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W. STRINGER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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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.
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C. N. BELL,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.
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WILMINGTON, N. C.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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NO. 35½ NORTH WHARVES,
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GROCERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY LORING & STRINGER.

VOL. 1. WILMINGTON, MONDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14, 1846. NO. 114.

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AGENT AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding of Goods. Orders fitted on the best terms, when cash is enclosed, or produce in hand.
N. B. I may be found at the Store of E. Turlington corner of Water and Princess streets, where may be found a general assortment of groceries for both Town and Country trade.
Nov. 10. 100-y

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
And dealers in
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN WARE, CROCKERY, &C.
R. H. Stanton, } Wilmington, N. C.
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CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of *CORDAGE* and *PROVISIONS.* Also, Foreign Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.
☞Ships Stores put up with despatch.
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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.

CHAS. D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
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AGENT FOR THE SALE OF LUMBER, TIMBER, TURPENTINE, &C.
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BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTORY,
Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.
THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store formerly occupied by Porter and Blakeslee, and immediately opposite the Chronicle Office, where he is now opening a complete assortment of
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Martingales, Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Collars, Whips, Spurs, Bits, &c. &c. &c. &c.
All of which will be warranted of good manufacture and materials, and will be sold low for CASH.
Having LONG EXPERIENCE in the above business, he flatters himself that he will be able to render *full satisfaction* to those who may be disposed to patronize him.
It is his intention to keep no Books, but to adopt the CASH SYSTEM, by which means he will be able to furnish articles MUCH CHEAPER than they have heretofore been bought in this market.
☞REPAIRING of all kinds done at the shortest notice. JOHN J. CONOLEY.
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FLOUR.
BEST Canal Flour. For sale, by
Sept. 26. 81 E. PETERSON.

SHEETING.—Four-Fourth's, from the ROCKFISH FACTORY, for sale by BROWN & DeROSSET.
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TO RENT.
SEVERAL well finished offices, in the fire proof building on *Water Street,* over the stores of Smith, Mitchell & Gudes.
That large and convenient Wharf on Eagle's Island, opposite Town and known as the site of the *Phœnix Distillery,* 220 feet front, and running back 1600 feet with convenient dock, Warehouse 40 by 80 feet, negro quarters, &c. all in good repair. Apply to H. Nutt.
Sept 25. 1846. 81 tf.

MESS AND PRIME PORK for Sale by
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.
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FOR SALE.
A FIRST RATE northern built Buggy. For sale low, by BROWN & DeROSSET.
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FOR RENT.
A DWELLING on Second between Market and Dock Street, at present occupied by Mr. Augustine, well adapted for the accommodation of a small family. Apply to J. MULOCK
Sep. 12. 77

SADDLES, BRIDLES,
HARNESS, TRUNKS, &c. &c. &c.
THE Subscriber has on hand a general assortment of Goods in his line, together with *Rockaways, Buggies, Trotting Waggons,* and *Sulkies,* all of which he will sell low. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Old Stand, North Side of Market Street.
GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
Wilmington, Sept. 26. 81.

AGENCY OF CAPE FEAR STEAM BOAT COMPANY, *March* 11, 1846.
THE *Cape Fear Steam Boat Company,* having thoroughly placed in order the favorite Steamer, *Cotton Plant,* and are building Lighters of the most approved style, and peculiarly adapted to the low stages of the River, are prepared to give despatch to Goods for Fayetteville, and the interior, on the *most favorable terms.* The keel of a new Steamer has been laid, which will soon be completed, of such light draft of water, *as to suit all stages of the River; and which, in lightness of draft,* WILL NEVER BE SURPASSED.
Goods will be received and forwarded promptly thro' Wilmington, *free of all charges for Storage, Drayage, Wharfage, and Commissions;* and will be attended to at Fayetteville, *free of Commissions.* Goods can be stored there, up town or at the river, as shippers may desire.
The Cape Fear Steam Boat Company are determined to carry Goods on as favorable terms as any other Company; and from the long experience of their agents at Wilmington and Fayetteville, have no doubt of giving their friends *entire satisfaction.*
E. W. WILLKINGS,
Agent at Fayetteville.
ROB'T. G. RANKIN,
Agent at Wilmington.
March 17. 1

5,000 BUSHELS TURKS' ISLAND SALT for Sale by
O. G. PARSLEY.
Wilmington, March 19. 2 tf.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE—Price $1 per quire, for sale at the COMMERCIAL OFFICE.
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HAY.
50 BALES prime Eastern Hay, just landed, for sale by SANDFORD & SMITH.
Oct. 24, 1846. 93.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.
5 KEGS superior Goshen Butter, 20 boxes prime Cheese, 5 boxes Pine Apple Cheese, just received per Brig Belle. J. & W. L. McGARY.
Oct. 22. 92

SUGARS, Loaf, Crushed and Brown best quality. For sale by C. W. BRADLEY.
Oct. 31. 96

emoval.
THE Subscribers have removed their Office, to the GASTON STEAM SAW AND PLANING MILLS
Nov. 10. P. K. DICKINSON & Co.
Chronicle copy. 2m100

Eau De Cologne.
50 DOZEN, in quart Bottles, of the real *French Cologne,* just imported and arrived from Martinique, in lots to suit purchasers. For sale, by
Nov. 10. [100] J. HATHAWAY & SON

BACON.
200 PRIME North Carolina Bacon Hams, just received, for sale by
Nov. 10. [100] J. & W. L. McGARY

HERRINGS.
50 BOXES very superior scaled Herrings, just received, and for sale, by
Nov. 10. [100] J. & W. L. McGARY.

CHECK BOOKS.
WE have just executed in a superb style, bound up in 2, 3 and 4 Quire Books, Checks on the "Bank of Cape Fear," and the "Branch Bank of the State." Call and examine them, at the Office of *The Commercial.*
LORING & STRINGER.
Oct. 31. 96

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

It was a low-roofed, humble log house in the heart of a Western wilderness. At its rude doorway stood two beings gazing out upn the wild but magnificent scene—the proud giant trees with their tall branches rising towards the blue skies; their glossy leaves trembling in the Summer breeze, and forming a curtain through which the bright sun-beams poured over the rich sward at their feet—the wild flowers peeping out from the dark shadows of their huge trunks, and the scarcely trodden foot-paths winding over the velvet turf from the narrow clearing about the cottage. A low, thrilling carol, from a fluttering bird now and then broke the stillness, and far away down the shady ravine was faintly heard the soft murmur of a rippling stream.

The eyes of the young maiden at the door wandered delighted over the quiet scene, and there was a light in their blue depths and a dimpling smile about the rosy mouth which gave an indescribable charm to her sweet face. One little hand clasped the strings of her straw bonnet which hung by her side, and the other was raised to her white forehead, half shading the laughing orbs beneath from the bright sun-light, while the whispering winds lightly touched her pure neck, lifting the wavy brown tresses from her shoulders. She was very young and very beautiful, and every glance of her bright eyes told that her soul was full of love and purity. The lady by her side was many years her senior, and there was the slightest shade of care upon her smooth brow, and a subdued and patient look upon her mild face, which told that her life had not been without its changes and trials. The glance which she cast upon the young girl was full of fondness and material affection; and when she looked into the deepening shadows of the surrounding forest or up to the azure skies, the soft light of her dark eyes told of hope and contentment, if not enthusiasm. All at once the little hand dropped from the forehead, and a low ringing laugh came from the lips of the young girl.

"They are coming, mother! See, there is father holding Anna and little Eddy upon my black pony, and Oscar in the rear mounted upon old Charley. Oh, we shall have such a nice ride through these old roads and down by the bank of that quiet river."

And with a joyous bound she started forward to meet the approaching band, the merry voices of the delighted little ones mingling with her joyous shouts.

"Oh, sister Ether!" cried little Anna, "we have had such a grand time; Eddy and I riding round through the forest with father to lead your dear little pony; and he is *so* clever and steps so carefully over the green sward and pretty flowers. Oh, I wish we had not got home this whole hour yet!"

But the chubby prattler was lifted from her coveted seat and stood dancing at the feet of her mother, while the baby boy clapped his tiny hands and sent out his infant carol from the arms of his smiling sire. Ether had tied her straw cottage over her curls, and sprang gracefully to the back of her favorite; and now he pawed the rich turf impatiently, and shook his glossy mane, as if quite conscious of the lovely weight he bore, and longing to dart away down the mossy path and through the dim shades of the thick grove.

Her brother, a tall, noble-looking youth of twenty, soon smilingly joined the company, and after kissing his gloved hand to the dear group, they galloped away down the foot-path and were lost to view. After riding a mile or two beneath the drooping boughs of the old trees, they suddenly came to the steep bank of a river of considerable size, turning to the right hand a full view of the open country for many miles around. No obstruction was offered to their progress, and they rode gayly on over a surface of downy moss and yielding sward besprinkled with every hue and variety. Far to the left and on the opposite shore the forest was deep and unbroken, and the steep grassy declivity which rose from the river's pure waters was now and then broken by a chain of massive rocks extending far out into the stream, and losing their dark tops amid the shrubbery and spreading boughs. The cheeks of Ether Dunham glowed, and bright smiles deepened the dimples about her small mouth, while her brother's eloquent dark eyes beamed with intenser light as they rode onward, the musical tones of the one blending with the deep mellow voice of the other in earnest conversation. At last the horses slackened their pace, walking almost noiselessly along over the flowery ground, as if, like their riders, subdued to pleasant thoughts by surrounding influences. Just as they came to a clump of trees, which bent over the stream and threw their dark shadows far out into the sleeping waters, a low warbling murmur not exactly like the carol of a bird—but quite as sweet and full of melody—fell on their ears; and instantly checking their tired horses, they bent breathlessly over their saddles and peered down through the thick leaves; for the sound seemed to proceed from their midst.

A low faint cry of wonder half burst from Ether's lips; but her brother's hand smothered the sound, while he pushed his way nearer to the edge of the bank that he might have a more distinct view of the strange wild creature thus thrust upon their vision. She had grasped with one small brown hand a pliant branch of one of the trees that overhung the dark waters, and swung herself from the slight foot-hold beneath, while the other reaching far up amid the clustering, clambering vines, that wound themselves around every limb, she was trying to grasp a bunch of purple grapes which swung to and fro, constantly eluding the clasp of her slender fingers. Her large wild brown eyes with their thick silken lashes were fixed eagerly upon the capacious treasure, and her full red lips half opened in their impatience, while the long jetty ringlets of her hair, in their lavish abundance fell back from her dark high forehead and hung trembling over the deep waters. The same exquisite music now came again from her full heart, for the extreme peril of her situation seemed unable to restrain its outgushings of gladness; and the golden bird which had just lighted upon a bough above her head seemed to hesitate before pluming his wings for a flight.

She was strangely beautiful; and as she hung there with only that frail limb for a support, and the notes of joy upon her lip, Oscar Dunham and his sister turned pale with terror. She had just reached the purple fruit, and torn the rich cluster from its vine, when the bended bough broke with a sudden crash, and with one faint cry the daring girl sank beneath the dark surface below. She rose again almost instantly, and the next moment the strong arms of the bold youth had borne her up to the grassy bank, where he gently laid her with her head in Ether's lap. The little hand still grasped the luscious fruit, but the bright drops dripped from the stem, and the smile had hardly left the pale lip and cheek. Arthur bent anxious over the marble face, and rubbed the cold hands with his trembling fingers while Ether kissed the lovely brow and put back the wet hair, calling on her to wake. At last a faint color came to the lips, the long lashes trembled upon the cheek, and then the brown eyes looked up with a bewildered gaze; but when they fell upon the eloquent pale face of the stranger youth, she sprang to her feet, while a crimson glow flushed the cheek and brow and a cry of fear trembled on her tongue. It was only momentary; for when she turned her sweet eyes to the beautiful face of Ether Dunham, a smile full of satisfaction and loveliness broke over her features, and she knelt down by her side, clasped her hands in both hers, and gazed fondly into her fair face.

"Was it you who took me from those dark waters?" she said, "Was it you who saved the Young Fawn to her mother's arms?"

"Not me, dear one—but he—my brother," replied the smiling girl. "We were passing this way, and saw your danger. It was Oscar who brought you to my arms."

"Then he has my gratitude, and I know my dear mother would bless him, for I am her all." And she extended her hand timidly to the admiring youth, blushing and hanging her head in embarrassment. It was quickly withdrawn; not however till he had raised it to his lips, and reverently kissed the trembling prisoner. "I knew I was careless," she continued turning to Ether, "but I wanted the grapes so much, and besides I have often gathered them in the same way before without injury or accident. But I shall be more wise in future, for my sweet mother's sake as well as my own."

"And where do you live?" asked her listener, looking about her, "for I see no signs of cultivation, no house any where in this region."

"Oh no, you cannot see it here," replied the smiling girl, "we live in the dim, deep forest, yonder over the stream, and our cottage just behind that ledge of rocks. Mother and I dwell in those woods alone; but we are very happy—at least I am, only sometimes when I hear my mother sigh or a tear in her eye. She is very good, and oh, I love her so much. I wish you could see her, you would love her too."

"And is your father dead?" inquired Ether, gazing delightfully over her animated face and still holding the little hand which had been given her. "Oh yes—my father was a great chief—a mighty king of a powerful tribe; but he was long ago slain in battle, and since then my mother and I have lived alone, though she often sighs for the dear friends of her childhood, who she says are far away, or perhaps dwell in the Spirit-land." A look of sadness crossed the eloquent young face, and she brushed a tear from her cheeks; but it was quickly followed by a smile as she added:—"My father used to call me the Young Fawn, but mother prefers the name of *Nora,* because she says it has been in her heart from childhood, though she cannot remember whence it came.

"Nora," whispered Ether to her brother, "our mother's name."

"If it were not asking too much of you," continued the Young Fawn, "I would take you to our humble home and show you this sweet mother of mine. She is as fair as you, for I take not this dark brow and these jetty tresses from her."

"We will go," said Oscar, quickly. "It will not take long, and we can tie our horses to one of the trees. The sun is yet high in the heavens, and if we should be out after nightfall, we shall have the full moon to light us on our way."

The horses were accordingly fastened to a tree near by, and left to nibble the fresh grass, while the dark maiden and her companions proceeded to the little skiff which was moored beneath the bank, and were soon floating over the smooth surface of the stream. They landed just where a huge rock threw its shadow over the rich velvety turf, which stretched back from the river's brink, and stepping forth from the fairy barque the graceful girl bounded around the cliff followed by the young strangers. The scene was lovely, as they emerged from the heavy shade and looked around.—Giant trees that had for centuries pointed with their intertwining boughs to Heaven threw their clustering foliage protectingly over the waving grass and nestling flowerets; and strange beautiful birds with golden wing and lute-like voices were everywhere looking out from the thick leaves, while away through the brown trunks, its humble roof bending beneath the weight of a clambering woodbine, peeped forth the solitary cabin of the Young Fawn. A winding foot-path with its soft carpet of green led to the door, and down in a little shady glen near by came sparkling and dimpling the pure limpid waters of a tiny rivulet, creeping like a beam of silver light through the fragrant blossoms which covered its mossy banks.

"Dear mother!" cried the wild, sweet maiden, as she bounded through the open door, and threw her arms about the bending neck of a pale interesting looking woman, who had arisen from her seat at the first sound of her foot-fall. "Dear mother, I am here, though sadly wet, and here are some friends who saved me from drowning; for I carelessly climbed on the tree for a bunch of grapes and fell into dark waters. This young gentleman generously brought me to shore, and his sweet sister kissed me back to life, for I believe I was insensible till her soft breath passed over my cheek, and I thought her gentle voice, as she called on me to awake, was the whisper of the kind angels who you say watch over us."

And she drew the smiling Ether towards her trembling mother, looking from the pale anxious face of the one into the tender eyes of the other till her heart gushed out in love and gratitude, and she laughed that soft musical laugh again till the shade passed from the white brow of her parent and her usual calmness returned. She bowed gracefully to the manly youth and returned his friendly grasp, and passing her arm kindly about the waist of Ether, drew her to her bosom and looked with a sad earnest look into her fair face, put back the brown hair from her cheeks and kissed the pure forehead. Her voice trembled slightly as she spoke, but it was low and musical.

"You are welcome, sweet girl, to our humble home, and I feel that I never can repay you and your noble brother for the kindness you have shown us. If the gratitude of a full heart affords you any compensation, it is yours. Nora is all I have to love, and if she were to leave me, life would be cheerless indeed." Tears sparkled in her sad blue eye, and she looked tenderly upon the beautiful child who approached them from the little bedroom, where she had exchanged her dripping garments for dry ones in a twinkling. A soft blush stole over her face, whenever she chanced to meet the dark eye of Oscar Dunham, and a strange thrill passed through her frame when his mellow voice sounded in her ear; but to Ether she clung with extravagant fondness, twined the soft brown ringlets about her slender fingers and kissed the little white hands. She told her of the pleasant haunts about her wildwood home, of her daily sails upon the river and occasional walks to the distant settlement. And in return Ether told of the dear bright home she had lately left, of the many friends she had bidden adieu, and how with her father and mother, her brothers and little sister she dwelt in the bosom of the forest, but a few miles distant.—The wild creature clapped her hands for joy and danced about the little room, till the voices of her visiters mingled with her own merry laugh and a smile of gladness dimpled the pale cheek of her pensive mother. She was rejoiced that a companion so gentle and kind had been found for her idol child; for since her young heart first throbbed with its gushing tenderness she had none but her mother to love; though her yearning spirit went out towards all that was bright and glad in nature.

The birds were her friends, and she had listened hours together to their merry carols till her own tears had caught the echo and she sang as gaily as they. She loved too to listen to the rustling of the forest leaves when the evening winds whispered among them and they breathed forth their pensive sounds; and then a strange sadness would creep into her spirit and she would gaze with her large earnest eyes up into the starry heavens, and wonder that the sparkling tiny gems could be scattered so lavishingly over the blue expanse. It was at such times that the low tones of her gentle mother had fallen soothingly upon her heart as she told of the Spirit-land and of the angel guardians who hover about the pathway of mortals to guide them in the way to Heaven.

An hour had passed by. The strangers had partaken of the simple meal spread by the hands of their new friends, and the sun was nearing the distant horizon, but still they lingered. The wild light of Nora's dark eyes had softened to an expression of calm and tranquil enjoyment, and her voice was low and tremulous; but a deeper feeling seemed to pervade the gentle bosom of her mother. Strange, pleasant thoughts had taken possession of her soul; and as she gazed into the sweet face of Ether Dunham and listened to her voice, the dreams of early