

LIVERPOOL, JULY 7.

DREADFUL AND DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

It is our melancholy duty to record some particulars of a fire more awful and destructive in its ravages than any we have witnessed since the memorable burning of the splendid range of Goree warehouses in 1802. On Wednesday, shortly before midnight, fire was observed to issue from the extensive warehouse of Messrs. Aspinall and Knowles, sailmakers Salthouse Dock, corner of Offordstreet, and which adjoined other warehouses, all of them containing much valuable property. It found its way to the adjoining warehouses of Messrs. Rankin and Co. shipchangers, Offord-street, and the warehouse also adjoining, fronting Salthouse-dock; and about the same time the intensity of the flames ignited the large warehouse at the opposite corner of Offord-street, belonging to Mr. Gibbon, the window frames and shutters in the upper stories first taking fire. Well founded alarm was now excited for the safety of the whole range of warehouses on the south side of Offord street, and even for those of Mr. Mollyneux on the north side, though it is somewhat isolated. Great exertions were made to save the property in all of them, by removing it, and a great quantity of sails, cordage, paints, flour (we believe) and numerous articles in the ship-chandlery and sail-making lines were extracted and carried up the street, where they were piled and mingled in unavoidable confusion. Some of the men were seen heaving out sails from the upper rooms even when the smoke from the apartments seemed to be insufferable, and had scarcely quitted this perilous situation before the whole warehouse was in flames. A number of books of accounts were also saved; and desk fixtures and other articles, which could not be removed without breakage, were thrown out in fragments. Soon after one, the four warehouses named, blazed with uncontrollable fury, the noise and draft of the flames being occasionally drowned by the more terrific and frequent crashing in of the roofs and floors and masses of wall. The upper warehouse on the south side of Orford-street, which alone remained of that range, belonging, as well as the adjoining one, to Mr. Leigh, and occupied chiefly with bonded and free corn, withstood the heat for some time; but it at length lighted at the roof, and its height, like that of the others, precluded all operation of the engines even had they had a plentiful supply of water. Attention was now directed to Mr. Mollyneux's warehouse opposite, lest it might share the fate of Mr. Gibbon's by being ignited across the street; and the engines, played upon the wood-work of the range of shops below, and upon the walls to keep it cool. Several of the upper window-frames and shutters were also judiciously driven out, and where it was possible, plates of sheet iron were substituted. These precautions, however, would have been unavailing, had not the wind veered a little, or drafted from the N. E. upon the flames now belching forth from Mr. Leigh's, and which, happily confined them to the southward. Had they communicated to Mr. Mollyneux's, the whole extensive range running backwards in Dorlin-street, would have been burned to the ground. Soon after one o'clock, the conflagration issuing simultaneously from the five extensive warehouses was truly sublime.

Large flakes of cotton and other light substances, were projected into the air in a burning state, and were borne over the town to the endangering of the shipping and buildings. Serious apprehensions were now entertained for the safety of the two large Warehouses of Mr. C. Fletcher, which were

separated from the back of the burning range by a narrow passage, called Flixton lane, and the sequel showed that these apprehensions were not unfounded. On the falling of some of the back walls of Mr. Leigh's, the flames burst out in this lane, rendering it impassable; and in less than an hour the window shutters of Mr. Fletcher's warehouse caught fire; and in a short time, such was the combustible nature of some of the contents (turpentine and oil) that the conflagration became more awful than in any of the other buildings. It spread with great rapidity thro' the premises as far as Campbell street, and the whole soon presented one mass of vivid flame simultaneously bursting from every window, and as it were enveloping the walls in a sheet of burning gas. The suction of the flames in Flixton lane was such, that the roar was not unlike that of a gale of wind in a forest. A smaller warehouse adjoining, facing the same lane, was also burnt, and it was only by the greatest exertions that the whole range fronting Duke's place, as far as Campbell street, was saved from the devouring element. The intense heat thrown out from Mr. Fletcher's warehouses, was such as to cause the speedy retreat of the assembled multitude to the far side of Orford-street and the blaze continued with great intensity, until a large portion of the building fell. Meantime the other warehouses continued to contribute to the general blaze, and portions of the walls occasionally fell with a crash. From the second windows of Mr. Leigh's upper warehouse, the partly burnt corn, on the falling in of the upper floors, rushed into the street in a stream—and in Flixton lane the burnt corn which had run from the windows of Fletcher's formed a heap of 12 or 15 feet in height. As the fire in the latter began to abate, it communicated with the roof of the next warehouse, a low building belonging to Mr. Holt, which was broken in by fallen brick; and also in a similar manner to the warehouse below, to the west, but happily the progress of the flames was here arrested—though not till much damage was done. During the height of the blaze the top part of the warehouse of Mr. Horbord, juor. Campbell-street, opposite Fletcher's, caught fire, but was, by the great exertions of Mr. Horbord sen. Comptrolling Surveyor of Customs, extinguished. A public-house near it was also with difficulty saved; and to the exertions, in a great degree of the same gentlemen, we are indebted for the salvation of the front range, between Flixton lane and Campbell street, and of a bonded shed in the latter, containing a large quantity of turpentine and oil, which, had it caught fire, would have spread the conflagration as far as Garden street. By four o'clock the burning had so far subsided, that little apprehension of further damage was entertained.—We have heard various estimates of the loss of property on this deplorable occasion, the bulk of which was in cotton, corn, ship-stores, and the buildings; but all these are necessarily vague and uncertain. It is, however, pretty generally rated at about £100,000. The origin of the fire is not precisely ascertained; but it is said to have arisen from some cotton ignited by a man carelessly smoking a pipe while working among cotton as in the late fire at Mr. Thomas Booth's warehouse, Wapping.

DISTRESSING FIRES.—Aberdeen, July 6.

The fires which have broken out in the upper parts of the country, and which were slightly noticed in our last, we now learn, were much more extensive in their range, and destructive in their effects, than we were then aware of. From the mosses and moors in so many different and distant parts

of the country taking fire at the same time, including the high grounds in Aberdeen and Kincardineshire, and extending southwards into Forfarshire, the Hills above Perth, Alloa and Stirling; and the mosses in the neighbourhood of Raith and Donniker, in Fifeshire, it seems next to certain, that lightning must have been a primary cause of the calamity. By the latest accounts, the fires in the mosses were still burning; but the exertions that have been made to prevent their extending to the contiguous forests have been in most cases successful. In the course of last week, to the north and westward there was a great deal of thunder, accompanied by heavy but partial showers, and in some instances by hail. Little benefit, however has been derived by the crop from these showers; they have been too limited in duration to penetrate much below the surface; and the general opinion seems to be that the crop will be far under an average; short in straw and scanty in produce. In our immediate neighborhood, with the exception of a shower on Wednesday last, and another on Monday, the weather continues dry and sultry as before. The Thunder on Wednesday and Saturday was tremendous in the lower part of the Garioch, and from Kinross in the direction of Gight, New Pittligo, &c. accompanied by vivid flames of lightning. At a village in the parish of Kemnay, the lightning knocked down 3 of the inhabitants, and entered a stable where it killed a horse, and set the house on fire. The men whom it struck suffered no serious injury, and are quite recovered.

The effects of these fires are described as dreadful. In passing along Glenelder the heat was so excessive that the trout in the stream were thrown upon the banks in great numbers quite dead, and many of them found scorched. On the east side of Loch-nagar the flames and unmelted snow were contending with each other, ultimately the former prevailed, and the fire reached its highest summit. On Sunday the approach of the fire to the woods of Glenanner called forth the united exertions of the country and neighbourhood. Hundreds of men convened to stop its progress, but with no great success. On Monday the danger became imminent—not only the heath but the whole surface of the hills and moss, to the depth of five or six feet were in one mass of fire. A providential storm of thunder and rain enabled those engaged to get the fire considerably under. Some trees were burnt on the outskirts of the forest, but no great damage is done on the plantations.

On the Don, the hills and mosses at the head of the tributary streams of Naughty and Erran, exhibited a very terrifying appearance. The flames raged with great violence, and a brisk wind springing up, they soon spread along the hills for several miles burning the peats which the inhabitants had prepared for the winter fuel, and the very uncast moss to the depth of several feet; at one time the fire even threatened the plantations pertaining to General Forbes of Auchernach, but the exertions of the people checked its progress. The hill of Coreen has also been burning for several weeks, and report says, that a large extent of peat moss and turf is entirely consumed.

In the mosses of Potterton and Belhelvie an alarming fire extended so far, that nearly 200 people were employed in digging a ditch to prevent its extending to the neighbouring woods and plantations, in which they finally succeeded after great exertion.

In the Edinburgh papers, we observe accounts of peat mosses to the south of Falkirk, being on fire.

DEATH OF DESHA!

PHILADELPHIA, Jul^y 22.—A letter from a gentleman in Middleton, Kentucky,

to his friend in this city, gives some additional particulars of the death and burial of Beauchamp and wife, and adds that Desha cut his throat in prison. The following are extracts.

“Beauchamp, the murderer of Col. Sharpe, was executed on Saturday last, after having made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide. So nearly was he exhausted, from the wound inflicted on the pit of his stomach, that he was conveyed to the scaffold in a carriage, dressed in a shroud which he had previously put on, and hung, notwithstanding he would have expired in a few minutes from the stab by his own hand. Mrs. Beauchamp put an end to herself the same morning, in the jail, with a dagger. Three different wounds were discovered just below the left breast. They were both put into the same coffin, and interred in the same grave. Thus ended one of the most bloody tragedies that was perhaps ever witnessed in any country.

“But you will ask me where is the ruthless villain that prostrated poor Baker? Is he feasting on ice creams, mince pies, &c. &c. I know not what answer to make you, but one thing is very certain—that he has cut his throat from ear to ear. His wind-pipe is cut entirely in two pieces, and yesterday, immediately after he committed the act, the surgeon of the town sewed it up—but at sun down he was near smothering, when they again opened it, and the news has just come in that he is dead. Of the authenticity of the statement I have no doubt. After the surgeon had entered the Jail, when he was first discovered, he observed to Desha that his moments were but few, and the better way would be to make a confession. Desha pointed to a piece of paper besprinkled with blood, upon which was written, “Innocent of the charge alleged against me.” The surgeon requested him to affix to it his signature, which he did. This is the current report here to day, and I have no hesitation in believing it true, with the exception of that part which relates to his confession. It would require stronger proof than the words even of a dying man to make me believe that any other person than Isaac B. Desha murdered Francis Baker.—Gaz.

Beauchamp, who murdered Colonel Sharpe, at Frankfort, has been hung, and his wife, who was imprisoned with him as an accessory, killed herself, or he killed her, by stabbing, a few hours before he was executed. He then stabbed himself, but not effectually before he was interrupted by the jailor. They had both taken opium the night previous, but in such large doses that it acted as an emetic.

The western papers contain various particulars of this horrid affair; the substance of which, in few words, is nearly as follows: Before Col. Sharpe's marriage he seduced this woman, and it was through his agency that she was afterwards married to Beauchamp. In the mean time, however, she is said to have lived an abandoned life. Sharpe had promised them some property, it is said, which he never gave to them.—His neglect of her, and his accusing her of gross licentiousness, aroused a spirit of revenge, and by her arts, she induced her doating and vindictive husband to murder Sharpe. What adds to Beauchamp's guilt is that he invented a plan, by the aid of perjury, with the design to throw the guilt of the murder on an innocent man. This tragedy commenced in vice, was carried on in iniquity, and ended in assassination, suicide, and the gallows.

The cradle is large enough for the child; but the world cannot satisfy the man.

Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

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Daniel Fow
Joseph Gue
Samuel Gue
Andrew Mil

William Bra

Gregori Hen

John M. Br

William Sau

Charles Mc

John John

James Robi

James Will

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