

THE COMMERCIAL

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 4—NO. 60. WILMINGTON, TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1849. Whole No. 526.

J. & D. McRAE & Co.
General Commission Merchants.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
JOHN MACRAE. DONALD MACRAE.
May 29, 1849. 23-ly.

ROBERT G. RANKIN.
AUCTIONEER,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
May 29, 1849. 23-ly.

J. HATHAWAY & SON.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. L. HATHAWAY.
March 2, 1849. 149.

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

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.

W. BRANSON,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Natl's Building, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
N. B. I have a large and Secure Timber Pen
where I will put all Timber left with me for sale at
a small charge as is made by any other Agent in
this place.
Sept. 29, 1848. 83-c.

JEFFREYS & LEIGHTON.
General Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
February 13, 1849. 141.

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

HENRY P. RUSSELL,
AGENT FOR THE CAPE FEAR
STEAM SAW MILL,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
strict attention given to the faithful execution of all
orders for Lumber.
Jan. 1, 1849.

DEROSSET & BROWN.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
BROWN & DEROSSET.
NEW YORK.
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
March 17, 1849. 1-y.

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, 1849. 1

GEORGE W. DAVIS.
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17, 1849. 1

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

LIFE INSURANCE
IN THE NATIONAL LOAN FUND SO-
CIETY, OF LONDON,
AND
FIRE INSURANCE
IN THE AETNA INSURANCE COM-
PANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
OR, IN THE
HOWARD INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK,
May be effected by application to
DEROSSET & BROWN.
March 17, 1849. 108

G. & W. A. GWYER,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
CABINET FURNITURE,
In all its varieties.
Bedsteads, Cots, Mattresses, Looking Glasses,
&c. &c.,
FRONT STREET, NEAR MARKET.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
GEORGE GWYER. Wm. A. GWYER.
May 15, 1849. 26.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.
A FRESH supply of very handsome Bills of Ex-
change, for sale at the Commercial Office.

BACON! BACON!!
A LOT of prime Bacon Hams. For sale by
GEO. W. DAVIS.
June 17.

CASHWELL & BLOSSOM.
GENERAL COMMISSION
AND
FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
Nos 1 & 2, Dickinson's Store,
North Water St. Wilmington, N. C.
DAVID CASHWELL. J. B. BLOSSOM.
Cash advances made on consignments of Tim-
ber, Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. Also, on shipments
to our friends in New York.
Liberal Cash advances made on consignments of
Timber, Lumber, and Naval Stores.
April 3, 1849. 8-12m.

BENJ. BLOSSOM & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
NEW YORK.
BENJ. BLOSSOM. CHAR. W. BLOSSOM.
Liberal advances made upon Consignments.
References.
Messrs. CASHWELL & BLOSSOM,
" J. & D. McRAE, } Wilmington.
" G. W. DAVIS Esq. }
July 10, 1849. 49.

HERON & MARTIN
General Commission Merchants,
37 1-2 North Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to
Messrs. THOMAS WATSON & SONS, } Phila.
" J. C. DARTMOUTH, Esq., }
" Wm. S. NELSON, Esq., }
" ROBERT NELSON, Esq., }
" Messrs. MOSES, TAYLOR & CO., } New York.
" J. H. BROWNE & CO., }
" J. & D. McRAE, } W.ilmington.
" Geo. HARRISS, Esq., }
April 5, 1849. 9-11.

GEO. HARRISS,
General Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
STRICT attention given to procuring Freight
and purchasing Cargoes for vessels.
Refer to
F. P. Hall, Esq., }
O. G. Parsley, Esq., } Wilmington.
" J. A. Taylor, Esq., }
" J. D. Bellamy, Esq., }
Messrs. Ballard & Huntington, }
Messrs. Tucker, Smith & Co., } New York.
" Thompson & Hunter, }
" Alex'r. Herron, Jr., } Philadelphia
Messrs. Williams & Butler, } Charleston, S. C.
" H. F. Baker, Esq., }
Jan. 2, 1849. 123-1f.

WILLIAM M. HARRISS,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
STRICT attention given to procuring Freight
and purchasing Cargoes for vessels.
References:
O. G. Parsley, Esq., } Wilmington, N. C.
Col. John McKee, }
Messrs. Ballard & Huntington, }
Will Peck, Esq., Raleigh, N. C.
Messrs. Hall, Sackett & Co., } Fayetteville, N. C.
" K. A. Souder & Co., Philadelphia.
" Messrs. James Corner & Sons, Baltimore.
" E. A. Souder & Co., New York.
" Thompson & Hunter, }
" Pinbury & Sanford, }
" Hunting & Tutin, Boston.
" J. & G. P. Titcomb, Kennebunk, Me.
July 17th, 1849. 52-1f.

SPIRIT BARRELS.
A Good supply of empty Barrels. For sale low
in lots to suit purchasers, by
DEROSSET & BROWN.
March 1. 160.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON.
April 12. 12

F. J. LORD & CO.,
Agents for the
NAUTILUS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co
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.

MARTIN & CRONLY.
AUCTIONEERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS.
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 3, 1848. 88-1f.

H. L. BUTTERFIELD,
PAVILION HOTEL.
Corner of Hazel and Meeting Streets,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Where he will be happy to see all his
NORTH CAROLINA FRIENDS.
July 12, 1849. 50-1f.

OLDS & ANDERSON,
Grocers & Commission Merchants,
No. 141 Front Street New York.
One of the partners being a native of North Carolina,
and the other a Northern man with twenty
years' experience in City trade, the interests of their
patrons in shipping to, and buying from them will
be well protected.
Strict attention paid to consignments of Cotton,
Grain, Naval Stores, Lumber, and every kind
of Produce; and all orders for Groceries and
Merchandise generally, promptly attended to, at
the lowest City prices.
Lew. T. Olds. F. B. ANDERSON.
May 22, 1849. 29-6m.

SHIPPING ARTICLES.
FOR SALE at The Commercial Office, an ele-
gant edition of Shipping Articles, embracing all
the laws of Congress relative to the Merchant's
Service.
RYE!
100 Bushels. For sale by
J. C. LATTA
136.

TO PRINTERS.
I HAVE for sale a font of entirely new SMALL
Type, purchased for the office of the late Com-
missioner, consisting of 292 pounds. It is hand-
some and of approved number. This font is
now in case, and will be sold, for good six months'
paper, bearing interest, for ten per cent less than
cost; or fifteen per cent less than cost, for CASH.
B. I. HOWZE,
Commercial Office. 2-1f.

WRAPPING PAPER.
450 REAMS for sale by
W. L. SMITH.
May 1, 1849. 20.

NOTICE.
FROM and after the first January, 1849, no Freight
will be transported or delivered without the
freight being paid.
ROBT. FENNER,
Transportation Agent, W. & R. K. Co.
Dec. 30, 1848. 122-1f.

TO RENT.
THE OFFICE in London's Building, next
door to the Law Office of David Reid Esq.,
is for rent till the first of October next—
cheap. Apply at the Office of
THE COMMERCIAL.
May 5. 22-1f.

AGENCY OF
Nautilus (Mutual Life) Insurance Company.
PERSONS holding Policies in this office are not-
ified that Scrip Certificates, for their Shares of
profits in the business of the Company are ready for
delivery at the Agency office, 23 North Water-st.
F. J. LORD & Co., Agents.
Oct. 24. 94-1f.

CRIST MILL.
THE subscribers have started a Crist Mill in con-
nection with their Saw Mill, and can furnish
Meal and Hominy of prime quality and at very short
notice.
JOHN McRAE & Co.
Feb. 8, 1849. 139-1f.

EMPTY BARRELS.
500 LARGE size Spirit Barrels in good con-
dition, for sale by
GEO. HARRISS
May 17, 1859. 27-1f.

COAL.
500 BUSHELS Bituminous Coal, now landing
and for sale by
W. L. SMITH.
April 5, 1849. 9.

NEW MACKEREL & ALEWIVES.
100 BBLs. No. 3 Mackerel, and 20 do. Ale-
wives, this season's catch—daily expected
per Schr. Ontario. For sale by
BARRY, BRYANT & ADAMS.
July 19. 53.

GLUE.
GERMAN and American Glue, of prime quality
for Distillers. For sale by
DEROSSET & BROWN.
Jan. 6. 125.

DISTILLERY FOR SALE.
THE Turpentine distillery at Faison's Depot, on
the Rail Road, lately owned by John Christian,
will be sold at a fair price, for further particulars ap-
ply to
JEFFREYS & LEIGHTON.
April 10, 1849. 11.

BILLS OF LADING, &c.
FOLIO POST BILLS OF LADING, bound
in Books, and sheets, also Letter Sheets—with
a variety of mercantile blanks, for sale at The Com-
mercial Office.

CAMPINE! CAMPINE!!
40 CENTS PER GALLON.
For sale at the Store of
J. G. BAUMAN.
Feb. 27. 147

RICE! RICE!!
50 FIERCES fresh beat Rice for sale by
GEO. W. DAVIS.
June 12. 38.

DEEDS FOR SALE.
Warrent Deeds, and Deeds for Mortgage on land
not printed, in correct form and for sale at the
Commercial Office.

CONGRESS WATER.
18 DOZ. Congress Water, just from the Spring,
full qu. and pints, at reduced price; any per-
son wishing a treatise on the medicinal prop-
erties with an analysis &c. of this Spring, can be supplied
gratis by
A. C. EVANS, for Clark & Co.
July 10. 49.

PATENT MEDICINES
JUST received 6 dozen Sassaaparilla;
also, Old and Young Townsends do.
12 doz. Sweeney's Syrup of Wild Cherry;
12 " " Vermilings;
12 " " Dead Shot;
6 " German Bitters; 4 Epsom, Sarsap and
Queens delight. For sale at usual prices, by
A. C. EVANS & BRO.
Also, Bernard's Cholera Remedy just to hand.
July 10.

THE TWO LETTERS; A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

My stay in New York had been prolonged
far beyond my original intention when I
visited that city, and I was pining to return
to my native village, and to the arms of my
dearest Julia, whom I hoped soon to make
my bride. I had drank deep of the cup of
sorrow during my absence from her, and I
looked forward with glowing anticipations
to the time when we should meet to part no
more.

At length my business took a favorable
turn. There was no longer anything to
detain me in New York, and I made hasty
preparations for a departure to my na-
tive village. It was the evening before I
designed to set out, that I wrote two hasty
letters to prepare my friends for my recep-
tion.

The first of these epistles was to Julia.
It ran thus:
DEAREST GIRL: I shall leave New
York in the three o'clock train to-morrow
afternoon. In an hour from that time I
shall be with you. I never knew how I
loved you until my heart was tried by the
test of absence; now I feel how devotedly
how truly, I am your own. Oh! what joy
it will be to meet with you once more!

That will be the happiest moment of my
life, except when I can, for the first time,
call you my bride. Yours, till death,
FREDERICK.

The second letter was addressed to an
old maid of my acquaintance, who had
been like a sister to me, and to whom I
was indebted for many little acts of kind-
ness.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write this in haste
to inform you that I shall probably visit you
some time to-morrow evening. You see I
don't want to find you unprepared. And I
want you to treat me well, too, even if I
don't call on you the first of any. Don't
think my affection for you has in the least
diminished, but you must know my affec-
tion for another has increased, and strong
as are your claims upon me, hers are some-
what stronger. Now don't be jealous; for
after I am married, I shall be as true a
friend to you as ever. Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK.

Having finished both of these letters, I
sat down to write the others which they
had been written, fearing that they would
be too late for the mail. Superscribing them
in a hurried hand, I sent them to the
post office, where they arrived just in time.

At three o'clock on the following day,
I was at the depot, and in the cars. I was
too impatient for steam itself. I even be-
lieve the telegraph could not have transpor-
ted me to the arms of my Julia soon enough
to satisfy my impatience. I thought the
cars moved slower than a mule, and thought
at one time of getting out to run along
ahead of them.

However, slow as I thought I was trav-
elling, I arrived in good time in my native
village. I did not stop to shake hands
with a single soul, but hurried to meet my
Julia. I arrived at her father's house. I
expected to see her face at the window
looking out for me, but it was not visible.
However, I reflected that, like all women,
she was coquettish, and avoided showing
her pretty eyes at the window, just to tease
me. Yet I felt certain she would be look-
ing out for me, and I have a distinct re-
collection of offering to bet fifty dollars with
myself she was peeping through the blinds
at me, or from behind a curtain.

I ran up to the door, and entered without
knocking. I opened my arms expecting
Julia to jump into them, and supposed of
course she would, but I shut them up again
quick enough, when I saw the old lady ap-
proaching, not her daughter.

"Where's Julia?" I cried.
"Oh, she's gone—"
"Gone!"
"Yes."
"For heaven's sake," I gasped, "tell me
where?"

"I was going to, but you interrupted me,"
said the old lady crustily. "She has gone
to spend a few days with her cousins."
I was thunderstruck. I conscientiously
believe that at that moment I was as white
as a piece of parchment. At any rate, I
could swear before any court that I felt
very faint and sick.

"When did she go?" I faltered.
"About two hours ago."
"Two hours ago!" What! didn't she re-
ceive my letter?

I was terribly excited. I felt that my
eternal happiness depended upon the wo-
man's answer. If Julia had gone off to
see her cousins when she knew I was com-
ing—that I would be there that night—I
felt that it would break my heart.

"Yes, I believe so," drawled the old lady.
I heard her say something about getting a
note from you—that she expected you to
call here to-night."

It was enough. My heart was a heap
of ruins! Oh! the faithlessness, the fickleness,
the heartlessness of woman! All
that has been said of her has been but flat-
tery; she is a serpent in an angel's form!
Oh deception! oh misery! Judge of my
disappointment—my despair—my unutter-
able woe when I learned that Julia was

gone—gone when she knew I was coming
—and blame me not for giving vent to my
feelings in such expressions as these.

I think I should be very scrupulous about
swearing to anything that took place the
next half hour after my heart received that
heavy blow. Only one thing I am sure of.
I left the house, and got into the street,
but whether I ran there, staggered there, or
was carried there by my friends, I could
not conscientiously venture to affirm.

The first I heard from myself, I was approach-
ing the door of my friend, the old maid,
and she was running out to meet me.—
This probably brought me to my senses.

I was past being surprised at anything
that might happen, else I should have
thought it a little strange that Lucy threw
herself into my arms, and offered me her
lips to kiss. As it was, feeling the need of
sympathy, I embraced her warmly, exclaim-
ing—

"Dear Lucy, you are the only true friend
I've got."
"Oh! I hope not," she replied. "But I
am glad you think I am a true friend to
you, for I am."

"And you will always be?"
"Always Frederick! Oh! and we shall
be so happy!"
"What does she mean?" thought I.
"We shall be so happy, dear Frederick!"
she repeated. "I know we shall. The truth
is, my dear, I have loved you long—in se-
cret—hopelessly; but after receiving such a
dear, affectionate letter from you—"

"What!" I cried, staring at her in won-
der.
"Why, after receiving such a dear good
letter," said Lucy, "I am so happy that I
must tell you all my heart. When we are
married Frederick—"

"I'm dreaming," thought I.
"We will have this pleasant event to
talk about, won't we? Why, you can't
think how surprised and delighted I was to
receive your letter. I laughed over it and
cried over it; and if I have read it once, I
have read it fifty times."

Here she took my letter from her bosom.
"Then it seems," she continued, so hap-
py that I was fairly provoked with her—"it
seems that absence taught you how much
you love me."

I was stupefied; thought I was insane,
couldn't understand one word Lucy said.
Meanwhile, she unfolded the letter. Then
—then I understood it all! I uttered a
scream which was scarcely human, it was
so wild; and eagerly snatched the letter—
It was the letter I wrote to Julia!

Yes; then I understood it all! I had
made a mistake in superscribing the letters,
and Julia had got Lucy's while Lucy had
got Julia's. And Lucy had been flattered
with the hope and belief that I loved her,
while Julia—poor girl!—believed I was
about to marry another. This was the
cause of Julia's leaving her cousin.

I laughed; I danced; I dare say I cut
up every manner of silly capers which a
man ought to be ashamed of. And Lucy
all the time was staring at me as I before had
stared at her. This brought me to my
senses.

"A mistake," I stammered—"this letter
—I wrote in a hurry—put the wrong name
on the back—sent yours to Julia—sent Ju-
lia's—this one—to you?"

I shall never forget the old maid's con-
sternation. She understood what I wished
to say; she saw the error in its true light.
I thought she would sink through the floor,
but she had hold of the door-latch, and that
probably sustained her. I was glad that
the door-latch was strung. At that mo-
ment my conscience bit me a severe cut,
and made me smart. How I cursed my
carelessness which had been the cause of
so much mischief. I made a hurried apolo-
gy, but I didn't stop to see if Lucy faint-
ed, or to have the pleasure of holding a
smelling bottle to her nose in case she
should sink into that interesting state.

I thought of Julia. I flew to make an
explanation. It was three miles to her
aunt's house, but I was there in a trifle
over three minutes. Puffing like a steam
engine, I asked to see her, and was shown
into a room where she was alone. She
regarded me with so cold a look that I
am sure it would have chilled me through
—made an icicle of me perhaps—if I
hadn't been so hot with running. I threw
myself at her feet. She started back—it
might have been in disgust, and it might
have been because her hand touched my
face which was burning like a coal.

"Dear Julia," I sighed
I panted, I suppose, but sighed is the
better word.
"Well, sir," said she, coldly
"Don't scorn me, I'll make it all right, it's
only a mistake."
"What?"
"Why, that letter—"

"That letter, sir, was a very friendly one,
I am sure. Indeed!" added Julia, bitterly,
"feel quite flattered by your confidence in
me, in making known your intentions to
marry. I hope you will get a good wife,
sir; hope you will be happy—"

"Julia! Julia!" I cried in agony, "I say
it's all a mistake. That letter was not
meant for you."
Julia's assumed coldness and indifference
had vanished in a moment. Then she
looked at me.
"It wasn't for you," I repeated. "I
wrote that to Lucy Mathews—put the
wrong name on the back. Here's the let-
ter I wrote to you."

I gave her the one I had snatched from
Lucy. She read it eagerly. She saw the
mistake, and burst into tears of joy. The
next moment we were locked in each
other's arms. I was intensely happy.—
But in an instant the bright heaven of my
life was overcast.