

News!

MOST HORRIBLE.—A WOMAN GORED TO DEATH BY A BULL.—We find the following in the Montreal Transcript. It relates to the death of a Mrs. Young of Ormstown, on the Chateaugay River, Canada.

"The unfortunate sufferer was, we understand, the widow of a farmer of that name, but continued to reside upon the land, and to derive from it such return as the industry and labor of herself and daughter could procure. She raised a bull calf, on account of his beauty, which, having been familiarised with his mistress ever since his birth, and having always been fed by her hand, displayed a natural attachment by no means displeasing to Mrs. Y., whom he followed about the farm like a dog. The animal is now a little more than two years old. Towards the end of last week, he had, as usual accompanied the cows to the homestead, and they were fastened in the cow-house, when Mrs. Y. and her daughter proceeded thither to milk them. On entering the building, the girl proceeded to the far end, to milk the cow fastened there, and the loose bull advanced with his usual familiarity to Mrs. Y. who pushed him away with the pail she carried in her hand. The animal immediately turned upon her, and with the first thrust of his horns penetrated the abdomen, and violently raising his head, ripped her body in the most shocking manner. He immediately fled to the yard, carrying upon his horns a small fragment of the clothing, and a portion of the reeking entrails of his victim; here he tossed and shook his head in a most frantic manner, and roaring, returned to make a second charge upon the hapless Mrs. Young. By this time, however, the daughter had seized the pitchfork, with which she gallantly faced the animal, and after a long struggle, and two or three very successful stabs at the head of her antagonist, she fairly beat him from his purpose. Her first care was now her unfortunate mother, who, with such assistance as she could give, was with much difficulty removed to the dwelling house, where, after a night passed in inexplicable torture, she died the following morning."

SHARP SHOOTING.—Affair at Rodney.—By a letter from Mississippi, we have an account of a rencounter which took place in Rodney, on the 27th July, between Messrs. Thos. J. Johnston and G. H. Wilcox, both formerly of this city. In consequence of certain publications made by these gentlemen against each other, Johnston challenged Wilcox. The latter declining to accept the challenge, Johnston informed his friends at Rodney, that he would be there at the term of the court then not distant, when he would make an attack upon him. He repaired thither on the 26th, and on the next morning the following communication was read aloud in the presence of Wilcox and a large crowd:

Rodney, July 27, 1837.

Mr. Johnston informs Mr. Wilcox; that at or about one o'clock of this day, he will be on the common, opposite the Presbyterian Church of this town, waiting and expecting Mr. Wilcox to meet him there.

I pledge my honor that Mr. Johnston will not fire at Mr. Wilcox until he arrives at a distance of one hundred yards from him, and I desire Mr. Wilcox or any of his friends to see that distance accurately measured.

Mr. Johnston will wait there thirty minutes. J. M. DUFFIELD.

Mr. Wilcox declined being a party to any such arrangement, and Mr. D. told him to be prepared for an attack. Accordingly, about an hour after this, Johnston proceeded towards Wilcox's office, armed with a double barrel gun, (one of the barrels rifled,) and three pistols in his belt. He halted about fifty yards from W's door and leveled his gun. W. withdrew before Johnston could fire, and seized a musket, returned to the door and flashed. Johnston fired both barrels without effect. Wilcox then seized a double barrel gun, and Johnston a musket and both again fired. Wilcox sent twenty-three buck shot over Johnston's head, one of them passing through his hat, and Wilcox was slightly wounded on both hands, his thigh and leg. Here the affair terminated.—Louisville Jour.

SHE WOULD BE A SAILOR.—It will be recollected that about two years ago, an individual was arrested in this city, upon a charge of stealing a horse, and was tried and found guilty of the offence and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the State Prison, under the name of Charles Stewart. It was soon afterwards discovered by the prisoners that Charley belonged to the feminine gender, and information having been given to the keepers of the fact, she was divested of her roundabout and trousers, and sent over to the female department of Bellevue prison. Yesterday, the term of her imprisonment expired, she was told that she was at liberty to depart, offering her at the same time, a decent address of female attire to begin the world anew with. This proposition, however, she indignantly rejected, demanding, as her right, the same clothing that was taken away from her. Finding she could not obtain them, she came down in the forenoon, in her prison dress, and solicited aid of the Alms-house, and was told to wait till one of the commissioners arrived. In the mean time she paraded herself upon the grass plots of the Park, and excited so much interest, after the spectators found out who she was, as to attract a con-

siderable mob, when she was persuaded to submit to a temporary commitment until a hearing of her case could be had. It appears that this singular young woman, who is not over 19 or 20 years of age, had for six years followed the sea in the capacity of a common sailor, doing all sorts of hard duty, and subject to all the privations and toils of a sea life, without her sex ever having been discovered. The reason for assuming the character of a sailor, she would never disclose. She is a Scotch girl, and is represented by the officers as the most violent being they ever had under their charge. Sometimes she has been known to maintain a good battle with two of her keepers at once, while they were endeavoring to punish her for stubbornness. She never worked a day in prison, although she has been beaten, starved and chained, to effect the object; she has been chained to the floor 18 months of her imprisonment.—Scarcely any one dared to approach her cell to give her food, as she would knock them down with a kid as soon as they entered. Her moral character, with the exceptions above alluded to, is good. Her object is to get a suit of sailor's clothes, and go to sea again; and as it is possible that she will commit another crime to obtain them, perhaps the wisest course would be, to let her have her own way, for the sake of getting rid of her.—[N. Y. Express.

FLYING ARTILLERY.—An Experiment.—A Frenchman in the Texan army, a scheming, inventive, half-crazy soul, lately made an experiment of what he called flying artillery, which in the sequel well nigh cost him his life.

In the first place, the Frenchman purchases a mule; on his back he placed a six pound cannon, heavily loaded. The muzzle of the canon was pointed in an opposite direction from the head of the mule. Whether that the mule would prove mulish, refractory, and unwilling to advance head first towards an enemy, or whether the Gaul thought he could do better by backing up towards some "deadly imminent breach" we know not. It might have been intended as a kind of stern chaser for ought we know.

Having fully equipped himself, our hero started for a place where he understood some hostile Cumanches were lying in ambush. Planting his force, consisting of himself, cannon and mule on the summit of a hill, which commanded a thicket where the Indians were supposed to be lurking, he assumed a hostile position by turning the tail of his mule in that direction from whence he expected and was anxiously waiting an assault.

There he kept his ground for a long time without any manifestations of an attack. At length his small stock of patience was entirely exhausted and finding that no attack was to be made upon him by animate, he determined upon giving inanimate creation a small sample of his flying artillery, just by way of flyer. He pointed his six pounder in the direction of the thicket, took his bearings, made his calculations, and blazed away. Balls, slugs, &c., went down one side of the hill with the greatest velocity.—Frenchman, mule and six pounder just as fast down the other—the recoil of the cannon being so great that it sent the mule down the hill with the swiftness of lightning, whether he would or no. On finally bringing up, after having run entirely down the first hill and half way up another, the Frenchman began to collect his scattered senses—finding himself alive, he broke out with, "Sacre! I wonder how many dam Ingen I kill. By g-r, de next time I try my grand experiment, I vil get me one mule vat vont run away as though the diable was after him. Dis artillery he fly too quick." We have not heard whether he has made any further experiments with his "flying artillery."—N. O. Picayune.

A TOUCHING VALEDICTORY.—The Editor of the Hamilton Free Press, in Upper Canada, being compelled to relinquish the publication of his paper for want of support, bestows a parting blessing upon his friends and his party, in the affecting words that follow, viz:

"Instead of the support which was promised by the reformers, I have met with the most insulting neglect, whilst some are making false assertions and empty boasts, with every third word a lie, more religiously paid than the Turk's tribute," regarding what they have done for the Free Press. In one of the ancient Greek Republics, ingratitude was punished by death. If the same law prevailed in Upper Canada, the heavens would be darkened by the ceaseless smoke of the hecatombs of reformers, which would be offered up as an atonement for outraged feeling. Ample experience convinces me of the intrinsic worthlessness of those who designate themselves reformers; and, henceforward, any one who wastes his time and energies in the ungrateful task of supporting their cause, will be to me an object of pity. If they possessed a title of the spirit which characterizes the opposite party, to state their wrongs would be to redress them. But, void of principle, talent and energy, they deserve to live and die despised and unpitied slaves. Their miserable crouching to those who have patronage to bestow, and the facility with which they can be influenced, through their vanity and venality, mark them as fit objects for the chain and the letter. I shall ever deplore that I have spent some of the most valuable years of my life, struggling for liberty for those who are too ignorant to know its value, and too base to enjoy it if they did. Let them hug their darling abomination, meanness of spirit and sordid thirst for pelf and drivel out their stingy existence, secure of the utter con-

tempt with which every man will regard them who knows them as well as does

WILLIAM SMITH."

AGE OF THE LAND TORTOISE.—The great age at which the land tortoise attains; is illustrated in the case of one recently found in the orchard of Mr. G. Bowersox, near Hanover, Penn. It had engraved on its shell—"J. R.—1760." This record was made 77 years ago; and, from the habits of the tortoise, it is quite probable that it was made in the neighborhood of the place where the tortoise was last found. The age and habit of the tortoise constitute an exception of the general rule, that exercise is necessary to health and long life. The finding of the tortoise with the above marks, as noticed in the Hanover Gazette, recalls to mind what we once heard related by an aged and respectable citizen of that State. He had when a boy found a tortoise in a small cove skirting his father's meadow; on which were traced the initials of a neighbor, whom he knew with a date twenty years before. The boy added his own initials, and date of the year, and then let the tortoise run." Thirty years afterwards, the boy—boy indeed no longer—found the same tortoise, and added his initials and date a second time. The first date was 1755—the next 1776—and the third 1805—comprising a period of fifty years; and yet it was satisfactorily ascertained that the record had been made each time within ten or fifteen rods of the same spot. A circle of twenty rods might possibly have bounded its pilgrimage for half a century.—[Balt. Pat.

AMPUTATION.—A SHORT TALE OF TRUTH.—A short time since I was invited by a friend to accompany him to Hospital to witness the operation that was to be performed that day. I consented—not that I wished to look upon the suffering man, but rather that I might have an opportunity of seeing how operations were conducted in those dwellings of the afflicted. I seated myself by the side of my friend, while my eye wandered about the room, resting on knives, saws, and other instruments which lay on the table before me, painting to my imagination the scenes of anguish which those walls had witnessed, and excelling in my heart pity for those poor sufferers who were from day to day extended on that sheeted table. As I was meditating on the "many ills which flesh is heir to," the door opened, and upon a board was brought in a man exhausted with disease and worn out with pain. He was laid upon a table, and the instruments of amputation readily prepared. The bloodless face and the trembling form told us that the sufferer was conscious of his situation, and dreaded the pain he was about to endure. Perhaps, thought I, as I looked upon the mortified and deadened limb, perhaps that man is a father, who has a wife and children to mourn over his misfortunes, and friends to minister to his wants—but none are here—he is to bear his pains alone. The saw followed the knife, and soon the limb was taken off. As the surgeon was taking up the arteries, curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the disease, and my feelings were indescribable when I was told—"while in a state of intoxication, for want of a better shelter, he slept in a barn, and froze his feet!" I was faint and sick with the sight, and rose to leave the room. The hand of my friend held me by the shoulder, while he asked if I did not intend to see the whole operation? "Is it not already done?" I inquired. "No, the other is to be taken off." I hastened from the spot again to be in the open air and relieve my ear and heart from the cries of the unfortunate man.

THE BALLOON.—It seems that this sky-craft, to which we alluded yesterday, was not a foreign vessel, as supposed by nearly all who saw her—but that she ascended from the gas works near the Schuylkill. It appears, moreover, that the public eye was deceived as to the freight of the car, there being but one person on board.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have been visited upon by the adventurer who so astonished the town yesterday, and have derived from him all the particulars of his journey. Mr. William Paulin, of this city, as the aeronaut in question. His enterprise was privately matured, and attended with perfect triumph.

He left the Gas Works precisely at six o'clock, and alighted about 7 at Eresham Mount, having been sailing for one hour between heaven and earth. The balloon was inflated with the common city gas, which never before has been attempted in the United States.

One amusing incident occurred as he was making his descent. A negro, who was ploughing in a field, and to whom he hallooed to grasp his hook, became so frightened that he fell down at his plough-tail, rolled his eyes wild with horror, and yelled lustily, fearing, as he afterwards acknowledged, that "the D--l had come for him."—Phil. Gazette.

THE KENKALL EXPRESS OBTAINED.—Two circumstances have lately occurred clearly demonstrating the advantage and expedition our community, and the public enjoy in the travelling facilities afforded by the Wilmington and Roanoke Express Line of stages. Capt. M. wrote from Philadelphia to his friends in Wilmington by the Express Mail, on Wednesday the 19th ult. that he would be in Wilmington as soon as he could arrange his business, and left accordingly on the 21st, and reached this place by the Wilmington and Roanoke Rail Road Stages, 5 hours before his letter, sent by Express Mail two days previous to his departure.

The other instance is—that a gentleman travelling in haste, desirous of arriving in Wilmington at the earliest possible period,

was induced to take the line via Newberry, and consequently reached here 33 hours later than if he had taken the Wilmington and Roanoke Rail Road Express Line. Facts speak for themselves.—Wilmington Adv.

From New-Orleans.

Schr. Bonita reports that on the 18th June, while lying off Brassos de Santiago Bar, she was boarded by a whale boat, having 4 men in, who reported themselves to be Wm. Thompson, 2d officer; John Brown, Cooper's Mate; Joseph Wilson and George Bex, seamen, belonging to the Br. brig William, of Poole—that said vessel was on a whaling voyage, and that they had harpooned a whale, which towed them out of sight of the brig; being unable to discover the vessel the following night and day, they bore up for land, and made the same near the Bar of Matamoras. They were taken on board and properly treated, but in a few days news arrived at Matamoras from Vera Cruz, that a British barque [Little Catharine, of London] had arrived at that port, the 1st officer of which had been murdered, and the commander so badly bruised that he died in a few days after; these men were immediately arrested and confined on shore from which they devised means to make their escape and in company with the notorious Thompson, proceeded to Texas.

SHREVEPORT, July 1837.

The course of the river above the mouth of the Sulphur Fork, is East of North, for a distance of about fifty miles, then West and South of West to the junction of the Washata—the land in the Prairies is equal to the Sulphur Fork County, but low and wet; in dry seasons the product is immense; considerable sickness was experienced the two past seasons, particularly in Lost Prairie; travelling thro' this part is exceeding laborous, the roads after rain are rendered almost impassible by deep mud. I was exceedingly rejoiced on finding as my course changed to the Westward, the country became more elevated, and but for occasional gullies and small creeks, the roads passible for wagons—the uplands between the great Prairies and the River, are of second rate soil, they produce cotton, however, astonishingly. I remained at the house of an intelligent planter, who produced sixty one bales of cotton, averaging over 400 lbs. from sixty acres of this upland; a large number of plantations occur between the Spanish Bluffs and Pecan Point; at the latter, two or three families have resided for more than twenty years; the quantity of cotton made has been small on account of the difficulty of getting to market,—the settlers are mostly herdsmen.

To Jonesboro' six miles below the Public Landing of Fort Townson, the roads or trails are almost impassible; the land is not of the first quality—the place contains two stores and three or four houses; for want of good wells, the residents use the river water; from Pecan Point to within a few miles of the Cross Timbers, the lands are all held by the actual settler, under the colonization laws of Mexico;—to my profound regret, I found the titles of myself and friends called for the lands of individuals whose claims must be superior, both from occupancy and date. Fort Townson is on the opposite side above, and five miles from the river, Lat. North. 33 43.

From Jonesboro' to the mouth of the Bois de Ark, the distance by land is about sixty miles, course, South of West; the Bois de Ark is navigable for barges but a few miles. The land on the stream is remarkably fine, the river thence to the Washata is very circuitous, running probably not less than one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles in a distance of sixty by land, the river reaches its greatest southern direction about 30 miles above the mouth of the Bois de Ark. I presume the Latitude is as low as 38 or 33 10 North; it then bends off to North of West; the land improves the further you proceed to the West, but timber becomes more scarce, except immediately on the water courses.

The river above the mouth of the False Washata, spreads out to a much greater width than some distance below, and at low stage of water shows extensive shoals, and is in some places fordable, it is as red as paint, and as salt, almost, as the sea.

When we take into consideration the rapidity with which our population augments, we have only to look a few years in advance to see this country covered with plantations. The emigration from the cotton growing States will very soon be equal to the natural increase of population, at three and one half per cent which is the probable annual increase; at present we have one hundred and seventy-five thousand for emigration yearly, nearly all of whom will remove to the country best adapted to the culture of cotton, which is between 30° 30' and 34° north latitude.

It cannot be supposed that the consumption of cotton will continue to increase on the same ratio that it has for the past ten years, but the capacity for production will continue developing until the price be so reduced as to render some other agricultural pursuit more profitable to the planter. When that period arrives, the country best adapted to the cotton plant will continue the cultivation, and other parts will be abandoned for something more advantageous. The present low price is creating a competition most unfavorable for the northern planter. The cultivator of land yielding fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds of seed cotton

to the acre, will hardly consider the planter, on land procuring from four to seven hundred pounds as a rival. The result of low price is obvious—emigration or different cultivation. Cotton can be produced on the Red River lands to more profit at six cents per pound, than in Georgia, at twelve cents.

The period has not yet arrived to call attention to a work so important as the construction of a rail road from the Red river to the Pacific ocean, but the time is not far distant when that enterprize will be undertaken. The distance from some navigable point on Red river to the Rio Grande is but about three hundred miles, and thence to the Gulf of California four hundred and fifty or five hundred miles—the Rocky Mountains present no greater obstacles than the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road has to encounter in crossing the Alleghany Mountains. This rail road will be constructed; and when it is, New Orleans will be the commercial center of the world.

Foreign Intelligence, &c.

From the New York Gazette.

FIVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. DEATH OF KING WILLIAM IV.

The packet ship St. James, Capt. Sebor, arrived yesterday, from London, whence she sailed on the 21st ult. bringing us London papers to the 20th inclusive. His Majesty, William Fourth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, died at twenty minutes past three, on the 20th. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and several members of the King's family were present. The most intense anxiety was manifested among all parties and all classes in London previously to the royal demise, to ascertain the state of his majesty's case. Crowds were to be seen watching the arrival of the different coaches by the western road in the hope of obtaining information. At St. James' Palace, the number of visitors who left their names was greater than on any previous day; and the nature of the bulletin then exhibited was not by any means calculated to allay the previous alarm. Unhappily, the private accounts which arrived from Windsor in the course of the day rather added to than diminished the effect of the previous reports. Towards evening it was stated that an express had arrived announcing the event. Many of the shops in the city, the Strand, and other great thoroughfares, were partially closed, and even at the Mansion-house a placard was exhibited announcing the death of his majesty. The rumors were, however, speedily contradicted, the placard was taken down, and the papers were compelled to publish third editions to contradict their previous announcements.

The London papers are all dressed in mourning for the event.

NEW-YORK, July 25.

STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship Roscoe, Capt. Delano, we have received London papers to June, 23d and Liverpool to the 24th inclusive. Our previous dates from Liverpool were to the 18th, and from London to the 20th.

The papers are filled with documents and proceedings connected with the decease of the King. The interment of his remains was to take place on the 6th July. For two or three days previous, the body was to lie in state at Windsor. The Court went into mourning on the 22d, and the general mourning was to commence on the 24th.

Princess Victoria was proclaimed Queen on the 20th, and on the 21st, the oaths of allegiance were taken by the two Houses of Parliament. All things appeared to be proceeding quietly, and public manifestations of loyalty to the new sovereign were every where displayed.

News had been received from New York, by the Mediator to June 2d.

There had been two more failures in Liverpool of houses connected with the American trade.

The house of Fisher & Brothers broke on the 17th at Liverpool.

An extensive fire near London, on the night of the 22d, destroyed the mills belonging to Mr. Thorne, in the lower Deptford road. The building was 120 feet in length, 50 in breadth, and four stories high. No fire since that which consumed both Houses of Parliament, has been as extensive. The amount of property destroyed is immense.

The London papers inform us that Mr. Forrest was married on the 24th of June, in London, to Miss Catherine Sinclair.

The following is the announcement of the marriage, as it appeared in the Liverpool Chronicle of June 24:

"On the 23d inst. in London, Edwin Forrest, Esq. the celebrated American tragedian, to Catherine, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John Sinclair, Esq. of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

HOUSE OF LORDS—June 22.

At five o'clock the Lord Chancellor took his seat on the woolsack, when there was a very full attendance of peers.

Shortly afterwards Viscount Melbourne entered the house. In the course of a few minutes the noble Viscount rose, and said he had been instructed by her Majesty to present a message to the house.

ROYAL MESSAGE.

The message was then read by the Lord Chancellor, as follows:—

"Victoria, Regina.
"The Queen entertains the fullest confidence that the House of Lords will