

# 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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## PROCRUSTINATIONS.

BY CHAS. MACKAY.

If fortune with a smiling face  
Strews roses on your way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve if grieve we must?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If those who've wronged us own their faults,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen and forgive?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if stern justice urge rebuke,  
And warmth from memory borrow,  
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If those to whom we owe a debt  
Are harmed unless we pay,  
When shall we struggle to be just?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if our debtor fail our hope,  
And plead his ruin thorough,  
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

If love, estranged, should once again  
Her genial smiles display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,  
When shall we weep, if weep we must?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,  
The minutes will not stay;  
We've always time to welcome them  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon if they appear  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

## THE BAR OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Livingston, the editor of the Monthly Law Magazine, has just published, in a volume of between 2 or 3 hundred pages, a complete register of all the Lawyers in the United States, and their post-office addresses. The number in the aggregate is twenty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine, or about one to every fifteen hundred inhabitants. The following is the proportion of each in the several States:

Alabama	692	Minnesota	24
Arkansas	204	Mississippi	700
California (returns incomplete)	68	Missouri	554
Connecticut	335	New Hampshire	303
Delaware	50	New Jersey	307
District of Columbia	61	New Mexico	13
Florida	115	New York	4,374
Georgia	698	North Carolina	435
Illinois	710	Ohio	1,639
Indiana	732	Oregon	1
Iowa	243	Pennsylvania	1,739
Kentucky	886	Rhode Island	112
Louisiana	479	South Carolina	433
Maine	527	Tennessee	735
Maryland	543	Texas	499
Massachusetts	1,040	Vermont	442
Michigan	422	Virginia	1,278
		Wisconsin	477

## AN APOLOGY.

Old Mr. H—, who resides in a certain village in Maine, and who is a member of the church militant, got in a passion one day with Mr. M—, one of his brethren, and, among other naughty things, declared he was not fit to carry swill to the hogs; where upon Mr. M— had him arranged before the church, on which occasion he was requested to make an apology. The proper time having arrived, H— arose and addressed the brethren as follows:

"My Christian friends, I feel that I have deeply injured brother E—, for which I am heartily sorry. I did say he was not fit to carry swill to the hogs, and I now take it back, being firmly of the opinion that he is amply qualified to fill that office."

H— having made a clean breast, his apology was deemed satisfactory by all but brother M—, who declares to this day that he heard H— say, in a low tone, that he was fit to carry swill, and for nothing else."  
Yankee Blade.

## AN APRIL FOOL.

BY THE DUKE.

It was on the evening of the last day of March, 1850, that two young men were seated in a comfortable apartment in the hotel, Boston, with a bottle of champagne before them, and segars in their mouths.

"To-morrow is the first of April," spoke out Bob P., at length.

"Yes," was the reply of his companion, whose name was Bill H.

"You know old Kingsley, that old wag of a dentist on — Street?" continued Bob.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Well, one year ago, to-morrow he came a deuce of a game on me."

"Did he?"

"Yes; and to-morrow I mean to be up to him for that same trick."

"How?"

"You see this tooth here?" he replied, as he stretched open his mouth to the view of the other. "Well, it is a false one, and to-morrow I'll go to him with my face banded up and tell him I have got a decayed tooth which I want extracted and have him pull out this false one."

"Ha, ha, ha," burst out Bill, "that will indeed be a good joke."

So it was arranged that Bill should happen into the office of Kingsley the next morning at nine o'clock, that he might see the spot, and that Bob should arrive in a short time, ready for the operation. They then took their departure from the hotel, each taking the nearest course for his lodgings.

"Good morning, Mr. Kingsley," was the salutation of Bill H. the next morning after the conversation alluded to above, as he entered that individual's office.

"Good morning; take a seat," was the response.

"I was passing by," continued Bill, "and thought I would give you a short call."

Thus the conversation proceeded for a short time, when the door opened, and Bob made his appearance. His face and neck were done up in sundry neckcloths; he threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed—

"Dear Doctor, for heaven's sake pull this tooth as quickly as possible, for I haven't slept half an hour throughout the night in consequence of its aching."

The doctor immediately grasped his instrument—

"Which tooth?"

Bob pointed to the false one.

The doctor, who was fifty years old and wore spectacles, gave a look at the tooth, and seeing it was sound, could not at first conceive what should cause it to ache, and was about to speak, when a thought struck him. It was the first of April! He gave another look at the tooth, and immediately perceived that it was a false one, and that a trick was being practised upon him.

"Now hold still and be perfectly quiet," said the doctor.

"I will," was the reply; "but be as quick as possible."

The doctor took his instrument, and clapping it upon the tooth next the false one, which was a large double tooth, perfectly sound, he gave one tremendous jerk, and it was out!

With a yell of agony, Bob sprung to his feet and screamed out—

"Murder! doctor, you've pulled the wrong tooth!"

"O, no," quietly replied the doctor wiping his instruments, "the one you told me to extract I pulled out some ten months ago, and I thought you wouldn't want one tooth to go through such an exceedingly painful operation twice!"

Bob seized his hat and sloped, and from that day he has had a natural horror of Dr. Kingsley.

## A RAT AMONG RATTLESNAKES.

We visited on Monday afternoon three o'clock, the State Geological Hall to witness an interesting and gratuitous exhibition, got up by the competent and gentlemanly Mr. John Gebard, Jr., so deservedly a favorite with the crowds of ladies and gentlemen, to whom he shows such a polite and generous hospitality on visiting that establishment.— In a strong glass wire cage in which there are four large rattlesnakes, two of them six feet long, and fourteen small ones of various sizes, a large rat was placed. As soon as it entered their den, the larger snakes raised themselves and with their coal-black eyes looking on the intruder dropped their heads, deeming him an unworthy antagonist. Not so, however, with the smaller reptiles, for two or three of them instantly sprung on the rat and running out their forked tongues, quickly inserted their fangs into his plump body.— Mons. Rat grabbed one about fourteen inches long with his teeth, and biting it through and through the little monster dead at his feet—the little ones receded, and the larger ones raised themselves and shook their fearful rattles, then slowly the most poisonous of the motly crowd, a yellow rattlesnake four feet long poised himself, every muscle of his body working in dreadful contortion, then darting forward it struck a dreadful blow with its poisonous fangs into the rat, the venom followed the wound. Encouraged by this effort, the large black rattlers several times struck it, and the rat went round and round the cage, only fighting the smaller ones, who kept continually biting his legs. The noise made by their rattles and hissing was terrible, and the crowd of beholders stood awestruck witnessing the fearful contest. Slowly the rat's legs began to swell as the poison took effect, and they soon became of such an enormous size as to be powerless when he dragged himself around, still showing determined bravery as the enormous bites he gave the smaller stinging monsters proved.

At last exhausted nature began to give way slowly, as his body became benumbed, his eyes grew glassy, he ceased to walk over and over the reptiles, and the bites the little wretches continued to give him were unheeded, for he stretched himself out and died after a forty minutes fight. None of them ate of his body, for their snakeship will not partake of food again until the next spring.

## NARRATIVE OF A FIRE ON A CHINESE RIVER.

The missionary reports from China as quoted in the Kölnische Zeitung, describe the terrible ravages of a fire which took place on the 1st of January, 1848, at Hongquang, during the prevalence of an inundation. The fire, which broke out among the shipping, was of unparalleled horror. In order to form an idea of it, we must imagine the scene of its devastations. Along the shore of the Ki-ang, for the distance of several miles, so many vessels are usually lying at anchor that when seen from the opposite bank they resemble a thick forest, but regarded from a near point they look like an immitable populous city, floating upon the water. At a still greater distance, though not so crowded together, many other vessels lie at the same anchoring ground. The whole forms a long harbor, extending many miles, filled with an immense number of ships, and presenting a spectacle of which no one who has not seen it can form a conception. On the night in question a furious gale struck this multitudinous fleet, and in the confusion that ensued one of the vessels was found to be on fire. Increased at once by the wind, and fed by the tar and other combustible materials with which a great number of the vessels were loaded, the fire spread like lightning to the neighboring vessels. The violence of the storm and of the fire parted the cables which had thus far confined the burning ships. Scattered by the raging hurricane in every direction, these every where spread devastation, turning into flame whatever they touched, and kindling the devouring fire in a moment in the other vessels. In the midst of this terrible sea of fire was heard the shrieks and groans of an immense number of men, who given over to despair, tossed by the storm, pursued by the flames, and encompassed by the raging waves, were at last hurled to a crisp by the fire, or swallowed up in the wild abyss of the stream. The Ki-ang for a great distance resembled a sea of fire, and in the space of three hours all those vessels, with the unhappy men on board miserably perished. It is agreed on all hands that the number of vessels, according to a moderate estimate, amounted to more than three thousand. The Chinese boats, as is well known even the smallest are inhabited by the family of the captain, together with the crew. Indeed, there are whole households, whose members are born on board, where they live and die without knowing to what country they belong. They come into the world wherever the floating abode of their parents happens to be found. Among the vessels burnt were several large ships. Many of them contained from forty to fifty and sixty persons. The bodies, mutilated and disfigured by the fire, which were drawn out amounted to sixty thousand. These vessels were loaded with freight, and belonged to Chinese from different provinces. This may show the great loss and general bereavement caused by the fire. Such a terrible conflagration was never known, we will not say in China, but in the whole world.

## THE ALBANY BRIBERY CASE.

ALBANY, April 2, 1851.

The select committee of the Senate, upon the subject of the bribery attempted by Mr. Bull, the sergeant-at-arms, and the three Senators implicated with him, have made a report of 87 pages, severely condemning Bull, and censuring the conduct of Messrs. Robinson, Johnson and Stone, the Senators implicated.

## "SOMEBODY IN MY BED."

From the Boston Rambler.

### A NEW STORY WITH AN OLD NAME.

It was the evening of the day previous to that allotted for the annual commencement of one of our New England colleges, and the small town in which the institution was situated was thronged with strangers from neighboring towns and distant cities.

It was near nine o'clock that a dashing and rein train drove up to the door of the principal hotel. The turnout consisted of two handsome bays and a bright red buggy; the latter was occupied by a couple of wild youngsters from the town of C—, some twenty-five miles distant. The polite landlord was immediately on hand, but only to inform them that his beds were all engaged, with the exception of one of the two in the room occupied by Professor T—, and as the professor was rather fastidious, he feared that they could not be accommodated.

"Well, they could sleep on the floor," they said, "if they could do no better;" and accordingly consigned their animals to the stable, and entering the house, asked to see Professor T—. They were told that he was now at the college, where the faculty were engaged in preparing for the exercises of the ensuing day. As he was not expected to come in till a late hour, a boy was dispatched to him with a note stating two gentlemen from C— had arrived, and wished to occupy one of the beds in his room, if agreeable to him. A short answer was returned that he wished his room to himself, but if the gentlemen would remove the bed to the hall, they could occupy it there. Of course it was too late to think of any such proceeding; so the young gens bestowed themselves as best they could on a buffalo "shake-down" in the bar-room.

While lying thus, grumbling at the overnice professor, they began to revolve in their minds various plans of revenge. They finally hit upon one which they thought would work, and hastened to put it in operation.— The professor not having yet returned from the college, and the other inmates of the hotel being all at rest, they had a fine opportunity to carry out their roguish design. Removing their boots, they crept softly up stairs to the room of Prof. T—, and entering, proceeded silently to the execution of their plan. The bed of the professor was opened and one of the pillows placed in such a manner as to resemble a human form, the semblance of a lady's night cap, and stuck nicely on the remaining pillow. Next the copperplate curtain of one window was taken down and thrown carelessly on a chair near the bed, where it looked marvelously like some articles of female apparel. Finally a night-lamp was burning dimly—just sufficient to render "darkness visible"—and the youngsters returned to their hard couch, leaving their plan to work for itself.

Of course there was no sleep for them now till the professor returned; and he did at a quarter past eleven, and only stopping below to procure a light, hastened up stairs, anticipating the pleasure of a soft bed after a day of mental toil. What was his surprise on throwing open the door of his chamber to find it thus occupied. The professor was a confirmed bachelor, and not doubting the reality of what he thought to be a female occupant of his nest, he beat a hasty retreat into the passage, to consider what he should do in such an unusual state of affairs. He could not disturb the lady; that was out of the question—the next thought was to apply to mine host, but on reflecting that there were no empty beds in the house, save that in his own room, he reluctantly turned his steps to the parlor down stairs, where he stretched his weary limbs on the sofa, and falling into an uneasy slumber, dreamed of women and night caps until the bright sun of a July morning woke him to the consciousness of an aching body corporate.

It may be imagined with what gleeful satisfaction the two wags in the bar-room had heard that professor return down stairs and take up his lodging in the parlor. Their plan had worked to a charm, and they waited with some anxiety for its denouement.

In the morning the professor, after waiting as he thought long enough for the fair occupant of his domicile to have evacuated the premises, went up to dress for the day. But lo! all was as he had seen it the night before—the lady was late in bed, but there could now be no delay; preparation must be made before attending the exercises of the college. The poor professor therefore informed the amiable landlady of his dilemma, from which she immediately undertook to extricate him. She went up to his room—the timid man following at a respectful distance. Shortly after the hostess had entered the room a merry laugh was heard, and she appeared at the door holding in her hands the night cap, dress, &c., of the fair incognito.

The perpetrators of the successful joke joined in the laugh and told the story, while Prof. T. was so mortified that he took lodgings out of the village the very next day, to avoid the disagreeable sentence which continually met his ears at the hotel, "Somebody in my bed."

Claremont, N. H., Feb. 1851.

## PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

BY PAUL GREYTON.

Old Roger Tuttle was one of those timid, never-go-away-from-home individuals, who have a horror of steamboats, railroads, stage coaches, and hotels, and who consequently never travel unless compelled by dire necessity so to do.

Last winter business called the worthy old gentleman out of town, and it was necessary that he should pass the night at a tavern on his road. He packed up his things as if for a long journey, told Susan, the maid, to put a dozen plumb cakes some cheese and a clean shirt in his carpet bag. He polished his boots with unusual care, got a clean shave, put his glasses in his waistcoat pocket, and summoning all his fortitude bequeathed him by his ancestors set out upon his much dreaded journey.

He arrived at the tavern above mentioned; the old gentleman drew a long breath, and made very extensive preparations for passing the night in as comfortable a manner as possible.

"This miserable state of things," said old Roger to himself, "don't happen, thank Providence, more than once a year, and I must make up my mind to stand it for one night. If there ain't no alarms of fires, nor drunkenness nor bedbugs in the house, I guess I shall manage to git through with it after a fashion."

Old Roger had scarcely settled into this admirable state of mind, when his fortitude was all put to flight by an unfortunate occurrence. He happened to overhear a conversation between the landlady and two others, in which they spoke of an insane man—a maniac of the most dangerous description, who was at that time in the house, and who it was feared, would create some disturbance during the night.

"I'm in for it!" groaned the old gentleman; "It's quite plain I shan't sleep any to-night!"

However, Mr. Tuttle went to bed, and contrary to his expectations, fell asleep at an early hour, and notwithstanding his imaginary fears and dreams of travellers being murdered in their beds, he slept soundly until sometime past midnight.

At that ghostly and mysterious hour, the old gentleman was awakened by an unusual noise. He couldn't be mistaken; there was somebody at his chamber door. Now old Roger reflected that nobody would think of entering his room at that hour, for any good purpose. Consequently old Roger feared foul play. Trembling, he covered himself closely in the bed clothes.

The door was locked. The unfortunate traveler thought at first that this fact ought to make him feel secure, but he soon heard an ominous grating sound which convinced him that the robbers—for so he deemed the intruders—were either removing the lock or picking it. It was a terrible thought, nobody would be entering his room in that way from any good motive. Already he looked upon himself as only a trifle better than a murdered man.

The sounds continued. The worthy old gentleman was paralyzed with fear. To his horror then, the door came open. Three men appeared before him carrying something which his imagination framed into a murdering apparatus of the most appalling character.

"He appears calm now," whispered the man who carried a light, as he placed it upon the table.

They approached the bed, where Mr. Tuttle lay trembling. Mr. Tuttle managed to shriek out then—

"For God's sake, wh-wh-what do you want with me?"

"I have some blisters her to put on to you," replied one of the two.

"Blisters?" echoed old Roger, aghast.

"Yes; they say you are very well tonight, and that blisters will do you good."

A new light burst upon the traveler's mind. It was a terrible thought, but it was better than being murdered.

"You think I'm the crazy-man?" he ejaculated.

"The only reply was—

"Will you let us put on the blisters?"

"For God's sake, friend," cried old Roger in tremor, "do reflect! You have made a mistake! I am not crazy! Look at me! Do I look crazy? Gentlemen—gentlemen—oh! don't!"

"Only a trick of an insane man," whispered one of the trio to his companions, so loud that Mr. Tuttle heard the remark. "We must proceed without delay."

"Don't! don't! I say—hear me!" gasped old Roger. "I am the crazy man! I tell you I ain't! Don't put your blisters on me! You shan't! I'll fight!"

And scrambling to the back part of the bed, he seized a pillow as a weapon of defence.

Resistance was useless. He was bound in spite of his efforts, in spite of his assertion that he was not the insane man, in spite of his cries for assistance. Then, while his tormentors turned him upon his face, and he was smothering his cries in the pillow, they placed a large blister on his neck. Old Roger then gave up in despair, and uttered a heavy groan.

At that moment a wild ringing laugh was heard, and the blister inflictors beheld the real maniac standing in the door and laughing at the mistake. The truth flashed upon them. With desperate haste they removed the blister from old Roger's neck, and pushed him, and left the room with all convenient despatch.

Pale and trembling with agitation, the worthy but unfortunate old gentleman drew

## WHERE SHALL WE PLACE HIM?

The Yankee Blade tells a queer incident which once came off at a church in Boston.— A clergyman was pronouncing a grandiloquent eulogium upon Howard, the philanthropist, comparing him with all the world's benefactors since Noah's day, and declaring that he could find no place honorable enough for him on the roll of those who brought blessings to their race, while ever and anon his paragraphs were rounded off with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great philanthropist?"

Just as he had reiterated the interrogatory for the dozenth time, a chap with a "brick in his hat," who had staggered in, rose up, and standing himself by clutching the pew railing with vice-like grasp, cried out "S-s-since you are so—so—b-b-blamable puzzled,— Minister, he he he can have a seat here in th-th-this pew. There's plenty of room!"

It would require a Cruikshank's pencil to depict the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say, our bibulous friend was inconspicuously shown that there was room neither in the pew nor in the entire house for him.

THE SOLEMNITY OF AN OATH.

One of those rather peculiar geniuses, known upon the Apalachicola, in Florida, as "limber getters," went down to the port of that name with a very valuable raft of cedar and other choice timber that he desired to ship "for Cowes and a market," or some other town of equal importance. One of the requisites to obtain a clearance was to make a certain oath before the collector, for which purpose he appeared before the dignity, who made out the form of oath, which, among other things, stated—"you do solemnly swear that no part of this timber now sought to be shipped by you, was cut upon the public lands of the United States, and—"

"Stop, stranger. What's that you say? I must take my solemn affidavit to that!"

"Yes."

"And that I can't ship that raft of mine if I don't?"

"Yes."

"And does other fellows what comes down here with rafts take that oath?"

"Sometimes."

"You may go ahead, stranger—I can't lose that timber—it has got to be shipped, any way you can fix it."

"Uncle Sam's land," said he, as he walked off after taking the oath—"how in thunder do I know where his lines run. I reckon that oath is nothing but form, any how."

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLEITERS.—We have been shown by Munroe's (New Bedford) Express a large lump of California gold, of about twenty ounces, which a Nantucket gentleman lately bought in San Francisco at the rate of 16 dollars per ounce. Much gratified with his large lump, he despatched it to the Mint in Philadelphia to be coined—but the "Express" will take word to him with the lump returned, "that there is not gold enough left to pay for coinage." The outside is sprinkled over with gold, the inside is copper, &c. This manufacture of "lumps" is a new trade, and let traders beware.—N. Y. Express.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

As the Hendrik Hudson approached Washington's Head Quarters on Tuesday night, the passengers (among whom were the State officers and members of the Legislature) were gratified at witnessing the effect produced by the bonfires which were burning on the premises. The venerable edifice was seen, as also the National colors displayed from the flag-staff. Nine cheers were given from the boat and responded to from the shore, as the boat passed the consecrated spot.

—Troy Waig.

A MONSTER.

The London Times of the 8th inst. gives an account of a woman by the name of Sarah Cheesman, who was to be executed for crimes almost unparalleled in atrocity. She was tried at the assizes of 1847 for poisoning two of her children, and acquitted. A short time afterwards she was again placed in peril, on a charge of like nature, but again pronounced guiltless. On the present occasion she was indicted for the murder of her own husband, and a verdict has at length been obtained against her. The woman has thus led a notorious and almost public career for upwards of four years. The incidents first referred to occurred in 1846, and since that time it is supposed she poisoned no less than thirty persons. She carried about lozenges, or "suckers," which she slipped in the mouths of children at play. The murder of her husband was accomplished in a manner almost too terrible to think of. She put her arsenic into a bag of rice, and mixed up the whole with such care that every single grain of rice was saturated with as much poison as it would take. She then gave it to her husband at intervals and in small doses, consuming him by slow tortures, and leaving him at last, after six months, suffering with so little arsenic in his body that its presence was scarcely discoverable by the most searching test of chemistry.