

From the New York Journal of Commerce of Oct. 15.
NEWS BY THE STEAMER GREAT BRITAIN, AT HOLME'S HOLE.

The Great Britain arrived at Holme's Hole at 1 o'clock on Monday p. m., with loss of foremast. She left Liverpool on the 27th ult.—Her news was carried by Express to Boston, and is published in an Extra of that paper, dated 11 o'clock, Tuesday forenoon.

We received the Atlas Extra, and other Boston papers, about 6 o'clock, this morning, by Harnden & Co's Express, which enables us to insert the news in a part of our edition.

Cotton was dull—corn brisk, and prospects of large importations from this country. The weather had not been favorable, and the crops were defective, including potatoes. Not only was this the case in England, but to a considerable extent on the continent.

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.
We understand that Hon. Louis McLane is progressing most favorably in his new position at the Court of St. James. We anticipate the best results from the Hon. Gentleman's mission to this country. None more than ourselves desire to see the bonds of friendly and commercial intercourse between the United States and England closely cemented. Our friend, Ritchie of the "Union," thinks otherwise, however. "Nous verrons."

The iron trade continued brisk, owing to the requirements of the new undertaking, and railway bars were much sought after.

The Irish Collegiate Bill is again being revived in all the intensity and virulence of discussion, by a protest, on the part of Irish Catholic Bishops and Archbishops, against the measure.

The state of trade in the manufacturing towns is encouraging and satisfactory.

The accounts from Berlin state that a treaty of commerce is on the eve of completion, between the Zollverein and Austria.

Letters from Batavia, received in Holland, state that a treaty of commerce has been concluded between England and Siam.

Liverpool Sept. 26.—At the sailing of the last packet, we stated that wet weather, after an interval of nearly three weeks, and returned; and that the outstanding crops, which it was believed were in small quantity, would suffer seriously by the change. The accounts from the northern parts of the kingdom speak dependently of the injurious effects of the change; and it now appears that the progress made in cutting and housing the produce of the fields during the continuance of warmth and sunshine was not so great as was anticipated. The price of grain is rising rapidly, as a glance at our market returns will show. Even at the present moment there is a good deal of outstanding produce in the field. The fine weather has again returned, but season is too far advanced to permit the sun to have much power, and no doubt can exist, that the husbandman who did not "take time by the forelock," when the opportunity offered, will suffer severely by his indulgence. With the rise of the markets, fears respecting the coming winter begin to prevail.

The failure of the potato crop is almost general, and to meet the deficiency which that calamity has occasioned, large quantities of rice and hard grain has been taken out of bond, for transhipment to France, Holland and Belgium. Notwithstanding the fact of the market rising, the averages are descending, owing to the large quantities of inferior grain, the produce of the present harvest, which have been thrown upon the markets. But in the teeth of unpromising appearances which are abroad, the range for speculation in every description of railway investment still continues, without any signs of abatement. To such an extent is the mania carried, that Government, it is said, contemplates interfering, by announcing through the Gazette, that no more schemes will be provisionally registered, as the number which are already before the public are more than Parliament can get through in the next session.

Now that circumstances render it painfully apparent, that supplies of food must be had from some quarter, all eyes are turned across the Atlantic, and fears prevail that the late orders which have been sent to Canada will miss the season, and arrive after the navigation of the St. Lawrence has been closed by the ice. Much will, of course, depend upon the time when the frost sets in; and if the weather is favorable, there is little doubt that handsome fortunes will be made by those who have speculated largely in "bread stuffs." Whatever quantities may come from the United States, will also find a ready sale, either in the country or on the continent.

The recent accounts from the Union, represent the season as having been favorable for the grain crops. An opportunity now exists which rarely occurs, of sending produce of that description to Europe, with the certainty of finding a ready and a rising market. It is deeply to be regretted that, instead of an uncertain and unstable traffic, the nature of our corn laws prevents the demand from being regular and uniform. But such a desideratum is on the eve of accomplishment.

Not only is the crop short in this country, but the harvest has been defective over the greater part of continental Europe. In Holland and Belgium the fact is so well ascertained that the government of the former country has deemed it prudent to reduce the duties on grain, to the minimum point; whilst all restrictions on the import of Corn, in Belgium, have removed for a given period.

The missing Packet ship England.—Great interest has been excited in England, since the departure of the Cambria, in consequence of a bottle having been picked up, on the 16th of September, at sea, four miles southeast of Douglas Head, by the fishing smack Kite, Captain Morrison, containing a piece of paper, on which was written, in pencil, an intimation that the vessel was then in lat. 45 10, lon. 98 7; that she had lost her quarter boats; that there was 10 feet water in her hold, and no vessel in sight. As the greatest possible interest must attach to every thing relating to this ill-fated ship, we give a verbatim copy of this document.

Packet ship England,
[From Liverpool, December 11th, 1844.]
*Long. 98 7. Lat. 45 10.

Lost quarter-boats, 10 feet water in the hold. No vessel in sight.

Through the polite and considerate attention of Mr. Fargher, proprietor of the Mona's Herald, Isle of Man, we are enabled to exhibit this interesting paper and bottle to the American public, which may be seen at the office of the European Times, 7 Wall street, New York, by application to our Mr. Charles K. Wilmer.

WILMER & SMITH,
Liverpool, 26th Sept. 1845.

Just before our paper went to Press Captain Cropper, of the packet ship "New York," called at our office to see the above. Capt. Cropper, observing a cork in the bottle, drew it with a string, and found it had been previously extracted with a cork-screw, and stated, as his opinion, that the circumstance was strong evidence of its authenticity. Capt. Cropper says that he has no doubt of the bottle and contents having been thrown from the packet ship "England."

*The longitude is evidently wrong; and we leave it for the owners and others interested to judge, whether that longitude was really penned by some person on board who might not be conversant with such matters.

SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.

Correspondence of the Nat. Intelligencer.

New York, October 7, 1845.

In my letter of the 4th I made a short quotation from a morning paper of the 3d. The writer of the article referred to says: "Those connected with the Kitchen Cabinet dynasty at Washington having brought General Jackson up to the scratch," &c. to remove the deposits from the Bank of the United States.

Now, this is doing the General great injustice, and a full detail of the intrigues by which that measure was so suddenly effected may not, even at this late day, be uninteresting to many of your readers. The true history is known to but few. General Jackson intended to remove the deposits in February, 1833, during the session of Congress, but his Cabinet were all, or nearly all, opposed to it. The most strenuous opponent was Louis McLane, then Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Livingston, Secretary of State, and General Cass, Secretary of War, were both against the proposed measure. Mr. Van Buren, who had just been elected Vice President, was also decided in his opposition to it. He was then at Albany, where he had spent the winter, waiting for the period when he was to repair to Washington to enter upon his office. It will be recollected that it was during that winter that N. P. Tallmadge was elected U. States Senator against the wishes and influence of Mr. Van Buren, who preferred his friend Mr. B. F. Butler.

Mr. Van Buren, about the middle of February, commenced his journey from Albany towards Washington. Whilst stopping a few days in this city the reports became thick and rife that General Jackson was about to remove the deposits. This intelligence alarmed no one so much as Mr. Van Buren. It came to him in such a shape as gave him reason to apprehend that the removal might be made before he could reach Washington. He determined, therefore, to set out immediately for the capital, to prevent it if possible. He knew that Mr. McLane was, like himself, opposed to it, and that it could not be done whilst he was at the head of the Treasury Department unless he had changed his views. Immediately on his arrival at Washington he sought an interview with Mr. McLane, and his anxieties were relieved by the assurance that no removal would be made while he remained Secretary of the Treasury. From Mr. Verplanck he received the same information. General Jackson was rampant for the removal. Kendall was pushing him on, and did not despair, before the arrival of Mr. Van Buren, of accomplishing the object. At this moment, too, Mr. Verplanck, as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, made a report favorable to the Bank. Such an array of obstacles made the Hero pause, while Kendall's ire was excited, especially against Mr. Van Buren, whose opinion President Jackson heeded more than any one else.

Congress adjourned, the inauguration took place, and the deposits remained unmoved, but Jackson was still determined on accomplishing it sooner or later. He said Van Buren was mistaken in his opinion on the subject, and that he would yet discover his mistake. A journey to the North and East was then projected for the President and decided on. It originated with Mr. Van Buren in the hope of diverting the General's mind from his bankphobia and his desire to remove the deposits. It was arranged that the tour should commence the latter part of May, and Mr. Van Buren left Washington for Albany, agreeing to join the President in New York.

While Mr. Van Buren remained in Washington he urged upon the members of the Cabinet who were opposed to the removal, and particularly on Mr. McLane, to continue his efforts to defeat if possible the proposed measure. The anxiety of Mr. Van Buren was increased when he saw the General was about to make a new cast of his Cabinet, and was informed by Kendall that it was to be done with a view to the accomplishment of his darling project.

McLane must be got rid of. Livingston, who was Secretary of State, was appointed to France; McLane was transferred from the Treasury to the State Department; and a man, never dreamed of by any one but Jackson, was called to the Treasury—William J. Duane, one of the General's first, and, as he supposed, firmest friends: one whom he thought could be moulded to his will. This being arranged, Kendall did not fail to warn Van Buren, before his departure from Wash-

ington, that his continued opposition to the President's wishes and determination would operate injuriously to his interests. Kendall's communication to him was really in the nature of a threat, and was made so earnestly that, added to the Cabinet changes, it rendered him any thing but comfortable. He was, however, so deeply committed to Mr. McLane and others that he could not change front.

Mr. Van Buren left Washington, and shortly after the Presidential tour began. All remember the eclat of that. The whole country through which the President passed appeared to have forgotten party distinctions. All seemed to be Jackson men. At New York Mr. Van Buren met the President. No man was so much carried away as he by acclamations which every where attended Jackson. Then it was that the conviction first rushed upon his mind that Kendall's threat had a significant meaning, and that there was no safety or security for him but in ministering freely to Jackson's wishes, prejudices, and will.

At New Haven, and through Connecticut, the acclamations of the multitude as the President progressed were, if possible, increased, and with them Mr. Van Buren's convictions. At Boston they became irresistible. The President was ill there a day and confined to his room. It was on that occasion that Mr. Van Buren first announced to him his change of views; confessed that he had been in error; that Kendall was right and honest about it; that Mr. McLane and Mr. Livingston were wrong; that he, the President, was unerring in the matter, and his foresight prophetic. The next day the General left Boston for Concord. Who has forgotten the homage he received, and the "mile of girls" who came to do him honor on his tour? The papers in New York were teeming with accounts of his journey, when every body was astonished with a poster saying that Gen. Jackson had suddenly cut short his tour, returned from the East, and passed through New York at daylight for Washington. In twenty hours more he was in the capital, and his Cabinet and every body else could not have been more astonished if a mine had been sprung under the city.

The reason assigned for this sudden movement was the President's ill health. It was not the true reason. It was not even a specious reason. He was not ill a moment after he left Boston, nor after he returned to Washington. The true secret of his sudden return was Mr. Van Buren's change of views on the removal of the deposits. From the moment that change was announced to him, he was restless and uneasy, and unwilling to proceed further. He finally became violent, and insisted upon returning immediately to Washington. All who were about him endeavored to dissuade him therefrom, and Mr. Van Buren among the rest. He yielded for a moment, and proceeded to Concord. He would go no further. He said the deposits should be removed from the bank before one week. He was imperative and inexorable. Remonstrances were unavailing. In one day he was in New York. In one more he was in Washington; rather rapid travelling for an invalid. The sight of a band of Indians with their tomahawks never excited him so much as did the immediate prospect then of putting his foot on the neck of the "Monster," as he called the bank. He was full of fire and energy. Mr. Van Buren accompanied him. He could not let him leave him, though Mr. Van Buren would gladly have done so; for he dreaded to encounter Mr. McLane, whom he had so urgently pressed into the front rank of opposition. No man was more sincere and honest in his views than Mr. McLane. He had, it was said at the time, and I believe it, prepared, at the suggestion of Mr. Van Buren, a strong and able paper, remonstrating against the removal, and setting forth the evils which he thought foresaw therefrom.

What occurred immediately after Gen. Jackson's return to Washington I reserve for another letter.

A CALM OBSERVER.

THE TRAILER'S DOOM.

POOR JOHN TYLER! When he had finished his course of infamy at Washington, and retired to his secluded home on the St. James, we had supposed that the public prints would avoid as far as possible, the mention of his name. He had gone into power with perhaps more of the popular confidence than any President since the days of Washington—his very name had been considered a synonym for honesty, and no one dreamed that with the dying injunctions of the lamented Harrison impressed upon his mind, he could in a few short months be so carried away by ambition and the flatteries of the corrupt and base, as to betray and ruin the very party which had lifted him to power. Yet such is the story which the pen of the impartial historian will have to record. Indeed, it seems as if justice were no longer disposed to be tardy in her visitations upon one who has proved himself so unworthy of the honorable trust reposed by a virtuous and honest people. In our reading room, is an engraving by Kimberly, giving a most capital likeness of each of the American Presidents, from Washington down to the end of 1844. In the centre is a full length likeness of "the father of his country," and around it are the well known faces of Jefferson, the Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, and even Van Buren. Below them all, and as if embarrassed by the company in

which he found himself, is represented Mr. Tyler. Some patriot citizen who was struck with the inappropriateness of the association, and who despised both the treason and the traitor, a few days since penned the following lines and pasted them over the likeness of Tyler in such a way as to conceal it entirely from view.—Whoever may be the writer, his lines are worthy of circulation which we seek to give them, and we publish to a betrayed and injured people the sentence which posterity will pronounce upon his "accidency."

There was once a Doge of Venice,
Who, urged by private hate,
Had leagued him with the populace
To overturn the State;
A jealous oligarchy
Discovered on a time
His treason, and beheaded him
For his intended crime;
His name was blotted from the roll
Of those of noble rank;
Among the Doge's portraits,
The place of his was blank;
And yet this Doge's treason
Was trivial when compared
With Tyler's, whom the people
To honor had preferred.

Then let this Judas' portrait be
Concealed from public view—
Or, if you will display it here,
Then hang up Arnold's too.
Savannah Republican.



THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.
SALISBURY, N. C., OCTOBER 25, 1845.

JACOB COTTON'S CONFESSION.

[Recorded at Mocksville, on Wednesday, 22d instant.]

Jacob Cotton, convicted at the last Term of Davis Superior Court of the murder of Mrs. Mary West and her grandson Henry Swink, was executed at Mocksville on yesterday. It will be remembered that in our account of Cotton's trial, we stated he had made a confession of his guilt after the sentence of death had been passed upon him; and that in that confession he implicated in this horrid tragedy, three other persons, two of whom, David Valentine and Peyton Hasket, had been arrested and lodged in jail to await their trial. The other person implicated was Moses Parnell: He was taken very suddenly and violent ill on the morning of that awful deed, and on the succeeding day was summoned to the judgment bar of God, to answer for the deeds done in the body.

Jacob Cotton confesses that he was at Mrs. West's on the night she was murdered: that he saw her and her grandson both killed, but that he did not do it: That he saw the house plundered, and that he received a portion of the money abstracted therefrom.

He states that six or nine months previous to the perpetration of this crime, David Valentine, mentioned the subject to him; and proposed that they should rob Mrs. West: That Valentine said he knew where the old woman kept her keys, and that it could be very easily done, if rightly managed. That Valentine proposed it to him more than once; and that finally, a plot was made about three weeks before hand, in which the four persons above named were to bear a part. They appointed for the night, the 18th of March: they were all to meet at an old deserted residence in the neighborhood, known as "Jo. Swink's place," about three-quarters of a mile from Mrs. West's.—Jacob Cotton states that when he reached the place designated, on that night, he found David Valentine already there, and that Peyton Hasket came up very shortly afterwards, and that Moses Parnell was the last one getting there: That shortly after Parnell came they all started for Mrs. West's, and stopped once, for a few minutes only, to take a drink of liquor;—they had a jug along;—and then went on. That when they reached the house, David Valentine pushed one door open,—one of the doors on the south-west side—that the door yielded to a very slight effort: that he thinks there was no latch or any thing else about the door broken by the push, and that it made but little noise. That David Valentine then went into the house followed by Peyton Hasket: That himself and Moses Parnell stood at the doors to watch: that Parnell stood at the door opening into the North-west wing of the house: that that door was closed; and that he stood at the open door: That Valentine went to the fire-place and lighted a piece of pine, and commenced searching about for the keys: he looked in an old clock case that stood against the petition, where he had previously stated that the old lady kept them; and not finding them there, searched the cupboard, and other places, but did not find them. Whilst searching about he found a small axe: with this he forced open one chest, from which he took out a quantity of silver money. This chest was in the same room where the aged woman was sleeping, and within a few feet of the foot of her bed. Hasket held the light, and Valentine worked. Having got all the money from this chest, they went into the adjoining room: they had to pass near by the foot of Mrs. West's bed, which sat against the petition dividing the two rooms; and on the right side of the door as they went in, was another chest back-to-back with the one already rifled

the petition separating them. Valentine commenced working to get it open, and finding it a little difficult, remarked that it was "damned hard to open"; and as it yielded, observed "it makes a hell of a noise," or something to that effect.

Cotton states that Mrs. West now woke up: that she had hitherto been unconscious as to what was going on. On being asked if it was not probable she was awake before, he answered, "I think not, for she spoke as one who had just woken out of sleep." She asked "who is there?" (rising up in her bed)—is that you Dave Valentine?" Valentine made no answer, but immediately went towards her with a large pericrimon stick, which he carried in with him, and struck her several heavy blows on the head: The old lady exclaimed "oh Lord!" and falling backwards, soon expired. The little boy, Henry Swink, when he saw his grand-mother was killed, raised up in the bed; and at one blow with the same club Valentine killed him.

One would suppose that a man guilty of such a horrid deed would immediately have set about making his escape: He would at least have gone out of the presence of those mangled and bleeding bodies, and where no walls, however frail, could have hindered his anxious and excited vision. But such was not the case with Valentine, he coolly proceeds, according to Cotton's statement, to plunder the house—returned to the chest at which he was last at work, and completed his search. Cotton says he heard Mrs. West breathe out her last feeble gasp, and terrified at the awful deed, walked off a little piece from the house, and sat down in a horse-trough; that he tried to hurry Valentine and Hasket to come out of the house, but that they remained there almost an hour after the murders had been committed: that before they came out, they approached the bed on which the two corpses lay, and examined them to see if they were dead: that himself and Hasket were very much opposed to the murder—were very much displeased with Valentine for doing it; and he (Cotton) told him if he had known he was going to "do that" he would not have come with him.—That they had no idea of committing murder, but only intended to rob: that Valentine said he was obliged to do it to save himself: that Mrs. West had recognised him, and he knew he would have to suffer unless he killed her: that Valentine and all of them were very sorry it so turned out.

After they left the house, they went off some two hundred yards into the field towards Henry Swink's old place, and there counted the money which amounted to \$240. Cotton received as his share, a buckskin purse containing forty dollars.—The other members of the party, Valentine in particular, were not willing to allow him any more, as he would not go into the house, or as he "did nothing." Soon after receiving his share, having a long way to go, he started for home: he wanted to get across the river before day: states that he crossed at Locke's bridge both going and coming, and that he travelled along the bank of the river on either side as he came and returned: that having crossed the bridge on his return, he laid down in the woods and slept a short time: that he remained there, until he went to Furgerson's, where, it is remembered, he betrayed himself, by exhibiting his money.

Jacob states that he does not know who set fire to the house: that when he left, it had not been fired.—He says that he never returned to the house after getting his share of the money; but that Valentine, Hasket and Parnell talked of going back, and when he left, they started off in that direction. He does not know how the remaining two hundred dollars were divided; but although Parnell "did nothing" but stand at the door and watch, it was understood, that he was to have a part of it. He never saw any one of the company afterwards until he was arrested, and knows nothing more in connection with the transaction than has been here given.

The prisoner seemed remarkably cool—no excitement about him whatever. It appeared quite singular, since it was evident he was not flattering himself with any hope of escape; but seemed to look forward to his approaching end as calmly as if it were some ordinary occurrence in which he felt no very particular interest. He is, nevertheless, very penitent, and frequently upbraids himself for having been concerned in the crime for which he dies; and says that if it had not been for his love of whiskey, he would never have come to such an end.

A Locofoco Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce offers some very cool advice to the Whigs. He says that they have the capital, the talent, and enterprise of the country; that they control the public taste in morals, and in literature, and in science; that they preside over the institutions of education and benevolence; and all this, he thinks, should content them without dabbling in politics. The government of the country and the administration of the laws, he thinks, should be taken from those men who, according to his own account, are the best qualified for public employment, and should be abandoned by general consent to those who are least fit for it.—*Prov. Journal.*

GEORGIA ELECTION.

Returns from all the counties in the State have been received but two, to wit, Montgomery and Rabun, which render the election of the present Whig Governor, GEORGE W. CRAWFORD, sure, by at least fifteen hundred votes. The vote in the ninety-one counties heard from, stands thus:

For Crawford,	36,108
McAlister,	34,478
	1,635

The vote in Montgomery stood last November, for Clay 238, Polk 34; in Rabun Clay 33, Polk 224.

In the State Senate, the Whigs have elected 22, and the Locofocos 25. In the House of Representatives, the Whigs have 69, and the Locos 60. Whig majority on joint ballot nine. This result secures the re-election of the Hon. JOHN M. BIZANSKI, to the United States Senate for the next six years.

In relation to this glorious victory achieved by the Whigs under such disadvantageous circumstances, the Augusta Sentinel has the subjoined remarks:

"Although we might have secured a majority in the Senate by proper exertions on the part of our friends in some of the Districts, the result on the whole, (though not unexpected to us), is so gratifying, that we shall forbear to utter any complaints. It is, indeed, a great moral triumph—a triumph of the friends and advocates of good government over those who seek rather the supremacy of party than the good of the State—a triumph of that class who desire to see the faith and honor and credit of the State maintained, alike indifferent whether he who directs its affairs be a Whig or a Democrat. It is therefore a proud triumph for Georgia, because it shows to the world that a majority of our people are not unmindful of the preservation of the State's honor and faith—and we rejoice that many of the more intelligent and reflecting portion of the Democratic party have contributed to secure this triumph. We honor them for it and we rejoice that they have united with the Whigs in proclaiming through the ballot-box, to the Governor elect, that most welcome plaudit, "WELL DONE THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

CAPT. FREMONT'S THIRD EXPEDITION.

The St. Louis Republican of the 4th instant, says that Jacob Crum and several other men who accompanied Capt. J. C. Fremont, on his third tour of exploration, returned to that city on the 3d instant.—Crum was one of the hunters for the party, and complains very much of the tyranny of Capt. Fremont over the men. He also disagreed with the Captain about his pay; and left the company somewhere in the territory belonging to the Cheyenne Indians. Three days after Crum parted with the party, eighteen others left; some being sick, were discharged, and others being dissatisfied, refused to go any further. Those who returned make loud complaints against Capt. Fremont for his rigid discipline, and say that many others of his men were discontented; but the statements of these men must be taken with many grains of allowance, as they certainly would do all they possibly could to justify the course they have pursued. From the material, says the Republican, of which the party was composed, a rigid discipline, was no doubt absolutely necessary to bring them into subjection, without which the laudable designs of the expedition could not be accomplished. It is important to gain a correct knowledge of the country through which they are to pass that all should be in perfect subordination, and nothing but the most rigid discipline would be of any avail.

We do know when we have had a rarer or richer treat than the reports of the first and second expeditions of Capt. Fremont afforded us. The information which they give of a country over which we claim jurisdiction, and which has never been thoroughly explored, is such as will interest and instruct every American; and as soon as he makes his report of his third tour, we hope to be able to present either a part or all to the public.

CUFFIE AND THE GUYASCUTUS.

A friend of ours was riding through a part of Davie county, a few days ago—a part not much travelled—and looking ahead saw a negro boy meeting him in a cart. Feeling a little mischievously disposed, now said he, "I'll have some sport out of that nigger." He touched his horse with his whip so as to increase the effect of his pranks, by increasing the speed of his animal, and soon met the boy; and looking as much frightened as possible, he delivered himself in a most awful voice as follows: "Save yourself, boy, the Guyascutus is loose!!!" "Sai," answered the boy, increasing his excited looks to the highest pitch, our friend again exclaimed, "the Guyascutus is loose!!! Cuffie, whose face wore rather a knowing look, as well as a good coat of grease, replied, "I spect dey is massa." Our friend sloped.

The sea sand, brought from France as ballast, is used extensively in making mortar in the burnt district in New York.