

# WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

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**FOR THE COMMERCIAL.**  
**OBSERVATIONS AND ODDITIES.**  
No. 3.

**Cumberland—The Alleghenies—A Dutchman in a pickle—Wheeling—the Ohio River—Blennerhasset's Island—Cincinnati.**

Mr. Editor:  
We took supper at the thriving town of Cumberland, in preparation for a long and tedious ride over the mountains, and you may rest assured that most of us performed some rather astonishing feats in the way of eating; not so much because we were very hungry at that moment, as from the anticipation of becoming so. I find, when travelling, that it's a very good plan to allow largely for that peculiar weakness to which we are all subject, and which is commonly denominated hunger, and the best plan to prevent its frequent recurrence is to store largely in the outset.

Cumberland lies at the foot of the eastern Alleghenies, and in the beautiful valley which bears its name; it is rapidly increasing in size and population, and is destined, at no very remote period of time, to assume a station among our important towns. Independent of the fact that here the vast quantities of western produce and eastern merchandise which pass to and fro, are stored, in the ordinary course of transportation, which is, of itself, enough to add largely to the business of any place, the immense amount of coal which she furnishes to the Atlantic coast, is the yearly production of a large capital which, constantly increasing, concentrates within herself.

The valley upon which Cumberland is located runs westwardly far up into the mountains, and about sunset, we turned into a deep gorge to the left and commenced our slow and toilsome ascent. Above, beyond, away, until the eye grew wearied in the effort to distinguish diminished objects, rose the dense forest which decked the side of the tall mountain; Tree above tree threw up its arms towards the distant sky, and moaned as the wind swept through them plaintive yet melodious. The golden sunset yet lingered upon the topmost peak, bathing it in beauty, while around as we toiled upwards, the evening shadows were gathering like a misty veil. Above was light, and as we gazed down into the vast abyss which yawned continually within three paces of us, all objects were lost in one intense and awful blackness.

Perhaps some persons may be silly enough to doubt the accuracy of this latter description; I have no time to argue with such, and can only say, that if he will place himself at the point midway upon that mountain, at sunset, and has a brain (which I should doubt) steady enough to enable him to look into that chasm, he'll draw back fully convinced that he's somewhere near what the Indians call the jumping off place.

We had a real Pennsylvania Dutchman along with us; one of the genuine species, and their never was a richer treat served up than he offered us. He managed, as he thought, to place himself on a very good footing with a young lady of the company, who, by the way, being somewhat fond of fun, humored him to the top of his bent. About nine o'clock, at one of the changing stations, the young lady became suddenly very thirsty, and commissioned honest Hans to procure some water for her; he gallantly acquiesced, and was shortly standing on the steps of the coach, and pitcher in hand, gazing with a kind of hazy look upon the lady, as she drank and talked by turns, when lo! crack went the whip, and away dashed the horses at a terrible rate. My pitcher, shouted the landlord from the door of his domicile. Ah, yes, mein Gott, die bitches, vociferated Hans as he clung to the post of the coach. I not can hold on. Ah! Der Tuffel. I drop the pitcher. I broke him. My dear driver shodp de cattle—I shall lose de place. Can you not shodp dem mein goot fellow? But the wag-gish driver only whipped and shouted the more, and down a narrow cut, along the side of a steep declivity, we went like the wind. This completed the poor fellows' terror, and we were obliged to let him resume his seat. Ah! mein Gott, he groaned, as he sank back in a state of utter exhaustion, vor yit I come in de coach! I broke the bitches. I shdnd de deep bit wide obenpelo me. Ah! yes! I shdnd de bitches, I broke de dumber. And the poor fellow kept murmuring to himself through the whole night. Yes, yes, id der Tuffel own ride—I broke de bitches, and I shdnd de dumber.

It was not yet day as we halted on the summit of Laurel Hill, the most western of the range, and the soft moon light dwelt upon a valley which spread below as far as the eye can reach, dotted with splendid farms and rising towns, through which was observable, the great road winding along like some huge serpent. And now the level road was gained and our running time was increased to twelve miles an hour. At length, when every soul was famishing with hunger, and our lively sallies had changed to crusty growlings, we saw immediately beneath us the smoked and dingy dwellings and storehouses of Wheel-

ing. Every tongue cried "Wheeling?" for Wheeling and breakfast, were, with us, at that moment, synonymous terms. After we had refreshed ourselves, I walked around to see what I could discover, when my attention was arrested by a number of enormous wagons, standing before a row of buildings along which ran, in letters which a man going at Rail Road speed might easily make out, the name of "Forsyth & Co." This house runs a regular line of freight wagons of this description, between Wheeling and Cumberland, carrying tobacco and other produce from the west and bringing back immense quantities of merchandise for supplying the trade of the Ohio and northern Mississippi States.

These wagons are certainly strong, for I saw one of them loaded with five large Hogsheads of Tobacco; and they use a breed of Horses, which I don't think can be equalled in the world. Eight of these upon a loaded wagon, has each his set of Bella, and as they go jingling along amid the mountain passes the mild echoes take up the silvery sound, and every crag and tree, and hill becomes vocal with music. Wheeling is a long narrow dingy looking place, occupying the strip of level land which lies between the hill and the river. But notwithstanding its old and somewhat unprepossessing appearance I venture to say that no place in the west numbering the same population does one half her yearly business; Steamboats, receiving or discharging, are always lying at her wharves, and all goods bound east or west are warehoused here for reshipment, so that the streets are in a continual hubbub.

After completing my business here I was, within a short time, gliding at the rate of twenty miles an hour down the broad and beautiful Ohio. The surface of the stream was like a polished mirror, and sky and cloud and woodlands, lay beneath, the very counterpart of those above, while innumerable islands, clad in the rich vestments of a western summer, trees shrubs and blooming flowers, were almost constantly in view, adding a thousand charms to scenery, which, even without them would be unrivalled for its mellow loveliness.

The Ohio is subject to extreme and rapid changes in its waters; this week, rushing onward with terrific power, wave folding over wave, until, Farms and improvements are submerged, fences swept away, and stock and property to an immense amount destroyed; and the next week creeping lazily along in its narrow bed, with hardly water enough to float the smallest boat which plies upon its waters.

And here let me give the traveller one hint; if you have business which will compel you to pass up or down the Ohio, try and find out how the water is, for in low water they charge you from four to five times the ordinary fare, tell you you're stuck and very politely advise you to help yourself if you can.

Some twelve or fifteen miles below Parkersburg, a small town in Virginia, we came upon the Island rendered famous by the eloquence of Wirt, and known throughout the world as Blennerhasset's "Island." It is, indeed, beautiful, for there are few of the Islands which you pass upon this River that do not boast a rare degree of loveliness, but the romance which the fate of its sometime occupant has thrown around it, invests it with peculiar charms. Yet we look in vain for the mazy walk amid beautiful and curiously trained shrubbery; we see not the rare exotics breathing fragrance on the air, and we hear not the silvery voice which mocked the wild bird in its warblings—all is still; and where once stood the peaceful mansion, a heap of blackened ashes remained and a ruined chimney, with a pillar of brick which once supported the gate, are all that remain of the taste of its former occupant.

Well now it's always the case! A man may have a splendid house—vast improvements, great learning, and extensive influence, and withal may live like a fighting cock, so that men in his generation will esteem him great and prosperous, but when he dies, his pride of place dies with him, his learning, influence, and extensive acquisitions, are all useless. His heirs will make his money fly, his houses will go to ruin or to other hands, which is a confounding affair, and the generations yet to come, will only shrug their shoulders and say, with Montgomery, "There Lived a man."

It is a very pleasant for a man to labor all his life for wealth and honor, and then have to console himself with such reflections as last. For my part, I'd rather be a booby, and so named, the scorn and contempt of all, than to live feeding upon the varying breath of fame, clad in the habiliments of wealth, rejoicing in the adulation of the crowd, yet knowing that a time will come, when the veriest dog who prowls amid the helms of vice, may claim me as an equal, and laugh in scorn, that Earth should honor one, who occupies at last, the same dark gulf with him.

Next morning we landed at the Queen City of the West, Cincinnati. Along the outskirts above and below the City are ranged those famous slaughter Pens, where the bleating lambs, the lowing ox, and the squealing Pig numbering thousands and tens of thousands, heroically, lay down their precious lives for the good of mankind.

I did not learn the precise amount of the exports from this City, but it must be very large, for Pork was selling at one, and one and a half cents per pound, round; Butter six and a quarter cents, Lard four cents, Turkeys of the largest size twenty five cents each, Eggs from one to two cents per dozen, and other things in like proportion. Now if men buy and sell for profit, they are not

quite foolish enough to neglect the opportunity of exchanging their goods at a profit for such articles at such prices, and in this view of the case my only wonder is that instead of being simply the Queen of West, Cincinnati has not long since assumed her station as the first City of the Union. She is the great outlet of a great Agricultural State and the principal market of the West. Include flat Boats, and I verily believe her export tonnage would exceed that of New York.

Speaking of these flat Boats, I don't suppose you ever saw one, so I'll just give you a kind of half-way description of the manner in which they're made.

Take two long sills, a hundred feet in length, put a tight plank bottom on them so as to make the boat a proper width, then build a one story house with a twelve or fifteen feet pitch upon the said sills, caulk and pitch it, so as to make it water tight, launch it and put in your load, all she will carry, then put on a rounding clap board roof, stick a rudder on the stern, two long oars on the sides and when a fresher comes, cut your hawser, and away you go. And as its late I must go too.

PETER SNAPPS.

## THE NIGHT ATTACK: OR THE HEROINE OF FAIRDALE. A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

It was in the early part of January, 17—, and on such a tempestuous night as had scarcely been seen before in that sunny land, that the revolutionary incident we are about to record occurred. On the banks of the Enoree river, in a beautiful little cottage, which, for the beauty of the surrounding scenery, as well as its own tasty arrangements and neat appearance, had received the appellation of Fairdale, resided, alone and unprotected, the widow Mansly and her two daughters. The war was then raging furiously between the mother country and the revolted colonies, but the inmates of Fairdale, in their retired and peaceful habitation, had not yet been disturbed, although some depredations had been committed by the Tories in their immediate neighborhood. They tried to persuade themselves that there was no set of men so base as to molest them, defenceless and helpless as they were, yet they had misgivings and a sense of dread that rendered them, if not miserable, at least often uneasy.

The husband of the widow had just died before the commencement of the war, of a malignant fever. Frances Mansly, the elder daughter, was about twenty years of age, tall, graceful and beautiful. Emily, the younger, was eighteen, quick, gay and lively, but not possessing the spirit or judgement of her sister. She was timid to a fault, and had an abiding dread of the Tories for weeks after she heard of any of their cruelties; but her terrors would gradually wear away, and she would become the gay and thoughtless girl of former days.

On the night above mentioned, the mother and daughters were seated around a blazing fire, engaged in some domestic avocation, and listening to the steet as it rattled against the widow panes, driven violently by the wind that roared and whistled around, vainly seeking an access to that room of cheerfulness and comfort.

"What a dreadful night!" said Mrs. Mansly, as the house was shaken by a violent gust.

"The poor soldier!" said Mrs. Frances, and her thoughts dwelt on one—she knew not where.

Again there was a silence, and a musing melancholy seemed to have fallen on all.—Even the playful Emily was thoughtful.—Presently a knocking was heard at the door, and mother and daughters started up in alarm. Emily clung to her mother's arm, terrified, and faintly gasping "the Tories!" the Tories!

Frances hastily approached the door and demanded who was there.

"Do you not recognize my voice?" inquired the person outside.

With all the nimbleness that love could inspire, bolts and bars were withdrawn, and the next moment Frances Mansly was clasped in the arms of Edwin Gerrold.

"Ah! Edwin, how you frightened me. I thought the Tories certainly had me this time," said Emily.

"Welcome Edwin," said the widow, approaching and extending her hand.

"God bless you all!" exclaimed the free and noble-hearted soldier, releasing Frances and extending one hand to the widow and the other to Emily.

"Edwin," said Emily, "I intend to punish you for frightening me so, and as she spoke she gave him a hearty kiss."

"If that is to be the punishment for all similar offences, I shall frighten you as often as possible," said Edwin.

The young man was soon divested of his great coat, sword and pistols, and placed in a seat before the blazing fire, and a warm supper prepared for him.

"Tell us where you have been, and what you have been doing since you left us, Edwin," said the widow, as he sat before the fire chafing his hands.

"I have been down below with General Marion," said he, "giving the British and Tories some trouble, and putting many of them out of trouble, so for as this world is concerned. Yesterday, I found myself within sixty miles of Fairdale, and did not try to resist the temptation of paying you all a visit."

"And right glad am I to see you," said the widow. Frances blushed and Emily laughed.

Edwin Gerrold was the betrothed of Frances Mansly, and they were only awaiting the termination of the war to unite their destinies, for better, for worse.

Edwin was about twenty-four years of age, of a noble mien and manly figure. He was not above medium height, but compact, and few surpassed him in physical strength. His active life had developed every muscle, and his strong sinews were almost incapable of fatigue. He had been left an orphan when a boy but twelve years old, but had received a good education; and when not absent at school, had made the house of Mr. Mansly, who was his guardian, his home.—His face was now considerably tanned by exposure, and had a hardy appearance that would probably be considered "very vulgar" by a fashionable belle of the present day; but his heart was one of the noblest that ever beat in the bosom of man. Warm and generous as his native clime, he was ever ready to relieve the needy and succor the oppressed, while his wrath was terrible towards the oppressor. He had entered the army as a private, and his gallant bearing soon raised him to the rank of Colonel.

It would have been a difficult matter for a stranger to decide which of the two sisters, Frances or Emily, was the more beautiful.—Frances was considerably the taller, but the figures of both were perfectly symmetrical. In fact, their features were very similar; the eyes of Frances, however, were larger than her sister's, and their gaze was more steady, more piercing. Those of Emily were sparkling and mischievous, and, on a slight acquaintance, she was probably more bewitching than her sister; but she only fascinated the eye or bound the heart in a momentary thrall. Frances, on the contrary, was not calculated to make sudden and romantic captivations; but having once become acquainted with her—with her staid and easy manner, the depths of her mind, and the nobleness of her soul—the heart once touched received an impression not easily effaced. Gerrold could laugh and romp with the playful Emily; but he had early learned that she made no lasting impression on his mind—no image forever before the mental eye, and blended with all that was bright and beautiful; while, on the contrary he never met with Frances but that he found the cords of affection drawn tighter round his heart, binding him more firmly to her. Emily charmed the eye—Frances won the heart.

But to our story:

The night wore on, and the storm, though somewhat abated, still raged. The sleet and snow had ceased falling, and a brisk rain was fast melting it from the ground. The inmates of Fairdale were about retiring to rest, when an old negro woman rushed to the door, exclaiming—

"Tories, Missus!—Tories!"

Emily shrieked aloud. Edwin and Frances rushed to the door, followed by Mrs. Mansly. The flames were curling widely up from a neighboring house, illuminating the night with a light more fearful than its darkness. The mingled shrieks of the helpless victims, and the hoarse shouts of their brutal oppressors, struck their listening ears.

"Surely they will not molest us," said the widow.

"It is the villainous Cunningham!" ejaculated Gerrold. "He spares neither age nor sex. You must fly—get ready quick!"

"But whither shall we fly?" asked Frances.

Edwin hesitated, but Frances, who had asked the question, also answered it—

"We can go to old Mother Wallod's.—They will not think of disturbing her."

"Right, right!" cried Edwin. "Get ready as quick as possible."

A few hasty preparations were made. All the ready money and valuable portables were soon collected, and the ladies muffled in cloaks and shawls. Emily sobbed violently, and ran to and fro, scarcely knowing what she was doing. Frances was calm, and made her preparations hurriedly, it is true, but systematically. She then assisted her sister, who had as yet accomplished nothing. Gerrold buckled on his sword and belt, four pistols around him, but would not encumber himself with his overcoat. All then sallied from that room, so late the abode of cheerfulness and comfort, into the piercing cold of the dark and stormy night.

The house of old Mother Wallod—an eccentric but kind old woman, who lived alone—stood in a valley about a mile from Fairdale. Our party arrived there in safety, and fearing to attract attention, they did not kindle a fire. The ladies retired to rest on such beds and pallets as the good old woman could furnish; but Gerrold, despite the solicitations of all, returned to watch the movements of the Tories.

When he came in sight of Mrs. Mansly's house, he perceived that the marauder's had possession of it. He approached a listened. He could hear their curses, "foul and deep," over their disappointment in finding the family had fled.

"A devil's curses on the rebels! I wish, Jake, we had come straight on before fire was set to you d—d old rebel's house. It has scared the birds from their nest."

"Where do you s'pose they've gone, Ned?" asked his companion.

"Let me consider—an old woman lives out through the woods yonder, about a mile. I'd sooner believe they'd gone there than anywhere else. I wish the d—d rain hadn't come—we could have tracked them out."

"Well, let's go and see. They are worth a search any how, if they are only half as pretty as you make them out."

It may readily be supposed that Gerrold was determined to thwart their intentions, or perish in the attempt. He could see through a window into the room where they stood, and was rejoiced to perceive that the two speakers constituted the company; and he rightly surmised that they had left their party for a short time, tempted by the "booty and beauty" of Fairdale.

"I told you," said one of them, "that I knew of two fine birds, and now we'll have 'em. There ain't another man in our troop that knows any thing about 'em. I was raised close by here."

"Well, come on, and let's look 'em up. If you'll just find 'em, you may have choice."

Gerrold's blood rushed like wildfire through his veins. He drew two pistols from his belt and prepared to fire, but recollecting that the other Tories, whose shouts he could distinctly hear, might be attracted by the report, he put them up, and drawing his sword, cautiously retreated from the house. Arriving at a place suited to his purpose, he stationed himself behind a large tree that stood on the side of the path that led to old Mother Wallod's.

The path was narrow and would not admit of their riding abreast. He who had first suggested the direction that the widow and her daughters had gone, rode first, and his companion followed close behind.

"We must ride slowly, as the path is dark and narrow," said the foremost, as they approached the tree behind whose trunk Gerrold was concealed.

The wind still roared through the forest, but many of the clouds had disappeared and a few stars had ventured to show themselves, giving a very faint light, only sufficient to enable Gerrold to perceive horses and riders as two black moving masses.

The head of the foremost horse was even with the tree where Gerrold stood. As quick as thought he seized the bridle rein, and dealt a blow that brought the tory to the ground. The horse plunged and frightened the one in his rear. The discomfited marauder cried for help, but his comrade did not heed him.—Gerrold held the rein in his iron grasp, and wheeled the horse upon his fallen rider just as he was endeavoring to rise. With one unerring blow upon the back of the head he settled him forever—then sprang upon his horse, and gave chase to his flying companion.

The Tory had a long start, but his horse was not so fleet as the one on which Gerrold was mounted, and every moment lessened the distance between them. The Tory turned, as he fled, and fired a pistol, not so much with the hope of killing his pursuer, as attracting the attention of his comrades. The shot passed harmlessly on, but the shouts of many Tories were now heard in answer to the report and the cries of the fugitive. Gerrold urged his horse to his utmost speed.

"It thought he," this villain escapes me, he will either tell where they are, or return at some future time to do them harm. He must die!"

The voices of many Tories were now heard but a little distance ahead and rapidly approaching. Gerrold could barely distinguish the form of his flying foe, but the noise of his horse's hoofs and his own cries were sufficient to make known his locality.—He knew he was close upon him, and fired a pistol—still the Tory fled—the ball had missed its aim. A second shot—and the soul of the miscreant had gone to its final account.

The space between Gerrold and the Tories who were hastening to the relief of their companion was not more than one hundred and fifty yards when he fired the fatal shot, and before he could draw up his horse and wheel, not more than half that distance intervened. Then began the chase in a contrary direction. The horse on which Gerrold was mounted was a good one, but he now began to fail. Luckily, those of his pursuers were in no better plight, for they had all been ridden hard the previous day.

Before they had fled a quarter of a mile, Gerrold perceived that his pursuers were less numerous, but could not tell how many still continued the chase. He was obliged to take the same road he had come, as the night was too dark for him to take the woods, and there was no other way. There were apparently only three horsemen pushing the chase when he arrived opposite Fairdale cottage, but two of his pistols were empty, and but little reliance were to be placed in the loaded ones, on account of the darkness of the night. On he fled, avoiding the path that led off through the woods to old Mother Wallod's, but he had not passed Mansly's gate more than fifty yards, when his tired horse stumbled and fell, tossing him off and nearly rolling upon him.

As he rose, one of his pursuers dashed up and was in the act of raising his sword to cut him down, when, with the shouts of defiance, he discharged a pistol in his bosom. Scarcely had the dead man touched the ground, when the other pursuers were present.—There were only two of them. Gerrold fired his remaining pistol without effect. A second after, a pistol was fired close to his head, and one of the Tories fell. At the same instant the sword of the other came down on Gerrold, who staggered under the blow but did not fall. Wondering who could have rid him so opportunely of one of his foes, he drew his sword to defend himself; but just as he did so, another pistol was discharged, and the remaining Tory dropped from his saddle with a heavy groan.

"Thank Heaven! they are saved!" exclaimed Gerrold, straining his eyes to see his deliverer. Something white flitted before his searching gaze, and a well known voice said:

"Are you hurt Edwin?"

"Before he could reply, the arms of the speaker were thrown around him.

It was Frances Mansly!

"Great God! are you my deliverer?" said Gerrold with the utmost surprise.

"Are you hurt, Edwin?"

"Not much—a little cut on my left shoulder only."

"Well now, let us fly. We may be pursued again, and your wound must be attended to!" said Frances taking him by the hand.

"But Frances, how came you here? Tell me?"

"Not now. Wait till we are safe. Come on."

They took the direction to old Mother Wallod's cabin, where they shortly arrived. Gerrold's curiosity was soon satisfied. Frances had lain awake until all the rest were in slumber. She could not sleep, but felt an irresistible desire to return home. She had crept softly from her pallet, taking the pistols that were once her father's, and which she had not neglected in her hurried preparations the night before. Just as she approached her mother's gate, she heard the horsemen coming, and hastened to conceal herself in a corner of the fence opposite the place where Gerrold's horse a moment after fell.—She recognised his voice when he shouted defiance to the foremost Tory, and hastened, opportunely, as we have seen, to his rescue. None of the inmates of the cabin knew of her absence until she returned with Gerrold.

Gerrold's wound was not a dangerous one, and by the kind attention of the ladies of Fairdale, was soon healed.

Our story is nearly done. Colonel Edwin Gerrold and Frances Mansly were married soon after the conclusion of the war, and in the possession of one of their descendants are now the very pistols with which Frances killed the Tories.

Emily Mansly married a young planter and became a staid and thoughtful matron, though always sufficiently cheerful and gay.

The widow Mansly lived to a good old age, was blessed with dutiful children and grand children, and at last sank quietly to rest among them all.

## PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

Not many years since there resided in Washington city a certain English diplomatist, who was noted for his Parsimony, and who screening himself behind his position, scarcely ever paid a bill at all, and never without being many times dunned for it.—His character at last became so well known, that it was impossible for him to procure articles at any of the stores, except for cash.—One day, a worthy son of the Emerald Isle, who acted as a drayman to and from the depot, received a couple of boxes which came by the railroad addressed to his Excellency, and paying the freight from New York out of his own pocket, as he was in the habit of doing for other people, started off with the cases to deliver them, and to collect both the freight that he had paid out and his own charge for carriage. Pat drew up before his Excellency's stately mansion, and, delivering the goods, told the butler or head-servant what his charge was, but he was deferred to another day for his pay, as his Excellency was engaged!

Pat looked rather chop-fallen at this, for he had paid out some four dollars expenses for the minister, and his own charge was only fifty cents. But there was no help for it; and so he drove off patiently to await the convenience of the English minister. In a few days he called again, but was put off by some ready excuse, and so again and again, until he was led to inquire of some of the neighboring store-keepers what it could mean.—Pat soon learned how the case was, and that it was a common thing with his Excellency thus to gull whoever he could, rich or poor.

"Trot and by my soul I niver a bit shall he chate me," said Terence Mahony.

"Do you think you can collect your four dollars and fifty cents?" asked his informant.

"To be sure, and interest too."

"Interest, eh?"

"To be sure. I'll make it just five dollars. Howly mother but I will!"

It might have been three weeks subsequent to the delivery of the two cases, that Pat was discovered one afternoon before his Excellency's house, just after the arrival of the northern train, with three cases in his dray. Out came butler.

"Well! Pat, got another load for his Excellency, eh, my boy?"

"To be sure I have; but niver a box do yees git till ye pay for the other two and the carting of this any way."

"How much is it?"

"Five dollars, to be sure."

Seeing the determination of the Irishman written in his face, the butler returned to the house, and by dint of the greatest exertions among the servants and his own resources, he mustered five dollars and handed it to Pat, saying as he did so:

"Now dump them off."

"Much obliged to yees, Mistor Butler, but these belongs to Mistor Chase, in the next strate!"

And off he drove sure enough, with principal and interest.—Flag of our Union.

## LOSS BY THE LATE FIRE.

We estimated the quantity of Cotton destroyed by the late fire at 6000 bales. An accurate count shows that we were rather under the mark, and makes it 6146 bales, of which 418 were Sea Islands. There were also 418 tierces of Rice destroyed, besides a quantity of Sugar, Molasses, Liquors, and other merchandise, and a portion of the valuable stock of Dry Goods of Johnson, Crews and Brawley. The number of buildings burnt was twelve. In the value of the property destroyed it is by far the most destructive fire with which our city has been visited since the great conflagration of 1839.

## THE CUBANS.

The Cuban Parties in New York are about to get into trouble. The Herald says steps have been taken for the purpose of bringing their operations before a grand jury of the United States Circuit Court, under the charge of violating the law of 1818, then passed and provided for preserving the neutrality of the United States.