheerfully respond to our hopes for relieving this and other poor victims of the late fearful conflagrations.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.—Yesterday Deputy Coroner Weysham attended the post-mortem examination on the body of John Manuel Francisco DeLima, the particulars of whose murder on Sunday last we have already given. The examination resulted in detecting a sword-cane wound in the abdomen, which, entering the intestines, caused inflammation and death. The Coroner's inquest will be held to-day, and the parties arrested as being accessories to the deed—James McLanlen, A. Daniel and John Thomas—also the perpetrator will be brought up for examination.

SLIP AND SPRAIN.—The bad habit of throwing orange peel on the sidewalks has often proven dangerous and disastrous to our pedestrian citizens. On Tuesday night, Mr. James Dermody slipped on one of these pieces of orange peel and sprained his foot badly. He is now confined to his house.

THE MEWLING MILLERS.—Yesterday a brace of sullen weeping looking fellows, named Antonio Shuler and Nicholas Frosta, were charged with maiming a mule belonging to Mr. Woodward, to such a degree that the poor animal had to be killed in order to stay its sufferings. The accused gave bail in $1500 each to attend trial on the 22d inst.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.—Mr. J. F. Sherman caused complaint to be made before acting Recorder Monroe yesterday, against one Wm. Buckner, alias Buck Tinsley, alias Geo. Wray, who is now in prison in this city, charging said William, et cetera with being a fugitive from justice. He is held here on a charge of carrying concealed weapons, and bound in $1000 to appear on the 19th for further trial. It appears this William took an improper fancy for a horse belonging to a Mr. W. H. Hill, of Athens, Georgia, and made off with and sold the noble animal, for which the State of Georgia deems it proper, and very properly so, to request the attendance of William, et cetera, within her legal clutches. William, after his term in our prison, will go hence to that of the good old Georgia. So mote it be.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."—Two delectable looking personages of the female persuasion, respectively named Mrs. Ward and Rosa Quigby, were arraigned before Acting Recorder Monroe yesterday, charged with an assault and battery on one Bridget Blake, a lady of unprovoking features and temperament, and a resident on Poydras street, between Basin and Rampart streets. The two pugilistic personages accused and named above were considered not brave, and, therefore, unworthy the *fare* good Biddy held to their tasteful mouths—a clincher—hence the action of law and the necessity of a hearing on the 22d inst.

COFFEEHOUSE VS. CITY GOVERNMENT.—On the 24th October, during the preliminary election excitement, "a mob," as the indictment reads, entered the coffeehouse of P. Remando, on corner of Perdido and Dryades streets, and destroyed $597 80, as is alleged, and for the refunding of this sum this coffeehouse brings action against our city in the Sixth District Court.

A HAUL OF BOGUS MONEY.—On Tuesday evening Daniel Rosenquet and his wife Augusta, were pounced upon by officers Fleury, Jules Gantereaux and Lettriegue, in a house on Jersey street between Napoleon avenue and Berlin street, Jefferson City, just as said Daniel and his darling better half were about to go the whole hog in a bogus money speculation. The quick eye of Augusta—and we never knew an Augusta that had not a quick eye, right one or left, just as you please—detected the character of the three gentlemen visitors and before either could say Jack or even John Robinson she threw a pile of the "Bimsey" into the fire-place, where the devouring element reduced it to a dead letter. However, before the wily Dan or the agile Augusta could come any more of the slight of hand tricks, the officers secured $600 in genuine bills and gold coin. The officers desiring further investigation, lodged the accused in Carrollton jail, and on Saturday next a trial will take place.

We would here caution our readers about paper money that they are not familiar with. Look at it well first, and if good or bad use, your judgment how to act.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY WITH INTENT, ETC.—Yesterday, at the Second District police office, Gaspard Espadara