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W. STRINGER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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HARDWARE,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
C. W. BRADLEY.  
April 4. 9

JOHN GAMMELL,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
July 10. 50

NAUTILUS  
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF NEW-YORK.  
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.  
W. C. LORD, Agent.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE  
AND  
TRUST COMPANY.  
W. C. LORD, Agent.

E. J. LUTTERLOH,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 26. 5

THOMAS SANDFORD,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

SAM'L P. GAUSE,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
April 21. 16

ELIJAH DICKINSON,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
May 4. 22

ROBT. G. RANKIN,  
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

NEFF & WARNER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-  
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.  
April 14. 13

G. W. DAVIS,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

BARRY & BRYANT,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 16. 14

N. B. HUGHES,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND GENERAL AGENT  
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce  
and Real Estate,  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and  
faithfully attended to.  
June 18. 42

C. N. BELL,  
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,  
FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NA-  
VAL STORES, AND ALL KINDS OF  
COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Two doors North of G. W. Davis',  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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E. A. CUSHING,  
DEALER IN  
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.  
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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JAMES MCGARY,  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
May 26. 31

BROWN & DEROSSET,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEROSSET & BROWN,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

THOMAS ALLIBONE & CO.,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
No. 8 SOUTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Advances made on consignment of COTTON, RICE,  
NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.  
Refer to Messrs Drown & DeRosset,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Aug. 28. 71-6m.

ALEXANDER HERRON, Jr.,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, (N. C.) Pocket Office,  
No. 354 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Refer to—  
C. D. Ellis, Esq. Wilmington, N. C.  
E. J. Lutterloh, Esq. Wilmington, N. C.  
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# THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY LORING & STRINGER.

VOL. I.

WILMINGTON, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1846.

NO. 81

H. W. BEATTY & CO.  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING  
MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
H. W. BEATTY, JOHN C. LATTI, R. W. GIBBS.  
March 17.

L. S. YORKE,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE.  
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
June 9, 1846. 1y-37

JOHN HALL,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Two doors So. of the Custom House,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

H. S. KELLY,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
MARKET STREET,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,  
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF  
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.  
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments  
of produce.  
March 17. 1

CHARLES BLAKESLEE,  
(Successor to James Punderford.)  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Boots and Shoes,  
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

BLANKS  
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE  
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

CHAS. D. ELIAS,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

WM. D. SMITH,  
GENERAL COMMISSION & FORWARDING  
MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 26. 5

SAM'L P. GAUSE,  
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF LUMBER,  
TIMBER, TURPENTINE, &c.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
April 21. 16

SANDFORD & SMITH,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
THOS. SANDFORD, W. L. SMITH.  
March 23. 4

GLUE AND VARNISH.  
12 BARRELS GLUE and one half bbl. Copal  
Varnish, for sale by  
BARRY & BRYANT.  
May 16th, 1846. 27-14

FOR SALE.  
300 BUSHELS Black Eyed PEAS,  
150 do. Rice Douce, for sale by  
BARRY & BRYANT.  
May 20th, 1846. 30

OAF SUGAR, Crushed Sugar, Table Salt, Pres'd  
Ginger. Just rec'd and for sale by  
C. W. BRADLEY.  
June 25. 44

MAY BUTTER.  
LBS. New Butter, just received per Alaric,  
and for sale by  
NEFF & WARNER.  
June 27. 45

Hay, Flour, &c.  
100 BALS prime New York Hay,  
50 barrels super Canal Flour,  
50 " Rectified Whiskey,  
10 " Newark Cider,  
6 hds. prime New Orleans Sugar,  
10 kegs superior Goshen Butter,  
Now landing from schr. R. W. Brown, at E. J.  
Lutterloh's wharf, for sale by  
JULY 9. 49 SANDFORD & SMITH.

OIL.  
10 BLS. Tanners Oil,  
10 " Whale  
10 " Racked "  
For sale by  
J. GAMMELL.  
July 14. 51

NEW  
CONFECTIONARY STORE.  
THE Subscriber having been burnt out by the late  
fire in Fayetteville, has removed to this place and  
taken a Store on the South side of Market Street, five  
doors east of the corner of Market and Front Street,  
where he is now prepared to serve the public with  
fresh CANDIES and CONFECTIONARIES of his own  
manufacture, either at wholesale or retail.  
Old customers are respectfully requested to forward  
their orders, which shall be filled on short notice, and  
Packages forwarded according to instructions.  
DAVID SHAW, Confectioner,  
Late of Fayetteville. 974  
Sep. 4.

COPARTNERSHIP.  
THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership,  
under the firm of McMillan & Co., for the trans-  
action of a general retail business at White Hall, Bladen  
County.  
DUGALD McMILLAN,  
THOS. H. LANE,  
WM. B. ROBESON, Jr.  
Aug. 25, 1846.

Musical Instruction.  
HAVING always received from the citizens  
of Wilmington, a liberal share of their pa-  
tronage, during the past five years, as a Teacher  
of MUSIC in this town, I take this opportunity  
of returning my sincere thanks and soliciting a con-  
tinuance of the same; and offer with pleasure to  
those who have favored me with their patronage, as  
to my competency as a Teacher of vocal and instru-  
mental music.  
SARAH ANN COOKE.  
Aug. 9, 1846. 62

## THE BIRTH-MARK.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In the latter part of the last century, there lived a man of science—an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy—who, not long before our story opens, had made experience of a spiritual affinity, more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace-smoke, washed the stain of acid from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days, when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity and other kindred mysteries of nature, seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman, in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart, might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force, and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies, ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to its own.

Such an union accordingly took place, and was attended with truly remarkable consequences, and a deeply impressive moral. One day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer sat gazing at his wife, with a trouble in his countenance that grew stronger, until he spoke.

"Georgiana," said he, "has it never occurred to you that the mark upon your cheek might be removed?"

"No, indeed," said she, smiling; but perceiving the seriousness of his manner, she blushed deeply. "To tell you the truth, it has been so often called a charm, that I was simple enough to imagine it might be so."

"Ah, upon another face, perhaps it might," replied her husband. "But never on yours! No, dearest Georgiana, you came so near perfect from the hand of Nature, that this slightest possible defect—which we hesitate whether to term a defect or a beauty—shocks me, as being the visible mark of earthly perfection."

"Shocks you, my husband!" cried Georgiana, deeply hurt; at first reddening with momentary anger, but then bursting into tears. "Then why did you take me from my mother's side? You cannot love what shocks you!"

To explain this conversation, it must be mentioned, that in the centre of Georgiana's left cheek there was a singular mark, deeply interwoven, as it were, with the texture and substance of her face. In the usual state of her complexion—a healthy, though delicate bloom—the mark wore a tint of deeper crimson, which imperfectly defined its shape amid the surrounding rosy skin. When she blushed, it gradually became more indistinct, and finally vanished amid the triumphant rush of blood, that bathed the whole cheek with its brilliant glow. But, if any shifting emotion caused her to turn pale, there was the mark again, a crimson stain upon the snow, in what Aylmer sometimes deemed an almost fearful distinctness. Its shape bore not a little similarity to the human hand, though of the smallest pigmy size. Georgiana's lovers were wont to say that some fairy, at her birth hour, had laid her tiny hand upon the infant's cheek, and left this impress there, in token of the magic endowments that were to give her such sway over all hearts. Many a desperate avain would have risked life for the privilege of pressing his lips to the mysterious hand. It must not be concealed, however, that the impression wrought by this fairy sign manual varied exceedingly, according to the difference of temperament of the beholders. Some fastidious persons—but they were exclusively of her own sex—affirmed that the Bloody Hand, as they choose to call it, quite destroyed the effect of Georgiana's beauty, and rendered her countenance even hideous. But it would be as reasonable to say that one of those small blue stains, which sometimes occur in the purest Estuary marble, would convert the Eve of Powers to a monster.

Masculine observers, if the birth-mark did not heighten their admiration, contented themselves with wishing it away, that the world might possess one living specimen of ideal loveliness, without the semblance of a flaw. After his marriage—for he thought little or nothing of the matter before—Aylmer discovered that this was the case with himself.

Had she been less beautiful—if Envy's self could have found ought else to sneer at—he might have felt his affection heightened by the prettiness of this mimic hand, now vaguely portrayed, now lost, now stealing forth again, and glimmering to and fro with every pulse of emotion that throbbled within her heart. But, seeing her otherwise so perfect, he found this one defect to grow more and more intolerable, with every moment of their united lives. It was the fatal flaw of humanity, which nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffaceably on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary and finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain. The Crimson Hand expressed the ineludible gripe, in which mortality clutches the highest and purest of earthly mould, degrading them into kindred with the lowest, and even with the very brutes, like whom their visible frames return to dust. In this manner—selecting it as the symbol of his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death, Aylmer's sombre imagination was not long in rendering the birth-mark a frightful object, causing him more trouble and horror than ever Georgiana's beauty, whether of soul or sense, had given him delight.

At all the seasons which should have been their happiest, he invariably, and without intending it—nay, in spite of a purpose to the contrary—reverted to this one disastrous topic. Trifling as it at first appeared, it so connected itself with innumerable trains of thought, and modes of feeling, that it became the central point of all. With the morning twilight, Aylmer opened his eyes upon his wife's face, and recognized the symbol of imperfection; and when they sat together at the evening hearth, his eyes wandered stealthily to her cheek and beheld, flickering with the blaze of the wood fire, the spectral Hand that wrote mortality where he would fain have worshipped. Georgiana soon learned to shudder at his gaze. It needed but a glance, with the peculiar expression that his face often wore, to change the roses of her cheek into a deathlike paleness, amid which the Crimson Hand was brought strongly out, like a bas relief of ruby on the whitest marble.

Late, one night, when the lights were growing dim, so as hardly to betray the stain on the poor wife's cheek, she herself, for the first time, voluntarily took up the subject.

"Do you remember, my dear Aylmer," said she, with a feeble attempt at a smile—"have you any recollection of a dream, last night, about this odious Hand?"

"None!—none whatever!" replied Aylmer, starting; but then he added in a dry, cold tone, affected for the sake of concealing the real depth of his emotion; "I might well dream, of it; for before I fell asleep, it had taken a pretty firm hold of my fancy."

"And you did dream of it," continued Georgiana, hastily; for she dreaded lest a gush of tears should interrupt what she had to say—"A terrible dream! I wonder that you can forget it. Is it possible to forget this one expression?—It is in her heart now; we must have it out! Reflect, my husband; for by all means I would have you recall that dream."

The mind is in a sad state, when Sleep, the all-involving, cannot confine her spectres within the dim region of her sway, but suffers them to break forth, affrighting this actual life with secrets that perchance belong to a deeper one. Aylmer now remembered his dream; he had fancied himself, with his servant Aminadab, attempting an operation for the removal of the birth-mark. But the deeper went the knife, deeper sank the hand, until at length its tiny grasp appeared to have caught hold of Georgiana's heart; whence, however, her husband was inexorably resolved to cut or wrench it away.

When the dream had shaped itself perfectly in his memory, Aylmer sat in his wife's presence with a guilty feeling. Truth often finds its way to the mind close-muffled in robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness of matters in regard to which we practice an unconscious self-deception, during our waking moments. Until now, he had

not been aware of the tyrannizing influence acquired by one idea over his mind, and of the lengths which he might find in his heart to go, for the sake of giving himself peace.

"Aylmer," resumed Georgiana, solemnly, "I know not what may be the cost to both of us, to rid me of this fatal birth-mark. Perhaps its removal may cause careless deformity. Or, it may be, the stain goes as deep as life itself. Again, do we know there is possibility, on any terms, of unclasping the firm gripe of this little Hand, which was laid upon me before I came into the world?"

"Dearest Georgiana, I have spent much thought upon the subject," hastily interrupted Aylmer; "I am convinced of the perfect practicability of its removal."

"If there be the remotest possibility of it," continued Georgiana, "let the attempt be made, at whatever risk. Danger is nothing to me; for life—while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror and disgust—life is a burden which I would fling down with joy. Either remove this dreadful Hand, or take my wretched life! You have deep science! All the world bears witness of it. You have achieved great wonders! Cannot you remove this little, little mark, which I cover with the tips of two small fingers? Is this beyond your power, for the sake of your own peace, and to save your poor wife from madness?"

"Noblest, dearest, tenderest wife!" cried Aylmer, rapturously, "double not my power. I have already given this matter the deepest thought—thought which might almost have enlightened me to create a being less perfect than yourself. Georgiana, you have led me deeper than ever into the heart of science. I feel myself fully competent to render this dear cheek as faultless as its fellow; and then, most beloved, that will be my triumph, when I shall have corrected what Nature left imperfect in her fairest work! Even Pygmalion, when his sculptured woman assumed life, felt not greater ecstasy than mine will be."

"It is resolved, then," said Georgiana, faintly smiling; "and, Aylmer, spare me not, though you should find the birth-mark take refuge in my heart at last."

Her husband tenderly kissed her cheek—her right cheek—not that which bore the impress of the Crimson Hand.

The next day, Aylmer apprised his wife of a plan that he had formed, whereby he might have opportunity for the intense thought and constant watchfulness which the proposed operation would require; while Georgiana, likewise, would enjoy the perfect repose essential to its success. They were to seclude themselves in the extensive apartments occupied by Aylmer as a laboratory, and where, during his toilsome youth, he had made discoveries in the chemical powers of nature, that had roused the admiration of all the learned societies in Europe. Seated calmly in his laboratory, the pale philosopher had investigated the secrets of the highest cloud-region, and of the profoundest mines; he had satisfied himself of the causes that kindled and kept alive the fires of the volcano; and had explained the mystery of fountains, and how it is that they gush forth, some so bright and pure, and others with such rich medicinal virtues, from the dark bosom of the earth. Here, too, at an early period, he had studied the wonders of the human frame, and attempted to fashion the very process by which Nature assimilates all her precious influences from earth and air, and from the spiritual world, to create and foster Man, her masterpiece. The latter pursuit, however, Aylmer had long laid aside, in unwilling recognition of the truth, against which all seekers sooner or later stumble, that our great creative Mother, while she amuses us with apparently working in the broadest sunshine, is yet severely careful to keep her own secrets, and, in spite of her pretended openness, shows us nothing but results. She permits us indeed to mar, but seldom to mend, and, like a jealous patentee, on no account to make. Now, however, Aylmer resumed these half-forgotten investigations; not of course, with such hopes or wishes as first suggested them; but because they involved much physiological truth, and lay in the path of his proposed scheme for the treatment of Georgiana.

As he led her over the threshold of the laboratory, Georgiana was cold and tremulous. Aylmer looked cheerfully into her face, with intent to reassure her, but was so startled with the intense glow of the birth-mark upon the whiteness of her cheek, that he could not restrain a strong

convulsive shudder. His wife fainted.

"Aminadab! Aminadab!" shouted Aylmer, stamping violently on the floor.

Forthwith, there issued from an inner apartment a man of low stature, but bulky frame, with shaggy hair hanging about his visage, which was grimed with the vapors of the furnace. This personage had been Aylmer's under worker during his whole scientific career, and was admirably fitted for that office by his great mechanical readiness, and the skill with which, while incapable of comprehending a single principle, he executed all the practical details of his master's experiment. With his vast strength, his shaggy hair, his smoky aspect, and the indescribable earthiness that entrained him, he seemed to represent man's physical nature; while Aylmer's slender figure, and pale intellectual face, were no less a type of the spiritual element.

"Throw open the door of the boudoir, Aminadab," said Aylmer, "and burn a pastille."

"Yes, master," answered Aminadab, looking intently at the lifeless form of Georgiana; and then he muttered to himself:—"If she were my wife, I'd never part with that birth-mark!"

When Georgiana recovered consciousness, she found herself breathing an atmosphere of penetrating fragrance, the gentle potency of which had recalled her from her death-like faintness. The scenes around her looked like enchantment. Aylmer had converted those smoky, dingy, sombre rooms, where he had spent his brightest years in recondite pursuits, into a series of beautiful apartments, not unfit to be the secluded abode of a lovely woman. The walls were hung with gorgeous curtains, which imparted the combination of grandeur and grace, that no species of adornment could achieve; and as they fell from the ceiling to the floor, their rich and ponderous folds, concealing all angles and straight lines appeared to shut the scene from finite space. For aught Georgiana knew it might be a pavilion among the clouds. And Aylmer, excluding the sunshine, which would have interfered with his chemical processes, had supplied its place with perfumed lamps, emitting flames of various hue, but all uniting in a soft, empurpled radiance. He now knelt by his wife's side, watching her earnestly, but without alarm; for he was confident in his science, and felt he could draw a magic circle round her, within which no evil might intrude.

"Where am I?—Ah, I remember!" said Georgiana, faintly; and she placed her hand over her cheek, to hide the terrible mark from her husband's eyes.

"Fear not, dearest!" exclaimed he. "Do not shrink from me! Believe me, Georgiana, I even rejoice in this single imperfection, since it will be such a rapture to remove it."

"Oh, spare me!" sadly replied his wife. "Pray do not look at it again. I never can forget that convulsive shudder."

In order to soothe Georgiana, and, as it were, to release her mind from the burden of actual things, Aylmer now put in practice some of the light and playful secrets which science had taught him among its profounder lore. Airy figures, absolutely bodiless ideas, and forms of unsubstantial beauty came and danced before her, imprinting their momentary footprints on beams of light. Though she had some indistinct idea of the method of these optical phenomena, still the illusion was almost perfect enough to warrant the belief that her husband possessed a sway over the spiritual world. Then again, when she felt a wish to look forth from her seclusion, immediately, as if her thoughts were answered, the procession of external existence flitted across a screen. The scenery and figures of actual life were perfectly represented, but with that bewitching, yet indiscernible difference, which always makes a picture, an image, or a shadow, so much more attractive than the original. When wearied of this, Aylmer bade her cast her eyes upon a vessel containing a quantity of earth. She did so, with little interest at first, but was soon startled, to perceive the gem of a plant, shooting upward from the soil. Then came the slender stalk—the leaves gradually unfolded themselves—and amid them was a perfect and lovely flower.

"It is magical!" cried Georgiana. "I dare not touch it!"

"Nay, pluck it," answered Aylmer, "pluck it, and inhale its brief perfume while you may. The flower will wither in a few moments, and leave nothing save its brown seed-vessel—but thence may be perpetuated at once as ephemeral as itself."

But Georgiana had no sooner touched the flower than the whole plant suffered a blight, its leaves turning coal-black, as if by the agency of fire.

"There was too powerful a stimulus," said Aylmer thoughtfully.

To make up for this abortive experiment, he proposed to take her portrait by a scientific process of his own invention. It was to be perfected by rays of light striking upon a polished piece of