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THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor: TWO DOLLARS Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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## THE BETRAYED.

On a fine moonlight night, just previous to the restoration of Charles II., a young man of gentlemanly appearance was walking rapidly towards the village of Charing; his dress denoted that he was of the sect of the puritans. It was Edward Marston, a widower, with one child, whose household was under the direction of his sister Grace.

He had proceeded for some time in his solitary walk, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started, and turned: it was his uncle Martin.

"Uncle," he exclaimed, "what brings you here at such an hour?"

"To tell thee that the Commons of England and Monk have betrayed their trust and, recalled Charles Stuart to the throne of his fathers."

"I have heard as much. England is now no place for us. You and my late father sat judges on the tyrant's trial."

"Edward," said his relative, "thou art but a lukewarm. And the Lord hath reproved thee. Hath He not smitten thee in thy affections?"

"He hath!" groaned his nephew, with a glance at his mourning garments. She I loved is in her grave!"

"And thy sister," added the old man, bitterly, "the child of her who bore thee is dishonored!"

"What mean you?"

"That William Clayton even now is in her chamber, despite my warning. Thou wouldst shelter him, and the proud fool his brother! Like a serpent he has stung you!"

"I must have proof of this!"

"Thou shalt watch with me," said the old man, "sitting by the window of the dishonor of thy blood!"

Drawing their swords, they concealed themselves behind a portion of the garden wall from whence they could see the window of Grace's apartment.

Grace Marston was, despite her puritan blood, as lovely a creature to look upon as earth could boast. She had won the heart of the young royalist, who was her brother's friend and guest, and yielding to his solicitations, had weakly consented to a secret marriage. There might have been—nay, there was—imprudence in the act—but no dishonor! Unfortunately his nightly visits to her chamber were discovered by her uncle Martin, a jealous puritan; and the storm was ready to break.

"He comes!" whispered the old man to his companion. "Now are you convinced?"

"But too fatally!"

As the adventurous husband descended from the window of the mansion—for he and his brother were lodged in a pavilion in the garden—both uncle and nephew attacked him. They would listen to their blind fury to no explanation, and the young man must have fallen beneath their united efforts had not the clashing of their swords brought his brother Richard to his assistance. In a few minutes the tables were fatally turned—Edward Marston was dying.

No sooner did the young man perceive the condition of his friend than he knelt beside him, and attempted to raise him from the ground.

"False friend!" groaned the dying man. "Not so, Edward—I am true to thee—Grace," he whispered, "is my wife!"

A glance of satisfaction overspread the countenance of the puritan as he fell upon the sword's edge.

But no explanation could appease the wrath of Martin. Over the body of his nephew he vowed a deep revenge! Time will show how he fulfilled it. As guardian of his niece, he instantly prevented all possibility of her communicating with her husband, whom he branded as her brother's murderer, and affected to disbelieve her marriage.

Poor Grace was truly wretched! Richard and William returned to London, where they assisted in the restoration of the king, after several vain attempts to see Grace Marston. In the gay court of the licentious monarch, the brothers moved with *eclat*; alternately the companions of Charles' pleasures and councils, honor and appointments were lavished upon them with an inconsiderate hand; both rose to high military command. At length, when time had sufficiently effaced the memory of Grace, William again began to indulge in thoughts of love. Ellen Digby, the only daughter of a staunch royalist, was the object of his choice. The court and its gay allurements were abandoned for marriage and retirement. Nine months after the death of Edward, William and his young bride arrived at his brother's seat, Tyler Hill, near Canterbury. Grace, who, since the death of her brother, had given up her mind entirely to the guidance of Martin and the preacher Newlight, heard of their arrival, if not without emotion, at least without a tear.

"Wait!" exclaimed her uncle; "I have engaged here what shall work retribution; they have trampled upon us, but we will turn and read them!"

Within the year the bride presented her husband with a son—fortune seemed to smile upon his birth: the young stranger was not only heir to his father's and grandfather's estates, but to the fair earldom which Charles had just conferred upon Sir Richard Clayton, who heard of the birth of his nephew with unmixed satisfaction. Meanwhile, Martin and Grace had disposed of all their property in Kent, and a light vessel was secretly engaged to carry them to their future destination: one night they suddenly disappeared, and were never again seen in that part of the country. Great was the consternation on the following morning, when it was discovered that the young heir of the Claytons had been carried off, no one could tell how. In vain did the distracted parents offer rewards;

messengers were dispatched into distant parts of England, but in vain—every clue seemed lost, and the search was at last abandoned as hopeless. William, with his broken hearted wife, returned to London, to forget, if possible, in the dissipation of the capital, the grief which preyed upon his heart. Nearly twenty years rolled on without the least intelligence of the lost heir, when the earl and his brother were appointed to attend the Duke of Monmouth against the covenanters in Scotland, whose success had at first considerably embarrassed the government. Before the royal army they were everywhere defeated; from Edinburgh they were pursued to Dumbarton, and driven from that stronghold to defiles difficult of access on the opposite banks of the Clyde.

"I have a strange presentiment, William," exclaimed his brother, as they mounted their horses to lead the party sent to dislodge the enemy from their defence; "in all our encounters I have been singled out by an old man and his sons—at least from their being always together and fighting in concert I esteem them as such; something tells me that to-day they will be successful!"

William laughed at the earl's augury, and placed himself at the head of his troop. The royal forces were again successful, and the covenanters completely dispersed. The earl, after the engagement, rode a short distance from the field to observe the direction the fugitive had taken, when he once more encountered the old man and the two young ones, whose perseverance in tracking him he had before observed during the day.

"So!" exclaimed the old man, "we have met at last! The Lord hath given thee to me."

The earl recognized in the speaker his old enemy, Martin; and aware of his determined character, prepared for his defence. Time, which had spared the strength of Martin, had unweakened the arm of his antagonist. He was no longer the light, active soldier who once brought him to his feet. A few blows decided the contest: the sword of the earl broke short, and he stood unarmed at his mercy.

"Advance, boys!" cried the old man, "and strike!"

They hesitated.

"Do you pause? Edward Reuben—for this you have been reared—will you spare the murderer of your father?"

"We cannot!" exclaimed the young men both at once—"we cannot become assassins! Give him a weapon, and singly we will attack him; otherwise he is scatheless for us."

"Rebellious fools!" shrieked the old man, passionately; "ha! the bloodhounds are upon us! Nay, then, my own arm! Proud man, thy hour is come—one prayer for mercy is allowed thee!"

"Slave!" answered the earl, misconceiving him; "I offer no supplication to such as these! I am prepared!"

The puritan grasped his weapon, and passed it twice through the body of his enemy, who fell bravely, without one sigh. No sooner was the deed accomplished than the royalists, headed by William, reached the spot.

"Harm them not!" he exclaimed to the exasperated soldiers. "Take them alive—fit example shall be made!"

The men disarmed their prisoners, and, raising the body of their late commander, proceeded to the castle of Dumbarton.

Notwithstanding the evidence of a wounded officer who had witnessed the fate of the earl, the young men, though innocent of any participation in his crime, were condemned to die with Martin. The guard were already to draw up in the castle-yard, waiting for their commander to give the signal from the window, when a woman, deeply veiled, rushed into the apartment.

"What would you?" exclaimed the new Earl of Clayton.

"Mercy!" replied the female, sinking upon her knees; "mercy for the two wretched youths who wait but your word to meet their Maker!"

"It cannot be," replied the earl. "Example is necessary; and I have suffered too severely from their malice to feel disposed to mercy."

"They must be saved, or your soul and mine will have to answer it. As you would not press a sleepless pillow, as you would wish to die in peace, postpone the execution of those youths!"

"Woman, it may not be. The men wait but my signal."

"Give it, proud man!" exclaimed the female; "but learn that the volley which consigns my humble nephew to the grave, carries with it the fate of—"

"I'll hear no more," cried the earl impatiently rising, and waving his handkerchief. "My brother is avenged!"

"And mine!" exclaimed the woman, frantically, as the report echoed through the castle. "William, what have you done?"

"Ha! my name! Who art thou?"

"She slowly raised her veil.

"Heaven! Grace Marston? Those youths?"

"One was my murdered Edward's boy; the other—"

"Speak!" exclaimed the stricken earl. "If 'tis as I suspect—one look—one word will kill me!"

"Was the lost heir of the race of Clayton?" replied Grace.

The bereaved father—bereaved by his own act—heard no more; but fell, broken-hearted, at the feet of the puritan sister.

A zealous temperance man in Portland, stating that the fact that the Widows Wood Society had distributed less wood than usual this winter, although the season had been unusually cold, and the society have had ample funds, attributed it to the fact that since the liquor law has been enforced, the husbands of the poor widows could not spend their money for rum!

## THE YANKEE'S PEWTER DOLLAR.

FROM FALCONBRIDGE'S LIFE OF DAN. MARBLE.

Travellers have all discovered that strangers making their *debut* in large or small villages, generally create more or less sensation among the "natives"; who—if the stranger puts on the slightest degree of mystery, or stops among them any length of time—lose no space, nor spare no exertions, to sift him to the very bottom. In one of these localities, the overgrown village of Dryton, Ohio, several years ago, there made his appearance a long-legged, lean and lank specimen of human nature, whose *tout ensemble* bespoke him from "the land of pork and beans;" or as some seem to reckon it, "the land of steady habits"—away down East!

The critter seemed somewhat out of his latitude, and how, or whether he came, none appeared able to elucidate; but certes it was, the stranger created no little sensation and observation as he sauntered around the village, peeping at this and peeping into that, with his fists carefully stowed away into the deep recesses of his capacious pockets, and his old, fuzzy white hat, knocked and "crowded" into all manner of acute angles and indentations, sitting jauntily upon his two-hair covered head. He had been seen making his *entree* into the village, by the two-path of the canal, from towards Cincinnati, early in the morning; and about noon, after having pretty well threaded each by-way, lane, street, avenue and alley of the village, he brought up at a cake and beer shop near the centre of the place, and immediately stalked into the aforesaid depot of cheap fodder. A Dutchman kept the shop, and as it was a place of common resort of the idlers and stragglers, it was tolerably well stowed when our down east *genus* popped his long, hatched-shaped phiz into it. He took a cool survey of things in general, and the pyramid of gingerbread piles and things in particular.

"Heow dy'e deou?" says he, giving the old fat Dutchman behind the counter a familiar nod, which the cake and beer man returned with another nod, and sort of low guttural vibration between that of a snort and grunt.

"Guess you got some cakes and beer here, haint ye?"

"Well, I tink I has a few," says the beer man. "Well, you hev, that's a fact; well, you, I'm darned hungry; haint had a bit 'o'nothin' in teou day, and guess I'll hev a few 'o' them notions any way," says the stranger, who by this time was the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of considerable merriment to the crowd in and about the beer-shop. The Dutchman and the Yankee 'dickered' awhile about quantity and price, but finally the matter being adjusted, the Yankee sat down upon a whisky cake, arranged his taddie before him on the end of the counter, and started his masticating fossils, full chizzle.

"Stranger," says one of the crowd "I'll bet something you're a Yankee."

"Well, guess you'd win teou, on that," says the Yankee.

"O! I know'd you was, you're all terrible critters for gingerbread, haint you?" continued the inquisitor.

"Ye-es," says the Yankee, taking a pull at his beer, "I reckon we deou devour it once in a while. 'Taint hard to take when a feller's innards are nigh on to a col-lapse."

"What do you hail from when you're at home, any how?"

"Where deou I hail from?" says the Yankee.

"Yes, whar dy'e b'long?" continued the questioner.

"Where deou I belong? Ye-as, (another swig of the beer); well, squire, seein' it's yeou, I'll tell yeou. I com from a mighty ways down town sunrise; ye-as, mighty surpris'n' folks down our way; *spry* teou, always up afore the sun, darned old critter, often hev to give it a pry in the cold morning to get it up and 'out beout its business. Fact, by golly! Wern't for spry folks down there in Maine, guess yeou'd hev teou to deou without a sun 'casionally out this way, for it often takes heap 'o' coaxin' and stirrin' to get the old blazer to rise and spread herself!"

"Reckon you have mighty cold snaps down that way?" says one.

"Cold sna-p's?" says the Yankee. "I guess we deou git up a leetle the coldest sna-p's, down there in Maine. 'Casionally, ever you did see, perhaps? What do you call cold weather, down there among you Yankees?"

"What deou we call cold weather?" says he; "I'll tell yeou, squire; when the cattle's tails drop clean off, and the grin-stone busts; when a ram's horns snap like pipe-stems, and the cow's bags freeze up; when snow falls fifteen feet upon a level, and hard enough on top to hear an ox; when four and half 'pry freezes, and the fire goes out; then, jest about then, squire we consider it's a mighty cold snap 'o' weather."

This picture of cold weather symptoms in Maine tickled the crowd amazingly, and the laugh seemed to 'fire up,' the Yankee—

"Guess you needn't take on so about it; bet five dollars you haint got no sich cold sna-p's out here, any way? As no disposition manifested itself among the crowd to chalk up the Yankee's weather in Maine, the critter choked down his rising dander, and with a gulp swallowed down the residue of his beer, crowded the last cake into his mouth, and giving that aperture a wipe with the back of his bony hand, he faced the Dutchman.

"Naow, landlord, cipher up the damages, and I'll square the account."

"Well, dere vos der beer, six, and dere vos der cakes, ten, dat vos sixteen cents."

"Sixteen cents? I swan that's a heap 'o' money to invest in cakes and beer, ap'ny; sixteen cents? Guess twelve and a half deou, went it?"

"No, dot it wont," says the beer man; 'choost down mit der monies."

"Well, now, guess you needn't get riled up about it, any how; guess I kin plank the pecker, without gittin' 'atankrous about it. But speese you call it jest fourteen cents, cash up and no gromblin'."

"Bosh!" growls the Dutchman; 'down mit der monies, and clear out of mine house mit yer tampt, Yankees."

"O! *neow*, sheow your monkey, will yeou? Guess you can't skeer a feller, no heow; but I say, yeou, hold your gizzard and lets arrange business fourteen cents and—a cigar; what dy'e say?"

Ready to explode, the old Dutchman frothed like a fresh tapped beer cask; but finding that his cool, self-possessed antagonist was not to be gotten rid of without a pecuniary advantage, the Dutchman made the sacrifice, dumped down a 'meles' on the counter, and demanded the cash, fourteen cents, in full!

Leisurely hauling out an old greasy wallet, carefully encircled with innumerable tapes and yarns, a Spanish dollar was brought forth, the wallet closed up, stowed away, and the dollar patiently placed upon the counter by the imperturbable down-easter.

"Now, there's the pewter, jest smash that, and take teou your bill," says he.

The moment the Dutchman put his fingers on the dollar, his Dutch blood seemed to centre in his expansive face; so red, flaming red became this *locote*, that a candle might have been ignited therein.

"Shorge! Shorge!" bawls the beer man to one of his deputies, "run down to squibbles and gif der constable cum quick, for dis tam Yankee got der counterfeit monish!"

Maybe there wasn't a general muss! The Yankee abroad; at all times a *genus* of supposed duplicity, trickiness, sharp bargains, and cute 'dodges,' was at this critical epoch—the time that Ohio was so bountifully supplied with 'bogs,'—and by his suspicious manoeuvring, made an especial object of mistrust and doubt. The bare mention of his presenting a counterfeit dollar was the cue for all the lookers on to rush up to the counter, surround the down easter, and examine the dollar, while the deputy shopkeeper made a brake for the constable! The whole movement was so suddenly executed that 'down east' found himself in the hands and fangs of the law before he could well say 'punkins!'

A grand raffle of folks honored the 'down east' with a procession to the office of that high and mighty puiasant arm of the municipal law—the magistrate.

"Passing counterfeit money, eh?" inquired the magistrate of the plaintiff.

"Aww; dat ish de monies, vot he vos pass on me," says the Dutchman.

"Umph, ah! yes, yes, base counterfeit rascally fraud!" continues the magistrate feeling the greasy white coin, which was knicked with a pen knife, ruse, smelled, and otherwise tested by the *rates de circumstantibus*.

"Well, Mr. Bomwig," says his honor, 'go on and tell how and when this transaction took place, and all about it.' His honor then gave a magisterial snort and cough, and the beer man went on to state his case.

"Well, then, squibbles, I vos behind mine counter, all by myself, mit Shorge, mine clerk, and all dese oder gent-amen vos sthanding dere too; vell, vile I vos goin out, dis tam—"

"Come, come, sir, no swearing here, Mr. Bomwig," says the magistrate.

"Vell, den, squibbles, dis-t-t-Yankee coom in mine shop, eat mine cakes and drinkt mine beer, deou teou (magistrate shakes his head) den he, dis Yankee shews me down to fourteen cents, and den he gives dis ta—brown from the magistrate) dish bogle tolfar, vos ish a tam spurish counterfeit."

"I shall fine you, sir, five dollars for that oath, sir," says the magistrate, in rage.

"That's right, squire, put it teou the darn'd critter; consarn him!"

"Silence, you rascal or I'll send you to the penitentiary without a hearing!" says the foaming magistrate to the Yankee, who had, up to the moment of breaking silence, been quietly chipping off the top of a very ugly cane in his possession.

"O! well, squire, if you say so, guess I'll shet pan at once; and if you jest hand over that pewter 'o' mine, guess I'll put out of this town, any how."

"Will you? We'll see about that, you rascal," responded the magistrate. "Now, constable, he continued, 'seize the rascal, see how much of the base coin he has secreted about him.' And the Yankee was forthwith fumbled over, tumbled, and teased, every seam and quarter of his rough, plain, and substantial togery duly scrutinized, and the contents—a large jack-knife, piece of chalk, strings, a wallet, and two letters—were placed upon the desk of the magistrate. The contents of the wallet exhibited several hundred dollars in good specie-paying bank funds, a gold piece, and two five francs, all genooine stuff; although the court tried mightily hard to throw some doubts upon the purity of the funds, it was no go, and the attempt to question the means by which so much money came into the possession of such a queer, common-looking biped, proved equally futile, as the examination of the letters indicated very distinctly, that the down-easter had a 'dad' and 'mam' of some repute in the State of Maine, and heaps of love, affection, and regard for their perambulating offspring, now in the meshes of the western law.

"Have you been robbing any body, sir? are these your letters, and this your money, sir?" inquires the magistrate, keenly scrutinizing the Yankee.

"Well, squire, I reckon as heow them documents be mine, ef I know anything about law and gospel. And—"

"What is your calling?—what do you follow for a living?" interrupted the magistrate.

"What deou I follow for a livin? Ye-as; well, squire, I live about like other folks, deou breathe principally, and—"

"Come, sir, no independence!" says the magistrate, 'answer direct and to the point.—How come you in possession of this counterfeit dollar, this vile fraud, eh?"

"Counterfeit?" says the Yankee, with evident spirit, 'counterfeit dollar? Squire, deou yeou pretend to say that dollar is counterfeit?"

"Counterfeit, sir? certainly I do; and if you don't render a ready and distinct account of how it came into your possession, I'll commit you forthwith!"

"Well, perhaps you will," says the self-possessed down easter. "But I calculate, squire, to prove yeou no judge of specie, if yeou be of law, and I jest bet yeou or any body else, squire; that that are dollar there is genooine stuff, and nothin' else. A fast rate, rate genooine Spanish dollar, by jingo!"

"Why, you rascal," says the magistrate, 'don't I know good money from bad?"

"Calculate yeou don't, squire. Ef yeou want to bet on it, I've got the documents to lay up any how?" says the Yankee.

"Bait him?" "Bait him, squire!" "Safe bait, squire!" was the cry in court; and the magistrate, in the heat of the excitement and apparent safety of the "rascal" (i. e., having all the funds in his hands) forgot his dignity and authority, and cried out—

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that that is a bogus dollar!"

"Done," says the Yankee, with the utmost coolness; "done, squire. Jest lay up yeou rags along side 'o' my hull wallet there, and ef I lose—*rake 'em all down!*"

"That I will," says his honor, "and send you to Columbus into the bargain, sir?"

"O! yeou needn't give yeoursel' any on-easiness 'bout me, perfect business transaction, squire; and I cal-kelate it'll all come out nice and squire, any how!"

"Now we'll soon settle this," says the squire. "Here you, Jones, you're a silver smith, feel this dollar?"

Jones felt the dollar, grinned, smelt it, gave two grins—

"Pewter or Brittany, squire!" says Jones. "Yeou," says the Yankee to Jones; 'do yeou know seel-veer when yeau seee?' he continued grinning at the silver-smith.

"Reckon I ought to," says he.

"Fire in that stove 'o' yours squire? (squire nodded 'yes.') Well, *neow*, jest give me them tongs and the dollar, so; *neow*, squire, dunt get alarmed, no hocus pokers 'deout this (all were on the tenter hooks of excitement); but by jest holdin' that dollar over them coals a minute and a half, I fetch it out a brain, spick and span bright and genooine dollar!"

The mob rushed up to the desk, where the Yankee dropped the dollar from the tongs, and before you could say John Robinson, Esq., the silver-smith bawled—

"Squire! you've lost, by thunder! It is a good dollar, been covered with tin foil or quicksilver!"

The entire crowd acknowledged the corn. The magistrate "confessed" it at last; but in consideration of handing back the Yankee his wallet and contents, dollar, &c., he generously said they'd call it *square*, and he would let the stranger off!

The 'jettie ends' of the Yankee's coat tails were soon standing out towards sunset, and court closed for that day.

## FIRE.

BALTIMORE, June 2.—About two o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the establishment of Mr. Schuk, in Canal street, second door from Jefferson. It was used as a shop for the repairing of furniture, and a dwelling for his family. The whole was entirely in flames and was thoroughly destroyed, the combustible nature of the materials favoring a quick fire. From this the flames communicated to the apothecary establishment of Mr. Thomas Richards, whose house was occupied by Mrs. Welsh as a dwelling. The houses occupied by Edward Creden, B. Wiley, and Grove Height, were subsequently attacked, and, if not destroyed, were materially injured. The row of buildings belonged to Mr. David Davidson, whose loss he thinks is nearly or quite covered in the equitable office. We could not ascertain that the occupants of the houses were insured, or what were their losses. There was a rumor that the family of Mr. Schuk, in whose house the fire originated, had perished in the flames, but we believe there is no truth in it. Inquiries yesterday at a late hour assures us of that fact. How the fire originated is a mystery.—*Sun*.

## HABEAS CORPUS.

A writ of habeas corpus was issued by the Criminal Court yesterday, at the instance of Frederick Miller, a German, to obtain the custody of Elizabeth Miller, his daughter about fifteen years of age, who was at a house of ill-fame kept by Mary Jackson, in Watch-house alley. The writ was served and the daughter was produced—a very good looking, delicate girl. The fact of her living at the house of Jackson was not denied, the girl herself admitting it, and declaring her determination not to go home. She alleged that her parents sent her out to sell matches and pick up rags, and that when she did not return them home a large sum of money every day, they would beat her, although they knew she could not make much by honest means; and that she preferred to live in a house of ill-fame rather than to be running about the streets. The parents denied any ill-treatment, and stated their willingness to take care of her. The court said it could order the girl home, she being a minor, but it had no power to compel her to remain—she was accordingly remanded to the custody of her father. Miller, pri-

or to leaving the court room, said if she did not stay home, he would her, whereupon the court rescinded its decision and ordered the girl to go about her business. When she got into the street she ran for her home in Watch-house alley, her parents following a short distance, but being distanced, gave up the pursuit.—*B*.

## BREAKING THINGS.

The opening of the Democratic National Convention, yesterday, was signalled by the firing of a number of discharges from a small cannon, under the command of Capt. Castles, of New York, which was placed at the junction of Harrison and Baltimore streets, immediately in front of the place of meeting. Every discharge made the windows in the neighborhood rattle, affording a gratifying prospect to the glaziers.—*B*.

## PURIFYING PROPERTIES OF COFFEE.

The English Medical Gazette asserts that roasted coffee has a peculiar power to overcome offensive odors. Charcoal has been known to have great absorbing power, and this may be the secret of the matter. It is stated that a room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, filled with offensive effluvia, the stench was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee.

## NO PLAGUE IN MADEIRA.

A letter has been received in Philadelphia, dated Gibraltar, from Dr. F. J. Bumstead, of Boston, who passed the winter in the Madeira Islands. In reference to a report that went the round of the papers, some two months since that the plague had broken out in Madeira, he writes—"Madeira is the last place in the world for the plague to make its appearance. They have never had the cholera there, notwithstanding the tendency to bowel complaints on the island."

## Fire at North Bridgewater—Departure of Missionaries.

Boston, May 31. The Baptist Church at North Bridgewater, was damaged by fire last evening to the amount of \$2,000. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Rev. Mr. Crane and wife, of Western N. York, embarked for Smyrna to-day, in the barque Sultana, to join the Nestorian mission.

From the Southern Press, June 7.

## ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.

It will be seen by our telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, that it is almost certain that the Mexican government has accepted the proposition of A. G. Sloc, esq., for the establishment of a communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. We congratulate the country on the auspicious prospects of this attempted enterprise. The route is decidedly the best which the continent affords for our intercourse with California and China.

Mr. Sloc is the founder of the mail steam line from New York to New Orleans and Chagres which is one of the most brilliant and successful undertakings of the day, and if he succeeds in his present enterprise, he will stand pre-eminent among the great internal improvement leaders of the day.

## AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

About seven o'clock yesterday evening, on Sereneth street, near Walnut, a woman stepped up to a young lad and requested him, to hold her infant child for a few minutes, remarking that she wished to step into a store near by and make a purchase. The boy took the child and held it about half an hour, when the mother not returning, he made search for her but to no purpose. The child soon became fretful and began to scream, which attracted the attention of some persons residing in the vicinity, who upon hearing the boy's story had the infant taken to the Orphan Asylum.

Cincinnati Commercial, May 29.

## DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

We learn that on the 29th ult. Mr. James McLenny, acting in the capacity of overseer for Mr. Abraham Hobbs, of Sampson County, was stricken by lightning while ploughing in the field, and instantly killed. His horse was also killed by the same stroke, and the plough frame considerably shattered. Mr. McLenny leaves a wife and one child to mourn their loss.—*Journal*.

## Young Woman Drowned at Wilmington.

The Delaware Republican of Monday