

TEXAS.

In a moment and as if by enchantment, the benches were torn up, the balustrades forced out, and the enormously massive rope which forms a barrier between the inner ring of the arena, and the front seats was cut in various places. Chairs, benches, and parts of the balustrades were now hurled from all parts into the plaza. The governor immediately appeared and endeavored to soothe the assembled multitude, but in vain; the soldiers who accompanied him were ordered to withdraw by the people, and at once obeyed. Meanwhile the plaza was filled by the multitude, who set upon the unfortunate bull in every direction. By the way, the governor was very near being sacrificed by the infuriated animal, who rushed upon him, but the bull's attention was distracted to so many points that he escaped unhurt. At length the bull was despatched, and was bound with the rope which had been out at the commencement. Many of the orderly spectators had retired, and now the rioters were permitted to proceed in the work of destruction. The principal seats were soon in pieces, and property to the value of upwards of 7000 dollars was wantonly destroyed. The bull, now in possession of the populace, was dragged in triumph through the streets amid the shouts of assembled thousands. It was soon obvious that there was some ulterior plan in contemplation, of the certainty of which we were soon convinced.

The cries of "Als Convens, a San Fran-
cech, als Carmelitas!"—"To the Convents, to St. Francis, to the Carmelites!"—were soon heard; as also "Death to the friars!" and in less than half an hour, as I proceeded with the multitude, I observed that they had set fire to one of the gates of the convent of St. Francis amid shouts of "Viva la Libertad, murean!" "Long live Liberty! kill them" (the friars.) Here their progress was interrupted, and the fire extinguished, on its being ascertained that there was a powder depot in the vicinity of the convent. The crowd now separated into various divisions, and each headed by leaders, with their features disguised, proceeded towards other convents. Those of the Augustin friars—of the order of the Trinity—of Carmelites, both shod and barefooted—of the Minims and Dominicans were soon in flames, and attempts were made to burn various others, which did no prove successful. Most of those which I have just mentioned, but particularly the magnificent churches of St. Augustin, and St. Catharine, have nothing but the bare walls standing, and the splendid libraries and valuable paintings have been reduced to ashes. Amidst the confusion incidental circumstances, and the many temptations to robbery, nothing could exceed the disinterestedness of the wretches employed in this horrible work of destruction. No money or valuables of any description were appropriated by the incendiaries. Sacred vessels of gold and silver, and various other costly articles, as soon found, were thrown into the fire, and one individual was nigh labored to death for having secreted a silk pocket handkerchief.

The most horrible part of my narrative is to be related. The populace was not content with the destruction of property. The wretches thirsted for human blood, and I regret to say they obtained it. Nearly four score defenceless have been inhumanly butchered, and well it was that the rest escaped, owing to the powerful exertions of the artillery corps, and to some well intentioned among the volunteers, for many of these, disguised, co-operated with the populace. Various were the manners in which they despatched the unfortunate wretches. Few, very few, met instant death. Some were burnt in the convents, some poniard, and many beaten to death with sticks and stones. Of the few that still linger in the hospitals, there are some with more than thirty wounds of various descriptions. The rage of the populace was excessive, on Sunday morning, to find that several hundreds of the friars had escaped and many were stabbed even whilst under the protection of the military force. One poor wretch, the first victim, appealed to me and another person in whose company I was, for protection, and we used all our endeavors in his behalf, but in vain. We succeeded in having him carried to the theatre, where there was a guard of forty volunteers, but they would not protect him. He received soon afterwards more than twenty wounds, and soon ceased to exist. Saturday night was truly dreadful—six convents on fire at the same time, the military parading the streets, but perfectly passive, and with orders not to fire on the populace; the inmates of the houses adjoining the convents rushing out and removing their valuables; the villainous assassins working their bloody deeds, the deafening voices, as an unhappy victim fell into the fire, or perished by the knife, all formed a scene which baffles description. There are nearly 300 friars in the castle of Munjwick, and as many more in the citadel and Alarazana barracks. The greater part of the Franciscan friars made their escape through a sewer which led from the convent to the sea, and were received by the military stationed at the barracks which I have just mentioned. The town is now somewhat tranquil, but will not, I fear, long continue so, as the garrison is very weak.

General Llauder arrived yesterday evening and has again left Barcelona with all his family. The accounts from Paris still relate almost exclusively to the late attempt to assassinate the King. A violent commotion it will be seen has taken place at Barcelona—no other event of consequence has occurred in Spain.

July 28.—Barcelona has been during the 25th and part of the 26th instant, the theatre of grievous disasters. On Saturday last the populace at the Plaza-de-Toros, at a bull fight, commenced early to evince symptoms of disorder. It so happened that the first two bulls were of a most pacific disposition, and consequently afforded very little diversion. It was soon remarked that they were of a different breed to that announced in the handbills, and this circumstance was noted with marked disapprobation. By law it is prohibited to throw anything into the arena which may disturb the proceedings of the taureadores of bull fighters, but when the third bull was let loose and it was observed he would not rush on the horses as is customary, the assembly became outrageous. A few missiles were hurled into the arena, and the universal cry was to have the bull sent away. This was complied with by the presiding authorities, but when the next bull proved equally pacific,

many of the populace broke out in a most wild manner. Such dreadful yells and deafening hootings have seldom been heard, as there must have been at least 10,000 persons present.

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KANAWHA SALINES, SEPT. 6.

"Our village was thrown into a considerable commotion, on Friday morning last, in consequence of the arrival of Judge Lynch among us. His business was soon ascertained, and by his authority four white men from Ohio, bearing the names of Joe Gill,—Drake, and —Ross, were arrested and tried before twelve intelligent persons of our county, for endeavoring to persuade several slaves to leave their masters for some free state, with an assurance on their part that they would render them all necessary aid for the accomplishment of such an attempt. These congenial spirits of Garrison, Tappan, and Co., were arrested in the neighborhood of our village, tried, condemned, and received the sentence pronounced on them by the jury: that is to say, Joe Gill, and the elder Drake, to receive nine and thirty lashes each, and leave the country in twenty-four hours; the younger Drake, with Ross, to be discharged for want of evidence, but with a promise from them that they would also quite the county in twenty-four hours. The evidence against these men (I heard it) was of such a character as left no doubt of their guilt, which produced an unanimous verdict on the part of the jury, that two should be lynched and the other two excused, provided they would leave this part of the country."

SCARCE ARTICLES.—We cannot take up a New England paper without beholding the most doleful lamentations about the great, the uncommon scarcity of mackerel, and our editorial brethren seem in perfect dispair at the prospect before them. In addition to the above misfortune, our New England friends are also complaining of the scarcity of water, and appear to think it peculiarly hard that the usual equinoctial storm has not given them their accustomed quantity of rain. Now, to us, it seems that what has been considered by the parties afflicted, as an aggravation of evil, is in reality quite the contrary: for nothing can be clearer than that those persons who are deprived of their salt fish, will therefore need a smaller quantity of water.—*N. York Advocate.*

U. S. PATENTS.—The United States Patent Office issued letters during the month of June last for sixty-eight useful (?) inventions. The patentees were from fifteen different states of the Union, and two territories. Whether the Vermont Blacksmith was among the number we know not. We hope not, for we understand that his "perpetual motion" won't go. Lightning by which he proposed to make it travel, is very quick upon the trigger, but it is the worst thing on earth or in the heavens above it for a perpetual motion. The Vermonter's everlasting machine reminds us forcibly of an old gentleman down east, who spent a great portion of his life in endeavoring to invent something that would go without stopping. After many years labor, some one asked of the old man how his father got on with his "perpetual motion." Very moderately, says the boy; "Father had his machine fixed two or three years ago so that I could turn it myself, but now it takes father and I both!"

PUNISHMENT OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY UNDER THE LYNCH LAW.—One Moses Mowry, of Rowan county, N. C. was subjected to the penalties of the "second section" a short time since. One of his neighbors it seems, had suspected him for some time of making himself *too much at home* in his house, while he the proprietor was absent; and pretending to have determined upon going off in pursuit of a runaway, he borrowed Mowry's pistols for that purpose, but really put himself upon the *qui vive*. Mowry very soon repaired to the house of the supposed abscondee; and the injured husband rushing into his bed room, found my gentleman, upon a great deal too familiar a footing with the lady of the household. There being no regular tribunal at hand, Judge Lynch volunteered an adjudication, and the offender was tried up by the husband, assisted by some of his negroes, and anointed with a couple of hundred stripes very judiciously and spiritedly laid on.

This is really the most justifiable—and to speak soberly and rationally, the *only* justifiable case of Lynch punishment we have recorded for some time. Indeed, if the husband had *unexpectedly* found the offender in such a situation, every lawyer knows he would have been justified in taking his life on the spot.

ANOTHER SCOTCH SCOUNDREL NAMED THOMPSON.—Certain respectable gentlemen of Steubenville, Ohio, caution the public against an itinerant vagabond calling himself J. E. Thompson, and believed to be a scotchtman. Thompson came, it seems, to Steubenville for the ostensible purpose of opening a classical school in that place, and exhibited testimonials not only of his competency as a teacher, but of his regular standing as a licensed Baptist preacher. He obtained a respectable school, and conducted it with propriety. He was moreover, full of very ardent zeal in the cause of religion, and preached with much devotion in several of the churches. The gentlemen, however, to whom we have alluded, declare that it has become their duty to state that although he was a good enough schoolmaster, he was a very scurvy Christian, and they request all publishers of newspapers to caution the community against employing him. They are clearly of opinion that he has no claims to "respect of confidence as a Christian and a Minister of the Gospel." The public will, I suppose, turn out any thing except corn, of therefore, please to observe that, if it is silly which most abundant crops have been made.

N. O. Bulletin. Thompson in either of the capacities aforesaid—We wash our hands of the "responsibility."

Conviction of Prescott the Murderer.—Abraham Prescott was convicted at Concord, N. H., a few days since, of the murder of Mrs. Cochran, at Pembroke in the year 1833. Prescott had been previously convicted, but a new trial had been granted in consequence of some irregularity in the jury on the former trial, and the case has called forth an uncommon array of legal talent, and an unusual display of professional research on the subject of Monomania and madness of all sorts—insanity being made the ground of the prisoner's defense. The murderer attempted in the first place to take the life of Mr. Cochran and his wife, and actually inflicted severe and dangerous injuries on them both at an early hour in the morning, and pretended to have done it all while in a state of *somnambulism*. He afterwards enticed Mrs. C. into a retired field, and there murdered her in the most shocking manner. We are glad the jury had the firmness and got sense to resist this paltry pretense of insanity, and award the proper punishment to the culprit. There is quite too prevalent a disposition to afford escape to atrocious offenders under an assumption of insanity. It is but a short time since this paper was assailed with great rudeness, and with an overflow of holy indignation, by a scoundrel in the District of Columbia, merely for the intimation of an opinion that Ruiz, the Spanish pirate at Boston, would probably escape the gallows, in consequence of a feigned deliriousness. The best commentary on this outpouring of sublimated sentimentality, is the fact that a jury of physicians has pronounced the atrocious villain's insanity to have been feigned, and that on Saturday last, he was hanged, as he should have been three months ago.

From the *North River Times*.

Romantic Adventure—Married.—In this village on Tuesday evening last, by John Stagg, esq. of Clarkstown, Miss Hester Ann Evans, of Walden, Orange county, to Mr. Leni Smith, of this town.

The circumstances attending the above marriage, are somewhat singular; but having had a happy termination, and having produced some little amusement in the neighborhood we have thought best to give them to our readers correctly.

Mr. Smith formerly resided at Walden, and for some length of time paid his addresses to Miss Evans. He was honest and sincere in his attentions, and the wedding day was named. At this juncture of the affair, some evil disposed person, whispered calumny in the ear of Mr. S. against the object of his affections—his jealousy was aroused, and he precipitately left the place. These happened in July, and Miss E. having learnt the cause of his sudden departure, made every inquiry, with the hope of finding and convincing him of his error; but all to no purpose. Confident that her friend was laboring under a false impression, confident of her ability to convince him of his error; and relying implicitly upon his honor when so convinced, about a week since she came to the romantic determination of leaving her friends and home, and of searching out his abode, if, indeed, he were yet living. The world is called cruel and unfriendly—it may be so; but we have yet to learn an instance, where a female ever ventured forth upon a laudable undertaking but that the world assisted her at every step. So in the present instance, our fair heroine proceeded to Newburgh, where she soon found those who interested themselves in her behalf, and who, on inquiry, ascertained that a Mr. Smith, some weeks since took passage from that place to N. York. She proceeded to New York in the first boat, arrived on the following morning, and entered that immense city a total stranger, to seek, among a population of two hundred and seventy thousand, a single individual, who, in all probability, was unknown to them all. Probation, nay, we may say, possibility, was against her. But she carried within her breast a woman's heart, which actuated by the holy fire of love, thought only of success. The idea of a young inexperienced, and unprotected female, entering a vast city, to search among a heterogeneous population for a fugitive lover, appears incredible, but such is the fact—nor was she unsuccessful.

Countless were the dangers she passed; but surmounting every obstacle, she pursued her inquiry, until, at last, she learned that a person, bearing the description of Mr. S., had, with a view, probably of more effectually hiding himself from the world, taken passage in a boat for little rocky Rockland. Hither she proceeded, and landed at Grassy Point. After making every necessary inquiry at that place; she hired a conveyance and came to this village on Tuesday last. Here the romantic and dangerous journey was brought to a close—here she received the reward for all her toil and all her labor. Mr. Smith when he left his home came almost directly to this place and here he had been and was still industriously and perseveringly pursuing his wonted calling. After some little delay an interview was had when a mutual explanation and reconciliation took place—they kissed and were friends again.

In the course of the evening our good friend Justice Stagg put a stop to any further rambling on the part of the truant swain, by tying that knot which death alone can unravel.

In the language of pain, it may be said of Mr. Smith, that—

"Delighted to find her in honor and ease,
He felt no more sorrow nor pain."