

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Corresponding Editor.—ONE DOLLAR Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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NO. 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
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A FEARFUL STORY. THE DEMON BRIDE.

"Nota Bene" the New Orleans correspondent of the Concordia Intelligencer, in his last letter, copies the report which appeared in the True Delta, of the case of a man who was attempted to be murdered some night since in the neighborhood of Annonciation square, by pouring molten lead into his ear, and says:

"This reminds me of a singular incident that occurred within my own knowledge, some years ago, in Virginia. Col. T., a gentleman of great respectability, and frequently high sheriff and representative of the county, died, leaving a wife and several children, among them a very beautiful daughter about fifteen years of age. The widow, finding herself embarrassed, opened a boarding house at the county site, and among her boarders was a Mr. W., a wealthy merchant, over forty years, but a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family; gave employment to the sons, educated the daughter at a "fashionable academy," and, very naturally, on her return, fell desperately in love with her, when he should have preferred the mother. He pressed his suit with perseverance, but the beautiful Mildred resisted his appeals, and the importunities of all her friends. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr. W., and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution, of her family, the fair girl reluctantly stood before the altar and became his wife. The next evening a large party was given them, but in the midst of it Mr. W., being attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion: she poured out a wine-glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it, unconscious of its nature. It acted as an emetic, but left him stupid and wandering. His senses receded. One moment he lay motionless, as if on the brink of the spirit world, and the next he would leap up convulsively, a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a deep sleep. She then stooped for a moment over the moaning creature, approached the bed, gazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated tangle in her hand attempted to pour a stream of molten lead in his ear! She trembled, and the hissing liquid, intended to scald the brain, and thus kill without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shrieked in execrating torture, and the revellers in the adjoining saloon, rushed into the chamber.

There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand, and an empty vial labelled laudanum, lying on the floor. The fearful realities of the case flashed upon every one, and, in the confusion of the moment, she was hurried away, and taken to a distant State. On searching the apartment, an old magazine was found containing the confession of a woman, who had murdered five husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she procured from the store of Mr. W., a few days before the marriage, and the ladle was part of his wedding gift. The grand jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the legislature, being in session, forthwith decreed an absolute divorce. What renders this case more extraordinary is, that Miss T. was proverbial for the blandness of her manners, and uniform sweetness of disposition. She was a blonde. The rose tinted her lily cheek, as a sunbeam gleams on snow. Her blue eyes were indescribably sweet, and her golden hair floated around a form more perfect and voluptuous than ever Apelles dreamed of, or Petrarch sung. The sequel of this romance is yet more singular. Years rolled away, and W. continued a wretched and solitary man. But the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his store, sold his estates, collected his ample means, and traced her to her distant retreat, to make a new offer of his hand! She had just married a gentleman of high standing, acquainted with all the details of her career, shuddering at the tragedy, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W. Then, indeed, did the iron enter his soul. The deadly arrow quivered in his side. His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his marriage and the catastrophe—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion—and now his disappointment, final and forever—came crushing over him like an iceberg in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death! Whether this prayer was granted, I know not. He may yet wander, broken-hearted, over the earth. If he died a more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to heaven.

I say, Pat, said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?
No, says Pat, I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole.

SETH STOKES: THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE THE WOMEN.

Well, here I am, a leetle the slickest critter you ever did see; I traveled in all parts of this universal globe, and I must say, it is wonderful to observe the appetitions of nature on a big scale; and there's the women too, the dear little critters; 'tis miraculous to see how nice they are dovetailed together. I don't know how it is but they always fall in; in love with me; they are always on the giggle when I speak to 'em; I expect it's my elegant figure; I don't know what else.

I've hear'n some folks say the wimen was a leetle contrary; well, they is a little so, but if you manage right—hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you want 'em to go. When I lived down to Elton, there was a good many fine gals lived there, but I didn't take a likin' to any on 'em, till Squire Cummins come down there to live. The Squire had an almighty purty daughter; I said some of the gals was fast-but Cummins was fast-rater a leetle more. There was a good many dressed finer and looked grander; but there was something jam up about Nance, that they couldn't hold a candle to.

If a feller sed her once, he couldn't look at another gal for a week. I tuck a likin' to her right off, and we got as thick as thieves. We used to go to the same meetin', and sit in the same pew. It took me to find the Salmis and Hymns for her; and the way we'd swell 'em out was a caution to hardened sinners.

Then we'd mossy hum together, and the gals and fellers get lookin' on us tho' they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she could make injin cakes, and the way I would stik 'em over with molasses and put 'em away, wa'n't nothin' to nobody. She was dreadin' civil, tuck always gettin' somethin' nice, I was up to the lub in love, and was goin' in for her like a locomotive. Well, things went on this way a spell, till she thought she had me tight enuff; then she began to show off independent like. When I'd go to meetin' there wa'n't no room for me in the pew, and when she cum out she'd streak off with another chap and leave me suckin' my fingers at the door; yes, and she kept cuttin' round with all the fellers, just as if she cared nothin' about me, no more—none whatsoever. I got considerable riled, and thought I might as well come to the end on it at once. So down I went to have it out wid her. There was a hull grist of fellers there, they seemed mighty quiet till I went in, then she got talkin' in all manner of nonsense, said nothin' to me, and durn'd little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it wa'n't no use; I kept movin' about as though I had a pin in my trousers; I sweat as if I'd been a thrashin'; my collar hung down just as tho' it was hung over my stock to dry; I couldn't stand it, so I cleared out just as soon as I could, for I see it was no use tryin' to say nothin' to her. I went strate to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I, that gal is jest tryin' me—hain't no use of her playin' possum. I'll take the kink out of her. If I don't fetch her out of the high grass, use me for sausage meat.

I've hearn tell of a boy what got to school late wance, and the master says, "You tarnation sleepy critter, what kept you so late?" "Why," says the boy, "it's so everlastin' slippy I couldn't get along no how; every step I took forwards I went two steps backwards, and I couldn't get here at all if I hadn't turned back to go tother way." Now, that's jest my case; I've been puttin' after that gal a considerable times now, thinks I, I'll go tother way; she's been slightin' me, now I'll slight her; what's sace for the goods is sace for the gander. Well, I didn't go to see Nance no more. Next Sunday I sicked my self up, and I due say, when I get my fixer on, I take the coat tail off of any specimen of human natur' in our parts. Well, about meetin' time, off I puts to Eltham Dodge's; Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'll see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nance Cummins. Eph Massey used to go to see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadin' jealous. Well, I went to meetin' with Patience, and set right afore Nance. I didn't set eyes on her till a ter meetin'; she had a feller with her, who had a blazin' red head, and legs like a pair of compasses and she had a face as long as grace afore a thanksgivin' dinner. I know who she was thinkin' about, and it wa'n't no chap with a red head neither. Well, I kep' boeing Patience about a spell, and kept my eye on Nance, to see how the cat was jumpin'. Tell you what, she didn't cut about like she did, and looked rather solemn-olly. She gin her two eyes to kiss and make up. I ket it up till I like to got in a mess about Patience. The critter thought I was goin' arter her for good, and got as proud as a lame turkey. One day Eph come down to our place lookin' as wrahty as a malicious oesiter on a trainin' day. "Look here, Seth Stokes," says he, "just as loud as a small clap of thunder, 'I'll be darned,'" says he. "Hello," says "what's broke?" "Why," says he, "I cut down to git satisfaction about Patience Dodge; here I've been courtin' her ever since last grass, and she was jest as good as married to you, arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty-foot pole, and I'm darned if I'm goin' to stand it." "Why," says I, "what on earth are you talkin' about? I hain't got nothin' to do with your gal; but s'pose I had, there's nothin' for you to get wofy about; if the gals taken a likin' to me, I ain't no fault, and if I've taken a likin' to her, taint no fault, and if we've taken a likin' to one another taint your fault; but I ain't no almighty taken with her—you may have her for me, so you hadn't ought to git wrahty about nothin'." Well, now, thinks I, it's my time to look arter Nance.

Next day down I went, and Nance was all alone; I axed her if the Squire was in; she said he wa'n't, cause, says I, (makin' l'leever all the time,) cause says I, our colts sprained his foot, and I cum to see if he won't lend me his mare to go to town. She said she guessed he would; better sit down till the Squire cum in. So down I sot; she looked sort of strange, and my heart felt dreadin' queer all around the edges; and arter a while says I, "Are you goin' down to Bets Martin's quilin'?" Said she didn't know for sartin'. "Are you goin'?" Sed I reckoned I would. Ses she "I s'pose you'll take Patience Dodge?" I said I mount, and then agin' I mought'nt. Ses she, "I hear'n tell you're goin' to git married." Ses I, "I should 'nt wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal," ses I. Tell you what, that brought the tears. "Ses I, 'Maybe she'll ax you to be bride-maid; and with that she ris right up, and I s'pose her face looked jest as red as a biled beet. "Seth Stokes," says she, she couldn't say no more, she was chock full, as a dog is full of fleas. "Won't you be bride-maid?" says I. "No," says she, and she boo-hood right out. "Will you be the bride?" says I. She looked up, and I s'pose to natur', to Jihue, to kingdom cum, I never see nothin' look so awful purty. I tuck hold of her hand, "Yes or No?" says I, "right off." "Yes," says she. "That's your sort," says I, and I gin her a hug and a buss, and if you won't say nothin' about it, I'll tell you what it tasted like: it was jest as sweet as new cider out of the bung.

LIGHTNING vs. FLYING.

The Norristown (Pa.) Register tells a good story of a poor negro who took into his head the notion that he could fly. So he fixed a pair of leather aprons on his shoulders, and leaped out of a garret window! Directly his master heard him cry—"Massa! massa!" "What do you want, Pomp?" asked the master, who was sitting in the house, ignorant of the poor fellow's catastrophe.

"Massa!"

"Come here, if you want anything."

"Me can't come dere, massa—oh, how me leg ache!—me can't come dere, massa—me leg smash to flinters."

His master came out, and seeing sure enough, that his thigh was fractured, he exclaimed, "How is all this, Pomp?"

"Oh, massa, me been flewin' from de gaflet window."

"Yesse, massa, me flew wid dese ledder apoon," lifting up his wings—"and dey no hold me up—and so me break my tigh."

"You're a fool, Pomp."

"Me woun it, massa, wid grief and pain.—Me tought me could fly—but pride, massa, will hab a fall, and so hab poor Pomp!"

Many others might profit by this downfall of poor Pomp. Leather wings are not altogether out of fashion.

A PRACTICAL JOKE

A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator, became a member of a legislative body, in one of the eastern States. In speaking, he was addicted to an odd habit of handling his spectacles; first placing them on his nose—suffering them to remain a minute or two—throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them up and laying them behind him.

Next morning, bright and early, he woke his 'Cuba' scholar and taking him on the guards, repeated to him the lesson of the previous night, and moreover gave him to understand that a morning salutation, especially to ladies of rank, was "proper and right." He next imitated the old maid in such an unmistakable manner, by tossing his head, spreading out his handkerchief, and in voice, that the 'Cuban' took, and at once her greatness was impressed by Charley's 'chum' upon the Cuban's mind—and the necessity, too, of making his morning salutations to her.

The ladies were all seated at the table for breakfast—the bell rang, and down in their seats went all the gentlemen except 'Cuba,' who stood up-right behind his chair, and opposite the old maid. He was all smiles, and seemed to be inwardly congratulating himself, when he caught her eye.

"How dy'e do? How are you? How's your bowels?—all three—good English—eh?"

There was a silence for a moment—a tittering for another—and a general stampede among all followed, that they might in their respective places, enjoy the laughter occasioned by the revenge of Charley's 'chum.'

AMITE.
Vicksburg, Mississippi, July, 1850.

A colored clergyman, preaching recently to a select audience at the South, said: "I back men, was cause he use all de white ben up 'fore he got to de blak man, and he had to make him black. But dat don't make no odds, my brederen—de Lord look arter blak man too. Don't de scrip'ter say dat sparrer hawks an sold for a farden, and dat de one of 'em shall fall' pon de gronn' wid-out deir fader? Well, an, my brederen, if your hebbeny fader care so much for hawk, when you can buy two of 'em for a farden, hawl berry much more he care for you, dat is worth six hundred dollas apiece?"—If that argument isn't a colored non sequitur, we never saw a colored non sequitur.

Never be angry with your neighbor because his religious views differ from yours; for all the branches of a tree do not lean the same way.

There is a young Miss in this city, who, when her parents refuse to allow her to attend a ball, will set to and have a BAWL at home. Interesting child, that.

A woman that does not love a flower—particularly a *sox-flower*—deserves not to be loved.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he: "It would be just my luck to live forever; if I should." Mrs. Snooks meekly said—"well, I wouldn't, my dear."

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

Some few weeks ago, and since the famous Cuba Expedition, I was making a trip up the river, from New Orleans, on the steamer "Paddy," a pleasant and trim craft—and this, combined with a sociable company, conduced to make time pass rapidly with us all.

We had not been long out of port, when a young foreigner made himself conspicuous among us by his inquisitiveness of manner—for he evidently was not able to converse in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He proved, upon inquiry, to be a Cuban; and had, in some way, been connected with the late outbreak. Of course our sympathies were enlisted in his behalf immediately upon this fact being ascertained, and he was received as 'hail fellow, well met.' His great desire was evidently to acquire a knowledge of our language; and, in the prosecution of it, I never knew a more apt scholar. Every one knew him in a short time and every one liked him at once. All became tutors; and, ere long, he had words at his command, but, as yet, had failed to connect them in intelligible sentences.

One night, a friend of mine, whom I shall designate as Charley, came to the conclusion he would at least instruct 'Cuba' in some of the most used sentences and useful; and, so calling him up, he commenced:

Charley—How are you?
Cuba—How are you?
Charley—How dy'e do?
Cuba—How dy'e do?
Charley—Good morning.
Cuba—Good morning.
Charley—How are you? How dy'e do? Good morning! all three—(holding up three fingers as interpreting one; clasping them together to denote his meaning of their being as one.)

Cuba—How are you? How dy'e do? Good morning! all three—(making the same finger movement as Charley.)

Charley—Good English.
Cuba—Yes, good English.

Charley left him for the night, satisfied with the progress of his pupil, and Cuba was about making long strides for his berth, when a 'chum' of Charley's called him, and proffered to give him 'more English,' which proffer was readily accepted.

He went through the same sentences as Charley—substituting, however, for 'good morning?'—"How's your bowels?" as the last interrogatory—making him say thus: "How are you? How dy'e do? How's your bowels?—all three—good English—eh?"

This finished his instruction, and they went to bed.

There had been a source of petty annoyance to all the passengers on board, in the person of an old maid, and she had in various ways made herself disagreeable, but especially at the table.

Charley's 'chum' had been obliged to endure some of these annoyances from his proximity to her at the table, and resolved, as he turned on his pillow that night, to be revenged on her.

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AMITE.
Vicksburg, Mississippi, July, 1850.

A Western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him for more than six weeks' subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, so that he may know they are living.

"Julius, do you know de hulls ob the Montezumas?"

"Oh, course I dose, massa, he's de brother of Gen. Taylor, and was nursed by Sarah Gordon."

"Why, how de darky talks; by and by colored men will know as much as the militia."

"Susan, stand up, and let me see what you have learned. What does c-h-a-i-r spell? I don't know, marm." "Why, you ignorant critter! what do you always sit on?" "Oh, marm, I don't like to tell." "What on earth is the matter with the gall? Tell, what is it?" "I don't like to tell it; it was Bill Crass' keeb, but he never kissed me but twice!" "Airtquakes and apple-sarce!" exclaimed the school mistress, and she fainted.

Two things at once.—I say, Paddy, said a philosopher, 'can you do two things at the same time?'

"Can't I?" answered Paddy; 'I'll do that any day!'

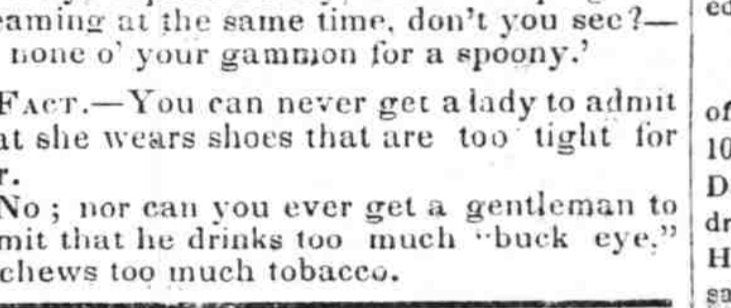
"How?" inquired the philosopher.

"Why," replied Paddy, "I'll be sleeping and dreaming at the same time, don't you see?"

"So none of your gammon for a spoony?"

FACT.—You can never get a lady to admit that she wears shoes that are too tight for her.

No; nor can you ever get a gentleman to admit that he drinks too much "buck eye," or chews too much tobacco.



FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER NIAGARA.
THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

HALIFAX, Aug. 14—A. M.
The royal mail steamer Niagara arrived at her wharf here at nine o'clock this morning. She brings dates from Liverpool to the 3d of August, and London to the 2d.

The political news is not considered very important.

The steamer Atlantic sails on the 21st instant.—Every berth had already been taken, when the Niagara sailed. Jenny Lind had positively taken passage in her for New York.

FROM JAMAICA.
A Jamaica paper of the 31st ult. says: "A renewed application has been made to the United States Consul by the merchants of Kingston, urging upon this Government the establishment of a United States mail through the Island to the ports of New Grenada. A similar application will be made to the Directors of the Pacific Steam Company."

The approach of the 1st of August, the day which Great Britain emancipated her slaves, had ceased to create any excitement. The day, it was thought, would scarcely be observed in Kingston.

From the other Islands there is little worthy of note. At Barbadoes it was thought from the general growth of vegetation that a third crop would be raised.

In Demerara the weather was favorable. In St. Lucia the sugar crops, which had suffered for want of rain, were greatly improved by some recent showers.

In Trinidad \$35,000 had been voted for the importation of Chinese laborers.

At St. Ann's a serious riot took place on the 22d ult. Several coolies were seriously injured, while the lives of others were despaired of.

From Rio Janeiro.
We learn from Capt. Doyde, of the bark E. Corning, from Rio Janeiro, July 9th, that there was a great excitement at Rio when he sailed, in consequence of the British fleet having taken several Brazilian vessels, on suspicion of being slavers, and burnt them in the harbor of Paraguary.

The sickness had greatly abated at Rio Janeiro when he sailed.

FAMINE AND PESTILENCE.
A letter dated Kingstown, S. Vincent, July 16, says: "The weather favorable, the Island healthy and crops promising."

From Montserrat advices to 12th inst. have come to hand, representing that island to be still reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and wretchedness. Famine, pestilence and death, stalk through the length and breadth of the land in the most hideous shape; half the inhabitants are starving and the other half have not the means of relieving them. Insolvency stares every man in the face; credit annihilated—capital vanished—commerce languishing—agriculture at a stand—the landed interests uprooted—and the shipping interest destroyed.

IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE.
The Washington Union of Wednesday contains the following:
"A gentleman arrived in this city, in last evening's southern boat, states that he is just from San Antonio, in Texas, and that there are 8000 men under arms, preparing to march to the Rio Grande, to defend the rights of Texas. Thousands more are ready, if it should be necessary, to rally under the Standard of the State."

The Danes and the Holsteiners.—The Late Sanguinary Battle.

Our foreign files are filled with the details of the bloody engagement between the Danes and Holsteiners. A letter from Schleswig, dated July 25, says:

"The battle that has been fought to-day has been even more sanguinary than they fought under the walls of Frederica, on the 30th July last year. We have lost many officers, and many medical men have fallen. The loss of the day is to be attributed to the superior numbers of the enemy. Our troops fought bravely, so did the Danes. When both parties are brave, and ably commanded, numbers must decide the day. The Danes were about 38,000; our army not more than 28,000 strong. I am told that there were Swedes and Russians in the Danish ranks, but I cannot answer for this being correct."

A letter, dated Hamburg, 26th, midnight, says:

"To-day orders were issued to evacuate Eckernforde and dismantle the batteries, which was done at 5 P. M. The guns were transported to Redensburg. We fear that Kiel is open to an attack by land. The Gefion is still in the keeping of Russia, and is safe. The Danish Colonel Bugussen is a prisoner of war."

"The Schleswig-Holsteiners muster 25,000 at Wittenens. Col. Von der Tenn has not been routed, and is at the head of 16,000 men."

A Hamburg paper, of the 27th, says:

"The loss on both sides is very great. Several officers, on a rough calculation, estimate it at about 10,000 men. Four guns fell into the hands of the Danes, and four of the Danish field pieces were driven into a morass, and spiked by the Schleswig-Holsteiners. One regiment of Danish Hussars is said to have suffered a great loss from the grape shot of our artillery."

At the commencement of the engagement the left wing was very severely pressed, but the Danes soon threw all their force on our centre, which, after a most obstinate contest, was at length compelled to retreat in the direction of Schleswig, the right wing also accompanying it, but maintaining the same relative position to the centre at 6 o'clock in the evening as at 6 o'clock in the morning. After the retreat of the centre, which defended itself with the utmost bravery, the left wing also commenced a retrograde movement, covering the retreat. The cavalry is said to have been but little engaged, and to have lost only three men.

The following infantry officers are among the wounded: Major Brunckhaf; Lieutenants Hallerstein, Waltersdorf, Haseler and Sander.

And the following are among the wounded: Major General Baud'sin, (slightly); Major Lutzel (slightly); Captains Unruh, Boner, and Carrel; Lieutenants Schnobel, Hülliger, Dudding, Wilding and Jenner.

The infantry took off their knapsacks, &c., to enable them to fight the easier, and having saved the whole of their baggage, it will at once be seen with what admirable order the retreat must have been conducted.

The troops evacuated Schleswig and commenced their march towards the south, singing their national songs.

The battle of Idstedt will take its place in history as one of the most sanguinary battles on record.—On both sides the loss has been immense; but the Danes must have suffered most, otherwise, with their great numerical superiority, they would not have remained on the field of battle. They cannot have numbered less than 45,000 or 50,000. Twenty officers are among the prisoners taken. Many officers were killed; and of one battalion of Jagers only 2 officers and 400 men remain. Many other battalions have been fearfully cut up.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer of Saturday says: yesterday afternoon, a young man named Andrew Haggie, Engineer in Mr. Swift's steam Sugar Refinery, in Light street, was caught in the fly wheel while the machinery was in motion and drawn in among the works, and before the engine could be stopped, he was carried around for half a turn. When extracted, his body was horribly mangled, and both his thighs fractured. His fellow-workmen conveyed him to the Hospital, where his wounds were attended to, and upon examination it was found that he had also sustained serious internal injuries. It was the opinion of the Physicians that he could not survive.

SUICIDE BY A MINISTER.

Rev. Alphonso Wm. Henry Rose, a minister of the Church of England, committed suicide in Toronto, on the 19th instant, by cutting his throat with a razor, while laboring under temporary insanity.

Mr. Rose was related to the Duchess of Sutherland. He was educated at Aberdeen College, and afterwards graduated at Cambridge University.—Disappointed in a situation promised him by the Bishop of London, he came to Canada some years ago. He was for some time afterwards settled over St. Luke's Church, in Cincinnati, and is well known in some parts of the United States as a lecturer.

MORE FAILURES IN NEW YORK.

The New York Dry Goods Reporter states that a large manufacturing company of fancy cassimere failed last week, which is attributed to the want of remunerating prices for woolen goods, relatively to the high prices of wool. The New York Post says: "A large produce house in this city is reported to have suspended payment to-day. We have not ascertained the extent of their liabilities or assets.—The recent decline in pork is mentioned as the cause."

We withhold the name of the parties that they may not be prejudiced by a premature announcement of this unhappy event.

We are given to understand that but for the recent failure of Sayden & Co. the house would probably have gone through.

Why is a pig's tail like a carving-knife? Because it is furnished over a ham.