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PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

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WILMINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1848

Whole No. 349.

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
THE COMMERCIAL.
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BY THOMAS LORING,
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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.
All advertisements inserted in the tri-weekly Commercial, are entitled to one insertion in the Weekly, free of charge.

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, 1847. 85

DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-y.

BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.
March 17 1848. 1-y.

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
North Water, 3 Doors above Princess Street,
(Murphy's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3. 84

J. & W. L. McGARY
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-y.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.
Refer to
Messrs. HALL & ARMSTRONG,
Baltimore, PLAINFIELD,
GEORGE W. DAVIS,
January 18. 123-ly.

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 & Olsky,
Walters & Souder,
A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia.
Oct. 3, 1847. 84-ly-p

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

SANDFORD & SMITH,
ADDITIONERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Wm. L. SMITH,
March 17, 1848. 1-y.

J. HATHAWAY & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
3rd Door North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
J. L. HATHAWAY,
Oct. 27, 1847. 64

SEAWELL & MEAD,
GROCERS
AND
Commission Merchants,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.
Raleigh, Aug. 16, 1847. 55-y.

G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1

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
faithful attended to.
Refer to the Editor of The Commercial.
June 19, 1847.

1,000 Bushels Corn and Peas afloat; for sale
by
J. & W. L. McGARY,
May 18. 27

OATS AND MEAL,
100 BUSHELS Oats; 50 do. Meal, just received
from Fayetteville, and for sale by
J. & W. L. McGARY,
May 18. 27

CANDLES! CANDLES!!
20 BOXES "Hall & Sons" Tallow Candles
just received, per scho. Tigs and for sale by
J. & W. L. McGARY,
May 18. 27.

JOHN HALL,
SHIP AGENT,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 30 GRAVIER STREET,
New Orleans.
April 13, '48. 110-ly.

F. J. LORD & Co.
Rice Factors & Commission Agents.
Nov. 25, 1847. 108-ly.

LIFE INSURANCE
IN THE NATIONAL LOAN
CIETY, OF LONDON.

FIRE INSURANCE
IN THE ETNA INSURANCE COM
PANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
OR IN THE
HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK,
May be effected by application to
DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.
Nov. 25, 1847. 108

W. A. LANGDON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Nov. 23, 1847. 107

M'KELLAR & M'RAE,
LUMBER AND TIMBER AGENTS, GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND GROCERS,
Store formerly occupied by Hall & Armstrong,
NORTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
HECTOR M'KELLAR, ALEX. M'RAE,
Nov. 11, 1847. 102

THOMAS ALLIBONE & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 8, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on Consignments.
Refer to Messrs. DeRosset, Brown & Co. Wil
mington, N. C.
Nov. 11. 102-y

HARRISS & RUSSELL,
(SUCCESSORS TO CHARLES D. ELLIOTT.)
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
GEORGE HARRISS, HENRY P. RUSSELL,
REFER TO
E. P. HALL, Esq., Wilmington.
O. G. PARSONS, Esq., do.
J. A. TAYLOR, Esq., do.
ARMS PATTON, Esq., New York.
ALEX. HERRON, Jr., Esq., Philadelphia.
Messrs. WILLIAMS, WELSMAN & Co., Charleston.
H. F. BAKER, Esq., do.
Sept. 4th, 1847. 73-ly.

E. J. LUTTERLOH & Co.
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
AND PACKET AGENTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
E. J. LUTTERLOH, J. E. FISHER,
Oct. 28, 1847. 95-ly

L. MALLETT,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
Timber, Lumber, Naval Stores, &c.,
Lazarus Building, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Nov. 9, 1847. 101

BARRY, BRYANT & Co.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-ly.

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1847. 87

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AGENTS OF THE
HOPE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-y.

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AGENTS OF THE
North Carolina Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1-y.

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

SHEETING & YARN.
ROCKFISH Sheetting, 4-4;
Mallett's Yarn assorted. For sale low by
DEROSSET BROWN & Co.
March 28. 5

30 QR. Cases Malaga Wine;
20 hbls. Radford Rum;
20 do. old Apple Brandy;
10 do. N. C. Lard;
300 bushels Cow Peas;
3 Hhds. Oats just received, and for sale by
A. MARTIN,
April 13 19

JOHN D. LOVE,
DEALER IN
CABINET FURNITURE.
BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, MATRASSES, &c.,
ROCK SPRING,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM NEFF,
(Late of the firm of NEFF & WARNER.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
SHIP CHANDLERY, SHIP STORES
AND GROCERIES,
CORNER OF DOCK & WATER STREETS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Dec. 7th, 1847. 113-ly.

F. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
CABINET FURNITURE,
CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WRITING DESKS, MAT
TRASSES, PHILANTHROPY &c.
FRONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 11th, 1848. 114-y.

Proceedings of the Safety Committee
OF THE TOWN OF WILMINGTON.
During the years 1774, 1775, and 1776,
WITH the joint Proceedings of the Committees of
the Counties of Duplin, Onslow, Bladen, Bruns
wick and Cumberland, for sale at the Commercial Of
fice. Price 25 cents per copy. A large discount made
for large numbers.

JUST RECEIVED.
A Very handsome assortment of Ladies fine
Buskins: Ladies fine Kid, low lace ties;
Ladies do. do. slippers and ties; do. do. white slip
pers, for sale by
GEO. R. FRENCH
Feb. 17. 143

ALL persons indebted to the subscribers from the
year one, up to 1848 are requested to call and
pay the same.
N. B. All accounts for work done at this estab
lishment, will hereafter be presented every ninety
days.
HART & POLLEY
Jan. 5. 129

FORTY CENTS PER GALLON.
CAMPBINE selling at forty cents per gallon
by
D. W. WOOD
Dec. 7th. 113-ly.

COFFEE
176 BAGS prime St. Domingo Coffee, landing
from Schr. Ontario from Jerome. For sale
by
G. W. DAVIS,
April 11th. 11.

A Fine Set of Teeth for 25 Cents.
White Teeth. Foul Breath, Healthy Gums.
Yellow and unhealthy teeth, after being once or
twice cleaned with
JONES' AMBER TOOTH PASTE,
have the appearance of the most beautiful Ivory, and
at the same time it is so perfectly innocent and equi
tably fine, that its constant daily use is highly advan
geous, even to those teeth that are in good condition,
giving them a beautiful polish, and preventing a pre
mature decay. Those already decayed, if it prevents
from becoming worse—it also fastens such as are be
coming loose, and by perseverance it will render the
loosest teeth delicately white, and make the breath
deliciously sweet.

GLUE
A Supply of Glue for Spirit Barrels, constantly on
hand. For sale by
DEROSSET BROWN & Co.
March 28. 4

PROVISIONS.
N. C. BACON, assorted, including fine Hams
Lard;
Prime and Mess Pork;
Red and White Peas;
Corns;
Half Peas new Rice;
Flour, a variety, for sale by
R. W. BROWN,
April 20, 1848. 15-ly.

MOLASSES.
130 HHDs. Prime St. Jago de Cuba, for Retail
equal to Porto Rico, just received, per
Schr. Baltimore, and for sale by
BARRY, BRYANT & Co.
April 18. 41

CORN, MEAL, HOMMONY, AND
6,000 LBL. N. C. BACON.
For sale by
W. & T. LOVE,
May 6. 22

FOR SALE.
15 hhd. of New Crop Martinique Molasses, for
sale low to close consignment. Apply to
HARRIS & RUSSELL.
May 9. 23

WATER COOLERS.
A N Invoice of Water Coolers; a neat and useful
article, received from Baltimore. For sale by
DEROSSET BROWN & Co.
March 28. 5

FEATHERS! FEATHERS!!
1000 LBS. New Feathers, just received from
Fayetteville, and for sale by
J. & W. L. McGARY,
May 18. 27

LINSEED OIL.
5 Bbls. Linseed Oil. For sale by
HOWARD & PEDEN.
May 18. 27.

SUGARS.
50 PACKAGES Woolley's Woolley's best qual
ity Leaf Crushed and Powdered Sugars;
2 Hhds. St. Croix Sugar. For sale by
HOWARD & PEDEN.
June 1. 23.

"IT GROWS AS IT GOES."

AN OCCURRENCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"There, sir, take that for your sauciness," cried the beautiful Ellen Stanley to her husband, accompanying her exclamation with a slap on his cheek, from the whitest and softest hand in the world.
The young wife had been exhibiting with great pride, a new baby dress she had just finished, and the work entirely of her own taste and skill. The neat pattern of embroidery which had cost her so much trouble to draw—the tiny wreaths which a fairy might have woven—such an exquisite specimen of feminine art as it was! and such a Goth and Vandal as Mr. Stanley was, to answer her demand for his admiration, by making fun of it, and telling her she might have had out her mother's labor in something better!

Mr. Stanley loved to tease his wife a little now and then, and when he saw the playful curl of her lip, he went on laughing at the dress still more unmercifully, till his naughtiness was punished by the accolade and expression recorded.
Another personage in the group was an infant about eighteen months old, who, waked by the talking, sat up in his crib, and looked from one to another of his parents—when the father, pretending to weep bitterly at the chastisement he had received, appealed to the boy's compassion with a lachrymose, "Isn't my darling Henry sorry for poor papa?" The little one appeared to enter into the joke, for, after a moment's attention, he burst into laughter, and clapped his hands with childish merriment.

A fourth occupant of the room did not seem so perfectly to understand what was going on. Old Elsie, the colored nurse, was sitting quietly at her work in a corner, but dropped it and looked up, when she heard the mock sobbing, her large eyes dilated with astonishment. The voice of her mistress, bidding her to take the child down to give him his supper, roused her from her lethargic slumber, and she obeyed in silence.
Ellen Stanley was the ideal of a young wife. Taken, when but a child in years, from the home of a father who idolized her, to be the presiding angel in the household of one to whom she had given her pure heart, she carried into the matron all the graces of the blooming girl. The goodness of her heart, and the sunny joyousness of her disposition, overflowed in a thousand acts of artless gaiety. She sang to every capricious melody that came into her head—and laughed at all times, when there was cause and when there was not. Her motion was almost a dance when she moved through the house—and her smile, bright and cheerful as the sunshine, was nearly as constant, ever active—because she found it tedious to be unemployed, and a most exemplary housewife was—

"The blithes be
That ever wrought in hive"
And altogether the lightest, brightest, most graceful, most winsome creature, that ever man won to be the idol of his domestic sanctuary. Her husband called her his fay, and bestowed on her all poetical epithets of admiration of fondness—for no name that was not poetical and melodious would have suited to express her innocent loveliness. With the gifts nature had bestowed, she united a rare circulation—her father had trained her mind in all the studies which are the highest branches of female education—and of the accomplishments she was thoroughly mistress. Indeed, they came naturally to her—and her sons were useful, chiefly, in repressing the wild gaiety she infused into every thing she did—especially her musical performances—if such they might be called—which were outbreaks as impulsive and spontaneous as the song of the mocking bird of her native home.

Sweet Ellen! As yet she had known no sorrow—and if beauty and goodness could have turned aside the shaft that enters the bosom of every mortal, she would have passed her life in a perpetual round of joy!
But there is an arrow, swifter and more cruel than the shaft of woe—it is winged and barbed by hate, and its aim is ever the young, trusting and loving heart—it is sped by the hand of envy!
The morning after the little occurrence we have mentioned, old Elsie might be seen with a basket on her head, entering a garden gate, belonging to a neat looking white house, with green blinds, overrun with luxuriant climbing roses, about half a mile from her master's residence. Passing through the yard, she ascended the steps of the piazza, and entered the house. In the back room were seated two middle aged ladies, of spare figure and grave aspect. There was an asperity in the expression of both, and a primness of demeanor usually suited with the idea of an old maid—yet Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred Linark would have highly resented being called such. They still recounted their conquests, and were indefatigable frequenters of balls, concerts and parties.

"Come forward, mom Elsie, and show

us what you have got in that basket," said Miss Hannah.

The old negress sat down her load—and, removing a snow-white napkin, displayed with no little pride, a store of fresh figs and flowers, sent by her young mistress to Mr. Stanley's cousins, the Misses Linark. It was a daily habit with Ellen, to send fruit and bouquets from the garden to her relatives—but these were far choicer than usual—for the Misses Linark were to give a tea party that evening. At the bottom of the basket was a round box, which contained a large cake, covered with delicate icing, beautifully wrought in various devices, around its edge was a minute wreath of natural flowers.

Expressions of surprise and admiration passed, as they always did in that locality, into searching questions, not only touching the household management of Mr. Stanley—but her goings out and comings in—her sayings and her silence—her commissions and her omissions—her every word and action—may, her thoughts—for in all these the Misses Linark had a profound interest.

The replies of the servant were delivered with an oracular air of mystery—and with divers nods, gestures and half-uttered sentences—which were readily interpreted by the ingenuity of the maiden ladies—They had kept up, by means of Elsie and some other servants, a regular system of espionage over Ellen, ever since her marriage.
Of course, the little incident of the preceding evening was not forgotten. The spinsters held up their hands, and applied their eyes, in one accord of amazement.
"A blow!" exclaimed the pettish Miss Winifred.

"Poor Henry!" cried Miss Hannah, "what did he do, Elsie?"
"Ki, Miss Hannah, he cry hard for true, an beg for mercy," answered the black woman.
"Dreadful! horrible!" exclaimed both the sisters in a breath.
"To think of her proceeding to that—And he so light and delicate—and she so tall and strong! I always had a kind of fear of her. She beat him several times you say, mom Elsie? And he cry for help!" And she sent you out of the room with the child? How dreadful! She will kill him one of these days. Poor Henry! what shall be done to save him?"

The groans and exclamations of the Misses Linark wrought powerfully upon the imagination of the old woman, and she expatiated to their hearts' content, upon all the horrors of the scene. "Young missus was an awful woman for true—had made massa Henry act just as she please. Poor massa! plenty him cry, and beg her for have pity, when she gwine kill him and beat him 'bout de head, an he face all swell up!" He look like he bin murdered this morning. Poor massa! he no long for dis wul—dat de truf for true!"

When mom Elsie departed on her walk homeward, it was with a more stately gait, and a head more elevated than usual, muttering to herself, and gesticulating at intervals; and at other times closing her mouth with a forced compression of some secret she was determined not to reveal—She strictly obeyed the injunctions of the Misses Linark, to keep silence regarding what had passed between them.

The tea-party took place; and there was Ellen looking like a fairy, in her dress of white muslin, falling around her symmetrical form, with an airy and floating grace that rendered every movement a study for an artist. Her redundant hair was simply parted over the temples, and reposed in a massy braid; the bloom of youth and happiness was on her cheek—she looked exquisitely lovely and was the admired of all observers. She little dreamed, that while she was talking and laughing in the gaiety of her nature, with any acquaintance who chanced to be near, a tale of scandal was passing round the rooms—repeated to group after group by the Misses Linark, and whispered in turn by those who heard it, until it was almost the sole subject of conversation. She heard not the exclamations of wonder and indignation, nor noticed the curious looks fastened on her. Nor did Henry say, ect any thing from the usually tender attentions of his cousins—from their solicitous remarks that he did not look at all well—that he was growing thinner and paler every day—that his face appeared to be swollen, and his eye inflamed—and that Miss Winifred was going to send him a preparation of her own, for all manner of bruises and contusions.

The next day, the whole circle of the acquaintance of the Misses Linark were in the full tide of talk, respecting the information they had received at the party—The walks and drives that were taken, and the calls long due that were paid—to discuss the matter! It was curious to hear how many different versions the story received in its propagation—and each on the very best authority.

concerned heard a word of the matter—The anxious inquiries as to his health, and hints that he had better travel, which was bestowed on Henry, caused no suspicion in his mind—while Ellen was too happy and too much occupied to observe the demeanor of sundry of her acquainces. At length a letter from one of her old friends, who had heard and loved the story, and wrote to remonstrate against such unwomanly and indecorous behaviour, and advised reformation for the future—roused Ellen from her blissful ignorance. A few inquiries and explanations, and she was informed of the whole.

Not long after, invitations were issued for a large party, to be given in honor of Mrs. Stanley's birth-day. Those who had been most violent in their asseverations that they would not again visit Ellen, were the ones to accept her invitation. The room were crowded. The Misses Linark in their rustling silks, were among the first arrivals.

Mrs. Stanley, with her accustomed grace and eloquence, did the honors, dispensing courtesies and attention to every guest—When the evening was nearly concluded, she led the way to the supper room. After the company had been served, and returned to the drawing room, Mr. Stanley called their attention, and observed that his wife had something to say.

Ellen felt it was not a time for embarrassment—and with a heightened color and a perfect self-possession, she entered at once upon the subject. Only in one matter, she said, was there any alloy to her pleasure in welcoming her friends on this occasion; her eighteenth birth-day. This matter, she was resolved should be set right. She then detailed the story as it had come to her knowledge—and demanded, first of one, then of another, his or her authority for the statement that had been made.

It was not difficult, with Ellen's dignity and demonstration, to trace the tale in its serpentine windings—and to fix it at last upon the Misses Linark. The spinsters wiggled in their chairs, and looked the picture of uneasiness—but they resolved to put a bold face on the business—and accordingly declared that old Elsie had given them the information.

Elsie was summoned. She came dressed in her best gown, of broad ground with crimson flowers—her head covered with a yellow turban. She courtesied right and left to the company—and advanced to the spot where her mistress stood.
"Elsie," said Mrs. Stanley, "these ladies say you came to them, the morning of the sixteenth of July last, and said I had cruelly beaten your master the evening before. Is this true?"

The old woman opened her mouth and eyes, but made no reply. Miss Hannah and Miss Winifred rose indignantly, declaring they would not be confronted with a servant.
"Be seated, ladies," said Mrs. Stanley, calmly. "You did not scruple to make assertions on the authority of this woman, and must now submit to hear her questioned. Speak, Elsie, and have no fear—but speak the simple truth!"

"May de Lor' hab mercy upon me!" ejaculated the negress. "I will speak de honest truf, massa—for old Satan bin hab me in his power eb er since I told dat he 'bout my missus. You see, massa, de ladies ax me big heap of questions ebbery day, 'bout you and Missus Ellen, and put all sorts of tings in my poor head. But I no excuse for old Elsie, for tell sich wicked lie 'bout her good, kind missus!"

"This is too much!" exclaimed Miss Hannah—"sister, let us go."
"Go on, Elsie," said Ellen, while her husband stood in the way of his irritated cousins.
To be brief, the whole matter was explained to the delight of the penitent old nurse, and the confusion of those among the guests who had been most active in spreading the calumny. The Misses Linark were highly incensed at this exposure of their in dignity, and rejected the forgiveness offered by Ellen and her husband. But they dared not give vent to their vexation by any more slanders. For six months they actually held their tongues—and the penance evinced such a depth of mortification, that Ellen pitied as well as pardoned them. Her presents of fruits and flowers were resumed, the spinsters were invited to her family dinner parties—and all was again on a friendly footing between them.
I do not know that the Misses Linark profited long by the severe lesson they received. But others took it to heart—and the foregoing record of unembellished facts, may be a warning to gossips in general.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.
FROM HAYTI.

DEAR SIR:—The position of Hayti is now worse than we ever have seen it, the long smouldering hatred of the blacks to the color of people has broke out into almost open war; we hear the most violent language preferred against them, and it is only the presence of the President here that imposes some restraint. Already several people of color have been shot some with and others without trial—amongst the former was Mr. Dourbain. It is not supposed he was guilty of having aided the insurrection, nor was any proof led against him he was nevertheless condemned and shot with circumstances of the greatest barbarity, his body being torn to pieces like that of a dog. We hear terrible accounts of assassinations from the surrounding country, and fear much that after the departure of the President further atrocities will be committed; but we are in hopes a vessel of war will arrive for our protection. We have but little news from Port au Prince, but you must have learnt better than we what has taken place there. Here the pretext made is a rising that