

# WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Associate Editor.—ONE DOLLAR Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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From the *Raleigh Register*.

## CAPE FEAR AND DEEP RIVERS.

I have recently discovered that public attention is turning to what I have always thought the most valuable improvement now in process of construction in the State. I allude to the Slackwater navigation of the Cape Fear and Deep Rivers. That work is at this time rapidly progressing, and will be completed within twelve months from this time; and completed in a manner, that will do credit to the builders. The contractors are executing the work in a style, that convinces every examiner of the permanency and utility of the improvement. The most sceptical have concluded, that the Locking and Damming is the improvement to benefit the great farming interest of the State, in consequence of the cheapness of transportation by water, the cost and durability of the work after construction, and its location, being directly through the most fertile region of the State. The cost of this work on the most difficult of our rivers to improve, is less than two thousand dollars per mile. And after the work is once erected, the wear and tear is nothing, compared with that of Rail or Plank Roads. There will be occasionally some little repairs to a Lock Gate, on the upper part of the Locks, which are not always wet; but the lower part of the Locks and the whole of the Dams, which will at all times be wet, will last for an age. The Locks are constructed in such a way that the decayed timber can be taken down to the surface of the water and re-placed with new, without interrupting the part below water which will be found to be perfectly sound. The timbers in the Locks are all laid horizontally, and the foundations are four feet below the surface of the water, and are laid in an excavation in solid rock. Hence, the first four feet, which is the most expensive part of the whole work, is permanently fixed and will, at all times, be under water and sound. That portion of the lock wall which is above water, is made of the best kind of pitch pine, heart timber, and will last fifteen or twenty years, without repairs, and can then be repaired without interrupting the balance of the work, simply by taking down the timber and stone to the surface of the water, replacing it with new timber, and filling it with the same stone, the cost of which will be very little.

## A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

### THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

During the year 1814, while the allied armies were concentrated about Paris, the following remarkable incident, possessing all the interest of romance, occurred. It is strictly true, and the parties are still living:

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river. On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However, the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed most vigorously towards the other side. Then when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, those worthy people crossed the river again, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time. "You have been very hardily treated, my boy," said the old guardsman to him; "but here am I, who have gone further still, and come home."

The silence and the fixed attitude of Lieut. S. showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on the left side would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter—"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been some body by to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him to carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a second or two. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply; not that he was resigning life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss. "My mother!—my dear, dear mother!" he said, "I die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would say. Her bosom heaved with sympathy and her eyes ran over. Thence she remembered her father had said, and thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips. Amidst this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieut. S., whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes, and ask for his deliverer. The boatman looked at his child and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when her father embracing her with enthusiasm raised up her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words—"You have saved my life; it belongs to you."

## BOTH DEAF AND DUMB.

The late Mrs. Jane W. was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled even her into a momentary doubt of needfulness of charity in this instance.

"Why?" exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work."  
"Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years."  
"Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W., at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand.

On her return home, she mentioned the fact, remarking what a dreadful thing it was to be deprived of such precious faculties.

"But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?"  
"Why?" was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so."

## SMALL FOR ITS AGE.

A friend of ours was asked a few days ago, by a close-fisted old customer, to partake of some very old whiskey, which he valued very highly. He consented, not reluctantly, when his hospitable entertainer took the bottle and poured out what our friend regarded as a very small dose. The latter, taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked, rather sceptically—  
"You say this is forty years old."  
"Yes," replied the host.  
"Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, that it's devilish small for its age!"

We lack to scatter on the litter in the Farm Yard, to produce the very finest kind of wheat, and I think we should strain every nerve to reach it as soon as possible. We could have the stone carried and brought down on our tow-boats, and burned on our farms, which would be great saving and expense, and we should avoid the risk of getting it wet on its passage.

The South Yadkin is also a very fine stream, and I understand, can be improved in the same way, to within a few miles of the Catawba, which might be connected by a Portage Road, and that River be improved almost to the mountains. If these improvements were made, we should command the whole trade of the western portion of the State, and be able to furnish that rich section not only with dry goods and groceries, but what is more important, with a currency, which we never have been able to do, and which we never will be able to do, until we can command the trade. The whole west is alive to the extension of the improvement. They are locked up without any market within reach, and they look to this work as a key to their future prosperity.

What will Wilmington and Fayetteville do to advance this work? Are they going to lay still and see the up-country strain every nerve for their benefit, and not come to their assistance?—Do they not know, that, whenever the produce is on the River, that it is bound to reach them?—They certainly do, and they certainly wish to obtain the produce of the most productive portion of North Carolina. Then I say, come to their assistance and they will carry out this important work.

Wilmington, it is well known, has been more liberal and patriotic than any other portion of North Carolina, in subscribing to public works of Internal Improvement; but I think, on this occasion, she has dealt with a sparing hand to the work which is calculated to do her more real benefit than all the works put together. When this main artery is completed to the Mountains, all the minor streams will be improved. There is a company of Gen. Jem. at this time getting white-oak pipe staves on the New Hope for the Wilmington market. That stream, the Hat River, the South Yadkin, and all other tributaries that are of sufficient size, will be improved, and when there are no streams, Plank roads will be built from the Rivers, with the productive neighborhoods the whole length of the line, throwing the whole of the produce into Wilmington for exportation. This line is upwards of four hundred miles in length, and the whole line running through the most productive portion of the State. I expect to see large droves of cattle from Ashe County transported on the Cape Fear for the Fayetteville and Wilmington markets. The Irish potato crop will be a source of much profit to our Mountain counties. They can produce them there in great abundance and of the finest quality. The Mountain Potato is considered here, equal if not superior, to the Northern, and which never sells in this market for less than a dollar per bushel, and sometimes as high as two. The hay crop, too, will pay a handsome profit, by being transported to Fayetteville or Wilmington. In Wilkes, it is worth three or four dollars per Ton; in Fayetteville, I saw it selling this summer at one dollar and twenty-five cents per hundred, and that hay was shipped from Massachusetts to Wilmington and then transported on the River on our Steamboats to Fayetteville. Now shall we allow Massachusetts to furnish our markets with hay, when our own Mountain Counties could furnish twenty such markets with a much better article and at a reduced price? I know that every North Carolinian who is possessed of the proper Southern feeling and has that State pride which every one ought to possess, is ready to answer the question in the negative. Then I say, let us make this improvement, which will certainly prevent it, and will produce prosperity and an intimacy of our people, from the Ocean to the Mountains.

S. M.

## CURIOSITIES FOR THE CALIFORNIA MUSEUM.

An egg supposed to be the lay of the last minstrel.  
A mammoth parsnip that can't be beat.  
The left foot boot of a mail coach.  
The helve of the axe (acts) of the Apostles.  
A box of pills, sure cure for tight fits.  
The shift of the wind.  
A patch from the seat of learning.  
A lock of hair from the head of Sacramento.  
The teeth of a reformed rake.  
A sample of cloth, out of which lawsuits are made.  
A trick taken from the trump of fame.  
A leg from the multiplication table.  
The title page and index to a volume of smoke.  
To know what kind of metal thunder bolts are made of.  
A feather from the wings of the wind.  
What kind of soil is best adapted for the cultivation of rye? Inquired a gentleman the other day.  
Our agricultural knowledge was inadequate to a solution of this question.  
"Very dry," dryly remarked Ezekiel; "for every body knows that in dust try must prosper."

"You look as if you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fellow who stood by the side of an ass.

Who ever saw a perfect woman? Willis has found out one imperfection in Jenny Lind, she cannot mount or scab back without a chair.

## THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

### A SKETCH.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock that stood on the marble chimney-piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial, to mark the lapse of another. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up the lamp, whose pale rays illumined the solitary chamber, proceeded with noiseless step to a small inner apartment; the curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child!

What a vivid contrast that glowing cheek and smiling brow present as he lay in rosy slumber to the faded, yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! "Will he resemble his father?" was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as, with a murmur on his lip, he undrew the mazy bolts and admitted his thoughtless master.

Four o'clock, Willis, is it not? he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamber—in her arms!  
No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him, in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet these spoke to his heart.

Julia, I have been a wandering husband. But you are come now, Charles, and all is well!

And all was well; from that hour Charles Davis became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen tears, he had become a hardened libertine—but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were arguments he could not withstand.

Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love—possessed of a splendid fortune, having hitherto had the command of his own pleasures—Davis fell into that common error of newly married men, the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping upon his wife, endeavor to remonstrate.

Forbearance of the neglected Julia, without just reward, and gave the death-blow to the System of the bosom of Davis! Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meekness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice in her own hideous deformity, stood unmasked before him!

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron had bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by other cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening of joy and melody; while a manly form is bending over the music-page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group.—Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps an erring child—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Davis! and remember, though Hymen has chains, like the sword of Harmodius they may be covered with flowers; that unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—while, on the contrary, patience and gentleness of manner (as water dropping on a flinty rock will in time wear it into softness) seldom fail to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

Temptation is fire that brings up the scum of the heart.

The census of Syracuse shows a population of 22,235.

The surplus wheat crop of Canada, this year is estimated at 11,000,000 bushels.

The present population of the city of Wheeling is estimated at 14,000. In 1847 it was less than 7,000.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?

Because neither of them are satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

System is important not only in the grave and elevated departments of science, but is essential in the most common concerns and operations of ordinary life.

Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men can't remedy.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing ourselves of true virtue.

We must be useful to men, to be great in their estimation.

"Who lives in that house, Patrick?"  
"Mr. Ferguson, that's dead."

"How long has he been dead?"  
"If he'd lived till next Christmas he'd be dead twelve months."

"What did he die of?"  
"He died of a Thursday?"

"Washing and ironing are good, but wisdom is better."

So says a wisecracker. We think that for soiled clothes, washing and ironing are better than wisdom.

## Making Shirts for 6 cents and cheated at that.

People in the country have no doubt heard of the mock-auctioneers and the Chatham street Jews of New York. Some of these are "no slouchers" at bare-faced swindling; but they cannot hold a candle to John Davis, a William Street shirt-seller. A few days since, John advertised for shirt makers, when two young seamstresses called to work in answer to the advertisement. John Davis said his work must be done very nice, and that he paid six cents each for making good shirts. The necessities of the poor girls compelled them to succumb to those monstrous terms, and they agreed to take six. Mr. Davis demanded a dollar as security for the return of his goods, which dollar was deposited. The shirts were made according to a pattern given them, but on their presentation John Davis said the shirts were spoilt entirely, and he not only refused to pay the miserable three shillings so hardly earned, but refused also to restore the dollar deposited. The shirts must be altered, he said, and the expense of alteration deducted from their money? The girls applied to Justice Lothrop, who issued an arrest for Davis. On this, that worthy man hastened to refund the dollar and pay the three shillings, together with a remuneration to the girls for their loss of time. The persecuted man showed a praiseworthy alacrity in doing justice when compelled, and we presume he has returned to his business quite as cheerfully as ever, praying that the next seamstress who makes shirts for him will not make such a fuss over their dollar and three shillings—lost.

## THE LACE-MERCHANT'S DOG.

Who would have imagined that a dog had been made serviceable as a clerk, and thus made for his master upwards of a hundred thousand crowns? And yet an incident like this happened a few years since. One of those industrious beings who know how to make a chaldron of coals out of a billet of wood, determined, in extreme poverty, to engage in trade. He preferred that of merchandise, which occupied the least space, and was calculated to yield the most profit. He borrowed a small sum of money from a friend, and repairing to Flanders, he there bought pieces of lace, which, without any danger, he smuggled into France in the following manner: He trained an active spaniel to his purpose. He caused him to be shaved, and secured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hue and the same shape. He then put over it the garment of the stranger dog, so that it was impossible to discover the trick. The lace thus arranged in his pet animal's band-box, he would say to his docile messenger—"Forward, my friend!" At these words the dog would start and pass boldly through the gates of Malines or Valenciennes, in the face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having passed the bounds, he would wait for his master at a little distance in the open country. There they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his packages in a place of security, renewing his occupation as necessity required. Such was the success of the smuggler, that in five or six years he amassed a fortune, and kept his coach. Envy pursued him, and he was at length detected.

How far does the cunning of some animals extend? Did the spies of the custom house expect him at one gate, he saw them at a distance, and instantly went towards the other. Were the gates shut against him, he overcame every obstacle. Sometimes he leaped over the wall; at others he passed secretly behind a carriage, or, running between the legs of travelers, he would thus accomplish his aim. One day, however, while swimming in a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns worth of lace—the loss of which did not affect the master, but he was inconsolable for the loss of his faithful dog.

## ONE OF THE WITNESSES.

During the trial of Drury on the torpedo charge, in New York, Mr. Clark counsel for the accused, attempted an irrelevant cross-examination of one Jacob B. Sheys, and came off second best, as below described:  
Cross-examined by Mr. Clark. I was not an assistant justice at the time of the conversation.  
Q. What are you now?  
A. I was reared to the profession of the law, but whether I am a lawyer or not I cannot say. [Laughter.]  
Q. Do you write poetry and attend to the indulgence of the poet's fancy more than to law?  
A. I sometimes do indulge in imagination and think it more honorable to do so than to take fees for legal advice which I am not able to give. [Laughter.]  
Q. Do you not frequently indulge in imagination and fancy circumstances which never occurred?  
A. I tried to imagine that you were a gentleman and a man of education, and I had to give it up as a vain imagination. [Renewed laughter.]

## A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics explained it as follows:

"When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks menas; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics."

## Punch has ascertained that not a single Scotchman has been tempted to take a ticket for a "cheap trip from Scotland to London and back again."

## RULES FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Establish yourself on the broad and sound basis of integrity; conduct your business with intelligence and judgment.

Let the business of others alone, and attend to your own.

Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to the best advantage; and study even to make leisure hours useful.

Find recreation in looking after your business, and your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation.

Buy fair, sell fair, and take care of the profits.

Should misfortune overtake, retrench—work harder—but never fly the track—confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance.—Should you then fall, you will be honored; but shrink, and you'll be despised.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—We country doctors, writes a friend of the *Kuickerbocker*, have to be dentists as well as druggists. Our saddle-bags are our shops, and the turnkey a daily weapon. A few days ago a hearty young woman called, with another like her and asked me to pull a tooth, which with much reluctance I did, and with less reluctance took the usual fee of twenty-five cents. Her companion, pleased with the operation, said she had a tooth that sometimes ached, and she would like to have it out now. I told her she had better wait till it ached again; but she said no, she would have it pulled; and so I took it out. She promised to call soon and bring me my pay, as she did not expect to have her tooth drawn when she came, and she was not prepared with the quarter." So a day or two after, she called and offered me half a dollar; but fortunately I had no change, and she said it made no difference for I could just take it out in pulling another tooth, which she knew would ache. So I took another and made the change. Wasn't that girl a philosopher, and wouldn't she make a capital martyr?

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.—You may make any horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw and chin, leading him about, saying to him, come along; a coachman tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading, and stopping. Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, "come along." With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and gentles the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow. [As it takes only ten minutes to try this experiment, we hope never to hear of a runaway horse again.—Ed. Dispatch.]

## THE PHRASE "GO TO GRASS."

This phrase "Go to grass" has been in vogue ever since Nebuchadnezzar was sent out to pasture.

## TURKISH CIVILIZATION!

Mr. Brown, the American Dragoman at Constantinople, who is now accompanying the Turkish Envoy through the United States, says that the female Circassian slave markets continue in full blast at Constantinople. Mr. B. affirms that the prices range from \$600 to \$10,000, according to their age and personal charms, and that the slaves are sold in what is called the Circassian quarter of the city.

## ASSAULT WITH ATTEMPT TO KILL.

On Tuesday night, about ten o'clock, as Mr. Hartman Baacké was returning from a visit in the city to his residence at the State Magazine, he was violently assaulted by one Hendrick Sahlman, who attempted to stab him with a knife. The weapon entered the arm-hole of his vest, and cut the garment entirely down to its lower edge. Sahlman was arrested the same night and committed to goal for trial yesterday morning, by L. P. Robertson, Esq., Magistrate.

No reason was assigned for the assault, which was given without notice by Sahlman who seems to have been lying in ambush and to have suddenly sprung upon his victim, perhaps with the intention of robbery, as there had been no previous dispute or even estrangement between the parties. The attack was made at the entrance of the avenue which leads to the magazine.

Charleston Sun.

## NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—The steam propeller City of Glasgow arrived this morning from Glasgow, with dates to Sept. 6th. She brings 715 passengers, and sails hence for Liverpool and then takes her place as first of the line of Liverpool and Philadelphia steamers, to sail in the beginning of December next.

The Cunard steamer Europa sailed at noon today for Liverpool, with 78 passengers and \$488,888 in specie. Among the passengers were M. Krenelberg, bearer of despatches; also Louis Berg, Vice Consul of France and bearer of despatches.

The U. S. mail steamer Ohio arrived from New Orleans and Havana last night. She left Havana on the 18th inst. She experienced very heavy weather during the passage. She brings 200 passengers and the mails from California, also a full cargo of tobacco and cigars from Havana, and a considerable amount of gold in the hands of passengers.

The Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Bank of Providence has had an injunction laid upon it, a keeper appointed, in consequence of an examination made by the commissioners appointed by the Governor of Rhode Island. The examination showed that the cashier was a defaulter to the amount of upwards of \$70,000, and criminal proceedings were forthwith instituted against him. The bills of the Bank it is thought will all be redeemed.

## THE BISHOP AND THE QUEEN.

The Lord Bishop of London addressed a letter of remonstrance to her Majesty, for not having a clergyman of the established church in her suite while on her present tour, and for attending a Presbyterian place of worship at Belmore. A reply was sent to the Bishop expressive of her Majesty's disapproval of such interference, and observing that her Majesty had not stepped out of her duty in attending public worship in the established Church of Scotland.