The Tri-Weekly Commercial.

VOLUME XI—NUMBER 1. WILMINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 1256

POETRY.

OUR BABY.

At our house, at home, we've a sweet little baby
As fat as a 'coon in the fall;
And for mischief, fun, music, or whatever it may be,
Of brats, he's the general of all!
With cheeks like two roses,
The prettiest of noses,
Endeared to our Moses,
By every fond tie;
In fair and foul weather,
He serves as a tether,
To bind us together,
My Betsy and I.

From morning full blossomed, till night draws her curtain,
His means for employment never fail;
And though hushed be his gabble of music we're certain,
When he drags the old cat by the tail.
Now calling, and bawling,
And telling and sprawling,
And mauling, and squalling,
At work and at play;
In the dish-water paddling,
Or Jowler pack saddling,
Or about fiddle-faddling,
He passes all the day.

Tho' his third year is ended this present September,
He's equal to any at five;
At two he could "put on" as well, I remember,
As the best "shoulder striker" alive;
In consideration
Of his qualification
I'm in contemplation
Of placing him where
All the Mrs. Duncans,
And all the Mrs. Flunkins
Will say he's "some punkins;"
And that is—"THE FAIR."

There's nought can escape his minutest inspection,
Displayed on the toy-seller's boards;
And he helps himself, too without fear of detection,
To the nicest the pantry affords.
He's just in condition,
To meet competition,
At the grand exhibition
The rogue with *two eyes*—
There's one thing—depend on't;
To make a quick end on't,
If he can lay hand on't—
He sure takes the prize.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.

BY T. B READ.

'I drained the cup that kills with sleep,
And pillowed my head on the breast of Death:
He closed the lids that ceased to weep
And kissed the lips at their latest breath!
That moment I had untimely birth
Out of the clay-walls of earth!
Then I saw that by the horrid deed
The chain was sundered, yet I was not freed;
I had burst away from a windowed cell,
Into a dungeon unfathomable;
Into utter night—where I only could hear
The sighing of cold phantoms near.
I shrank with dread; but soon I knew
They also shrank with dread from me;
And presently I began to see
Thin shapes of a ghastly hue
That sudden agues thrilled me through.

'Some bore in their hands as signs of guilt,
Keen poignards crimson to the hilt,
Which ever and anon in wild despair,
They struck into their breasts of air;
Some pressed to their pale lips empty vials
Till frenzied with their fruitless trials;
Some with their faces to the sky,
Walked ever searching for a beam:
Some leaped from shadowy turrets high,
And fell as in a nightmare dream
Half way, and stopped, as some mad rill
That leaps from the top of an alpine hill,
Ere it reaches the rock it hoped to win,
Is borne away in a vapor thin;
Some plunged them into counterfeit pools—
Into water that neither drowns or cools
The horrible fever that burns the brain,
Then climbed despairing to plunge again:
And there were lovers together clasped
O'er tameless brazures, who sighed and gasped
Staring wonder in each other's eyes,
And tantalized that they did not die.

'Then as I passed with marvelling stare
They gazed forgetting their own despair.
Oh! horrible! their eyes did gloat
Upon me, till in my ashen throat
I felt the fiery viper thirst
Which ever in that dry air is nurst,
And ere I was aware
I had raised the cup it was mine to bear;
My pale lips cleaved to the goblet dim
And found but dust on the heated rim;
And then I knew—oh misery!—
It was the same I had pledged to thee—
To absent thee, and to present Death!
Pledged and drained at one long drawn breath;
Drained to the dregs! Then a hot wind sighed
Close in my ear—"THOU SUICIDE!"
And those two words flew
Into my heart, and pierced it through;
And my eyes grew blind with pain
As a serpent which with rage insane,
Strikes himself with venomed fangs,
And writhes in the dust with self-dealt pangs.'

MISCELLANY.

THE LOST WIFE.

YARN OF A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Some years ago, half-a dozen friends and myself visited Greenwhich Hospital. Our conductor was a weather-beaten, middle aged tar, whose larboard glim had been douced since boyhood with the small pox, and his starboard fin had been carried a way by a chain shot. By the gold lace which he sported on his chapeau, the sleeves of his coat, etc., he appeared to hold the rank of a boatswain in the college. He was a communicative old boy, and we felt indebted for his civilities. He, however, spurned the idea of being rewarded with money.

'No, blow it!' he exclaimed, 'not a tissey—not a single brown, but a drop of grog gemmen, if you please.'

So saying, he led way to a neighboring tavern, and entrenched himself in the corner of the parlor, with which he seemed intimately familiar. I placed myself at his elbow, with the intention of drawing from him some favorite yarn. During the first glass he only spoke of the hospital; during the second, he advanced to action and bombardments; but, as he finished the third, as if to induce us to call for a fourth, he said:

'But it's no use talking about battles and them sort of things. Gemmen, by your leave I'll tell you a bit of a story. It's a story that has made manny a brave fellow waste his salt water, and, by the way, I may say it's about a countryman of your own, too—for Tom Beaumont was born in New Castle, and he was a boy, man, mate and master of a Shield's collier many a long day.

'During our last scuffle with the Yankees, I was master gunner of as handsome a gun brig as ever did credit to a dock yard or dipped a keel in the water. Love ye, it would have done your eyes good to have seen her skimming before the wind and breasting the billows as gentle as a boy's first kiss, which only touches the cheek, and that's all. Then we carried fourteen as pretty guns as ever drove a bullet through a Frenchman's timbers. Old Tom Beaumont, (God bless him!) was our commander, and a better soul never cracked a biscuit. He was a hardy seaman to the backbone—an upright and down straight fear-nothing; but the kindest-hearted fellow in the world, for all that. Well, gemmen, as I'm saying—Tom, (we always called him Tom, because we loved him) married young, and for two years was the happiest dog alive. He had a wife as pretty as an angel, and as good as himself; and a little rogue—their son—the very picture of his own face in a button—who was beginning to climb upon his knee and pull his whiskers. Man alive couldn't desire more; the very scene might make a Dutchman dance or a Russian happy. After two years' fair wind and weather, however, in mortal reckoning, it was reasonable to expect squalls. Beaumont had not then joined the navy in a regular way; and at that period he found it necessary to proceed to America, where he had entered into extensive mercantile speculations. Finding that he should be compelled to remain there much longer than he dreamed of, he sent for his wife and child. They sailed—but it proved a last voyage to a new world!

'However, gemmen, it's a voyage we must all take, from the admiral down to the cabin boy—that's one comfort; and may we, by the aid of a good chart, steer clear of the enemy's lee shore and brimstone shoals!

'Poor Tom's inquiries were fruitless—No one ever heard of the vessel, and no one doubted that all hands were low as Davy Jones. It was like a shot between wind and water to Beaumont; but he bore up after a way, though it had shivered his main sheet.

'Well, as I was saying, it was during our scuffle with the Yankees, more than twenty years after Tom had lost his wife and child. We were returning with the little brig from the West Indies, when I was roused in my hammock by a bustle on deck, and the cry of 'a Yankee!' I sprang up at the glorious news, and through the clear moonlight perceived an impudent looking lubber bearing upon us full sail, and displaying American colors.

'Haul to, my lads!' said old Beaumont; 'let them smell powder for breakfast.'

'Small time was lost in obeying the order, for we were always in readiness for welcome company. Twice they attempted to board us, but were driven back for their kindness with some score of broken heads, and the loss of some hundred American fingers. After two hours hard peppering, Beaumont seizing a lucky moment, ordered us to throw a broadside.

'Every shot told; the Yankee began to stagger; and in a few minutes, gave evidence that her swigging days were ended. 'Vast firing!' cried Beaumont let us save a brave enemy.' He repeated the word enemy; and I heard him mutter, 'flesh of our flesh.'

'The vessel was riddled like the lid or a pepper-box, and sank so rapidly that we were able to save only thirty of her crew. Their captain was among the number, and a gallant-looking youth he was; but in their last attempt to board us, Beaumont had wounded him on the shoulder with his cutlass. The blood ran down his arm and poured from his fingers; yet the brave soul never whispered it, nor made a wry face on the matter, but stood and saw his countrymen attended to. Nature, however, gave way, and he fell upon the deck—Beaumont eagerly raised him in his arms, and conveyed him to his own bed.

'On examining the wound, the surgeon took the portrait of a beautiful lady from his breast, and handed it to the commander. Poor old Tom gazed upon it for a moment—he started—he uttered a sudden scream—I though he had gone mad.—'Do you remember that face?' he exclaimed, 'How could I forget it?—to have seen it once was to remember it a hundred years—it was his wife's!

'I won't tire you with a long story,' continued the narrator, 'for it's all true, and no yarn. For several days the gallant young American lay delirious, as the doctor called it. But—I can't describe it to you, gemmen—had you seen poor old Tom, during all that time! No, hang me, I can't describe it! The youth also wore upon his finger a diamond ring, upon which were inscribed the names of Beaumont and his long lost Eleanor. Flesh and blood clould not stand the sight. There was the old man keeping watch by the bedside, night and day, weeping like a child, pacing the cabin floor, beating his breast—and sometimes snatching the hand of the poor sufferer to his lips, and calling him his murdered son, and himself the murderer. Then he would doubt again, and doubt made him worse.

'At length the doctor declared the invalid out of danger, and said the commander might put to him any question he pleased. I wish I could tell you this scene; but I can't. However, there sat the full, bursting-hearted old boy, the big tears pouring down his cheeks, with the hand of the young American in his; and sobbing like a child, he inquired: 'Were you born in America?' The youth trembled—his heart filled, and he wept just like old Tom.—'Alas!' said he I know not, I have been educated in America. I only know that I was nursed by the good old man that adopted me as his son, and who found me almost lifeless, in the arms of a dying woman, on the raft of a deserted wreck, which the winds had driven on shore. My unfortunate mother could only recommend me to his care and died.'

'The very heart and soul of the old tar wept. 'And this portrait, and this ring!' he exclaimed breathless, and shaking like a yacht in a hurricane. 'The portrait,' replied the youth, 'was a part of what my mother saved from the wreck: and as I was sold by my foster-father, is a likeness of herself. The ring was taken from her finger; and from the engraving upon it, I have borne the name of Belmont!' 'My son!—my own Tom!—child of my Eleanor!' cried the happy old father, hugging him to his breast.

'Gemmen, you can imagine the rest,' said our one armed companion; and raising the fourth glass to his lips, he added, 'and by your permission, here's a health to old Tom Beaumont and his son. Heaven bless them!' The story affected his listeners to tears, and they parted with the old seamen with regret.

From the New York Sunday Dispatch.

A SKETCH.

BY META GREY.

''Tis night, and the silver moon is stealing
From her veil of clouds, like a blushing bride.'

Bathed in its silver light, the large, old-fashioned crib that stood by the open window, on its downy bed, quietly a sleeping infant lay. The soft curls clustered lovingly above its tranquil brow; and drooped caressingly over the fair eyelids as if to guard the azure orbs that, jewel like, rested within their setting of glossy fringe.

Upon the snowy folds of the covering, the small, white dimpled limbs, replete with grace, reposed free from care. A childish innocent smile of love and glee, rested upon the yet untainted face. By its side fell carelessly a bright, fine flower—meet emblem of its own innocence and purity.

Softly, upon tip-toe, the young mother glides to the couch, wherein reposes her heart's treasure, and pressed her lips upon the upturned brow; her dew stained face bears traces of recent suffering, she breathes a 'God bless you, my darling boy.'—The hot tears fall upon the rose tinted cheek and startle the little sleeper; he opens his liquid orbs, so full of heaven, throws his arms around his mother's neck, saying, 'Mama, let me cry, too; Willie loves mama; don't cry' The childish prattler unseals the burning fountain of tears, and they mingle with those of innocent childhood. Clasping him to her breast, she fondly hopes that in after life the heart may be as innocent as now. Kneeling, she breathes a petition to Him on high that He may give her wisdom to lead his steps aright, so that when the rosy morn of youth has passed, the teachings of a mother may prove way-marks in the drear wilderness of life, to which he can turn when oppressed with care and sorrow, when no longer the music of a mother's voice gladdens his ears. Fond mother, place not your affections upon an earthly idol, which, without a moment's warning, may be shattered at your feet. Time brings changes, and with it cares and trials; the little form will strengthen and lose the delicate outlines of infancy; the childish prattle will be superseded by the boyish laugh and jest; the infant feet, no longer guided by your hand, will perhaps wander far from the path that you have noted out for him; the life bark will not always linger by the shore and cull the fragrant blossoms from its grassy banks, but unheeded will float down the calm waters until it reaches the tumult of the scene where eddying circles form and waves dash; barely at first it will ride them. Soon, however, the breakers come and dash madly against it; on it goes. The boatman will lose command, and the oars lay passive in his hands, leaving the bark at the mercy of the wind and waves. Resigned to its fate, and powerless to resist the overwhelming tide that bears it out of the reach of the hand that would snatch it from the brink of destruction, and thus it may be with the cherub boy whose frail bark has just been launched, and is impelled by the hand of Fate.—May its course be upon the calm and unruffled stream, having ever within its reach the flowers of friendship, love and truth.

Mother,
'Tis past! thy careworn spirit fled,
And thou hast joined the mighty dead,

Years have marked their flight upon the record of time since last within this room we saw the glad young mother leaning over an innocent babe, now grown to manhood, living a gay and reckless life, far from his childhood's home. 'Tis the same room, but now the statues, pictures and mirrors are shrouded with white, the light steals through the half closed blinds, and naught disturbs the calm that reigns there but the hushed breathings and muffled tread of the attendants.

Beneath the silken draperies of the couch, robed in a snowy shroud, lays one who sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. The long lashes rest upon the marble cheek, the wavy hair is parted smoothly on either side, while a wreath of dew drops sat like a coronal upon the wrinkled brow. A mother lay there with no tie of blood to shed a tear over her inanimate clay. Alone, in the midst of splendor, she died—No hand of love smoothed her pillow, or held the refreshing water to her fevered lips; there is no eye to weep, no heart to grieve. Alone, she yielded the last wild throb of her heart, yearning for one more look upon her boy, one more kiss, one more clasp of his hand, and one parting word. This was denied the sufferer, but it was a blessing in disguise. The calm spirit could not have been so resigned had she realized her last wish, and marked the change a few months had brought.

When her wayward boy received her last request, he was in a distant city surrounded by boon companions, holding highly the ruby wine. Shouts and songs disturbed the solemn stillness of the night; hurrying home, the midnight reveler read and re-read the last earnest appeal. In the stillness and solitude of the hour, terror strikes him and his blood-shot eyes with unnatural brightness as he reads, 'My son, your mother is dying—come.' Those words unlock the deep cavens of memory—Pictured on its walls in vivid colors are many scenes where his mother's eyes on him shine, fraught with deep and holy love. He sees all his life in a retrospective glance. How many times had that kind mother's words been disregarded. O, would that he had ever kept pure and innocent, as when first she nourished her lambent light on his rosy sleep. But when manhood came, the world claimed him for her own, and he passed from the threshold of home into the broad ocean of life without a compass. And now, when his bark is almost wrecked, a messenger comes with the sad intelligence that the beacon light which waved him off the shoals and reefs, and pointed to the pure deep waters wherein he might escape the dangers that beset him, was now growing dim, never more to be relit.—The eyes that looked so wistfully have closed forever, and the heart that yearned to forgive, hushed, cold and dead, while broad lands and wide ruins stretch their heavy barriers to guard him from the presence of a mother's dying smile.

He rushes out in the cold moonlight, which seems to mock his misery, nor stops until, by the aid of steam, he has conquered the rough distance between them. Almost exhausted, he enters her room and steals to the bedside. No eye welcomes him, no hand claps his own, no word of gentle love greets his ears; all is silence. He bends his impious knee, and weeps tears of agony upon the lifeless hand. They are in vain, they will not recall the spirit, or wipe out the stain of ingratitude to her whose firm faith in a Saviour's love, died resigned, leaving upon her mortal remains an expression of calm, holy peace, which, showed that her's was not a temporary but an everlasting rest, which 'He ever giveth to his beloved.'

HOOP IRON.
OF the best American manufacture.
Nov. 4. J. R. BLOSSOM.

FOR SALE.
500 VERY prime selected Empty Spirit bbls.
150 bags Guano.
200 " Brown Salt,
50 bbls Herring,
10 half bbls. Snuff. by
March 6. ADAMS, BRO. & CO.

SOAP.
50 BOXES Colgate's Pale and No 1, for sale by
March 6. GEO. HOUSTON.

JUST RECEIVED
Per Schr. Alba from New York.
17 BRLS of Best Yellow Sugar low for cash
GEO. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
March 3. No. 11, North Water Street.
J. w H. Sp. Age and N. C. C. Adv. copy

ON CONSIGNMENT.
34 Bales North Carolina Hay—4 Casks Machinery Oil—20 Barrels Fine Flour,—8 Bales Cedar Falls Sheetings—5 Bales Cotton Yarn—500 lbs. prime new Feathers, for sale by
T. C. & B. G. WORTH.
March 11, 1856.—1w.

LAGUAYRA COFFEE.
10 BAGS superior, for sale by
March 6. GEO. HOUSTON.

HERRING'S
Patent Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes.
The great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as Bonds, Mortgages, Deeds Notes, and Books of Account, than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the Subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends, and the public generally, that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE PROOF SAFES," as the
CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD,
HAVING BEEN AWARDED MEDALS AT BOTH THE World's Fair, London, '51, & New York, '53 as superior to all others. It is now, undoubtedly, entitled to that appellation, and secured with HALL'S PATENT POWDER PROOF LOCKS, (which also was awarded MEDALS as above,) forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever before offered to the Public.
The Subscribers also manufactures all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Bankers, Jewellers, and Private Families, for Plate, Dies, Bonds, and other Valuables. And are also Patentees, (by purchase,) and Manufacturers of
JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK,
SILAS C. HERRING & CO. Patentees,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 & 138 Water st.
Agent for North Carolina,
JOSEPH R. BLOSSOM,
Wilmington.
Feb. 12. 141-tf

JUST OPENED
A LARGE, well selected and varied assortment of Groceries, comprising a fresh lot of
Cheese, Preserved
Lard, Pickle
Coffee, &
Soaps, Fresh Meats.
Starch, Tin and Wooden
Candles, Ware,
Flour, &c., &c.,
All of which may be found at the corner of Market and Water streets, at the "*Cheap Cash Store*" where goods must be paid for on delivery
E. D. COWAN, Superintendant.
Jan. 31. 136-tf.
Herald and Journal copy.

NOTICE.
THOSE indebted to me individually, or to C. DuPRE & CO., will please call and make payment without delay, as further indulgence cannot be given. C. DuPRE.
May 17. 28

LARD.
5 BARRELS N. C., a prime article for sale by
L. N. BARLOW.
February 16th, 1856.

TEA! TEA!!
A FRESH SUPPLY of Superior Green and Black, received this day at
L. N. BARLOW'S.
Feb. 29, 1856.

JUST OPENED.
50 BRLS. Apples, in fine order,
A fresh lot of Cocoanuts,
French Confectionary,
A large lot of steam refined Candies, &c.
At the Broadway Variety Store. No 40 Market street.
March 12. W. H. DENEALE. 154

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOSEPH WILKINSON,
UPHOLSTER & PAPER HANGER,
KEEPS ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.
Mattresses, Feather Beds, Window Curtains and Fixtures.
All work in the above line done at shortest Notice. Wilmington, N. C., Market St.
Jan. 19, 1856. 1.

J. C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT & GENERAL AGENT.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 1, 1855. 85-1y-c.

JOSEPH R. BLOSSOM,
General Commission and Forwarding Merchant.
Prompt personal attention given to Consignments for Sale or Shipment.
Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments to me or to my New York friends.
Wilmington, Jan. 30, 1856. 135.

JAMES ANDERSON. EDWARD SAVAGE.
ANDERSON & SAVAGE.
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.
March 27, 1855 94

RUSSELL & BROTHER,
(LATE ELLIS RUSSELL & CO.)
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments of Naval Stores, Cotton, and other produce.
May 3, 1855.

C. & D. DuPRE.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oil, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Perfumery, Cigars, Old Liquors, Fancy Articles, &c.,
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Prescriptions carefully compounded by experienced persons.
March 28, 1855.

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan 17, 1855. 125-c

JOSEPH H. FLANNER,
General Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
May 9th, 1855. 87-1y-c.

JAS. H. CHADBOURN & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
JAS. H. CHADBOURN. GEO. CHADBOURN.
Jan. 1, 1856. 123.

HENRY NUTT,
FACTOR AND FORWARDING AGENT,
Will give his personal attention to business entrusted to his care.
Sept. 8, 1855. 75-1y-c.

GEORGE MYERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER
Keeps constantly on hand, Water, Teas, Liquors, Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Fruit, Confectionaries, &c South Front street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Nov. 18, 1855. 109.

GEORGE HOUSTON,
DEALER IN
Groceries, Provisions, and Naval Stores;
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
VESSEL AND FORWARDING AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Aug. 2. 60-tf

H. DOLLNER. G. POTTER JR. J. CAMERDEN.
DOLLNER, POTTER & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW YORK.
April 30, 1855. 20-1y.

L. N. BARLOW,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER,
AND DEALER IN
LIQUORS WINES ALE PORTER &c.
No 3, Granite Row, Front Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Feb. 17th, 1856. 140-tf.

S. M. WEST,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILL sell or buy Real Estate and Negroes at a small commission.
ALSO:
Strict attention given to the sale of Timber, Turpentine, Tar, or any kind of Country Produce.
Office second door, South side of Market street, on the wharf.
June 12, 1855. 33-1y.

ADAMS, BROTHER & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
July 28. 58

JAS. F. GILLESPIE. GEO. S GILLESPIE.
JAMES F. GILLESPIE & CO.,
PRODUCE AND FORWARDING AGENTS.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Particular attention paid to the receipts and Sale of *Naval Stores, Timber, Lumber, Corn, Bacon, Cotton, &c., &c.*
March 30, 1855. 6.

D. CASHWELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Sept. 30. 84-tf

COCHRAN & RUSSELL.
(SUCCESSORS TO THOS. ULIBNE & CO.)
General Commission Merchants,
No 32, North Wharves, and 33 North Water Sts
PHILADELPHIA.
J. HARVEY COCHRAN,
W. S. RUSSELL.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.
July 30th, 1855. 58-tf.

HOOPER, DEARBORN & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON N. C.
GEO. HOOPER. J. L. DEARBORN. WM. L. HOOPER
July 28. 58-tf

ADAMANTINE CANDLES.
40 Boxes No. 1. Adamantine Candles, just received and for sale by ZENO H. GREENE.
Feb. 5.

N. E. RUM.
20 BBLS, for sale by
March 6. GEO. HOUSTON.

COFFEE.
A FULL supply of Java, Laguayra and Rio Coffee, for sale by GEO. HOUSTON.
March 6. 151

WHISKEY.
JUST RECEIVED from Cincinnati, "direct" FOURTEEN BARRELS RECTIFIED WHISKEY. For sale at the lowest prices for CASH, by W. L. S. TOENsherrill.

J. M. STEVENSON,
AGENT for the sale of all kinds of Produce.—Office on Princess st, under ADAMS, BRO. & CO., Wilmington, N. C.
Feb. 12. [131-tf. J. M. STEVENSON

GEORGE R. FRENCH,
MANUFACTURER AND
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER
IN
BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER, AND
SHOE FINDINGS,
NO. 11. MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 6. 151

GEO. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
SOUTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 22. 132.

GEORGE H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
DEALERS IN
FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
No. 11 NORTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WILL keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard Soaps, Candles, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c &c.
REFERENCES:
O. G PARSLEY, President of Commercial Bank.
JOHN MCRAE, " Bank of Wilmington.
Wilmington.
A. M. GORMAN, Rev. R. T. HEFLIN, } Raleigh.
S. W. WESTBROOKS, Rev W. H. BOBBITT, } Greensboro'.
Feb. 14.

JOHN A. STANLY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 6th, 1855. 83.

T. C. WORTH,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 8. 126 tf.

W. G. MILLIGAN,
MARBLE MANUFACTURER,
NORTH WATER STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
Monuments, Toombs, Head and Foot Stones, and all kinds of Marble Work furnished to order on reasonable terms.
June 5. 36-1y-c

JNO. D. ASHTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
SHAWNEETOWN Illinois.
Will practice his profession in the twelve Judicial District and Supreme Court, and United States Court for Illinois.
Sept. 27. 84-1y

REVISED CODE OF N. CAROLINA.
ENACTED by the General Assembly at the session of 1854, together with other Acts of a Public and General character, passed at the same session. The Constitution of the State. The Constitution of the United States, &c., &c. Price $4. For sale at the Book Store of
Jan. 12. S. W. WHITAKER.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.
I HAVE this day associated my brother Oliver, with me in the General Grocery and Commission business. The firm will be GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO. We hope that our old patrons and friends will continue their patronage which they have so liberally bestowed on the senior partner of the concern heretofore.
Our stock will consist of Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Bacon, Rice, Soaps and Candles, Candies, Fish and Potatoes, Starch, Brooms, Tobacco, and everything in the grocery line, except liquors. We also further propose not to be undersold in the price of our articles, or bettered as to quality. We shall still continue the cash system, or 30 days to good and punctual customers.
Feb. 5. GEO. H. KELLEY 138 tf.

LIME, HAIR, PLASTER & CEMENT.
CONSTANTLY on hand, and for sale by
GEORGE HOUSTON.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE RAIL ROAD TIMES,
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.
Devoted to News, Internal Improvement, Education, Agriculture, Manufacture & Commerce.
WE know that the interests of the People of our State demand such a paper, and believing that one free from political strifes and quarrels of the day, devoted to such topics, will be the kind they desire, we confidently enter upon this enterprise with the assurance of meriting and meeting their approbation and support. Our object is to make the Times the mirror of the State, in which all can see their true interests held up and encouraged.
INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—To this subject we expect to devote as much space as a full statement of the various operations will require; for as our works of improvement advance, so do all the other interests of the State.
EDUCATION.—It is a source of regret to all interested in the Educational interests of our State, (and who is not?) that our papers are so much devoted to party politics, &c., that this great cause has been too much neglected; we propose, therefore, to devote to this subject, a portion of our space. We will foster and carefully note the advancement of Education, not only in our higher Schools, but also in our Common Schools.
AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURE AND COMMERCE, at this stage of our history, are commanding the attention of all our good State and money-loving citizens. Therefore, the Markets will be reported with care, and all items, calculated to throw light on either of those inexpansible branches of industry, will be carefully gleaned and inserted every week.
It is unnecessary to say more if we had time, but the "whistle of the locomotive" on the East and the cheering news from the West admonish us to close. Permit us, however, to assure you that the first number of the Times will make its appearance about the time the cars reach this place from the East.
TERMS—The Times will be printed weekly in Greensborough, N. C., on new material, and contain as much reading matter as any paper in the State, for $2 per annum in advance.
E. W. OGBURN,
C. C. COLE.
J. W. ALBRIGHT.
Nov. 6. 100-6t

JUST OPENED.
THE largest assortment of Chemicals ever offered in this market, consisting in part of
100 lbs. Sugar Lead;
50 " Sulph. Zinc;
25 " Vallett's Mars;
500 ozs. German Quinine;
10 bbls. Epsom Salts;
15 bbls. Copperas;
26 lbs. Calomel;
30 lbs. Blue Mass;
3 carboys Spirits Nitre (fff);
3 " Aqua Ammonia, (fff) and a number of other Chemicals, from the Laboratories of Powers and Weightman, Chas. Ellis & Co. For sale by C. & D. DuPRE.
June 5. 36

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
JUST RECEIVED, 50,000 choice Havana Cigars, for sale by C. & D. DuPRE,
Wholesale Druggists, 45 Market st.
Oct. 12. 31.

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL
Is published every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at $5 per annum, payable in advance.
BY THOMAS LORING—Editor and Proprietor,
Corner Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 sqr. 1 insertion	$0 50	1 sqr. 2 months,	$4 00
1 " 2 "	75	1 " 3 "	5 00
1 " 3 "	1 00	1 " 6 "	8 00
1 " 1 month,	2 50	1 " 12 "	12 00

Ten lines or less make a square. If an advertisement exceeds ten lines, the price will be in proportion.
All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.
Contracts with yearly advertisers, will be made on the most liberal terms.
No transfer of contracts for yearly advertising will be permitted. Should circumstances render a change in business, or an occasional change necessary, a charge according to the published terms will be at the option of the contractor, for the time he has advertised.
The privilege of Annual Advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, as well as all advertisements not immediately connected with their own business, and all excess of advertisements in length or otherwise beyond the limits engaged, will be charged at the usual rates.
No Advertisements is included in the contract for the sale or rent of houses or lands in towns or country, or for the sale or hire of negroes, whether the property is owned by the advertiser or by other persons. These are excluded by the term "*immediate business*."
All advertisements inserted in the tri-weekly *Commercial* are entitled to one insertion in the *Weekly* free of charge.
JOB, CARD AND FANCY PRINTING, EXECUTED IN SUPERIOR STYLE.

AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL.
New York—Messrs. Dollner & Potter.
Boston—Charles Smith, No. 6, Central Wharf.
Philadelphia—S. K. Cohen.
Baltimore—Wm. H. Pearce and Wm. Thomson.

AUBURN FOR SALE.
THE Plantation of the subscriber, near Raleigh, and on the Central Rail Road, is not yet disposed of. A description has already been given—but no one will of course make so important a purchase without visiting the premises.
Apply to WM. R. POOLE, Esq., who lives near the place, or to the subscriber.
T. LORING.
Wilmington, N. C., Aug. 14, 1855.

THE NORTH CAROLINA
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMP'Y,
RALEIGH, N. C.
THE above Company has been in operation since the 1st of April, 1848, under the direction of the following Officers, viz:
Dr. Charles E. Johnson, President,
Wm. D. Haywood, Vice President,
John G. Williams, Secretary,
Wm. H. Jones, Treasurer,
Perrin Busbee, Attorney,
Dr. Charles E. Johnson, } *Medical Board of*
Dr. Wm. H. McKee, } *Consultation.*
Dr. R. B. Haywood, }
J. Hersman, General Agent.
This Company has received a charter giving advantages to the insured over any other Company—The 5th Section gives the Husband the privilege to insure his own life for the sole use of his Wife and Children, free from any claim of the representatives of the husband or any of his creditors.
Organized on purely *mutual* principles, the life members participate in the *whole* of the profits which are declared annually. Besides, the applicant for life, when the annual premium is over $20 may pay one half in a Note.
All claims for insurance against the Company will be paid within ninety days after proof of the death of the party is furnished.
Slaves are insured for one or five years, at rates which will enable all Slaveholders to secure this class of property against the uncertainty of life.
Slave insurance presents a new and interesting feature in the history of North Carolina, which will prove very important to the Southern States.
The last four months operation of this Company shows a very large amount of business—more than the Directors expected to do the first year—having already issued more than 200 Policies.
Dr. Wm. W. Hargrave, Medical Examiner, and Agent, Wilmington, N. C.
All Communications or business of the Company should be addressed to
JOHN G. WILLIAMS, Secy.
Raleigh, June 9, 1855.

CIRCULAR,
A BOOK FOR EVERY SOUTHERN METHODIST
Early in 1856, probably in the month of February, I expect to publish a new work to the particular features of which I beg leave to call your attention.
The Annals of Southern Methodism, for 1855, will be a 12 mo volume of not less than 350 pages, well printed, from stereotype plates, upon good paper. It will contain all available statistics in every department of the operations of the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
The design embraces the Plan of Episcopal visitation; accounts of the sessions of all the Conferences held in 1855, the appointments, numbers, &c; a summary of all reported revivals, notices of the dedication of new Churches; reports of College Commencements, with all else connected with our educational movements; a resume of our Missionary operations, embracing whatever seems of general interest in that department; the movements of the Tract and Sunday School societies; whatever appertains to our publishing interests, with announcements of all New Books published by our Concern, or written by Southern Methodists; what the Church is doing for the instruction of Slaves; Historical and Biographical Essays; interesting personal reminiscences; and a miscellany of important facts and incidents.
THE "ANNALS."
It is believed, will be a fair and full daguerreotype of the progress of Southern Methodism.
It will occur to you at once, that if I have succeeded in preparing this volume with any tolerable amount of skill, it will not only be a very agreeable book for present reading, but that every year will add to its value as showing the posture of Southern Methodism at the particular juncture of its history.
THIS DIGEST
Will be specially valuable as a Book of reference. To whatever question of general interest may arise in regard to the events of 1855, it is hoped that a satisfactory answer will be found in the Annals.
While it is believed that the Ministers in our Church will desire copies as soon as they can be obtained, I have paid regard to the wants I supposed the tastes of general readers. The older members of the Church will find sketches that carry them back to their earlier compeers, as in this department I have not restricted myself to the history of the year, but have collected whatever has appeared during the year, which, as biography, preserves the memories of the elder time, and of the early men of Southern Methodism.
The work will be published at One Dollar a copy. Those who subscribe in advance, shall receive the first copies issued from the press. A gold dollar pasted in a letter can be sent securely and inexpensively to bills of distant banks. Those of the banks in North and South Carolina will be as good as gold. In return a copy will be sent well wrapped and prepaid.
My address is Goldsboro', N. C.
CHARLES F. DEEMS.
Dec. 29. 122-1w

BUTTER, CHEESE, &c.
GOSHEN Butter, do. Cheese, English Dairy and Pine Apple Cheese, Codfish, South Shoring, Salmon, Mackerel, with a variety of other goods, just received and for sale by
L. N. BARLOW.
June 16. No. 3, Granite Row.

JUST RECEIVED
Per Schr. L. P. Smith.
15 KEGS New Butter, 10 Boxes Cheese, Smoked Beef, Beef Tongues, Coffee, Sugar, Crushed Sugar, Powdered Sugar, and a variety of French Confectionary, &c., &c.
April 24. GEO. H.