

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Associate Editor.—TWO DOLLARS Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.
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THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.
There are but few pleasing reminiscences of the time when business and credit were prostrated by the hurricane which swept over this country in "thirty-seven"—when the banks generally suspended specie payments, and hard cash was a phenomenon. We recollect but one mirth-provoking incident, connected with the great panic, and that was the presentation of a hundred dollar bill at the counter of a city bank, by a Frenchman with a demand for the specie.
"Monseigneur," said the fierce little Frenchman, "will you pay zis bill? Will you give me ze monnaie?"
"We cannot redeem it at present," said the teller in a very bland tone, "we have sus-

suspended! Vat's that? Hung by ze neck like one damn thieving dog? No sarel! non-no deceive me sure! I will have ze argent, ze gold, ze silvare, ze ceparre!"
"We cannot pay it now. We will redeem our notes when other banks redeem theirs."
"When other bank redeem theirs?" By gar, ze older bank say ze same sarel! I will shoot you sarel, vis ze pistol, ze gun, ze cannon, sarel!"
"You had better wait, sir. You had better keep cool."
"By gar, I will not wait, I will not keep cool—I will have," by gar, revenge! Sacre! Look here! I tear your paper note in in a hundred pieces! I chew him! I stamp on him! You lose your little dam billet note! There sarel—I am revenge! I am, by gar, revenge!"
And having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the Cashier, Tellers, and all hands the little Frenchman stalked out of the Bank with the air of Napoleon.—*Yankee Blade.*

CONFESSION OF McLAUGHLIN.
We learn from the Cumberland Civilian that Thomas McLaughlin, who was hung at that place, for the murder of his wife, a few weeks since, has made a confession, the substance of which appears to be as follows:
He says that when residing at Brooklyn he seduced Ellen Engan, and was compelled to marry her against his will; he conceived a great dislike to her, and deserted her. On arriving at Cumberland he fell in love with another girl, and wanted to marry her, but was prevented, on account of his wife being still living, of whom he had heard unfavorable accounts. He accordingly laid his plans to rid himself of her. He wrote to her and induced her to come to Cumberland. He then proceeded to engage an accomplice in the intended murder. He soon succeeded in this. Every thing being ready, he started from Cumberland with his wife on foot, and about night fall reached the vicinity of Section No. 21, where the murder was committed, as he asserted, by his accomplice. He being some distance off at the time, they then buried the body where it was afterwards exhumed by the dogs. Who the accomplice was he persisted in refusing to state.

"Spoons" of the New York Mercury, having been requested by a lady to write a piece in her album, perpetrated the following:
Fair lady, on this spotless page,
Allow my thoughts to spread
Theirselves, like maple leaves o'er
A slice of rye and injun bread.
Your rosy charms will soon decay—
Those blissful joys that childhood bring,
By time will soon be borne away,
So go it lady while you're young.

"Ma, somebody's going to die?" said a knowing little fellow who was looking out of a window into the street.
"Why?" asked the anxious mother.
"Cause the doctor's just gone by," was the reply.
From the *Charleston Daily Sun*.
SAVED FROM DROWNING.
On Wednesday evening, a boy, belonging to Mr. BENJ. WHITESIDES, while on his way from Sullivan's Island to a sloop where he belonged, was capsized in the harbor. It occurred near Mt. Pleasant which prevented his being either distinctly heard or seen from the island, though, as we understand, he gave every indication of possessing sound lungs. He was fortunately heard by Capt. STANCLAIR, who succeeded in procuring and manning a boat, Capt. ELZY, 2d Artillery, and Lieut. EDWARDS taking part in the effort to rescue the inland mariner he succeeded in extending further perhaps than he deserved his voyage of discovery.
Maj. WOODBRIDGE and Capt. LUTHER a few years since succeeded in saving the lives of three negroes wrecked off the beach, by the aid of their commands, Companies F. and I.

One of the clowns of the National Circus, in a burlesque political speech announces to his constituents—(for he nominates himself as a candidate for the next Presidency)—that he is in favor of abolishing Flogging in the Navy and introducing it into Congress. He says that means sessions would be shortened, and consequently taxes lessened.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.
A young lady named Elizabeth Myre, residing in the Northwestern part of the city, it is supposed, committed suicide last Friday evening. It is said the young lady was engaged to be married to Mr. Johnston Motte, of Terre Haute. On Thursday night last was the time appointed for the wedding, and the appointed time arrived, but the bridegroom came not. Nevertheless the wedding festival was prepared, the wedding garments put on, and the guests were assembled. Still the bridegroom came not, and late at night the bride retired to rest, harassed with feelings more wretched than words can describe. Miss M. threatened to destroy herself, and sometime during Friday she disappeared, and though the most diligent search has since been made, no trace of her has been discovered. To crown the strange and melancholy occurrence and complete the romance, Mr. Johnston Motte arrived in the city on Saturday for the purpose of fulfilling the contract.—*Cincinnati Times.*

MRS. BLUFFER'S MISFORTUNES.
A SKETCH OF HUMBLE LIFE.

By PAUL CREYTON.
Mr. William Bluffer, and his companion, Mrs. Sarah Bluffer, were a poor couple, English by birth and education, who gained their daily bread in a manner which, although not decidedly genteel, was fair, honest and respectable.

Mr. William was employed as a porter in a heavy wholesale establishment, laboring faithfully for his employers, from early morn to the close of day, throughout the year, with the exception of certain holidays and Sundays.
Mrs. William took in washing, scrubbed floors and oil cloths for genteel people, prepared Mr. B.'s food, kept his clothes and their house in order, talked gossip with her neighbors, and nursed her baby.

One evening, Mr. Bluffer, having left his store at the usual hour, went home to his wife and limited family of one child, his pockets overflowing with lozenges, and his heart with the milk of human kindness.
Mrs. B. met him at the door.
"Wat do ye spose I've been doin' to day Billy dear?" she asked.
"Anything in particular?"
"Yes, summat. You see, Billy, after dinner, I was completely tired out, but I couldn't afford to sit down to rest, you know, so I was wondering wat I could do, when Kate Cummons called at the door, and said she was took sick, and wanted me to go and sell her bapples for her, up on Common."

"And did you go?"
"Wat do you suppose?" says she, "I'll give ye 'alf you make?" and so I thought I couldn't do better than go.
"And wat'did you do with the baby?"
"O, I took that along with me in course;—couldn't I take care of the baby and sell bapples at the same time?"
"O, you did wrong to take the baby," exclaimed William.
"But I made a shilling clean profit on the bapples, Billy dear."
"It's all very well, and I'm sure you meant to do right, but you oughtn't to hexpose the baby."
A warm debate followed which resulted in worse than nothing. She was sure she could take care of the baby as well on the Common as at home, but Billy declared she couldn't—however, as is usually the case on such occasions, the wife became more firmly convinced than ever of the justice of her opinion and secretly resolved to do exactly as she pleased.

Accordingly having discovered a way of resting from her severe labors, of taking care of the baby, and of making a few pence at the same time, Sarah purchased a stock of apples, and every pleasant afternoon went to sell them to the good people that passed on the common. As Sarah was an industrious woman, she soon discovered that she might still improve her time, by laying the baby down on a cushion by her side, when it was quiet, and do a bit of sewing when not employed in making change.

One sunny afternoon in September, Sarah might have been seen sitting on her stool in the usual spot, sewing industriously, with her back supported by the trunk of a sturdy tree, her apple basket before her, and the baby sleeping soundly in the shade by her side.
But it was a dull day for Sarah. Nobody bought her apples, and what was worse, she had broke her needle, and was unable to pursue her sewing. Having nothing else to do, she sat watching the soft countenance of her baby, which seemed to sleep so sweetly; and the quietude of whose slumbers was enough to make any one drowsy. At all events, Sarah became so, and soon her eyes closed with a heavy sensation, her thoughts grew dull and unconnected, and strange to relate, she actually fell asleep. Mother and child, then slept soundly, and the footsteps of people passing did not disturb their slumbers.
How long Sarah slept, I have not been able to ascertain; but the sun was going down over garden, when she awoke. In alarm and surprise she started to her feet, not knowing at first where she was, for in her dreams she had been sitting by William's side at home. But she recollected herself, and also recollected the baby; but while she remained in the exact position she had sat down, the baby—the darling baby—was not there.
Sarah looked wildly around. Not even her basket of apples was to be seen. Baby, basket, apples and copper—and all had disappeared—even the cushion on which the infant had laid.

Poor Sarah was out of her senses at the thought of her loss. The first man who passed, heard her wild cry of distress, and stopped.

"Where's my baby?" she cried, "where's my poor Billy? Tell me oo stole my baby?"
"Stole your baby?"
"Bless you, yes, sir. My baby and my bapples! Boo-hoo! Tell me something—if it's only that the darling is alive!"

The man had seen neither baby nor apples, and although a group of curious persons was soon collected around the poor woman, not one could give her a word of consolation.
At length, strange to say, a policeman appeared, having been informed, no doubt that no personal danger was to be apprehended, and to him Sarah appealed as to an angel, to go and find her baby.

"Oh you're a good man I know by your looks!" she exclaimed, "and you can find my baby, I am sure! Find my darling, and bring 'im back to me, and heaven will bless you! Oh, oo's stole my baby and my bapples?"

But the policeman could do nothing but promise, and in despair Sarah passed through the crowd, declaring it her intention to go 'ome and 'ang herself, directly.

She met William at the door, and in the door, and in the wild desolation of her heart, she threw herself upon his bosom, and exploding in sobs—
"Oh, my baby! Billy, they've stolen my baby! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Ow wat, Sarah? 'Oo stolen the baby?—wat do you mean?"
"I can't tell anything about it! I—I—I went to sleep! Oh, I wish I never'd woke up again! for they carried holf my baby and my bapples!"

William was surprisingly cool. He allowed the grief of his wretched wife to take its course, and then, calmly said—
"This comes from going contrary to your wishes Sarah. And you neglected the lit le hinnoence, too!"

"Kill me for it! I deserve it! 'ang me up as a hexample!"

"Ear me," interrupted William. "Let the baby go—you can take better care of the next one! Let this be a lesson!"

But William's moral discourse was interrupted by a faint, but dear, familiar sound coming from the bed room. Sarah flew to the spot and beheld—her lost baby!

William allowed his almost delicious wife to perform all those foolish and extravagant acts of fondness in which tender mothers indulged on such occasions, and silently wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Oh, where, 'ow did all this 'appen?" at length cried Sarah.

Upon which William explained.
"I 'urt my 'and at the store so I couldn't work, and I thought I'd come 'ome by the Common and see you. By jingoes, you was asleep, and to serve you a trick and teach you a lesson, I took the baby and the bapples, and brought 'em 'ome. That's all!"

Sarah's joy over her baby was too great to allow her to reproach William for the cruel joke; and she has not reproached him seriously for it since; nor has she lately been to sell apples on the Common, nor does she ever neglect her baby. William's wages have been increased, Sarah does not work as hard as she did, they love each other tolerably well, and are, on the whole a very happy couple.

WHIPPED BY A FOREIGNER.
Not a hundred years ago, the Native Americans had a grand procession in the good city of drab colors and brotherly love, and the first and foremost, at the very head and front of all the crowd, marched a youthful specimen from the first flower of the airth and gem of the say."

Jimmy—that was his name—was a good and patriotic native, and, as I said marched along as proudly as the best of them; but, unluckily for his peace, not so much of mind as of body, his father espied him from the top of a house, where he had just arrived in company with a bod of brickbats. Now, the elderly Jimmy was jib lover of the natives but, on the contrary, mortally detested the "murtherin villians," and he inwardly determined that his son and heir should suffer some for being amongst them.

Well, at last the marching and mustering was all over, and Jimmy started home as happy as a clam at high water, not dreaming what was in store for him, until he met his parent face to face.

"Ye was in the procession this mornin'," remarked the ancient, taking down a well worn strap from a nail in the wall.

"Troth I was sir," answered his son, half shrugging his shoulders at the creepy sort of sensation which he felt about the back, "an' a mighty nice thing it was entirely."

The venerable didn't condescend to waste any more words, but gently raising the strap he motioned Jimmy up stairs. But as the old song says, "wat they done there I will not tell you here," although I have an idea I could come as near it, the first pop, as the man who went to the guessing school. At any rate sounds of lamentation and woe were plentifully mingled with the sounds of falling leather, and when the boy rushed out of doors and down to the corner with his companions, it was with a smarting back and face flooded with tears.

"Hallo, Jim!" said one of his friends, "wat's the muss? has the old man been lammin' yer?"

"He ain't been doin' nothin' else!" said Jim. "Wat for walkin' in the procession—"

"Well, I'm blest if I'd lubber about it, any how, if I was you," cried another.

"Troth it's not the likes of 'that Pd cry fur," answered Jimmy, looking wrathfully back at the house, "but it's being licked by a d—'I furener; that's tearen' the heart out o' me!"

THE MERRY HEART.
Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift his head,
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosophy
That's happy with a straw.

If life but brings us happiness—
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, though rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too—
It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due;
And lend a share of what's to spare
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And makes the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eye weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in clouds,
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
It's sun-light is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

Robert Burns the Eldest Son of the Poet.
A correspondent has favored us with a communication relative to the eldest son of Scotia's greatest bard. Our correspondent writes that "Robert Burns is now in his 65th year, and on a recent visit I paid him, appeared to be in full and active possession of a most vigorous mind, and of a memory incomparably retentive. He was eleven years of age when his father died. Of him and his works and character, he speaks with the greatest reverence, never naming him except as "The Bard, or the Poet." The only physical infirmity under which he labors is near-sightedness, with which he is so painfully afflicted as to be unable to read without the book almost touching his face. His entire leisure is devoted to study, reading on an average eight to ten hours every day. He is an excellent linguist and an accomplished musician." Accompanying this slight sketch of the eldest son and namesake of the poet, are three of his autograph songs, which show him to be, in some measure a true son of his bardic sire. Two of them are English—one entitled "The Daughter of Italy" on the Banks of the Nith, to the land of her Fathers" which is set to the air called, "Young Terence Mac Donough," a composition of Carolan, the Irish bard, minstrel, and harper. The other was written "On hearing the same lady sing at a public breakfast in Dumfries," set to the Irish air of "The sprig of Shallegagh." Though both possess some merit, they lack the charm of freshness and originality which breathes throughout the following Scotch song.

PRETTY MEG, MY DEARIE.
As I gazed up the side o' Nith,
As simmer morning early,
Wi' golden locks on dewy leas,
The broom was waving fairly;
Aloft unseen in cloudless sky,
The lark was singing clearly,
When wadin' through the broom I spied
My pretty Meg, my dearie!

Like drawin' light frae stourin' night,
To sailor sad and weary,
Sae sweet to me the glint to see,
O' pretty Meg, my dearie!

Her lips were like a half-seen rose,
When day is breaking paly;
Her een, beneath her snowy brow,
Like raindrops frae a lily—
Like two young bluebells fill'd with dew,
They glanc'd baith bright and clearly;
Aboon them shone, o' bonnie brown,
The locks o' Meg, my dearie!

Of a' the flowers in sunny bowers,
That bloom'd that morn sae cherrie,
The fairest flower that happy hour,
Was pretty Meg, my dearie!

I took her by the sma' white hand—
My heart sprang in my bosom—
Upon her face sat maiden grace,
Like sunshine on a blossom.
How lovely seem'd the morning hymn,
O' lika birdie near me;
But sweeter far the angel voice,
O' pretty Meg, my dearie!

While summer light shall bless my sight,
O' bonnie broom shall cheer me,
I'll ne'er forget the morn I met
My pretty Meg, my dearie!

DUMFRIES, July 22, 1850.
The meeting described in the song is no fiction, neither is the heroine a fictitious personage—her name is Margaret Fullarton.—If the song has no other merit, it at least gives her portrait with faithful exactness.—She is, besides, of a shape which is elegance and symmetry personified. She is now, and has long been, the wife of Mr. Ross, gardener, at Mount Annan, and has a family of beautiful children. Many years ago, on a summer Sunday morning, myself and Mr. Smith took a walk up the left bank of the Nith. When we came opposite to Ellesland, we took off our shoes and stockings and waded the water; when we had passed Ellesland, on our way to Friars Carse, we met Miss Fullarton wadin' through the broom to meet us, under the exact circumstances described in the song. The tune is a composition of Niel Gow. He calls it his

collection. Mrs. Wemyss, of Castlehill's Strathgery. Every bar speaks the rough and spirited accent of the music of the banks of the Spey.

ROBERT BURNS,
"Eldest son of the Bard."
"Dumfries, July 23, 1850."

INTERESTING STORY.
"Cast thy bread upon the water, and after many days it shall return to thee," this is a scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been verified a thousand times. The following story may serve to illustrate the variety of this text. Allow me to promise that my story is a true one in all particulars:

Son 30 years since, a lad of one of the Eastern States, about ten years of age was sent by his employer to carry a basket heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years professed his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by a pleasant anecdote, good advice, and kind words. They parted—fifteen years passed away—the season of these two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with a melancholy countenance and a sad heart. His door opened and his young and fascinating daughter just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her father.—"Show him in my darling daughter, and do you my child leave us to ourselves." She obeyed. The old gentleman entered.—"Well sir, was his salutation, "have you considered my proposition?" "I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine the will of my child. She shall be left to her own choice."

"Then, sir to-morrow, by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the sheriff unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars." This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing, he left the house. The poor father's heart was racked. "I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial."

In the midst of these bitter reflections, again his daughter entered, introduced a gentleman of some 28 years of age—a stranger.

"Am I in the presence of Mr. G?" was his opening remark; which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying that he was a successful merchant of New York; had heard of the misfortune of Mr. G, and came on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large amount of twenty thousand dollars. He handed him his check, which was duly honored—the father was once more a happy man, his daughter was not homeless—he had found a friend to pay, despite the sneer of his hard hearted creditor.

"But pray sir," said he, agitated, to whom am I indebted for this munificent kindness, from an entire stranger? Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, that some eighteen years since you aided a friendless boy, of ten years of age, to carry his loaded basket up hill—that you gave good advice and kindly words? "I am that boy. I followed your advice—I have lived honestly—I have gained wealth—and now, after many years, I have come to return to you kind sir, the bread which you then cast freely upon the waters?"—*Exc.*

INDUSTRY REWARDED.
An intelligent gentleman of fortune visited a country village in Maine, not very far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters—two of whom, in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper in doing the work till it was fully completed; when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlor. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind—was a close observer of the habits of the young ladies—watched an opportunity and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time; but revisited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston, the wife of the same gentlemanly visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious department and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.—*Bangor Whig.*

A POINTED FUNERAL DISCOURSE.
The Catskill Whig, a few days since, published a sketch of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Murdock, over the remains of one Vedder, a man of wealth, who went to California, and came home to die. The text was from James 4, 13: "Go ye now, ye that say to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gains, whereas ye know not what will be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The style of the sermon may be judged from the opening.—"A ye, giving the California frenzy a review, the Doctor says:

"No case, however, has excited more remark than the present. A man possessed of ample property, dwelling at home in his palace—a house surrounded by those richly cultivated fields, in the midst of his friends and numerous relatives, prospering in all the gifts which a kind Providence showered down upon him, is seized with the gold mania, leaves his native place to embark on the ocean, to which he is an entire stranger, takes the most hazardous voyage known—around Cape

Horn—endures all the hardships of that stormy sea for months, then lands on that strange coast, submitting himself to the merest drudgery of work to which a miner's life is subjected—and after eighteen months' trouble and difficulty realizes a few hundred dollars, with which he prepares to return to his really rich home, and is robbed of the whole, and left as a beggar in the heartless community.

But finding his way hitherward he endures still greater hardships on his return voyage—sickness as soon as he touches the land of his native State, and just succeeds in reaching his door-step when death seizes him, and his grave is dug behind what was his own barn."

CELESTIAL LINGO.
We take the following from the Stockton (California) Journal:

"One of the novelties of California is the Chinese eating-houses—and by the way the Celestials dish up subliminary 'fodder' in a very good style. In our market they keep a sharp look-out for every choice article of food which offers, from a grizzly bear to a partridge. It was a matter of curious inquiry with ourselves, how they manage to understand the calls for different articles, made by their customers, when apparently none of them understood or spoke our language. Dining one day at their table, the mystery was solved. One of the proprietors who understood English, and talked it tolerably well, posted himself, during meal time, in the kitchen, to superintend the cooking and translate the calls of customers to the cook; while the waiters, who were totally unacquainted with English, echoed the demands upon the larder of each person at the table. One young gentleman called for a plate of "mutton chops," and the waiter not catching the sound, asked, as plainly as a Chinese could, for a repetition of the order.

"Mutton chops, you chuckle head," said the young gentleman.

"Mutton chops, you chuckle head," shouted the Chinaman to the kitchen.

This caused a general laugh round the table, and considerable commotion in the kitchen. The proprietor's vocabulary of English embraced no eatable or sauce bearing title of "chuckle head." The joke took among the customers at the table, and presently one of them called out,

"A glass of pigeon-milk, you long-tailed Asiatic!"

"A glass of pigeon-milk, you long-tailed Asiatic," echoed the waiter.

"A barrel of homoeopathic soup, old smooth-head," shouted another.

"Barrel homopathy soup, old smooth-head," echoed the waiter.

"A hat full of bricks," shouted a third.

"Hat of b icks," repeated the waiter.

By this time the kitchen was in a perfect state of confusion, and the proprietor in a stew of perplexity. Perspiring with anxiety to please and ignorance as regarded the character of the dishes called for, he presented himself before the hungry assembly for a description of the different things they wanted.

"What do you mean by pigeon-milk, homopathy soup, and de brick? How you cook him, gentlemen?"

A roar burst from the table, and the shrewd Asiatic saw in a moment that they were hoaxing his subordinates.

"The gentlemen make you all fools!" said he, rushing again into the smoky recesses of his culinary department; but whether he meant that the gentlemen were making fools of his waiters or themselves, remains one of the uncertainties consequent upon a Chinaman's incorrect knowledge of our language.

Here is a refreshing specimen of the way they electorians in California:

NOTICE.—I am a candidate for justice of the peace, and request the support of my friends. Voters will call at the Union and drink at my expense until after election.

MAJOR BROWN.
NEVEDA, October 10, 1850.

FUGITIVES AT NEW BEDFORD.
There are a number of runaway slaves in New Bedford, and the colored population of that city has been excited by reports that a steamer had been chartered by the marshal to go down from Boston and make arrests. There is no truth whatever in the story, although a person connected with the Commonwealth newspaper in this city was sent to make a speech to the negroes of New Bedford on the strength of it on Sunday night. The whole thing is looked upon as a trick of the agitators of the slavery question. The Mercury advises the fugitives to leave N. B., and it is said that several have left accordingly.—*Boston Post.*

The Fugitive Slave Rescue Cases.
On Tuesday next the U. S. District Court, Judge Sprague, come in, when a new Grand Jury will be organized. Of the twenty-three persons summoned to form this Grand Jury, six are from Boston, and the remainder from other parts of the State. The chief business to come before them are the cases of the seven persons held by Commissioner Hallett for aiding in the late fugitive slave rescue. In the case of sundry constables of this city, against whom complaints were made before the Grand Jury of the Municipal Court for aiding in the late fugitive slave detention, no bills were found.—*Boston Traveller.*

WISCONSIN GAMR.
We clip the following from the Berlin, Marquette Co., (Wis.) Mercury:

Mr. M. Frazer and Brother, of Fond du Lac, passed through our village to-day on their return from a hunting excursion up to the Wisconsin. They had a wagon load of deer, wolf, and fox skins. They had also, the carcasses of four fall grown bears, and six living cubs, about five weeks old. They attracted the curiosity of our citizens, particularly the juvenile part, who had never before witnessed such a sight.