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GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND 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.

LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS IN NEW YORK.
NEFF & WARNER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHANDLERY, 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, NAVAL STORES, AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Two doors North of G. W. Davis',
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Aug. 8, 1846. 63

E. A. CUSHING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 4.

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 WHARVE PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on consignment of COTTON, RICE, NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.
Refer to Messrs Brown & Derosset,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Aug. 29. 71-6m.

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Phost Office,
No. 254 NORTH WHARVE,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to E. J. Lutterloh,
Wilmington, N. C.
Aug. 11. 63

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

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 9, 1846. 1y37

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

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

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 Pufferford.)
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots and Shoes,
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

CHAS. D. ELLIS,
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

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

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

Hay, Flour, &c.
100 BALES 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 BBLs. Tanners Oil,
15 " Whale "
10 " Racked "
For sale by
July 14. [51] J. GAMMELL.

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,
Lane of Fayetteville, 974
Sep. 4.

COPARTNERSHIP.
THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership, under the firm of McMillan & Co., for the transaction of a general retail business at White Hall, Bladen County.
DUGALD MCMILLAN,
THOS. H. LANE,
WM. B. ROBESON, Jr.
Aug. 26 1846.

CANDY! CANDY!—Just received, and will be opened for a few days, Stuart's Superior Candy.
C. W. BRADLEY,
April 4.

NOTICE.
To the Honorable the next General Assembly of North Carolina.
APPLICATION will be made at your next Session, for a Charter of Incorporation, to govern the Wilmington & Raleigh Rail Road, (at some point) with the Chesapeake Rail Road.
Wilmington, July 9, 1846. 3m50

SHAD.
20 BARRELS of Ocean Shad—a superior article for family use, for sale by
Aug. 20, 1846. [62] J. MULLOCK.

FLOUR! FLOUR! FLOUR! 20 Bbls. Canal Flour—20 half bbls. do. do., just received, and for sale by
Aug. 8. [61] JAMES MCGARY.

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)
SNAKE JOHNSON.

Whether the subject of this story acquired the appellation of "Snake" by the good offices of the clergyman who officiated at his baptism, or whether it was given him by his admiring friends—whether it was given him for any personal qualities he possessed, or because he was "death on snakes"—it is impossible now to ascertain, as it is a matter of little moment. Snake Johnson is a man of considerable notoriety at Port Lavaca, Texas, where he keeps a store with a small assortment of dry goods and groceries, principally consisting of whiskey; and, to use his own words, makes a decent and respectable living. Snake is a man of small pretensions, and honestly avows that "he wasn't brought up no ways superior to most folks, and ain't no account at algebray, but knows as well as most folks that when he gives ten dollars for a barrel of whiskey, and retails it out for eighty, he can't be a losin' much." There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of Mr. Johnson. He is tall, round-shouldered, powerfully built; has got a long, sharp nose, piercing grey eyes, a hard mouth, and a good many lines on his face that indicate courage and cunning. In his district he is looked up to as a pretty sort of a chap, and has held the office of sheriff.

While sitting on the head of an empty whiskey barrel a short time since in his shop at the Port, surrounded by a number of neighbors, steamboats-men, recruits, &c., the subject of his having been sheriff of the county was brought up.

Snake took out his plug of tobacco, cut off a small piece, put it into his mouth, shut up his jack-knife, and said: "Did I ever tell you, gentlemen, about my actin' in my official capacity as sheriff of this ere county soon after I was elected?"

"No! no!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "let's have it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Snake, "I won't be ugly, an' I don't think any on ye hev heard it afore, I don't mind relat'ing the circumstance! You all on you know, an' those that don't will know it now, that I allers act right up to the mark and don't do nothin' contrary to law, to say nothin' of gospel."

"Oh, we know! we know!" was the general exclamation.

"Well, then, that pint's settled, and I'm glad on it, coz I shouldn't like to hev a fight at the first start, an' I should hev sartainly licked the first feller that sed he didn't know it. Well to continue, soon arter I'd been lected sheriff, I was a sittin' out thar unto the door step, thinkin' it was about time to hev a job, when two chaps came a ridin' down the road as ef a hull tribe of Injuns was a rearin' and pitchin' arter 'em. They charged right up to the door and axed me if I knowed the sheriff. I told 'em I hed seen him once or twice. They wanted to know whar they could find him, an' I told 'em I reckoned he was a sittin' on his door step. 'Oh!' sed they, 'be yot Snake Johnson?' I told 'em I reckoned I was the only man o' that name in these parts, an' was sheriff of the county to boot. Well, they got off an' passed a small sample of old bald face behind their shirt collars, an' sed they'd come to get me to execute the sentence of the law. Well, gentlemen, ses I, I'm perfectly agreeable! I'm allers on hand, and as sheriff of this county will see that his majesty the law shall be obeyed according to Hoyle!

"We'll jest trouble you to mount your horse and come up to—" sed they, a small towp about six miles back here, gentlemen! Well, I was a little kind o' cur'us to know what I was expected to do, an' so I just axed 'em. Ses they, 'We've got a feller up thar that's been convicted of horse stealin' an' is sentenced to be hung, and we want you to execute him accordin' to law. We would hev hung him ourselves, but we didn't want to hev no lynchin' about it, and determined to hev the sheriff, who is duly authorized to hang folks, to choke him off."

"Well, gentlemen, I saddled up old Santa Anna an' we started off. When I got to the place thar was about a hundred folks thar a waitin' for me, some grey-headed old chaps, an' some red-headed young ones, an' thar was the culprit, too, about as mean a lookin' white man as I ever did see; he was a regular built cuss, an' when he was panted out I didn't feel very bad as the idea of hangin' him."

"Good!" exclaimed one of his auditors.

"Good!" said the narrator. "May-

be you wouldn't think it good, if you hed your neck as close to a noose as his was! Well, as I was sayin' thar they were. An old feller cum up to me, shuk hands, an' ses he, 'Mister Sheriff, you've been called as the legl representative of the law to hang that miserable cuss thar who has been convicted of horse stealin' so do your duty an' put him out of his misery as soon as possible.'

"Certainly, sir!" ses I, kind o' stiff and dignified; 'whar is the document?'"

"Fetch the document!" says the old feller, and in about half a minute another chap took a long coil o' hemp rope out of his saddle bag and handed it to me: "This is the rope," ses I. "Yes, sir!" ses he. "But I want the order of the court for his execution, ses I. 'Order h—! ses the old feller, kind o' ruffled; 'he ain't hed no court trial!'"

"What?" ses I, 'aint had no court trial an' you want me to hang him! I 'aint agoin' to hang no man without a fair trial. That 'aint no way to do things."

"You want hang him?" ses the old feller.

"Not till he's had a fair trial!" ses I.

"Now look a here, sheriff," ses a tall feller, who was leanin' on his rifle. 'This 'ere feller was seen about my house last night, an' this mornin' my horse and Jake French's was gone. We got off on the trail early and ketched this cuss with all three on 'em. We rested him, p'inted a committee and told 'em the hull story. They convicted him and ordered him to be hung by the sheriff.—Now if you want hang him, why, I'll an' here he riz up his rifle, an' p'inted it at the thief, who squatted right down in a bunch, tremblin' like a bull's liver.—I'll shoot, ses he. 'Hold on,' ses I, 'hold on, well try and compromise the matter.' I crossed over to the feller, an' ses I, 'my friend, you're in a mighty tight snap, but I don't want to hang you on till you've been tried.' He begged like a skunk, an' hugged my knees, an' made me feel as mean as pizen.—I wanted to kick him right over. 'Well,' says I, 'gentlemen, one thing is sartain, I must know the feelings of all on you, an' the feller shall have his chance. Now all on you as is in favor of hangin' this chap, cross over to 'tother side o' the road. Well, they all walked over but a small, ugly lookin' yaller dog, who was lyin' down, but finally he got up an' crossed over too. 'It seems to be pretty nigh unanimous,' ses I, an' I turns to the feller an' ses, 'I'm afraid you'll have to swing, but I'll try agin,' for I was determined not to go agin the law. 'All you as is in favor o' hangin' this man, sing out aye,' ses I, an' they all burst into one spontaneous cry, an' even the dog set up a bark. 'All you as is agin hangin', sing out, ses I; but nobody didn't say no, except the prisoner, an' he had'n't no right to vote, 'ordin to Jefferson's Manual."

"What did you do then?" inquired one of Johnson's auditors.

"I'm a comin' to thar, sir. I tched the culprit on the shoulder, an' he kind o' quivered all over when I did it. Ses I, 'my friend, I expect it's all over, but we'll just walk down here a piece, under this live oak, an' settle the matter.—So we walked along and the hull crowd follered on 'till we got under the tree. Some feller had made a slipper noose in one end o' the rope, an' I put it round the cuss's neck an' hove the other end over a big limb. I see I was in a tight snap, for I know'd if I refused to hang him, they would hang him an' me too, perhaps, so I determined to get out on it the best way I could. Everythin' was as still as a grave yard, nobody said a word, an' you couldn't hear a breath o' noise."

"Well, what did you do?" asked a listener.

"What?" said Johnson. "Why I just run him up and let him swing."

"What you hung him then?"

"Of course I did! an' resigned my office the next day."

Capt. Talbot has returned home, being, we regret to say, unsuccessful in his pursuit of Epes, the murderer. He went as far as Galveston, Texas, at which place he lost all trace of him. He had paid his bill, and left, with his baggage, one of the Hotels of that city, some days before Capt. T's arrival there, but it was not known in what mode, or in which direction he travelled. Capt. T. had printed and distributed several hundred hand-bills, which may, perhaps, yet secure his apprehension by some one.—Lynchburg Republican.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S TABLE TALK.

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as we was a settin' by the fire, I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin', (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacco alone; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time.)—Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned towards me, I knowed something was comin, for he had a pertikeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anythin' uncommon. Well, he says to me, ses he "Silly," (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he generally called me "Silly," cause 'twas handier, you know.) Well, he says to me, ses he, "Silly," and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you, he had a solemn countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon 'was more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked solumer than ever, and certainly you wouldn't wonder at it if you know'd how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleuris-y in his side, and having the ager considerable part of the time, and bein broke of his rest o' nights cause he was so put to 't for breath when laid down. Why, its an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadnt seen a well day in fifteen year, though when we was married and for five or six years after, I shouldnt desire to see a rugged-er man than he was. But the time I'm speakin o' hed been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was at a quilting to Squire Smith's apell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd been keepin company with Mose Howlitt, for better'n a year, and every body said that was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudden she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if any body'd told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin, and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin out some time or other. Some folks has a way of talkin round and round and round forevermore, and never comin to the pint. Now there's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham after she was married, she is the tojest individual to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he "Silly," says I "what?" I didnt say "What, Hezekiel?" for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. Hezekiel Bedott, says I, "well, I would give up if I had such a name," but then you know I had no more idee, of marryin the feller than you have this munit o' marryin the governor. I spose you think it curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekiel. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from generation to generation. But we always call him Kier, he is a blessing, aint he? and I aint the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now dont you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a lealle out of her reckonin. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me says he, "Silly," I says, says I, "What?" If I didnt say "what" when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on saying "Silly" from time to eternity; he always did, because, you know he wanted me to pay pertikeler attention, and I generally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me says he, "Silly," Says I "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say—didnt know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldnt wish his worst enemy to suffer one munit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitiva-

tions when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin, but he didnt. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one hoss sly out to Booneville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow's amazin' deep in that section o' kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are hambergassed snow banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a settin there, husband was took with a dreadful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a *perdikement*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband didnt. He only says he, Consarn it! How did we get out, did you ask?—Why, we might a been settin there to this day fur as I know, if there hadnt a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they bysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me says he, "Silly," (I could see by the light o' the fire, there didnt happen to be no candle burnin, if I dont disremember, though my memory is sometimes rather forgetful, but I know we was to burn candles, excepting we had company) I could see by the light of the fire, that his mind was uncommon solumerized. Says he to me says he, "Silly," I says to him says I, "What?" He says to me says he, "We're all poor critters!"

A GENUINE YANKEE.

Dan Marble is the father of the following:
"Hallo, my good friend, can you inform me how far it is to the next house?"
Jonathan started up—leaned on his hoe handle—rested one foot on the gambrel of his sinister leg, and replied:
"Hullo, yourself! how'd dew?—well I guess I can. Taint near as fur as it used to be afore they cut the woods away—then it was generally reckoned four miles, but now the sun shrivels the road and it don't make more'n two. The first house you come to though is a barn, and the haystack; but old Huskin's house is on byant—You'll be sure to meet the gals long before you git thar; tarnaal rompin critters, they plague our folks more'n a little. His sheep get into our orchard. Dad sets the dogs arter the sheep, and me, arter the gals, and the way he makes the wool, and I the petticoats fly, is a sin to the snakes."

"I see you are inclined to be facetious young man—pray tell me how it happens that one of your legs is shorter than the other?"

"I never lows any body to meddle with my grass tanglers, mister, but ses in' its you, I was borne so at my dekleer request, so that when I hold a plough, I can go with one foot in the furrer and 'tother on the land, and not lop over, besides it is convenient when I mow a side hill."

"Very good indeed—how do potatoes come this year?"

"They don't come at all; I dig 'em out—and there's an everlastin' snarl o' 'em in each hill."

"But they are small, I perceive."

"Yes, I know it. You see we planted some whoppin' blue noses over in that ere patch there, and they flourished so all-firedly that these ere stopt growin' just out spite, cause they knowed they couldn't begin to keep up."

"You appear to be pretty smart, and I should think you could afford a better hat than the one you wear."

"The looks aint nothin'; it's all in the behavior. This ere hat was my religious-Sunday-go-to-mestin' hat, and it's chuck full of piety now. I've got a better one to hum; but I don't dig faters in it, no how."

"You have been in these parts some time, I should guess?"

"I guess so, tew. I was born'd and guess my native place is down in Fordunk."

"Then you say it is about three and a half miles to the next house?"

"Yes, sir; 'twas a spell ago, and I don't believe it has grow'd much shorter since."

"Much obliged—good bye."

"Good bye to ye. That's a darn slick mare of yours."

(From the N. O. Delta.)
SHOCCO JONES AGAIN.
Every one remembers the doings of Shocco Jones in 1840 or '41 in Mississippi, where he assayed every one that he came across, from our present fellow-townsmen, S. S. Prentiss, to the cashless Cashiers of cashless banks, men that would be money borrowers and government officers. We say every one remembers these things: they were faithfully recorded in the pages of the Vicksburg Sentinel, and were admitted to form the most humorous local sketch that was ever issued from the press in the South-west.
We find the following additional do of Shoc. in the Aberdees (Miss.) Advertiser of the 16th inst., which, for the fun of the thing, we copy.
After a general dissertation on Northern money collectors, the editor launches into particulars after the following wise: In the fall of '41 one of these fellows made his appearance in Columbus, and