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BENJAMIN I. HOWZE,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
Corner of Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 3—NO. 126 WILMINGTON, TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1849. Whole No. 438

WILLIAM J. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Sept. 12th, 1848. 76-w. tri. c.

CARROLL & FENNELL.
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
FAMILY GROCERIES, LIQUORS, WINES, &c.
AND WILL PAY PARTICULAR
Attention to the sale of all kinds of Produce
S. J. CARROLL. C. N. FENNELL.
July 13, 1848.

FREDERICK CLARK.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
CABINET FURNITURE
CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WRITING DESKS, MATTRASSES, PAILLASSES, &c.
FRONT STREET, NEAR MARKET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 11th, 1848. 11-1 y.

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

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

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER, &
General Commission Merchants,
No. 5 & 6, South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.
We respectfully solicit liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale
Refer to
Messrs. Hall & Armstrong, Bennett Flanner, George W. Davis, } Wilmington, N. C.
October 18, 1848. 123-3t.

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

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

J. C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1848. 87

CASSIDEY, SCHRADER & CO.,
ENGINEERS AND MECHANIST.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THE ABOVE FIRM HAVE ERECTED AN EXTENSIVE
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY,
TOGETHER WITH
Machine and Blacksmith Shops,
Where orders for every description of work in their line of business, will be expeditiously and faithfully executed.
July 25, 1848. 55-tf.

MARTIN & CRONLY.
AUCTIONEERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 3 1848. 85-tf.

LIFE INSURANCE
IN THE NATIONAL LOAN FUND SOCIETY, OF LONDON,
AND
FIRE INSURANCE
IN THE ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
OR, IN THE
HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK,
May be effected by application to
DEROSSET & BROWN.
Nov. 25, 1847. 10s

ANOTHER INVOICE.
Of Furniture, by the Schr. A. J. DeRosset, From New York
3 FINE Sofas, a fashionable article;
6 Low Post Bedsteads;
12 Cotts single and double sizes;
An assortment of Looking Glasses;
12 Rocking Chairs;
12 Sick Chairs;
12 high Chairs, for Children;
12 Nursing Chairs; Also,
1 handsome Sideboard.
F. CLARK,
New York Furniture Warehouse.
Dec. 21. 119

JOHN HALL.
SHIP AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 30 GRAVIER STREET.
New Orleans.
April 13, 1848. 110-1y.

F. J. LORD & CO.
Rice Factors & Commission Agents.
Nov. 25, 1847. 108-1y-p.

M'KELLER & 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, 1848. 102

L. MALLETT,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
Timber, Lumber, Naval Stores, &c.,
Nutt's Building, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Nov. 9, 1848. 101

BARRY, BRYANT & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1848. 1 tf.

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, 1848. 113-tf.

W. BRANSON,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c
Nutt's Building, North Water Street.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Sept. 23 1848. 85-c.

N. B. HUGHES,
AUCTIONEER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT
RALEIGH, N. C.
Solicits consignments, and will attend to all business entrusted to him, and pledges himself that all sales shall be made on the most favorable terms, and business will be strictly done in conformity with the wishes of his employers.
REFERENCES:
[illegible], Esq., Wilmington.
[illegible], Esq., Fayetteville.
Nov. 28, 1848. 99-1y.

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

SCOTT, KEEN & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND DEALERS IN
SUPERIOR
Ready Made Clothing.
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 21, 1848. 91-y.

CORNELIUS MYERS,
MANUFACTURER,
AND DEALER IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS AND WALKING CANES, &c
WILMINGTON, N. C., Market-st.
Oct 17 1848. 91-tf.

W. L. SMITH,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF SANDFORD & SMITH.)
AUCTIONEER AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Store on North Water Street, Parsley's block.
Oct. 14 1848. 90-y.

J. S. WILLIAMS,
Fancy & Staple Dry Goods Store.
ONE DOOR WEST OF Wm SHAW'S DRUG STORE
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 14, 1848. 90.

JAS. T. MORRIS,
Lumber and Timber Inspector,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 12, 1848. 89-6m

JAS. T. MORRIS,
Agent for the Sale or Purchase of NEGROES,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 12 1848. 89-6m

$25 REWARD.
RANAWAY from the Estate of Wm. B. Meares, in June last, a negro fellow called HENRY or HENRY HILL. He is about 5 4 to 5 foot 6 inches high, well made and likely; he is quick spoken and smart. He is probably lurking about Wilmington, where he has a good many relations. I will give a reward of $25 for his apprehension and delivery to me in Wilmington, or to Wm. T. Bray at Meares' Bluff.
T. D. MEARES.
Nov. 9. 101 tf. 2

J. R. BLOSSOM,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal Cash advances made on consignments to Mr. Benjamin Blossom New York.
ALSO,
AGENT FOR THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital liable for Losses, about $700,000.
Dec. 19, 1848. 119 6m c.

BENJAMIN BLOSSOM,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NEW YORK.
Liberal advances made upon Consignments of all kinds of produce.
References.
Messrs. J. & D. McRae, G. W. Davis, Esq J. R. Blossom Esq. } Wilmington.
Dec. 19, 1848 119

F. J. LORD & CO.,
Agents for the
NAUTILUS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
Accumulated Capital, $130,000.
ALSO FOR THE
EAGLE LIFE & HEALTH INSURANCE CO
Capital, $100,000.
Will take risks on lives of Slaves.
Office 23 North Water Street.
Oct. 24, 1848.

MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.
THE Subscriber having received the Agency the
Camden Insurance Company, N. J.
CHARTERED 1832.
WITH A CAPITAL OF $100,000,
or Wilmington and vicinity, will issue Policies on cargoes, freights and vessels out of this port; and also take Fire risks on as reasonable terms as any other Institution. Losses sustained will be promptly and honorably adjusted and paid, and in case of difference the Courts of North Carolina will be acknowledged.
A. MARTIN, *Agt.*
Dec. 14, 1847. 116-1y-c.

WM. M. HARRIS. EUGENE B. DRAKE
HARRISS & DRAKE.
General Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
REFERENCES:
O. G. Parsley, Esq, Col. John McRae, Messrs. Baford & Huntington, Will Peck, Esq., Raleigh, N. C. } Wilmington, N. C.
Messrs. Hall Sawyer & Co., Joseph Lilly, Esq., } Fayetteville, N.C.
Messrs. James Corner & Sons Baltimore
" E. A. Sonder & Co., Philadelphia.
" Thompson & Hunter, } New York.
" Pillsbury & Sandford,
" Hunting & Tutts Boston.
" J. & G. P. Titcomb, Kennebunk, Me.
September 11th, 1848. 77 tf.

COTTON YARN.
10 Bales, B C. Yarns assorted numbers, for sale by
J. C. LATTA.
Oct. 24. 91-tf

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 exquisite, that its constant daily use is highly advantageous, even to those teeth that are in good condition, giving them a beautiful polish, and preventing a premature decay. Those already decayed, it prevents from becoming worse—it also fastens such as are becoming loose, and by perseverance it will render the foulest teeth delicately white, and make the breath deliciously sweet.
PRICE 25 OR 37½ CENTS A BOX
Sold in Wilmington, by Lippitt & Willkings

MULLETS.
50 BBLS. Mullets, fresh packed, and for sale low at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S
Nov. 25. 108-tf.

FLOUR AND BUCKWHEAT.
20 BBLS. Extra Canal Flour; 20 half do extra Canal Flour; 25 bags Buckwheat; 25 boxes do. 25 ½ barrels do.; 25 ¼ barrels, do.; 5 half bals do.
For sale at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.
Nov. 25. 108-tf.

LONDON BROWN STOUT.
50 DOZEN best Brown Stout Porter, in quarts and pint bottles, for sale at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.
Nov. 25. 108-tf.

5 TONS HOOP IRON;
50 bbls Super Family Flour;
Goshen and Mountain Butter;
Lard in Kegs; On consignment.
For sale by WILL. O. JEFFREYS.
Nov. 23. 107-tf.

LADIES MERINO, and Silk Vests, for sale by
J. S. WILLIAMS.
Nov. 14. 103 tf

SPIRIT BARRELS.
250 EMPTY Bbls., large size and in prime order. Just received and for sale by
BARRY, BRYANT & Co
Oct. 5th. 83 t.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.
A FRESH supply of very handsome Bills of Exchange, for sale at the *Commercial Office.*

FOR SALE.
A PIANO FORTE, a fine instrument, will be sold low. Apply to
J. G. BURR
Jan. 2, 1849. 123-3w.

NOTICE
THE undersigned having withdrawn from the late firm of *Harriss & Russell*, would inform the public that he has taken the Agency of the CAPE FEAR STEAM SAW MILL, and promises strict attention to the faithful transaction of all orders for Lumber entrusted to his care.
HENRY P. RUSSELL.
Jan 2, 1849. 123 tf.

ROSA DEAR,
OLD ZEKE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

One of the loveliest of the lovely spots that adorn the valley of the Connecticut was the haunt of my childhood!—It might have been a haunt of fairies and wood-nymphs, for they could not have found a sweeter or more secluded gamboling ground; and I did sometimes think I heard strange whisperings in the air, and fairy-like music floating around me, and I sometimes imagined I saw the footprints upon the velvet moss. True, the sober thought of years rather discards the idea, but we love to foster childhood's impressions, so I will cherish this, with every flower and leaf and ripple of the singing brook, and light and shadow which are daguerreotyped upon my heart. I would love to take you there to-night, dear reader, and by the light of this first autumn moon, talk of the days of "lang syne." Come, sit with me upon this mossy bank, and see the soft moonlight floating with those dancing ripples.

Do you see, through the opening beyond the wood, that little white cottage? That was the home of my little heroine.

Old Mr. Melwood, or old Zeke, as he was always called, was one to whose poverty misfortune had been added. He was a cripple, and unable to do little else than ride to the village and leave at the doors of his customers, the products of his little farm, which was his only means of support.—These were few, but he always found a ready market for them; for every one said that old Zeke's vegetables were the best, and his eggs the freshest that were brought to town, and that the berries that pretty Rose Melwood sold, were the sweetest that were ever tasted; indeed, every thing which Rose Melwood had, or said, or did, was the best in the world.

Rose lost her mother in very early childhood; and between herself and her father there existed the greatest fondness. She did not like to hear him called "Old Zeke," for it seemed to her to give an impression of unworthiness; but it was not so, for every one respected the old man. I do not know how he came to receive that cognomen, but I think it was because the infirmities made him seem much older than he really was, and it was something of a feeling of pity that prompted it. But Rose did not love to hear it, and always, when speaking of her parent, she would call him her "dear old father," always was she saying some kind word or performing some kind action—anything to make her dear father happy. And she was his idol; "Rosy, dear," he always called her, and every one else came to call her, except when some naughty child at school, who had his failings exposed by her undeviating truth, would call her "Old Zeke's daughter."—But Rose was the name that all loved to call her by. She was the pet of the village; every one was glad when she came, for she always brought a happy face and heart along with her. Aunt Mary used to say she brought a whole shower of happiness, to sprinkle over every body.

But Rose Melwood had her day of sorrow, and that was when Julia Weston refused to invite her to her birthday party.

This party had been the grand subject of talk among all the school girls, during "recess" and "whispering time," for half a year. All expected to attend, all knew what they would wear, and all hoped most earnestly that it would be a pleasant day.

Rose Melwood knew in her little heart what she intended to do that day, but she told no one, for it would be such a sweet surprise, she thought, to bring a wreath of flowers in April. Every day, after the snow was off the ground, she would look by the brook and in the wood for the first flowers, to see how they came on. She knew just where the trailing Arbutus had itself, and where the first violets would spring up, and she felt quite sure they would be in bloom before Julia's birthday.

The morning previous to Julia Weston's birthday, I had invited Rose and two or three of her companions to walk with me, and just as we entered a path which led through the wood, Rose darted away, exclaiming, "I am going to hide from you now, but I will be with you soon." My young friends wandered off, one by one, in search of flowers and winter green, and I had just entered the path which led to my loved retreat, when I saw through the trees that it was already tenanted, and on coming nearer, discovered Rose Melwood. She was unconscious of my approach, and I never saw a sweeter subject for a painter than she was at that moment. She was sitting upon the ground, with her lap full of flowers, and a half formed wreath lying beside her. Her bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, and her long fair hair was falling in rich clusters upon her neck; her small white hands were clasped, and her full blue eyes were turned towards heaven, with an expression of perfect purity, love and holiness. "O, Miss Emily!" she exclaimed, as soon as she observed me, "is not this beautiful? It seems just like heaven to me."

"O, Rosy dear! where did you find your flowers?" exclaimed our companions, coming up at this moment, "we have been searching every where, and have not found one."

"Oh! I know their hiding-places," replied Rose, smiling; "see here—will not this be beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding up a half-woven wreath, "this is for Julia to wear on her birthday."

"But you are not going to her party?" exclaimed one.

"Why, yes, of course I shall go," replied Rose, "I know Julia expects me to go."

"But she told me yesterday she should not invite you."

"Why not?" inquired Rose, sorrowfully.

"Because" replied another, who seemed somewhat vexed that Rose had found so many flowers, "because she says she don't want old Zeke's daughter at her party."

Never shall I forget the expression which passed over Rose's countenance at these words. It was not of anger, but of mingled sorrow and resentment, which one experiences when they feel that they have been unjustly slighted by those they love. She spoke not a word, but her eyes filled with tears, and a moment's silence, she said, "Well, I will send her the flowers—she will like them, I am sure."

The truth was, Julia had heard, and talked, and thought so much of her party, that she had begun to imagine herself a much more important personage than she had done before, and to think that she must be somewhat select in her invitations; so after some consideration, she decided that it would be more aristocratic to have it said that old Zeke's daughter was at her party. Besides, she was a year older than Rose, which very much enhanced her own importance, she thought; so without consulting her parents, she decided that Rose Melwood should not come to her party.

But Julia little thought that by refusing admittance to Rose she was depriving herself and others of all enjoyment. But so it was, for when all were assembled, there seemed some one wanting. No one seemed happy, and each whispered to the other, "I wish Rosy dear was here;" and when Frank Weston and two or three of his schoolfellows came in to share in the sports, nothing seemed to go right.

"Why, where is Rosy dear?" exclaimed Frank in surprise, after looking around the room.

"Julia wouldn't have her here," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I should like to know, Miss Julia Weston, why you wouldn't have her here?" inquired Frank with spirit.

"Because I didn't want her here," replied Julia, a little tartly.

"Because she is old Zeke's daughter," replied several voices.

"Well, I wish, Julia, you were half as good as old Zeke's daughter," exclaimed Frank. "I declare, this is outrageous. She shall come, or else I don't stay here."

"Nor I, nor I," exclaimed the other embryo gentlemen.

At this moment Mrs. Weston entered the room.

"Why what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "I came to see how happy you were, and really there is not one happy face in the room! what is the matter?"

"Rosy dear is not here," exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Rosy not here? Why, what is the reason?" inquired Mrs. Weston in surprise.

"Why, Julia has acted like a prince—she has not invited her," replied Frank.

"Not invited Rosy? Why, Julia, what does this mean? I thought surely you had invited her."

Julia had by this time begun to repent seriously of her conduct. The party which she had looked forward to with so much happiness, had been, so far, naught but wretchedness, and all in consequence of her foolish pride. So she acknowledged to her mother the reason, and expressed her sorrow.

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door, and a little girl who lived opposite to Rose entered with a beautiful wreath in her hand, and presenting it to Julia, said, "Rosy dear sent it to you."

The scent of the flowers filled the room, and all gazed eagerly at such a quantity of flowers at that season.

"Oh! where did Rosy dear find them? I could not find one," all exclaimed.

"She always knew where the first flowers grew," exclaimed one of the boys.

"She always knew ten times more than any other girl about everything," was the rather ungallant reply of Frank Weston.

Julia stood holding the wreath, looking sorrowful and ashamed.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Weston, "you are not worthy to wear this wreath to-day—the one who deserves it most wears it. Put on your bonnet and go down to old Zeke's, and make the best apology you can to Rosy. Beg her pardon, and ask her to come and spend the remainder of the day; for I am quite sure there will be no enjoyment unless she is here; and she is so good a girl, I think she will not refuse to come, though you have treated her so ill. Frank will entertain your company while you are gone, and I hope you will yet be happy."

The two girls were soon seen returning, and as they entered the door, all exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, Rosy dear; now we will be happy."

"But first," said Mrs. Weston, "let us dispose of this beautiful wreath. It should not lie withering here. Julia, it was sent to you, put I presume you do not feel that you deserve to wear it, so you may place it upon the head of the one you think most deserving of it."

Julia took the wreath, and with a smile and a kiss, placed it upon Rose's head, amid the shouts of the children.

"Oh, I had much rather you would wear it, dear Julia," exclaimed Rose. "I am sure I never intended it for myself."

"The good we do to others," said Mr. Weston, "often returns upon our own heads, and I hope the lesson, Julia, you learn will be of far more value than the wreath."

Soon after the event old Zeke and Rosy left our village, and went to live with a rich relative at the South, who adopted Rose as her own daughter.

Years passed away. Frank Weston, who had established himself in a distant city, wrote for Julia to come and spend the winter with him. Julia joyfully accepted the invitation. As soon as he had arrived, and had been welcomed by her brother, he said, "I have an invitation for you.—Julia, to act as bridesmaid this very evening."

"Pray, for whom?" inquired Julia.

"To a certain lady who is to be my wife" replied Frank, laughing.

"Ah! you rogue! Why did not you tell me of this before?"

"I knew that you liked pleasant surprises," replied Frank.

"But I cannot tell whether it will be a pleasant one until I know who is to be your bride. Come, tell me quick, who is it?"

"No, not until we are married, so now prepare yourself, and hasten to the wedding."

When Frank Weston led in his bride, Julia thought she had never seen a creature so perfectly lovely. But brides are always beautiful, and perhaps she was not more so than many others; but Julia thought so, and I think Frank thought so too. But it was not her beauty alone that rivetted Julia's gaze; it was an impression that she had seen that face before, but she could not tell when nor where.

When the ceremony was over, and Frank presented Julia to his bride, "Do tell me, my sister," exclaimed Julia, "have we never known each other before?"

"Dear Julia, have you forgotton old Zeke's daughter," whispered the beautiful bride.

A sudden remembrance, such as, in some hour of your life, reader, has flashed over your mind when you have seen a face or an object that called to recollection bygone days, came over Julia's thought.—She gazed earnestly at the fair girl for a minute, then, clasping her hand, and turning to Frank, she exclaimed, joyfully, "Rosy dear! yes—yes—it is indeed her—it is *our* Rosy dear!"

OLD ZACH SENTENCED.

The following sentence was noted on the back of a Whig electoral ticket, in this city on the 7th. It is too good to be kept in the ballot box, and, begging the voter's pardon, we feel constrained to make it public. Rich. (Ia) Pal.

ZACHARY TAYLOR, STAND UP!—You have been indicted by the grand jury that assembled in Philadelphia for wilfully, resolutely and determinedly seeking to rule over the people of the United States. And after a fair, able and impartial investigation of your case, by a jury of the people, whom you have chosen to try your cause, you have been found guilty.

It now remains for me to pronounce the sentence of the law. That sentence is:

That you be taken from your residence in Louisiana, under a strong guard, that you be transported to the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, and that you there be placed on a chair, provided for the purpose, in the White House, and be confined for the term of four years to such work as your country may require. And may the Lord have mercy upon you soul!

SAGACIOUS HORSE. A farmer whose sayings and doings I have often passed, though I state not give his name, had some years ago an old horse, known by the name of "Yellow Neil," he being past work was turned out to enjoy the remainder of his useful life on the best pastures, as his master very justly thought some reward was due for his long and faithful services. He was a pet with all the children of the household, and so docile, that the most timid child used to trot about on his back without saddle or bridle. Among other odd fancies, he was extravagantly fond of apples; besides shaking the small trees, he would adopt various expedients to obtain them.

Among others, the following was of frequent occurrence:—The children often plucked apples for him, as they rode through the orchard, which no doubt first put the thought into his head; but whether so or not, the fact is the same. He would come to the horse block, and whinny; if not noticed, he would put his head over the fence, and express great impatience. The children loved to indulge their old favorate, so one, or sometimes two of them would climb upon his back, when he would pace off to the nearest apple tree whose fruit he could not reach, and wait while they gathered for him as many as he chose to eat. Once, when two were on his back, they attempted to cheat him, by eating the fruit, and filling