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NO. 33

A CRY FROM THE DUST!

Not less immortal than from birth,
I was a Pariah on the earth.
Not less a daughter, that my sire
Cursed me, his child, in drunken ire.
Not less a sister, that my brother
Fled from a broken hearted mother.
God made me gentle; hunger came,
And fanned rebellion into flame.
God made me modest; who could dare
To taint what he had stamped as fair?
God made me beautiful and true,
But oh, stern Man! what could I do!
I sickened, and I loathed the food
Bestowed with taunts and gibings rude.
I went in vain from door to door;
I begged for work—I asked no more.
Work—work—methought they might have given,
And earned another prayer in Heaven.
Work—work—they heeded not my cry;
God, too, seemed silent upon high.
I would have worked all night, all day,
To keep the hunger-fiend away.
I went again from door to door;
This time I begged for bread—once more.
They spurned me thence; 'twas then I fell,
And bade Hope, Virtue, Heaven, farewell.

Household Words.

THE BEST FRIEND:

A TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FOR THE COMMERCIAL, BY A LONG CREEK CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER VI.

A duel is a serious and solemn affair; when two men, influenced by the infernal passion of hate, resolve to play away their lives at the terrible game of arms, it is very difficult to dissuade them therefrom. However, what the supplications of a mother, the fear of punishment and death have not been able to effect, Mr. Benn alone attempted to accomplish. Perhaps he might have succeeded by throwing himself between the combatants after the manner of the ancient Sabine ladies; but Mr. Benn was constitutionally averse to such heroic modes. He went in search of the police. The first he met appeared to suit his purpose.

“Gentlemen, said he, a fightful crime is going to be committed; I request you, in the name of the law, to lend me your assistance to prevent it.”

“At this unexpected summons the two policemen stopped short and looked somewhat astonished; but the formula was sacramental; it prescribed a duty which they could not evade.”

“What then?” they asked.
“Mr. Benn having explained in a few words the whole affair, they quite reluctantly stepped along with him into a hackney coach that happened to be at that time passing by. Mr. Benn and his forces waited in ambush until Mr. de Corvelles, each started and then they followed it at a distance, to the appointed place. Victor most anxious to escape the noise, his portable arsenal was likely to attract, darted into the woods as soon as he alighted.”

At length, when the usurer thought it time he said: “Policemen, seize that fellow for me.”

Immediately the officers pursued the young man and having approached him politely, one of them, as he eyed the box, said—“What is that you have there Sir?”

“What is that to you?” replied Mr. de Corvelles, angrily.
“Ah! what is that to us! * * * Have you any license?”

At this demand, Victor bit his lips and turned pale, having found he was discovered. “Is it necessary to have license to walk?” asked he.

“Sir, calmly replied the officer, it is not necessary, any how, to have a box of pistols. You are hereby guilty of an infraction of the law; be so kind as to accompany us to your dwelling that we may learn further particulars.”

Victor foamed with rage; he cast his haggard eyes around as if he expected a savior, but none appeared; the two soldiers being of such a stature and strength as to exact an immediate compliance, he abandoned the idea of a shameful and useless resistance and followed them to his carriage that was awaiting him on the road.

An hour after they reached the hotel of the Four Nations, the two police, after informing themselves of the residence, the name and position of their prisoner, set him at liberty and apologized for the inconvenience to they had put him.

Mr. Benn had assisted, at a distance, the capture of Mr. de Corvelles, and notwithstanding the success thereof he felt very uneasy. Indeed from Victor's proud disposition,

it was to be feared that that scene would be attended with consequences far more dreadful than the duel it prevented. The usurer, feeling the evident necessity of preventing them, drove off in all haste, in pursuit of the young man, and arrived at the hotel a little after him.

As he entered, Victor was sitting in an arm-chair, his hand under his head, a prey to a thousand gloomy, maddening reflections; but at the sight of the little old man he rose his eyes inflamed with anger, and in a menacing tone exclaimed: “Ah! there you are! Now I understand it all; you sent those villains after me and you have come here now to enjoy your triumph!”

At this abrupt attack Mr. Benn experienced for a moment the feelings of involuntary terror; but the idea of his thirty thousand francs gave him courage and presence of mind.

“I do not understand you, replied he, affecting astonishment.”

“Yes! desembler; now I know you Mr. Benn, you have acted dishonorably towards me, but I swear it will cost you dear.”

“What will it cost me?” asked the usurer, in astonishment.

“You thought to save your money by dishonoring me; but, continued Mr. de Corvelles as he rushed towards the box, you are deceived! To my despair you have added shame. I cannot live any longer, I must die?”

At these words the little old man bounded like a tiger, he threw himself into the arms of the young man; seized the box and fell on his knees.

“Oh! Victor, exclaimed he, for God's sake desist! Yes I am very guilty. I have prevented that infernal duel, but it was to save your life and that only!”

In the mean time, Victor growing calmer, Mr. Benn rose up but did not venture to resume the conversation; it was Victor that broke silence.

“Mr. Benn, you have done wrong, but I pardon you on the condition that you will repair it. You are you say, my best friend, I will not therefore, be under any restrictions of familiarity with you. I have two requests to make.”

“Speak, Sir, replied the old man, delighted at the turn the conversation was taking, you know I am entirely devoted to you.”

“I want some money; you will lend me some. I wish to pay all my creditors immediately.”

At this strange demand the eyes of Mr. Benn became so distended that they looked like those of a fish; but that was not the time to discuss the subject; the usurer on such emergencies thought it more prudent to make deep reservations and lofty promises.

“Well, Victor, you shall have some. Now as my honor is involved in that duel which you have prevented, you must go yourself to explain to my adversary the cause of the failure on my part and to ask him to name again a suitable place and time.”

“You then persist in your purpose?” interrupted Mr. Benn greatly astonished.
“It is a matter of necessity. That man is about depriving me of the only girl I ever loved, he must die or kill me; there is no medium.”

At this revelation Mr. Benn was at first nonplussed, but soon a ray of hope darted across his countenance—when, then, will this marriage take place?

“In a week.
Has this young lady a fortune?
She has—A fortune! exclaimed the usurer, transported with delight at the idea * * * This marriage will never be.”

Victor looking very anxiously, asked, who will prevent it?

“I.
How?
I do not know, but it will not be; I swear to you, and the fortune will be yours!”

The assured tone of the old man, his inspired look, the knowledge of his wonderful tact, produced a complete change in Victor. Ah! Mr. Benn, cried he, as he took the hand of the latter, if you succeed in your project you may rely on my gratitude.

“I do rely on it; but there is not a moment to be lost. Let us see, the name of your father-in-law? Mr. Auvray a merchant—Ah! he is a merchant? So much the better! a brother! * * * *
What street?
Richelieu Street, No. 130.
And the name of your rival?
Emcleus Leblay.”

JUNIUS.

[To be continued.]

OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a fortified town, in the extreme north west of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward, but long towards the close of the afternoon the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came from the great southern Sahara.

Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, bowsprits, and some of the more venturesome took their leap from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into these some of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two of the boys, Tim, Wallace and Fred, Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a light mood they started out from the studding sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing about of joys on their lips as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long and heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

A vessel was moored, with a long sweep from both cables, had the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred, Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy Tim, shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was on the point of urging him on by a shout when a cry reached him that made him start, as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

“A shark! a shark!” came from the captain of the fore-castle, and at the sound of these terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right ahead, at the distance of three or four cable's length, a shark wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not, stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our old gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew that all hope would be gone. At that moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted fore and aft and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion water and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a steady giant strength, the old man swayed and breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock he stood back and watched for the next yell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awoken by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combing of the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his efforts, for if he had failed, he knew that the boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger until it swelled to a deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed out upon the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his belly up—a mangled mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcame by the powerful excitement, he leaped upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling sight when they first knew the effect of the gunner's shot.

THE REBELLION IN CHINA.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

CANTON, January 26, 1852.

You may have observed, in the newspapers, frequent reference to a rebellion in Kwangsi. This appears to cause more notice abroad than it does in Canton. There is no excitement here, and from all that I can learn the disturbance is limited to a portion of the Kwangsi province, and is not likely to extend to others. The rebels can be more easily bribed than beaten into submission, and in the end Emperor Haunfoong will probably deem it wise to buy up the chiefs instead of trying to catch them. The Chinese are very singular people. They sometimes rebel against mandarins who become notorious for their rapacity and corruption; but this is no evidence of dissatisfaction with their political institutions. On the contrary, these are considered by all the Chinese to be the perfection of human wisdom. Here are no theories of “human rights,” no apostles of “liberty, equality, and fraternity,” no utopians, the foundations of society. The Chinese are perfectly content with the theory of the Government, and may justly be termed (as they have been) “a nation of incurable conservatives.” They may not be much attached to the Tartar dynasty, and, as a general thing, are probably quite indifferent about it; and if another family should be seated upon the throne, and maintain the same system of Government, the great mass of the people would care little about it. There are no broad and invidious distinctions of classes among them. The road to the highest honor is open to all, and the son of a coolie may become the Prime Minister, if he has the talents and perseverance to tread the paths of literature, always open, and open to all, which lead to the highest offices in the Empire. Assaults from abroad, and the introduction of foreign ideas may tend to disturb the system; but so long as the exclusive policy is maintained, so long will the Chinese quietly revolve in the circle which has been woven round them.

The foreign trade is fast leaving Canton and concentrating at Shanghai. The latter port is near to the heart of the country, and the great producing and consuming districts of China. Full three-fourths of all the American trade will be transacted there next year. We hear that Commodore Aulick is soon expected in the steam frigate *Susquehanna*, and it is rumored that he has instructions from the President to visit Japan with a considerable fleet. As the Japanese islands are situated upon the great highway between Shanghai and California, it appears to be right the Government of the United States should demand from the authorities a clear understanding as to the manner in which our ships shall be received, or which may be driven by stress of weather or otherwise to seek a harbor on the shores. The success of an expedition to Japan, with this object in view, will depend upon the tact and firmness of the commander.

The Chinese are getting over a large number to California, but nearly all of them with the intention of returning as soon as they have obtained a moderate competency. They do not like the idea of being buried in a strange land. They must not be considered emigrants, who intend to settle and become citizens of the new world, but merely as hired laborers and adventurers.

The trade between China and California is becoming quite valuable.

HOW TO BRING A WITNESS TO THE POINT.

Lord Cockburn was one of the most intimate friends of Jeffrey had—first his associate and friendly rival at the Scottish bar, and afterwards his brother on the Scottish bench. Many stories, perhaps mythical are current in Scotland, bringing out the contrast of the two friends Jeffrey and Cockburn—in their character of barristers addressing Scottish juries; Jeffrey, the clear, Attic intellect, speaking in a distinct, musical voice, from which the Scottish accent had been almost eradicated; Cockburn, the Scotchman all over, and what is more, the Scotch humorist.

One of the stories told was as follows: In one case, in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when barristers, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

“Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?” said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was clear he did not understand the question—Jeffrey repeated, altering the word: “Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?”

Still in vain; the witness only stared the harder.

“I ask you again,” said Jeffrey still with his clear English language, “do you consider the man perfectly rational?”

No answer yet; the witness only staring vacantly at the eloquent little figure of his interrogator, and exclaiming: “Eh?”

“Let me tackle him,” said Cockburn. Then assuming his broadest Scotch tone and turning to the obtuse witness: “Hae you mull we ye?”

“Oo ay,” said the awakened Cimon stretching out his snuff horn.

“Noo, hon lang ha ye kent John Samson?” said Cockburn, taking a pinch.

“An' d'ye think noo, atween you and me,” said the barrister, in his most insinuating Scotch manner, “that there's onything intill the matter?”

“I woulna lippen him wi a bull-calf?” [I wouldn't trust him with the guardianship of an infant bull.] was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. The end was attained amid the convulsions of the court; what Jeffrey could not do with all his cleverness, Cockburn had done by dint of his inveterate Scotchism.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER DANIEL WEBSTER.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA

The steamer Daniel Webster, which left San Juan on the 4th inst., at 8 o'clock P. M., arrived at New York on Monday night. She connected with the steamer New Orleans, which left San Francisco on the 17th of March. Her passengers (125) have £150,000.

Passengers report the road from San Juan del Sud to be in excellent condition. The Transit Company's large light draft boat, Edmund H. Miller, was completed in time to take up a portion of the Daniel Webster's passengers, and is found admirably adapted to the purpose.

San Juan was quite healthy. Fine weather prevailed during the five days that the Webster lay in port.

There is little to add to the intelligence from California by the Eldorado, but there is some from the Sandwich and Society Islands. News of the latter group have declared themselves a republic without creating any excitement.

The San Francisco Herald of March 16 says:—We have been informed that six passengers of the steamer Ohio were found drowned at the anchorage off Chagres, while attempting to get into a small boat to go ashore. Two of them were ladies, and two others were gentlemen who jumped into the water to rescue the ladies. This is the second accident of this kind that has occurred recently at Chagres.

ENGLISH MINERS.

Twenty-three English miners, including an assayer and superintendent, sent out by the Nouveau Monde Mining Company, arrived here a few days since, on their way to the town of Mariposa. Most of them are from the copper, lead and tin mines of England. A portion of the company, who put up at the Gault House, left this city on Wednesday morning by stage. They brought with them a large quantity of baggage, tools, &c. They informed us that they left six miners at Panama, sent out by the Agua Fria Company.

From the London Times of March 22.

THE BRITISH ARMY FOR 1852-3

The military force of Great Britain will comprehend a Regular Army of 101,937 men, exclusive of the regiments employed in the East Indies and maintained at the Company's expense. When we examine into the distribution of this very considerable force, we find that about 38,000 men are on foreign service, exclusive of the troops in India, so that some 52,000 remain for home duty in Great Britain; and as officers and non-commissioned officers usually average about thirteen per cent on the strength of a corps, we may compute the military force in these islands as something like 60,000 strong. Altogether, therefore, one half or very nearly so, of our land force is stationed at home; its subsequent distribution giving as nearly as possible two fifths to Ireland and three fifths to Great Britain. When we add to these numbers Constabulary of 12,000 men in Ireland admirably equipped and disciplined, 6,000 Marines serving on shore, a certain proportion of Artillery, and 50,000 Pensioners, not to mention the coast guard and the dockyard battalions, it will be thought perhaps we make a respectable parade, especially if one soldier, by effective arms and judicious practice, is hereafter to be made as good as two. The charge for the land forces is, of course, increased in proportion to its numbers, £3,802,067 being the sum asked, in place of £3,521,970 demanded last year.

Stockton Journal.

EMIGRATION FROM CHILI.

Quite a large number of Chilenos arrived a few days since in the ship *Huntress*, from Valparaiso. An immense amount of property has been destroyed in the mines. Dirt which had been thrown up for the last two years was washed away. Snow to a considerable depth had fallen in the mountains and if a warm rain should fall in a day or two, the whole country will be overflowed.

Stockton Times.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN VIRGINIA.

Palmer's Register states that the first press in this State was imported by the city of Williamsburg in 1780. The prices of advertising and subscriptions of those times are thus stated in the following extract from the terms of the paper, contained in its first issue:

“All persons may be supplied with this paper at fifty dollars a year and have advertisements (of a moderate length) inserted for ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each week after.”

It should be recollected, too, that this was a weekly paper, making the cost to subscribers about ninety cents a number.

[We saw the above first in the Richmond Republican, from which paper it seems to be taken the round. The year is evidently misprinted—1780 instead of 1880. We once possessed a file of the Virginia Gazette printed in Williamsburg in 1744-5 (which we should be glad to have re-

turned to us, by the way)—and there was a press in Norfolk in 1775 which Gov. Dunmore unceremoniously caused to be removed on board the Fowey man of war, previous to the conflagration of the town.]—Norfolk Herald.

From the San Francisco Herald of March 5.

CHINA.

Burning of Hong Kong. The bark *Wm. Watson*, arrived yesterday, 60 days from Hong Kong, bringing intelligence of a most disastrous conflagration in that city.

Nearly all the city is consumed. Hundreds of lives have been lost. Every newspaper office has been destroyed. The bark brings no files, and we are dependent on the officers of the vessel for the few particulars which we subjoin.

The fire occurred on the 26th December, and commenced in the China Bazaar. It spread with fearful rapidity among the bamboo houses of the Chinese, and soon communicated to the finest part of the city, becoming perfectly resistless.

The loss of life among the Chinese was dreadful. The number that perished had not been ascertained. One Colonel of an English regiment lost his life in the attempt to blow up a building and arrest the flames. Also a Lieutenant belonging to H. B. M. ship *Hastings* was killed by the falling timbers of a house which had been blown up. A Sergeant of sappers and miners met a similar fate.

The public market was destroyed and much suffering was experienced for a few days after the fire. The Governor and Sir Wm. Bowden had convoked the Council, and among other provisions adopted for the public welfare, was one forbidding the construction of bamboo houses. The Chinese houses were to be built of stone, or of the material used in the construction of the *Victorieux* Roads.

All the printing offices were destroyed, with the finest edifices and public buildings in Hong Kong.

We have not yet been able to procure further particulars of this disaster.

A CURIOUS FACT.

Mr. Buchanan, among the issues on which he says the Whig party has been thoroughly beaten, mentions the United States Bank in his Baltimore letter. It is a curious fact in this connection that the Pennsylvania Legislature passed Resolutions praying for a re-charter of the Bank, without a dissenting vote, and it is said that Mr. Buchanan's name may be found on record to the same effect. Whatever opinion may be attached to the establishment of a Bank, the democratic party is entitled to a large share. Even Gen. Jackson would have continued a U. S. Bank, provided it could have been modelled according to his own notions.

LOLA MONTEZ.

Rather a spic performance, as we hear came off on Saturday evening, behind the scenes of the Howard Athenaeum in which Madame la Comtesse de Lansfeld took an active part, and which was not included in the small bills of either the afternoon or evening entertainment. It seems that Lola, who entertains some sort of a grudge against Madame de Marguerites, on account of an historical article of hers in a New York paper, came to the theatre in the evening, and attempted to attract attention by walking into the green room, and pretending to have lost a gold pin—got the slightest notice, however, being paid her by the well bred persons there, she marched into the property room, of which she took possession, surrounded by half a dozen of her retainers. The prompter, who entered the room for the purpose of shutting off the gas, [as the room was not wanted], was ordered to leave the premises in a hurry; and upon attempting to insist on the execution of his duty, was assailed in the grossest language, and actually expelled *et a armis, pugna nobis et scratch-facibus* by the celebrated *dansseuse*. Having failed to create any disturbance, or to even in the slightest degree annoy the persons on the stage, Madame Lola decamped with her posse, muttering curses not fond but deep on all the world in general, and Madame de Marguerites in particular. Mr. Parsons, the person assaulted by the Comtesse, and a most amiable gentleman, we hear, does not intend to enter a complaint before the Police Court.

Enslon Mail, April 12.

HUNGARIANS IN TURKEY.

The Scioto (Ohio) Gazette publishes an extract of a private letter, supposed to be from Hon. John P. Brown and dated Constantiuople, Feb. 15, which says—The Hungarian refugees who embraced Moslemism at Widen, and were sent to Aleppo, having expressed a desire to lay aside their Islamism and proceed to the United States, have received permission to do so. Most of them have already left there, furnished each with a sufficient amount, by the Sultan, to cover their expenses, and protected by British passports.

The Late Sir John Harvey and Gen. Scott.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1852.

To the Editor of the Republic:

Sir: An article is going the rounds of the public prints, said to be copied from the Halifax papers, headed “General Scott and the late John Harvey.” This is a small affair and scarcely worth noticing, but the facts are incorrectly stated, and not at all similar to those which did occur between Sir John Harvey and an officer of our army at the battle of Stony Creek. General Scott was not present at that battle. I believe an interview took place between him and Sir John Harvey near Fort George which led to the intimacy subsequently existing between them.

N. TOWSON.