VERY LATE FROM ENGLAND.

The packetships Wm. Thompson, Capt. Maxwell, and Wm. Byrnes, Capt. Hackstaff, arrived at New York on Saturday evening from Liverpool, the former having sailed on the 17th, and the latter on the 9th ult.

From the proof slips forwarded by our attentive correspondents of the New York Mercantile, Gazette, and Advocate, we make the very interesting extracts which follow:—

The most interesting of the articles of intelligence, are the improvement in the Cotton market—the surrender of Oporto to Don Miguel—and the movements of the Russian army.

The New Customs Bill was to be read a third time in the House of Commons on the 15th.

Our Tariff caused a good deal of excitement in England. Mr. Huskisson had given notice that he should move on the 17th, an address to the King, for the purpose of having laid on the table any communications which had passed between the British and U. States Governments, and copies of instruction sent to the British Minister in the U. States, relative to the late Tariff.

American Tariff.—On the motion for the House of Commons, on the 11th to go into a committee of ways and means.

Mr. Stewart called the attention of the House to the duties, almost amounting to prohibition, imposed by the American Tariff on the importation of British manufactures and produce. It was too late to originate any measure on the subject in the present session; but he thought the country ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that the subject attracted the attention of his Majesty's government.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in answer, said, that he had no doubt that his Rt. Hon. Friend, (the President of the Board of Trade) who was not at present in circumstances to communicate to the House his opinions on the subject, would take the earliest opportunity of attending to it.

The House of Commons have voted the sum of £30,000 for fortifications in Canada.

The Duke of Wellington stated on the 14th, that the government had no intention of asking for any vote of credit, nor did they intend to bring forward any motion respecting its foreign relations.

SURRENDER OF OPORTO.

"The hopes of the public are finally disappointed with regard to the result of the anticipated struggle in Portugal, and Miguel I, its absolute King is now reigning with as little opposition or control at Oporto as at Lisbon. In the former city he can even command a double round of illuminations, a double explosion of Te Deums and sky rockets, of piety and gunpowder, for aiding military success to his kingly elevation. By two vessels which arrived yesterday, off Dover, (the Jane Brown and the True Love,) we have received letters from Oporto of the 5th instant inclusive, and nothing could be more disastrous to the Junta than the intelligence which they communicate. The army of Don Miguel I. was then in possession of the city. The troops of Don Pedro had been completely dispersed; and their leaders had taken refuge on board the steam boat in the Douro. Such order as the Miguelists mean to give and maintain had been perfectly established, and no trace existed of any resistance to the usurper's power. The English families, who had embarked with their books and treasure on board the ships of war or merchantmen in the river, seeing that no plunder or disturbance followed the entry of the absolutists, had either disembarked or were about to do so, in order to return to their homes and resume their business. The work of confiscation and plunder was reserved for the natives who had hoisted, without being able to support, the standard of fidelity and freedom. The force of Don Miguel in Oporto is stated to amount to 10,000 men, and thirty pieces of cannon, probably an exaggeration. A body of guerillas, which endeavored to reap its harvest of pillage and confusion, had been resisted and expelled by force appointed to watch over the tranquility of the place. The constitutional troops have disbanded without striking a blow. Those of them who can make their peace with the Miguelists, will again enter the ranks, while such as are of higher rank, or more deeply compromised, will endeavor to make their escape out of the country by sea or land. It would appear that the official bulletin of the Lisbon Gazette, descriptive of the state of matters at Grijo, on the 1st inst. was perfectly correct. The constitutional army, which was there to make a stand, broke up and retreated without striking a blow. In the Gazette of the 1st we find a despatch from Villa Flor, from which we ought to have anticipated a different result. It speaks of his having visited the advanced post along with Saldanha, and having found every thing satisfactory. On the same day they began their retreat, and on the 2d, when the inhabitants of Oporto went to the heights to witness the battle, they saw only a flight. They appear not to have stopped till they reached the city, which they entered on the 2d, cutting down a part of the bridge of boats over the Douro, connecting Oporto with the southern suburbs, in which the merchants have their wine stores. On the 3d the Miguelists advanced, and on the 4th, were employed in passing the river and taking up their quarters in the city. No resistance was made, and no blood was shed but that of two persons who uselessly vociferated in the streets, 'The Constitution or death!' and met with the latter.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

"A courier from the camp before the Brailow brings the news that that place capitulated on the 20th. An attack made by the Russians on the 17th and 18th was repulsed by the garrison with desperate courage.—The Russians are said to have lost above 5,000 men, two generals and 70 officers.

Bucharest, June 20.

"The garrison of Brailow has received permission to retire to Silistria, but as the Russians are beyond Mutchin and before Silistria, we do not know which way the garrison of Brailow can retreat. It is said that great quantities of ammunition, and above 180 cannons were found in the place.

From the Camp Karassou, June 24.—The Imperial camp was removed this morning, with the Corps d'Armee of General Roudzewitch, to Karassou, where the Emperor will remain till those movements of concentration are completed, which were announced in our last bulletin.

We have just taken possession of the fortifications of Brailow. In conformity with the terms of the capitulation of that fortress, the troops to whom its defence was confided, have abandoned all the artillery which they possessed, as well as the stores which belonged to the Turkish Government, and are themselves to be sent back towards Silistria. Already 1200 men are on their march towards that city, escorted by the regiment de Perme. We do not exactly know the number of guns and standards, nor the quantity of provisions of all sorts, which have fallen into our hands, through the conquest of Brailow, the courier who brings those details not having as yet arrived at the head-quarters of the Emperor.

At Matsckin, 37 pieces of cannon, which defended the ramparts, a considerable quantity of powder, bullets, and arms, large magazines of wheat and barley and four standards, as well as all the ships of the Turkish flotilla which had escaped from the battle of the 28th, are in our power. We have learned on this occasion, that Achmed Bey, who commanded the flotilla, has been killed in the same battle, while attempting to reach Brailow in a small boat.

This morning Lieut. Gen. Ruddiger sent to the Emperor the keys of Kustendgi, which he had vigorously cannonaded on the 20th. It was the regiment of Marshal the Duke of Wellington, which was the first to enter the fortress, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The garrison surrendered on condition of being sent to Pravodi. We have found at Kustendgi 36 pieces of cannon; and a convoy of 36 sail of merchantmen have just entered, which came from Odessa, laden with provisions. The possession of this fortress is of great importance to the future provisioning of the army. The Seraskier, Husseim Pacha, who was at Schumla, at the head, as they say, of an army 30,000 men, had sent to the troops which formed the garrison of Kultendgi, and of which one detachment had been put to flight at the passage of the Danube, an order to defend the place in the last extremity. Thanks to the vigilance of our parties of Cossacks, the courier by whom this order was sent fell into our hands.

Two hours after the news had been received of the fall of Kustendgi, the Emperor received that of the taking of Hirsova. That fortress surrendered to Lieut. Gen. Prince Madatofi. It contained 1200 regular troops, but the inhabitants who ought to have supported them, had no wish to defend themselves, and they have been declared, in capitulating that they would not enter Silistria, whither they were to be transported with the rest of the garrison because they considered it useless to fight.

At Hirsova we captured 11 standards, 50,000 bullets, 3,500 pounds of powder, and a considerable supply of barley and corn.

London, July 14.—The disclosure of the intentions of Government and the state of our finances, in the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer last night, produced little or no influence on the money market to day. The Chancellor calculates on a surplus of revenue over expenditure to the amount of £3,000,000 for a sinking fund, without the imposition of new taxes, and he states that such a surplus will be realized in the present year. It appears that the whole of our ordinary revenue from all sources, in the year ending the 5th of January last, amounted to £49.581,000, and the nett expenditure, including the dividends, interest on Exchequer bills, and the supplies of the year, to £49.527,000, leaving a surplus of about £50,000. This of course excludes on one hand the sums received from the Bank for the dead weight annuity, and the £2.800.000 paid to the trustees for the naval and military pensions in satisfaction. Next year we shall not only have to pay the £2.800.000, but the additional sum of £1.445,000, received from the Bank to make the £2.245,000, which makes up the amount of the pensions. Though, therefore, the revenue may increase a million a year, and the expenditure be diminished a million, we shall not have more than a million and a half to expend in the redemption of debt.

Advices from Odessa to the 14th ult state that the army preparing to march on to Constantinople amounts exactly to 180,000 troops; 20 000 were to be left behind to be employed against the fortresses on the Danube, and prevent their garrisons from making sorties or incursions into the Principalities, and especially into Servia, in which province the Russians were anxious to prevent the Turks from gaining any footing. Fifty four transports, laden with stores of all kinds, of supplies for the army, were to sail from Odessa on the evening of the 14th for Varna and Sizopoli, two ports situated about half way on the coast between the mouth of the Danube and Constantinople.

Constantinople, June 10.

On the 4th of June the Porte replied, by a manifesto, to the Russian declaration of war, in which it endeavours to refute all the grievances of Russia. The Greek question is not particularly gone into in this document, but it is mentioned in such a manner that it is easy to see the intention of the Porte, not to suffer any foreign interference in its internal concerns. The concessions already made in this respect are therefore not likely to receive any further extension, unless the Porte feel itself called upon to use a different language to the other powers from what it holds to Russia.—We have here little or no information respecting the military operations of the Russians on the Danube, and it is generally said, that the Russian army will merely occupy the Principalities, and pass the Danube. The fortresses on the left bank of that river are said, however, to be hard pressed, though the Turkish garrisons make a hard resistance and take many prisoners, several of whom were brought here a few days ago. The Grand Vizier, who speaks Russian, had these prisoners brought before him, in order to obtain information respecting the Russian army; but it is said he acquired but little. The endeavours of the Pacs of Silistria to procure information respecting the positions of the Russian army are said to have been disappointed by the discovery of his spy at Ismail, who was set at liberty by the magnanimity of the Emperor Nicholas. Little change has been made latterly in the defensive measures of the Porte, except that some batteries are erected in the channel at the village of Belogarde, and 800 artillery have been sent to Erzerum, from which place the Porte has been informed that the Russians are at Akiska. Some Curdish chiefs have arrived here with their attendants, in order to proceed in the army. This is the sum of the warlike preparations, for we hear nothing of the departure of the Emperor and of the Grand Vizier for the army, or of the hoisting of the sacred standard. The Bosphorus is closed, but it is reported to be intended to allow merchantmen under every flag to pass it on paying a certain tax. A Sardinian vessel with corn from Odessa has obtained permission to enter the harbour, but it remains to be seen whether the Government will not take possession of the cargo; for provisions are beginning to grow scarce, and a contract which the Porte designed to make with four European merchants for a million killos of wheat has not yet been brought to a conclusion.

At Smyrna, from a fear that the Russian men of war might enter the harbor under other colors, orders were given not to suffer any men of war to enter the harbor. An arrangement has, however, been made between the foreign consuls, the Austrian commander Count Dandolo, and the Pacha, in consequence of which this order has been recalled, and a guard ship stationed in the roads. The pacha, by way of precaution, has assembled 12,000 men near the city, and great exertions are making to fortify the island of Scio. Some cases of the plague have occurred at Smyrna, but they do not cause any great alarm.

LITERARY.—Below will be found a copious extract from a volume lately published at Boston, entitled "*Sad Tales and Glad Tales:*" comprised under the heads of "*the Pahsadoes*"—"*the Spy and Traitor*"—"*the Meeting of the Planets*"—"*the Presidency in 1825*"—and "*a Tale of an Aeronaut.*" From the second of these, we have selected the scene of Andre's execution, as furnishing a favorable specimen of the author's manner. It is an old story, but was perhaps never told with more feeling and fancy, than in the preseut instance. In other parts of the volume, a wider range has been given to the imagination, and much originality of incident and thought is found clothed in a classical style. A vein of humour runs through not only the 'glad' but even the 'sad tales.' Though the author is said to hail from a far eastern land, his scenes are nearly all laid in the vicinity of New-York, the London of the New World. [N. Y. Statesman.

[From 'Sad Tales and Glad Tales.']

EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

"We now return to our unfortunate captive The wise and the brave had sat in judgment upon him. His case had been the subject of high and deliberate and affecting consideration.—The circumstances of his capture—his unqualified confessions—his earnest, though dignified requests, had been maturely but sternly weighed. The nobleness of his nature, the lofty disinterestedness of his demeanor, the winning amenity of his manners, the importance of his rank, were all appreciated as they should be by soldiers—tried soldiers—when sitting under the severe sanctions of a war-council. When they issued from that council, the desolate doom of the prisoner was irrevocably fixed He was to die.—Before another sun should go down, his ties on earth were to be severed. Meanwhile the subject of this melancholy decision was awaiting the result with all the calm and elevated feelings of a generous and undaunted soldier. He was ignorant of what might be the issue: but his knowledge of the rules of war led him so far to anticipate it, that he had in some degree become reconciled to his probable doom; from the very hopelessness of escaping from it. The agitation consequent upon the suddenness of his arrest, had subsided; and though his saddened mind reverted again and again to the scenes and associations we have seen him cling to from the beginning, yet there was less poignancy in his recollections and less acuteness in the trials of his high and masuline sensibilities. The thought of death was a vain thought to him. He was prepared to meet it, in every honorable shape, in which a soldier expects and hopes sometime to meet it. It was the stigma upon his fame—the memory he should leave with man that preyed upon his soul. It was this that paled his cheek, and dewed his brow—it was this made his heart beat till he could hear it in his solitude. If sometimes his sad, glistening eye rested again on that precious gem, which before had absorbed, as it seemed, his very life, the kindest and bravest heart would spare him there, if a tear was seen to drop upon it; and the thought possibly of sacred and devoted passion—of long and holy love, with all its blessed hopes, and all its desolate bereavements, would accompany it as it fell, and hallow it for ever.

There was yet one consolation that bore up the prisoner, even when he thought upon the memory he should bequeath to the world and to posterity. He hoped and trusted that he should meet an honourable death, and that his country would never blush at his epitaph. He had asked he had besought, with a bursting heart, that if he must die, he might die like a man of honor. He had addresed the American chieftain, in proud petition, for this last little boon of the condemned soldier. He had addressed him in all the beautiful eloqnence of his lofty mind, urged by a heart almost breaking in the intensity of its emotions. Need it be said that he roused all the sympathies of a bosom, kindling, with godlike purposes, and alive to every heavenly charity that can sanctify our nature? Can it be said, that the heart he appealed to would not have bid him God speed, even with a father's blessing, to the arms of his country and his home, did that heart beat alone for himself, or did the fate of the victim involve only the single destiny of that great and devoted being? But there were stern duties arrayed against the kind spirit of forbearance and forgiveness. The voice of his suffering land was imperious with him who guarded her in council and led her in battle. That voice now called for justice, and demanded that the crisis should not be forgotten. It was the cry of Liberty, and the sacrifice must not be withheld; it was the summons of Justice, and his death must accord with the crime of which the prisoner stood convicted.

During the days of his confinement, not a murmur escaped the captive, in the presence of his guard. A dignified composure distinguished his deportment—and the serenity of his mind was depicted in the tranquility of his countenance. The last hours of his solitude were employed in those holy offices which friendship claims of us when the sands of life are running low. There were a few words to be said—a few prayers to be uttered for those who were now dreaming of him on his path to glory.—There were a few sad, sacred words to be breathed to a fond mother—to sisters that loved him—to some, perhaps, for whose sake alone life was yet desirable, and to whose bosom he would now, as a last duty to himself, commit the reputation that was dearer to him than the air of Heaven

It was in the midst of this latest and holiest occupation that the prisoner was interrupted by the entrance of the guard officer He came to announce the hour of execution. The young soldier looked up hastily from his paper. His eyes were fixed a moment upon his visiter—then slowly fell again—and he passed his hand across his brow, without betraying the least emotion—'Is it indeed so soon?' said he—'then I must hasten.' He finished the letter in perfect calmness, and having made all the little arrangements that he had anticipated, previous to the important event, he declared to the officer his readiness to attend him at the moment of his summons. He was then left once more alone.

Firm in the belief that he was now to die like a soldier, he felt the weight of his misfortune passing from his spirit. As he was relieved of this iron load, an unnatural elasticity seemed to be imparted to his bosom. His heart beat almost to suffocation: and the tumultuous motion of that fountain of his system, certainly manifested an extraordinary degree of excitement. His last wish had been granted—his last hope was about to be realized—he was to find an honorable grave! Even that was enough to be thankful for! A few years, at best, and the same destiny would be his. 'The pang,' tho't he, 'is but the common one that man is heir to—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

And if my young existence must be thus hastily sealed, thus severed forever, let fate do her worst, and finish her work with speed—and he paced the apartment with an unfaltering step, and a lofty and unbending air.

The silence that had been observed by the commander in chief towards the respectful but ardent solicitations of the prisoner had led him to augur favorably of his success. His requests had not, indeed, passed unheeded—they had sunk deep—they had touched the finest and tenderest chords that ever vibrate in the bosom of virtue and bravery—they had appealed to the master feeling of a great heart and they wrought upon it with a living power! The solicitation was listened to with a deepening interest—but that noble delicacy that actuates and animates none but elevated minds, forbade the answer. To grant the prayer was impossible—such was the iron law of those who came up to battle—to deny it, was a sorrowful duty; and it was equally a trial to the soul of a generous enemy to throw back a solitary denial, or to wound the spirit of a devoted prisoner by recapitulating the story of his dishonor in justification of his sentence. It was ordained, therefore, that he should remain in ignorance of his doom. From that very uncertainty, the unfortunate victim was now drawing his last and only consolation. The guard officer had now returned to accompany him forth, and we shall leave them together while we join the scene of preparation in which the spy was so soon to become conspicuous.

It was deep in the afternoon, when shadows threw themselves long over the earth, and the sun was about to sink into a thick dull mass of clouds, when movements preparatory to the execution, began to manifest themselves within the post. There was hurrying to and fro along the lines—and sad faces went by continually; and downcast looks were seen there—and every countenance wore the livery of deep and sorrowful feeling. It was evident that something mournful was about to transpire. The soldiers paced along the esplanade with low words and rapid steps—and now and then a tear might be seen to glisten—it was but for a moment—in the eye of the veteran. A large detachment of troops was paraded, and many of the general officers were already on horseback.—Great multitudes of people flocked in to witness the melancholy spectacle—but a wide silence pervaded the immense collection. With slow and struggling steps the confused and intermingled crowd of citizens and soldiers bent their way towards the appointed place, just beneath the brow of a green hill that sloped towards the river. There, clustered around the dim spot devoted to destruction, or sauntering over the adjacent ground, they awaited the approach of the unhappy victim.

When the prisoner was led out each arm locked in that of a subaltern his step was uncommonly firm, and his expression unusually calm and even exhilirated. The eloquent blood glowed to his temples, and a bright smile of satisfaction beamed from his countenance on all whom he recognized. The thought of death was dealing powerfully but kindly with him; for he saw that an honorable end was to be his—that his dying prayer was about to be granted. He thought—and the reflections sent yet new vigor into his throbbing arteries—he thought that he saw some pledge of a kind and heroic memory in the sympathy that was breaking all around him, in the gaze of admiration that was fixed upon him in the fearful eye, the agitated countenance, the respectful salutation, the sad farewell, and the low suppressed murmur as he passed on, as though something went by which it was sacrilege to disturb in its course through the thronging multitude. He saw the high tribute that was paid to his fortitude, in the silent look with which he was regarded; and he felt that his premature fate was not unwept even by his foes. Buoyed up by these lively demonstrations of feeling, he fancied himself a martyr in the cause he had undertaken to advance, and pressed forward with mounting emotions, as though in haste to seal his pilgrimage here, and commence the stainless career of his future fame. 'The report,' thought he, 'that lays me low will send forth an echo that will never die.'

The detachment with their prisoner, had now reached the summit of the hill, and came suddenly in view of the ground which had been set apart for this distressing occasion. It was occupied by a gallows! With the rapidity of light every eye was turned upon the victim. His was fixed in frenzy on the dismal object that rose portentously out of the multitude. He spake not a word—some powerful, rending emotion had taken possession of his bursting bosom. His hand fled to his heart—one look of anguish passed like a shadow over his face, and he fell lifeless into the arms of his guards. There was no voice heard in that immense crowd—but a confused trampling as of a vast concourse of people when they are rushing together.

* * * * * *

The clouds had now cleared off from the horizon, and the sun was about going down, when the last rites were performed over the departed soldier. There was no pomp or noise, or show. A small escort of troops marched quickly over the gravel, and stood before the door of the stone building from which the remains were to be carried. A single drum beat out a hollow note at distinct intervals, and the fife sung sharp and mournfully. The coffin was at length bourn out; and with slow step, inverted bayonets, and downward eyes, the procession moved on. Many who cared not to join, stood behind in silent contemplation; and many, out of idle curiosity, lingered round scarcely knowing why they were there. Behind some low, desolate buildings, which would scarcely shelter it from the storms of winter, the solitary grave was dug. Round this the soldiers crowded in silence. On either side they leaned upon their muskets, and hardly a breath was heard, as the book of prayer was opened, and the fervent supplication went up to Heaven. The scene was singularly impressive. Immediately round the grave, in the rear of the soldiers, some stood wrapped in gloomy attention; others, still behind, were seen eagerly gazing over the shoulders of those who had closed up before them. Every cap was off, and every eye fixed. Still beyond, the sick were seen peeping out of the half-opened door; and women and boys stood, with arms crossed upon their bosoms, before the miserable huts from which they had just issued. There, there was no moving—no noise—no roving of the looks—all were bent upon the speaker, who stood upon the brink of the cold grave, with his eye raised in adjuration to Heaven, and calling upon the Father of Spirits with an eloquence so full, so powerful, so commanding, that his very soul seemed to mount up with his words. He ended. Then came the hurrying of the ceremony. At the quick command of the officer, the coffin was lowered—the guns were brought down—the steel rung—and in a moment it glittered again in the last sun-beam. At a word, the death-volley was fired off in the air—another followed—and then another—and the last was discharged into the grave. It was all over—the smoke curled slowly among the wet gravel, and settled down upon the coffin—'twas the war-smoke embalming the soldier! The drum beat merrily—and the files wheeled into the lines, just as the sun went down in his glory.

* * * * * * *

From the Mobile Register July 23.

A circumstance of great anxiety occurred a few days ago at Spring Hill, in this vicinity. A man named Long, had been employed to repair a very deep well at the Hill, and at about 9 A. M. on Friday, he was let down in the well bucket to the bottom, when he discovered that there was great danger of the well caving in. He immediately gave orders to be hoisted up, but having came about twenty feet to a point at which there appeared to be no risk he commenced his examination of the curb, and the sides of the well instantly caved in upon him, leaving his whole body from four to six feet under ground. But an instant elapsed before he gave indications that he was not suffocated and with astonishing coolness and precision described his situation to be in a small cavity formed by the falling of some pieces of boards, which had been used for curbing diagonally across the well, immediately above his head—upon these it seemed the dirt with which he was covered had rested. He complained that the confined air which he was breathing would soon suffocate him and a reed tube punched at the joints was inserted which he fortunately got his mouth to, and which relieved him very much, indeed, so extravagant were his expressions of pleasure at breathing the fresh air he appeared to have forgotten the peril of his situation.

The people of the neighbnorhod assembled, and measures were soon adopted to remove the dirt; a thousand difficulties however presented themselves—the man was forty or fifty feet below the surface covered up in a norrow well which at first had been but badly curved and which now seemed at every point to be about to cave in. Two men were induced alternately to descend, and remain in the bucket, by slow degrees and great exertion the dirt was removed from the centre of the pile until his head was freed, and the same process was continued until his arms were extricated. Efforts were now made to fasten a sheet under his arms by which his body might be forced out, but the acute conic form of the hole which it was necessary to make lest the sides of the well might again cave in, made it impossible that either of the two who alternately descended could assist him and his own arms were necessarily thrown up so that he could make no useful effort of himsellf—night came on, and notwithstanding the exertions were continual and assurances held forth to him that he should not perish if he could be saved, he became the victim of the most rapid transitions of hope and despair—now holding forth the most confident expressions that he would be free in a few minutes, and in an instant making his peace with his God, asked forgiveness of his neighbors, and imploring that his wife and little children, (then within twenty steps of the well) might be taken care of.

The people remained with him all night, but at 3 o'clock, A. M. of Saturday morning, having made an experiment of every possible suggestion—a sheet was fastened under his arms, and with blocks and tackles an effort was made to pull him out—he was raised 8 or 9 inches with great pain and suddenly complained that his feet were fast between two ends of confined scantling. Effort after effort was made to force him up but he could not again be moved. Like a hero he bore the pain with fortitude, and over and over again he repeated his willingnesss to leave his lower extremeties behind but was opposed to having his back broken.

All efforts proving unsuccessful, it was now determined to alarm the city and have a trench dug at such an angle as would be safe; letters were accordingly written and despatched at day light, and to the honor of humanity, hundreds of people came crowding out provided with such implements as they thought necessary, ready to embark in any service for his safety. At about sunrise, however, a curb was made and sent down, over which a quantity of dirt was thrown, and about one o'clock, P. M. of Saturday, a heavy force was put to the bucket rope—it started and came up about a foot—his feet were in the bucket—the bucket rope broke—he halloed 'I'm free, I'm free,' and in a moment was drawn up without injury, declaring that he could run a hundred yards faster than any man present; and after being thus confined twenty-eight hours, was cunducted to his anxious family.

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.—This grave is situated near one of the principal boroughs of the State, [Fredericksburg.] It is a dreary, deserted, solitary field, lying to the west.—The mound of earth that was originally raised over her sainted remains, is now washed into the regular declivity of the hills;—and not a stone—not the least fragment of human art, 'Tells where she lies.' In the dreary waste, which surrounds the spot, instead of the funeral cypress—the traveller finds but here and there a stunted oak or pine, from which the unmolested owls and bats chaunt their dolorous night song. Instead of the rose and woodbine, (those emblems of innocence and virtue,) the grave is overgrown with briers and wild grass, in which the lizards and hares play their gambols as securely as in their native forests, and but for a stone, which kind nature, more grateful than man, has placed near the remains of our Cornelia, it might now be sought in vain, even by those remaining few, who followed them to the grave. [Viz. & Tel.

From a N. Carolina Paper.

THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.

The following is a description of the place where rest the remains of the sage of Monticello:

'I ascended the winding road, which leads from Charlottesville to Monticello.—The path leads to a circuitous ascent of about two miles up the miniature mountain to the farm and the grave of Jefferson. On entering the gate which opens into the enclosure, numerous paths diverge in various directions, winding through beautiful groves to the summit of the hill. From the peak on which the house stands, a grand nearly unlimited view opens to the thickly wooded hills and fertile vallies which stretch out on either side. The University with its dome, porticoes, and colonade, looks like a fair city in the plain:—Charlottesville seems to be directly beneath. No spot can be imagined as combining greater advantages of grandeur, healthfulness, and seclusion. This house is noble in its appearance; two large columns support a portico, which extends from the wings, and into it the front door opens. The apartments are nearly furnished and embellished with statues, busts, portraits and natural curiosities. The grounds and out-houses have been neglected—Mr. Jeffersons attention being absorbed from such personal concerns by the cares attendant on the superintendance of the University, which, when in health, he visited daily since the erection commenced.

'At a short distance behind the mansion, in a quiet shaded spot, the visiter sees a square enclosed, surrounded by a low unmortared stone wall, which he enters by a neat wooden gate. This is the family burial ground, containing ten or fifteen graves, none of them marked by epitaphs, and only a few distinguished by any memorial. On one side of this simple cemetery, is the resting place of the patriot and philosopher. When I saw it, the vault was just arched, and in readiness for the plain stone which is to cover it. May it ever continue like Washington's without any adventitious attractions or conspicuousness; for when we or our posterity, need any other momento of our debt of honor to those names, than their simple inscription on paper, wood or stone, gorgeous tombs would be a mockery to their memories. When gratitude shall cease to concentrate their remembrance in the hearts of our patrons, no cenotaph will inspire the reverence we owe to them.'

DEPLORABLE AND MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

An event without a parallel in the annals of marine misfortune, occurred on board the brig 'Mary Russel,' Captain Stewart, of Cork, on her passage home from Barbadoes, which arrived in Coal on Thursday. There were on board, besides the master and mate, 8 men and 4 boys; of these, 6 seamen, and a naval gentleman, passenger in her, were found dead in the cabin on Monday morning last, by Capt. Callender, of the Mary Stubbs, of Belfast, which was also on her passage home from Barbadoes, and spoke the Mary Russell on the above morning, having been killed on the day before by the Captain, according to the statement of the four boys. The cause assigned by the Master to the Capt. of the Callender was, an attempt on the part of the crew to mutiny, and his apprehension that they would take away his life; but to save himself, that he succeeded in inducing them to be tied in the cabin, each singly, before another was called down; and when all were thus rendered powerless that he put those seven to death with a crow-bar! The mate named Smith, and one sailor named Howes, by some means extricated themselves and escaped death; after being wounded in several places. It appears he was in the act of tying the boys also, when the Mary Stubbs hove in sight. Captain Callender held by the Mary Russell and saved Capt. Stewart from being drowned, he having leaped twice into the sea for that purpose. Wednesday again, for the third time, he flung himself overboard off Castletown, and was picked up by a hooker. A warrant for the apprehension of Capt. Stewart has been issued, and an inquest held on the bodies of seven men. We conclude that he must have been under the influence of insanity to have committed so cold blooded and horrible an act

[Limerick paper.

The company engaged in boring for salt water at Montpelier, Vt. have penetrated the solid rock to the depth of 383 feet. They have proceeded through veins of flint stone 11 feet; soft blue slate 85; hard do. 52; sand stone 31; lime do. 204. Total, 383 feet.

Joseph F. Pluymart, the celebrated bank robber, has escaped from the Penitentiary in Pittsburgh. A reward of $150 is offered for his detection.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3923_scm2846-0153