

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
THE COMMERCIAL
Is published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday
at \$5 per annum, payable in all cases, in advance,
BY THOMAS LORING,
Corner of Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2. WILMINGTON, STURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1847. NO. 44.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, 1 insertion, \$0 50 | 1 square, 2 months, \$4 00
1 do. 2 do. 75 | 1 do. 3 do. 5 00
1 do. 3 do. 1 00 | 1 do. 6 do. 9 00
1 do. 1 month, 2 50 | 1 do. 1 year, 12 00
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All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.
Contracts with yearly advertisers, will be made on the most liberal terms.

NAUTILUS
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW-YORK.
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.
W. C. LORD, Agent,
March 16, 1837.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE
AND
TRUST COMPANY.
W. C. LORD, Agent,
March 16, 1847.

**GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND
HARDWARE,**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
C. W. BRADLEY.
April 4.

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
**HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING-CANES,**
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. MYERS. J. M. BARNUM.
Oct. 6, 1846.

RICHARD MORRIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 13.

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

JOHN HALL,
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA)
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND AGENT**
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES
33 GRAVIER STREET,
New Orleans.
January 4, 1847.

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packed Office,
No. 35 1/2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to—
C. D. ELLIS, Esq. } Wilmington, N. C.
E. J. LUTTERLOH, Esq. }
Aug. 11.

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

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

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
(Murphy's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3.

J. & W. L. MCGARY
**FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,**
AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
We are prepared to make liberal advances on ship
ments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.
Refer to
SAMUEL POTTER, Esq. } Wilmington, N. C.
JOHN GAMMELL, Esq. }
January 18.

ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
REFER TO
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., } New York.
Nesmith & Walsh, }
E. D. Peters & Co., } Boston.
Means & Clark, }
Walters & Snider, } Philadelphia.
A. Benson & Co., }
Oct. 3, 1846.

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

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK.
March 17.

J. HATHAWAY & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
3rd Door North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
J. HATHAWAY. J. L. HATHAWAY.
Oct. 27, 1846.

JOHN C. LATTA,
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,**
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1846.

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

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD. WM. L. SMITH.
Oct. 17, 1846.

HUGHES & MEAD,
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND GENERAL AGENTS**
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce
and Real Estate,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Business entrusted to them shall be promptly and
faithfully attended to.
June 19, 1847.

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

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

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

CHARLES D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear
S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any
business committed to his trust. Office on W. C.
Lord's wharf lately occupied by Russell & Gammell.
May 13.

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

NEFF & WARNER,
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.**
April 11.

R. H. STANTON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
*Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hard-
ware, Cutlery, Tin Ware,
Crockery, &c. &c.*
WILMINGTON, N. C.
R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW.

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of
C. CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign
Fruit, Wine, Liqueurs, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.
Ship Stores put up with despatch
Oct. 31, 1846.

NOTICE.
THE FIRMS OF
DEROSSET & BROWN—New York,
AND
BROWN & DEROSSET—Wilmington, N. C.,
AND THAT OF
JOHN GAMMELL—Wilmington, N. C.,
Will be discontinued after this date; and the under-
signed, will, in future, be associated for the transac-
tion of
COMMISSION BUSINESS
In New York, under the firm of
BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
And, in Wilmington, N. C., under the firm of
DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.
Dealers with the late firms, will oblige, by attending
to the settlement of all accounts as speedily as possi-
ble.
JOHN POTTS BROWN,
ARMAND J. DEROSSET, JR.,
JOHN GAMMELL.
April 15, 1847.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-
wood case, of L. GILBERT'S manufac-
ture, Boston. Also, one second-hand
Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music
Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.
Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory
manner.
G. F. B. LEIGHTON.
March 3.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.
2000 LBS. very superior Goshen Butter.
20 Casks very superior Cheese at
NEFF & WARNER'S.
April 15.

CHAIRS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best
New York Manufactured Cane and
Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood,
Black Walnut, Grecian, with Cushions,
Common Windsor, Office Chairs; Rush
and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, with
Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.
A. MARTIN.
For sale by
May 18.

From the Louisville Journal.
The following lines are above all praise. They
are surpassingly beautiful—

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon a river
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever.

'Tis sad—yet sweet to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And feel again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels, there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright:

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April
They have passed—like hope—away—
Oh! many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem.
Yet oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

To muse on such a saddening
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrine!

And can we but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

THE ANNALS OF THE POOR.
A LONDON STORY.
BOB RACKET'S SEARCH FOR SHOES.
BY EDWARD YOULL.

In the year—well the year doesn't
matter—in the depth of the winter season, a
very hard frost set in, which lasted a very
long time. Not such a frost as is common
to ordinary winters. Nothing like it. But
much more severe, than England has known
for the last century of a century. The earth
bit men's toes as they trod upon it; and some
of those unfortunates who, perforce went
shoeless never it was said, found their feet
again, but had them withered up, long before
the great thaw came.
Oh, it was a hard time for the poor, that,
it indeed any time can be said to be easy
with those, upon whose shoulders the yoke
of poverty is doomed to sit. If it only gal-
led the flesh! but it galls the soul. Of course—
amid our selfishness we have much real
feeling for the ills of others—there were all
sorts of Charities set a foot, Blanket and
Flannel Charities—Soup Charities—Bread
Charities—Coal Charities! But no one
thought of Shoes. If they had, feet would
not have withered off, and as Bob Racket
would have been shod by Shoe Charity, I
should have had no tale to tell.

Bob had no shoes, and his mother, (his
father was dead) could not afford to buy him
any. After paying her rent she had just
three and sixpence a week left to furnish sev-
en mouths with food. Sixpence a month, less
than a penny a day, and provisions were dear
as they ever are, when it is the interest of the
poor to have them cheap. Therefore, as
there were no Shoe Charities, Bob was like to
go barefooted.
Poor Bob! The soles of his feet from
long practice in walking upon them unshod,

had got hard, almost horny in substance, but
the frost found them out and pinched them
with a spite, as donned exquisites, or inter-
perate dispositions discharge their debts. The
worst of it was that a quotidian three pence
was of Bob's earning, and there was conse-
quently no staying at home. Forth he
must go and tread the inclement ground,
when the morning clock struck eight, and
if he would find his feet after half an hour's
exposure to the frost he must look for them,
for feel them he could not. Well booted gen-
tlemen glancing at his shoeless extremities
were shocked. Eyesores to gentility are
naked feet. Oh! if there had but been Shoe
Charities!

The mortification was that urchins more
diminutive than himself noticed the unshod
extremities of the poor man who had them, and
very horses as Bob thought, had them, and
very horses as Bob thought, were numerous
and hundreds of pairs unappropriated, ask-
ing to be worn, flogging to escape from the
shoes, and see the world outside, with iron
tips that fretted themselves to rust because the
roads were slippery with ice, and hundreds
and hundreds, aye thousands and thousands
and thousands of pairs, and Bob's feet smat-
tered, and Bob's feelings winced for lack of one
pair. Oh, if there had but been Shoe Char-
ities!

Bob stopped before a shoe shop, in Hol-
born one day, and went the length of hand-
ling a pair that dangled with many others at
the door. It was a presumption that they
were submitted for public touch and general
inspection, and Bob thought he underwent no
risk. But a boy seeing his fingers close
upon them, rushed out.
'Oh you would, would you?
'Would what?' asked Bob Racket.
'Steal them shoes?'
'No,' said Bob, quietly and he went on
handling them. Stout servicable shoes they
were to look at.
'Now Tom,' cried a voice inside, 'what
are you dawdling at the door for? There's
the three pair of Wellingtons to go to Great
Ormond street.'

'Eye upon the five, father,' replied the
boy. 'The fees meaning Bob's fingers.'
'I'll attend to them,' said the parent. You
make a conveyance of the Wellingtons.'
'Eye upon the five, shouted Tom again,
'I'm stiff if he ain't got 'em off the nail.'
Bob had indeed ventured so far—to inspect
them more closely.
'What is this here, that's a interfering with
them Wellingtons a going to great Ormond
Street?' cried the cordwainer approaching
the door. 'Them shoes,' addressed
'Please, Sir,' said Bob Racket, looking
impudently into the man's face, 'would you
take it by the week, sixpence a week? and
he pointed to his red and raw feet. 'Cold
weather, Sir.'
'Yes, I take weekly payments,' said the
man. 'Pay the first sixpence now, and I'll
show them away for you.'
'But please, ain't I to have them at once?'
stammered Bob.
'We don't do business on that principle—
It wouldn't stand, eh father?' cried Tom in-
terposing, 'Times is hard.'
'Not exactly Tom,' answered the shoema-
ker, laughing. 'Come, take those Welling-
ton's—and you (to Bob) pay sixpence on the
nail, bring another sixpence every week,
and in ten weeks the shoes are yours.'
'In ten weeks the Spring will be here,'
sighed Bob, and walked away.

When days went by, and weeks, and Janu-
ary was nearly out, and no signs of the
breaking up of the weather had been hinted
to the sagacious in such matters, Bob Racket
limped, nay, went very lame. Chilblains had
scarried his poor feet, until their shape was
nearly lost. He suffered excruciating pain and
got no sleep o' nights. And though thou-
sands of unappropriated pairs of shoes bur-
dened the cordwainers' shelves, filled their
windows, hung temptingly at their doors,
though skins stripped reeking the fat hides of
animals were transferred from abattoirs to
tanpits, and thence to shoemakers' workshops,
where awls pierced and hammers rang on
lasts and lapstones from morning to night,
yet Bob Racket got no shoes.

Still frost became more severe than ever.
For his quotidian threepence, Bob did er-
rands for a lawyer. Dark, dingy rooms that
lawyer had, full of musty law books and
cobwebs; windows that were never cleaned
looking out upon dead blank walls; severer
than in the streets, where the atmosphere
came biting from the sky, was the frost in
these chambers, where the warm soul of hu-
manity was turned to chilling ice.

Bob's master was of a taciturn disposition,
and seldom addressed his clerks except to
give instructions. If Bob had been an Anto-
maton, a piece of machinery doing errands
by virtue of some ingenious mechanism war-
ranted never to get out of order, and entailing
no other expense than three penn'orth of oil
per diem for the lubrication of its springs and
wheels, and no more trouble than the appli-
cation of it, he could not have been more a
cipher in the estimation of both clerks and
master. Bob cleaned and dusted the desks
and shelves (he could not reach the cobwebs
which clouded the angle of the ceiling like
sable drapery) he fetched and carried, he was
active and servile—like the poor drudge he

was, in numerous capacities. Every one in
the office found him the handiest fellow liv-
ing; yet human, warm breathing, endowed
with life from God, and made akin to high
angelic beings, he was of less account than a
bird or beast brought from a foreign land
would have been. A sheet of parchment cov-
ered with the hieroglyphs of a deep man's
will, bequeathing an hundred acres, would
have out-valued ten thousand of such items in
the social scale, though every pair of naked
feet had been ascending Heaven by the ladder
Jacob witnessed in his dream.

The lawyer was not a proud man, but he
had a becoming pride; that gloss by which
the old serpent, when he would disguise him-
self as an angel of light, retains his glaucous
filthiness in rugs, is it becoming pride, it
may be catechumen to his own conceit. The
lawyer's humanity had endured Bob's naked
feet through half the frosty season, when
suddenly his becoming pride suggested that a
naked footed urchin was not a fitting Mercur-
y.

'Robert Racket,' said the lawyer, one
morning, coming into the office fresh from
his private dwelling, with extremities that
the frost had sharply bitten through well sea-
soned Wellingtons; 'Robert Racket, where
are your boots?'
'Boots, Sir?' echoed Bob, trembling. As
if he who had no shoes, could be guilty of
boots.

'Boots or shoes?' thundered the lawyer.
'Shoes if you will.'
'Or slippers?' suggested a clerk mildly.
'Shoes, Sir? I ain't got any,' answered
Bob, shaking at the confession of so great a
turpitude.
'No?' said the lawyer, retreating a step
backwards. 'Not got any?' Sparrow, (to a
clerk,) this boy has a mother, a woman;
Sparrow who is bound by the laws of nature
to have a heart, and she lets this boy go
about in this Russian weather without
shoes.'

The clerk addressed as Sparrow looked at
the offending feet, and the other clerks look-
ed at them, and the lawyer looked at them,
and Bob himself looked at them. Poor feet
they were, blotched with chilblains, red with
the incessant torture of the cold. Very poor,
very offending, absolutely wicked feet.
'You may go, Sir,' said the lawyer. 'You
may go. Pay, him his threepence, Sparrow.
He hasn't earned it, to be sure; but I will not
stop it. He wishes to earn it, no doubt, and
we will take the will for the deed. When
you have got shoes, back to work.'
And still the heavens sent forth a fiercer frost
and the cold was fiercer.
Fiecer and fiercer. God be with the
poor. Longer days, shorter nights. Feb-
ruary month. The Sun, speeding towards
the Spring solstice! And still frost, frost,
biting at the very core of life in thinly clad
humanity. Heaven, in its mercy, send few
such Februaries in a century.

Blessings be upon their head, kind Lady.
Seraphic peace everlastingly dwell in thy
breast, for looking out of the window on
that bitter February morning, and giving
shoes to that poor child, not half the age of
Bob Racket, which drew thy attention to
its unshod feet, and heels so deeply laked.
And the benediction of saints make thy
white locks shine sunbright in the Eternities,
what he fancied—terminating with plum
pudding.

'I dare say now you are preciously aston-
ished, ain't you, youngster?' asked Mr. Spar-
row, when the Bluchers had been secured to
Bob's feet (as if they were never to come off
again), and the second plate of roast beef was
in rapid course of evanishment.
'Yes, please, Sir. It is—'
'It is, what?'
'Fanny, Sir; ain't it?'
'Fanny; by Jove! I should think it funny
to have an uncle come home from sea, and
get a lawyer to find me out, and give me ten
thousand pounds,' said Mr. Sparrow, whik-
ing with great pleasure. 'I should just
think it funny. How do the Bluchers feel
Racket?'
'Comfortable, Sir—incommon—please,
Sir, they pinches a little,' replied Bob. 'I
have an uncle, Sir, as is gone to sea.'
'Didn't I say so?—and come home again,
with instructions to our governor to—bless
my soul! here he is—How do you do, Mr.
Thaddy? Your nephew, Sir;—Racket
my boy, your uncle.'

None other Brave Jim Thaddy, who
came into the eating house, as any stranger
might.
When they got home (and Mr. Sparrow,
after first returning to apprise the lawyer,
went home with them to introduce, as he said
the brother to the sister), and when the first
greetings were over, Brave Jim told how,
though he had other intended it, he never
could get to England before, but was busied
in making money, that his sister,—(if she
were married, as was most likely, her chil-
dren, as well as herself, should inherit little
fortunes. How, on arrival in London, he
has sought out a lawyer to set inquiry on foot
and, after weeks had passed, the lawyer, hav-
ing gained the necessary clue, had told him
only on that morning, that he believed before
the dusk, sister, and niece, and nephews,
would all be found. To see the tears and

tion from the love of adventure, and had in-
ten overboard while contemplating the hor-
rourous hues which the setting sun reflected
from the sky palaces of those extreme lati-
tudes upon the thousand peaks and pinnales
of ice. Brave Jim Thaddy, brave uncle
Jim!

A very poor story. But Bob forgot his
frozen feet, as he imagined the gurgling wa-
ters closing around his uncle, cleaving the
sea where the great whales are.
'Uncle Jim's rich, ain't he, mother?' ask-
ed Bob.
'If he's alive, dear, the gentleman made
him rich.'

'I wonder if he knew that I had no shoes,
whether he would give me any.'
'Bob's mother said she didn't know, for
money didn't soften hearts, and people who
had it were loth to part with it. But, she
added, the heart of James Thaddy must be
greatly changed—greatly changed, indeed
if he wasn't the kindest mortal breathing.
Brother of her's he was and she had a right
to speak what was in her mind.'

'I'm bound,' she concluded, 'he would give
you a pair of shoes, Bob and many of 'em.'
'Though why it was, he had never found
her out—had never written to her—
ried. Perhaps he supposed her dead: but
he could use his pen like a schoolmaster, and
there might be a letter lying at the post office;
but the good mother shook her head and said
the postman would have delivered it, "for he
knows where I live," she remarked, "if uncle
Jim don't."

Bob couldn't keep away from the office,
though he was no longer connected with it.
A new boy had taken his place, and dusted,
swept, and went on menial errands. Well
shod was the new boy in brand new bluchers.
Very lank he was; Bob wondered whether
he was tall enough to reach the cobwebs.

One day—frost wasn't broken up; the
Thames, above bridge, presented one field
of ice—as Bob was lingering about the office
door, Sparrow, the clerk emerged from the
lugubrious threshold. Intent upon procuring
a shop was Sparrow, and a pint bottle of
Guinness's stout. Sparrow, rejoiced in Chin-
ness. But encountering Bob, who was
standing with the old shoeless offending
feet, upon the curbstone of the pavement, he
became oblivious of chop and porter, and
pouncing upon the disregarded Mercury,
bore him boldly into the lawyer's presence.
'Here he is, sir,' said Sparrow out of breath.
Here is young Racket.'

Young Racket was within a small trifle of
swooning; for he remembered a short pen,
worn to the stump, which instead of sweep-
ing into the dust hole he had upon occasion
picked up and carried home with him, intent
of teaching himself to write therewith.
'Oh here he is,' said the lawyer. 'Pon
my word Sparrow, I'm greatly obliged to
you. How do you do Racket? I'm glad to
see you. Have you procured any shoes yet?
I see you have not. Sparrow to do me a fur-
ther service. Have you those shoes?'
'Certainly sir—With Bluchers, sir,' said
Sparrow.

'Yes; with Bluchers—warm and com-
forting to the ankles. Sparrow see that the
leather is seasoned and mollen. Will you
have the goodness?—And bring him back
Sir?' asked the clerk.
'Of course. Are you hungry Racket?
Yes, ah, I thought so. Take him to an
eating house. Sparrow here—is a fourth half
crown. Make him as plump as you can. I
should suggest roast beef—but let him have
what he fancies. He may finish with a plum
pudding.'

And the bewildered Bob—his gratifica-
tion momentarily increasing—was hurried a-
way to be shod with Bluchers, and to eat
what he fancied—terminating with plum
pudding.
'I dare say now you are preciously aston-
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with instructions to our governor to—bless
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Thaddy? Your nephew, Sir;—Racket
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fortunes. How, on arrival in London, he
has sought out a lawyer to set inquiry on foot
and, after weeks had passed, the lawyer, hav-
ing gained the necessary clue, had told him
only on that morning, that he believed before
the dusk, sister, and niece, and nephews,
would all be found. To see the tears and