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THE COMMERCIAL  
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AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR  
SOUTH CAROLINA.  
OVER DR. EVANS'—EXCHANGE BUILDING,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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.

F. J. LUTERLOH,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
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NOTARY PUBLIC,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
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April 21. 16

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

NEFF & WARNER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-  
DELLY, SHIP STORES, &c.  
March 17. 1

G. W. DAVIS,  
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March 17. 1

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND GENERAL AGENT  
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce  
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RALEIGH, N. C.  
Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and  
faithfully attended to.  
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GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,  
FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NA-  
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DEALER IN  
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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 Brown & Derosset,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Aug. 29. 71-6m.

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, (N. C.) P.O. Office,  
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PHILADELPHIA.  
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J. & W. L. MCGARY,  
GROCERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

# THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY LORING & STRINGER.

VOL. 1 WILMINGTON, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, 1846. NO. 115.

D. J. GILBERT,  
AGENT AND COMMISSION  
MERCHANT,  
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS AND  
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Particular attention paid to receiving and forward-  
ing of Goods. Orders filled 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

R. H. STANTON & CO.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS,  
And dealers in  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,  
SHOES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY,  
TIN WARE, CROCKERY, &c.  
R. H. Stanton, }  
L. N. Barlow, } Wilmington, N. C.

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of  
CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, For-  
eign Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.  
SHIP STORES put up with despatch.  
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Messrs. W. Smith & Walsh, New York.  
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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 Pufferford.)  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Boots and Shoes,  
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

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

SAM'L. P. GAUSE,  
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF LUMBER,  
TIMBER, TURPENTINE, &c.  
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SANDFORD & SMITH,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
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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 com-  
plete assortment of  
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Martingales,  
Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Collars,  
Whips, Spurs, Bits, &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 sat-  
isfaction 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 more cheaply than they have  
heretofore been bought in this market.  
REPAIRING of all kinds done at the shortest  
notice.  
JOHN J. CONOLLY.  
Aug. 6, 1846. 1y61

FLOUR  
BEST Canal Flour. For sale by  
E. PETERSON.  
SHEETING.—Four-Fourths, from the Rockfish  
FACTORY, for sale by BROWN & DEROSSET.  
July 7. 48

TO RENT.  
SEVERAL well finished offices, in the fire proof  
building on Water Street, over the stores of Smith,  
Mitchell & Gadsden.  
This large and convenient Wharf on Eagle's Island,  
opposite Town and known as the site of the Phoenix  
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 ff.

MESS AND PRIME PORK for Sale by  
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.  
Sept. 15. 78

FOR SALE.  
A FIRST RATE northern built Buggy. For sale  
low, by  
BROWN & DEROSSET.  
Sept. 24. 80

FOR RENT.  
ADWELLING on Second between Market and  
A Dock Street, at present occupied by Mr. August-  
ine, well adapted for the accommodation of a small  
family. Apply to  
J. MULLOCH.  
Sept. 12. 77

SADDLES, BRIDLES,  
HARNESS, TRUNKS, &c. &c. &c.  
THE subscriber has on hand a general as-  
sortment of Goods in his line, together  
with Rockaways, Buggies, Trotting Wagons,  
and Sulkeys, 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

THE Cape Fear Steam Boat Com-  
pany, 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 Fay-  
etteville, 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 that  
Goods, will be received and forwarded promptly that  
Wilmington, free of all charges for Storage, Drayage,  
Wharfage, and Commission; 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 deter-  
mined to carry Goods on as favorable terms as any other  
Company, and from the long experience of their a-  
gents at Wilmington and Fayetteville, have no doubt  
of giving their friends entire satisfaction.  
E. W. WILKINGS,  
Agent at Fayetteville.  
ROBT. G. RANKIN,  
Agent at Wilmington.  
March 17. 1

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

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.—Price \$1 per quire, for  
at the  
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.  
March 21. 3

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

Removal.  
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 Marti-  
nique, in lots to suit purchasers. For sale, by  
Nov. 10. (100) J. HATHAWAY & SON.

BACON.  
200 PRIME North Carolina Bacon Hams, just re-  
ceived, for sale by  
J. & W. L. MCGARY  
Nov. 10. 100

HERRINGS.  
50 BOXES very superior scotched 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 Com-  
mercial.  
LORING & STRINGER.  
Oct. 21. 96

A RURAL SKETCH.  
BY REV. R. HOYT.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone,  
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;  
Off I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape like a page perusing;  
Poor unknown.

By the way-side, on a mossy stone.  
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.  
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding,  
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,  
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding.  
There he sat!

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.  
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin grey hair,  
And the furrows all so mutely pleading,  
Age and care;

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.  
It was summer, and we went to school,  
Dapper country lads and little maidens,  
Taught the motto of the "Dance's Stool,"  
Its grave imports still my fancy ladsen,  
"Here's a Fool!"

It was summer, and we went to school.  
Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried;  
Sportive pastime only worth our learning;  
But we listened when the old man sighed,  
And that lesson to our hearts went burning—  
And we cried!

Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried.  
When the stranger seemed to mark our play,  
(Some of us were joyous, some sad hearted.)  
I remember, well—too well—that day!  
Often times the tears unbidden started—  
Would not stay!

When the stranger seemed to mark our play.  
When we cautiously ventured nigh  
We could see his lips with anguish quiver;  
Yet no word he uttered, but his eye  
Seemed in mournful converse with the river  
Murmuring by,  
When we cautiously adventured nigh.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell—  
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!  
She brought him all his grief to tell—  
(It was thirteen, and she chided)—  
Isabel!

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.  
Softly asked she with a voice divine,  
Why so lonely hast thou wandered hither;  
Hast no mother?—come with me to mine;  
There's our cottage, let me lead thee thither;  
Why repine,  
Softly asked she with a voice divine.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told.  
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—  
Down it rolled!

Angel, said he sadly, I am old!  
I have tottered here to look once more  
On the pleasant scene where I delighted  
In the careless, happy days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core!

I have tottered here to look once more!  
All the picture now to me how dear!  
E'en this jewel old rock where I am seated,  
Secures a jewel worth my journey here;  
Ah, that such a scene might be completed  
With a tear!

All the picture now to me how dear!  
Old stone School-house!—It is still the same!  
There the very step so oft I mounded;  
There the window cracking in its frame,  
And the notes that I cut and counted  
For the game!

Old stone School-house!—It is still the same!  
In the cottage yonder, I was born;  
Long my happy home—that humble dwelling;  
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn,  
There the stream with limpid nectar swelling;  
Ah, forlorn!

In the cottage yonder, I was born.  
Those two gate-way sycamores you see,  
Then were planted, just so far asunder  
That long well-pole from the path to free,  
And the wagon to pass safely under;  
Ninety-three!

Those two gate-way sycamores you see!  
There's the orchard where we used to climb  
When my mates and I were boys together,  
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,  
Fearing nought but work and rainy weather;  
Past its prime!

I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!  
You green meadow was our place for playing;  
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,  
When around it Jane and I was staying;  
She is dead!  
I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled!

You white spire—a pencil on the sky,  
Tracing silently life's changeful story,  
So familiar to my dim old eye,  
Points me to seven that are now in glory  
There on high!  
You white spire, a pencil on the sky,

Off the aisle of that old church we trod,  
Guided thither by an angel mother,  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod—  
Sire and sisters, and my little brother—  
Gone to God!  
Off the aisle of that old church we trod!

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways,  
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah, never  
Shall I hear again those songs of praise—  
Those sweet voices, silent now forever!  
Peaceful days!  
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand,  
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,  
Ere she hastened to the spirit land;  
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:  
Broken hand!  
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,  
And the sacred place where we delighted,  
Where the worshipped in the days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core!  
I have come to see that grave once more.

Happy, ere the verdure there shall fade  
I, all withering with years, shall perish;  
With my Mary may I there be laid,  
Join forever—all the wish I cherish—  
Her dear shade!  
Happy, ere the verdure there shall fade.

Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;  
Now why I sit here thou hast been told;  
In his eye another pearl of sorrow—  
Down it rolled!  
Angel, said he, sadly, I am old!

By the way-side on a mossy stone,  
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;  
Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape like a page perusing;  
Poor unknown,  
By the way-side, on a mossy stone!

From the Bostonian.  
NAT PERKINS' INTRODUCTION  
TO THE ELEPHANT.  
BY BETTERMILE.

'Great Golly! mam, if there beant our  
Nat coming up the road, as I'm alive,' said  
Polly Perkins to her mammy, as she espied a  
long-legged, home-spun-looking son of old  
Massachusetts, spilling his way towards  
one of those cosy, quiet and comfortable farm  
houses, so peculiar to New England, and not  
to be found often anywhere else.

'Well, rnt me, if it beant Nat cumin hum  
again, sure as Ingins,' replied the old lady,  
taking off her goggles to get a better sight at  
the male representative of the Perkins fam-  
ily, as that hopeful scion came scooting along  
up to the pretty white gate fronting the cot of  
his ancestors.

'How do ye dew, marm, Polly, and the  
hull squad of ye? back agin, here I be by  
jingo! and if I go down to that Sodom and  
Gomorrah agin, may I be put to crucifixion  
in a eider-press.'

'Why, Nathan, what be ye talkin' about?  
son's alive, you talk worse than a Millerite.  
Cum in, and set down; you look as tired and  
miserabil as a Texico soldier; why, what  
on airth have you been about?'

'About! wall, I guess, marm, if you have  
a few bushels of pork, puddins, taters, beans,  
and sich like, I'll jest expand my hide a leet-  
le, afore I venter into perticklers. Great  
Je-hoselot! but I'm empty; I dunt believe  
nary saw mill 'twixt here and Bangore could  
chaw faster than I shall this morn. Oh!  
Rier Grandy! but I'm fixed up partly, any-  
how.' And down went a little calico trunk  
upon the floor, off Nat Perkins' shoulder,  
and down went Nat into a chair, at the old  
cherry table, which Marm Perkins soon  
stacked with the solid edibles of a Yankee  
farm house pantry.

Nat Perkins, the subject of our present  
sketch, was the second son of old Perkins,  
a linen descendant of another Perkins, whose  
father's father was another Perkins, we be-  
lieve; but we cannot vouch for this fact pos-  
itively, inasmuch as we are not able to produce  
any testimony that could clearly and distinct-  
ly substantiate it. However, presuming the  
kind reader is perfectly satisfied upon that  
point, we will proceed to throw a little more  
light upon the subject of our story—Nat  
Perkins himself.

Nat Perkins, the second son of old Per-  
kins, was a young man of some two and  
twenty years of age; and his worthy old  
father was a Massachusetts farmer in com-  
fortable circumstances, and took several of  
the Boston and county papers for the edifica-  
tion of himself and children, it may be pre-  
sented that Nat Perkins was somewhat en-  
lightened upon the natural and moral conse-  
quences arising from the march of science  
and progress of opinion in this enlightened  
century. Besides the information thus ob-

ained, Nat was aided in his natural proci-  
dency of intellect by some schooling and expe-  
rience, that may always be picked up among  
associates of one's own class, with less or  
more insight of this studendous time-piece—  
the world.

Though Nat lived but fifty odd miles above  
Boston, he never had, previous to this trip,  
paid the City of Notions a visit. So one day,  
after a serious cogitation to himself, and ar-  
gument with the old folks, Nat Perkins came  
to the conclusion to pick up and go down to  
the city and get into business. 'Plenty situa-  
tions to be had,' argued he to the old folks;  
for he had seen advertisements in the Boston  
papers, day after day, for young men to at-  
tend stores, act as agents, and cashiers, and  
the Lord knows what all there was not for  
young, genteel and active men to attend to,  
at fine large salaries, and no work or trouble  
about it. In fact, these brilliant openings had  
preyed a good while upon the inflated fancy  
of Mr. Nat Perkins, and so he had fully  
made up his mind to go to Boston and try  
his fortune as soon as possible, for he had of-  
ten read that procrastination was the thief of  
time, and while he might be plodding over  
grass sods, cornfields, and pumpkin vines, all  
the brilliant chances for agents and clerks  
and shopkeepers might be taken up and dis-  
posed of to the first comer.

Well, one bright and sunny morning in  
the glorious month of October, Nat Perkins,  
all dressed up as fine as fiddles, with fifty  
real dollars in wallet, and a bran new valise  
and umbrella under his arm, bade adieu to  
his homestead, and off he did, brisk as a flea  
in a boot, to the village of—, where he  
stowed himself into a small stage, that  
brought him out to the Northern railroad,  
where he soon found himself again stowed  
away in a car, and going down to Boston as  
if heaven and earth were at his heels. A  
few minutes put him, 'bag and baggage,' into  
the Worcester Depot, where Mr. Perkins  
soon found himself surrounded by a crowd  
of cab-drivers, news-pedlars, wheelbarrows,  
men, women and children, handboxes, trunks,  
hurna and confusion enough to addle geese  
eggs. And in this beautiful confusion, Nat  
Perkins found eight of ten fellows with  
whips, carts, drays, wheelbarrows and omni-  
buses, tugging at his coat tails, arms, um-  
brella and valise, as though he had just fell  
into the infernal regions. And before he  
could get breath enough to open his mouth,  
the valise and umbrella were gone, slick as  
pancakes.

But for the rest of the story, we must re-  
turn to the table where Nat has concluded his  
feeding, and let him relate the particulars.—  
The old man having arrived in the interim,  
and expressed his wonderment at the sudden  
and unexpected return of his hopeful son, the  
latter adventurer, at the request of the aston-  
ished household, squares himself to give the  
details of his most unfortunate trip down to  
Boston.

'Constern 'em,' said old Perkins, 'seized  
your portmanteau, eh?'

'By ginger, dad, but they did,'  
'And your bran new umbrella, too?' echoed  
the old lady.

'As the blasted critters down that in Bos-  
ton say, "they didn't do nothing else!" But  
that was only a beginnin' of 'em. You see,  
arter I had hunted round for about six hours,  
and asked every darn'd fellow I met if he'd  
seen anything of a blue cotton umbrella and  
a bran new valise I'd lost, I got tired of it,  
and bein' party near night, I gun to think  
I'd better give it up, and look out for a place  
to roost.

Wall, I met a feller who took me into a  
house cross the road, and said I could git  
lodging thar, and something to eat. Arter  
I'd been in the house, which was jest about  
as big as twelve meetin' houses all crowded  
into one, I heard a racket louder than seven-  
teven tons of thunders, and oh! Rier Grandy!  
warrn't I in a swither. But I held on and  
stood my ground, and finding the racket did  
off, and all hands made a streak through the  
back door, and I followed 'em, 'specting thar  
was a going to be an orful time on't. But  
blast 'em, they kicked up all this fuss to git  
their supper. Arter supper, I started out to  
look about, thinkin' perhaps I'd git a sight  
of the fellers that had my umbrella and  
valise.

'Arter I'd walked round a party good  
spell, and seen' nothin' of my valise and  
umbrella, I gin to think it was better to  
make tracks back to the big house I'd got  
my supper in. But Je-hoselot! when I'd  
walked up one street and down