

# The Tri-Weekly Commercial

VOLUME XI--NUMBER 10.

WILMINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 1265

## POETRY.

### A SHARP REBUKE.

The Boston Courier, a paper devoted to the cause of the country in the line of the National Democratic party, re- takes the foot of abolitionism, is exhibited in the Kansas meeting of the North Church, New Haven, when Beecher, Prof. Billman and other very reverend gentlemen concocted plans of murder and aided in the contribu- tion of rifles for the purpose. The facts have been alre- dy noticed in The Commercial.

Should you ask us whence this story--

This discreditable story--

This tale of downright folly,

With a shade of dramatic madness,

With the odor of saltpetre,

With the murderous crack of rifles,

With the wildest speech of outlaws,

And the blood-stained flag of the South,

With the wild talk of great minutes,

With their silly repetitions,

And accumulating nonsense,

As if answering folly,

As if their heads the kettle,

The unmeaning, senseless crackle!

We should answer, we should tell you,

From the city of New Haven,

From the Blue-Back State's chief city,

From the North Church of New Haven,

From the land of wild old Trumbull,

And that tramp, Dwight reverend doctor,

Through an utterance of his own words,

Whence e'er Heaven's powerful sunshine,

Where the sanctuary's droppings

Ought to fall like angels' whispers,

Where their orthodox ancient

Ours had common sense and reason,

And where, if their minds were narrow,

Still they minded their own business;

On the shortest road to Heaven

Then their eyes looked, straight before them,

On the right was no defection,

Nor yet fallings away, or leftward,

Of their hearts, still stout and manly,

Felt some love of common country,

And, where e'er her flag was streaming,

Of its stars and stripes, and stripes,

Shone Connecticut, not Vermont,

In the storm, or in the battle.

Should you ask, who tells this story?

This extraordinary story,

Ask who gives this wild narration?

We should answer, who should tell you,

In the New York Times we find it;

It has spread from town to village,

It has stirred up indignation,

It has calmed honest sorrow,

It has calmed honest sorrow,

Of deep shame, to many folks,

For the church's desertion,

For the Christian name perverted,

For the sneers of the world's people,

For the jeers of all outsiders,

For the holy name of Freedom,

Made a mockery and byword,

For a cause more holy, wounded

In its friend's own house--the Gospel

Made the butt of derision,

"Peace on earth" its once sweet message,

Now turned into--"Get Sharps' rifles!"

What a spectacle for Angels!

What a spectacle for Devils!

If still further you should ask us,

Saying, "Who has done this mischief?"

Tell us of this ruffian preacher,

And this Billman, upstart

Of age and with a disreputable

We shall answer your inquiries,

Straightway in such words as follow--

In the outskirts of Manhattan

Lurks this playhouse preacher, Beecher,

And much rabblement's deluded

By his better-skillet ravings;

But most decent Christian people,

Do a very wide berth give him;

And the Billman, once noted

For a person selfless,

As his head and beard grow grayer,

Must have grown him little imbue;

But the church's pastor, Dr. Beecher,

And the Heavly Hall, its desecration,

And that fighting Minister, Beecher,

And the "significant" Killam--

By our oath, we know not of them;

But very jumbled notion

Must have of Christian doctrine,

And of the Bible, and of the

Of the law and of their duties,

And of all that boys in College

From their fathers should be learning.

Should you still persist in knowing

Something more of our opinion,

We should make a sweeping answer,

Which we hope may prove efficient--

That each Sophomore, Freshman,

Who refused to give the rifles,

Might have told them--for such conduct,

For their half-crazy speeches,

For their bragged bluster,

For their mischievous intentions,

And their actions correspondent--

Any Freshman might have told them,

They deserved a Jeddah Jury,

To be hung as high as Haman,

High as Haman, the Angelic,

That would their necks--"the Ribbles,"

Dangling from their heels--"the Ribbles,"

They would their deserts have gotten,

And the world had been no loser.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

Pat's finances having become low, he borrowed an old pistol and turned out highwayman. Seeing a jolly old farmer come jogging along, Pat concluded there was a good chance to possess himself of some of the requisites he so much stood in need of. Presenting his old pistol, he demanded the farmer "to stand and deliver."

The poor fellow forked over fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a greenhorn, begged a five to take him home, a distance, of a half mile. The request was complied with, accompanied with the most patronizing air. The old farmer was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sow, and it's that same thing I'll be after doing! What will ye be after giving for it?"

"I'll give you a five dollar bill for it?"

"Done! It's a bargain!"

The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his britcheons pocket, sung out: "Blow ye, ye old boy! I due a bit of powder in it."

It is said the farmer told the last part of the story but once, and that was by the poorest accident.

### From Chambers' Edinburgh Magazine.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

Among the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time--marshals of France, statesmen, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons. Baron M. was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connections, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B. when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

"We are all, I think," he said, "well acquainted with Baron M. who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has, in fact, been seen to enter and leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."

The assembled guests were thunder-struck at this unexpected announcement, each endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M. the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invectives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or at most gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being very easily abashed, Baron M. proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed, said to him: "Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"

"Certainly, madame," replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and forthwith led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are, in the person of Monsieur Fouche--that you are, in short, a spy."

"Oh," replied the baron, "that all I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I am a spy."

"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself night after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?"

"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy; and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Countess, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouche's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine."

"What!" cried the countess: "dare you insinuate anything so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly!"

"Softly, madame," answered the baron: "that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat--we sink or swim together; if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

"Well, said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that her secret was known, "what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position."

the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterwards that the real facts of this singular history became known.

Rogers used to tell the following very perfect story. A friend of mine in Portland place has a wife who insists upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman coming up to him, said--"Sir, is neither of us acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home."

Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pas-word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time the great Saxe was marshaled.

"The pas-word is Saxe--now don't forget it Pat," said the Colonel.

"Sacks! Faith, and I will not! wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post.

"Pat was as wise as an owl," and in a short of whispered howl, replied,

"Baga? yer honor?"

"You bachelors ought to be taxed," said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matrimonial. "I agree with you perfectly, ma'am," was the reply, "bachelors certainly is a luxury."

### FRESH FRUIT.

LAYER and M. R. Raisins, new and fresh, in whole, half and quarter boxes, Figs, Citron, Currants and Lemons at L. N. BARLOW'S.

### COFFEE! COFFEE!

100 BAGS assorted grades for sale from March 20--23. T. C. & S. G. WORTH.

### COFFEE! COFFEE!!

75 BAGS Rio, Laguayra and old Java. Now landing from N. Y. Packet, and for sale by March 6. ZENO H. GREENE.

### RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 BBLs superior Mongohalla Whiskey, 100 lbs. of choice sugar, and for sale by March 15. W. L. S. TOWNSHEND.

### PORK.

50 BBLs, just received, and for sale by March 13. ZENO H. GREENE.

### RICE.

100 BBLs, for sale by March 29. RUSSELL & BRO.

### MACKEREL.

100 BBLs, momentarily expected. For sale by March 20. RUSSELL & BRO.

### MESS PORK.

50 BBLs, daily expected from Baltimore. For sale by March 20. RUSSELL & BRO.

### COFFEE.

50 BAGS Rio, daily expected. For sale by March 20. RUSSELL & BRO.

### FRESH ARRIVALS.

PER schrs. R. W. Brown and Ned. from New York, at GEO. H. KELLEY & BROS., No. 11, North Water street.

### RECEIVED AND RECEIVING.

A street. A large lot of Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Figs, Raisins and Maple Sugar.

### NOW LANDING.

50 BAGS Rio Coffee, 50 boxes N. Y. State Cheese, 20 bbls. fresh Crackers, 50 bbls. Mess Pork, 100 lbs. Nails, assorted sizes, Canal Barrows, Ploughs and Castings, Hoop Iron, Hackers, &c. For sale by March 20. N. C. C. AD. CO.

### WE HAVE NOW OPEN.

OUR new and elegant assortment of Walking Canes, Gold and Silver Mountings, Ivory Pearl and Loaded Heads. Also some large and handsomely finished Hickorys.

### OWNER WANTED.

FOR eight cash Brandy, and 1 bbl. Sugar, 1 marked "Rice & Thompson, Sumpterville," from Baltimore, per Schrs. Lizzie Russell. Advertiser and stored for owner's account.

### BY EXPRESS AND MAIL.

WE received this morning--Harper's Magazine for April; Ballou's Dollar Monthly; do. Ballou's Pictorial and Flag; for Saturday, March 29th; Lander's Illustrated Newspaper; do. Scientific American, Police Gazette, New York Herald, Spiritual Telegraph, Young America, Baltimore Sun, London Punch, Photographic Journal, Water Cure Journal, Edinburgh, Westminster and London Quarterly Reviews, Knickerbocker Magazine, Little's Living Age, Chambers' Journal, School Fellow, Morry's Museum, and Harper's Story Books, latest numbers.

### ADAMANTINE CANDLES.

30 BOXES, for sale by GEO. HOUSTON.

### J. R. RESTON.

THAWED OUT AT LAST!--Those fine Whiskies from Kentucky and Pennsylvania, which have been frozen up North, since December, have arrived. "Old Rye," "Wheat," "Bourbon," "Rococo," "Monmouth," &c. For sale by March 15.

### FOUNDRY.

AND MACHINE SHOP FOR SALE. THE CLARENDON IRON WORKS, located in the town of Wilmington, North Carolina, now in successful operation, are offered for sale on accommodating terms; or an interest will be sold to a man of experience in the business, who has capacity to superintend the same.

### MACHINE SHOP PATTERNS ROOM.

BOLLE'S PATTERNS ROOM, IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY, DRAFTING ROOMS AND OFFICES.

All well supplied with tools and capable of doing work of any kind that can be done at first class shops. The building will accommodate 500 men, and the present tools are sufficient for 300 men. The land and water front is of sufficient extent to admit of any enlargement or addition that may be desired.

The present demand for work is sufficient to keep the establishment employed with a force of 200 hands, and will increase. The prices obtained for work are such as to be profitable to the proprietor, and compare favorably with prices at other points, or the purchase.

In addition to the many advantages possessed by this location for the business, the opening of the new Ocean River wharf, and the building of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad, will create additional demands for work, and furnish a supply of fine quality Coal and Iron.

If the whole, or an interest is not sold within the 15th day of April next, the property will be offered to public sale on that day, on the premises, except to the land and water front, which will be sold separately.

As the establishment will continue in operation, orders for new work or repairs, will be attended to as best interests.

Any information that may be desired, will be promptly furnished by application to the subscriber at Wilmington, N. C.

A. B. VANBOKKELIN, Pres. C. I. W. Co. March 9. 152-153

THE INCREASING DEMAND FOR a larger assortment than ever, and our peculiar advantages in procuring these goods enabled us to offer them at very low prices.

March 20. SHEPARD & MYERS.

### PROSPECTUS OF THE

#### PLYMOUTH BANNER.

THE subscribers having purchased the "Village" establishment, will commence publishing a weekly Newspaper of the above title, about the middle of January, 1856.

Our paper will be "independent in all things," and nothing giving all parties and creeds a respectful hearing. It will be devoted to the interests of Plymouth, North Carolina, and the South--to the cause of Education, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, and the development of the resources of the State.

We will do all in our power to make our paper interesting to the general reader, as well as to the business man. Proper attention will be given to the Marine List and Price Current. In short, we will try to make the "Banner" a neat paper, and a companion to all classes, from the Farmer to the Counting Room, and one worthy the support of those favoring us with their patronage.

TERMS. 1 copy in advance \$2 per annum. 1 copy at the end of six months, \$3 50. 1 copy at the end of three months, \$5 00. C. G. DAVENPORT, Editors and C. H. KELLY, Proprietors. 125-3

NOTICE. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he is now transacting the Auction business on his own account, and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of their patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him.

M. CRONLY. Stock, Real Estate and Negroes bought and sold on commission, either at private or public sale. Jan. 9, 1854.

HAY AND SALT. 100 BALS HAY. Leading per schr. Adele from New York, and for sale by J. H. FLANNER.

NEW JUVENILES. MRS. POLLEN'S Twilight Stories, comprising "The Old Garret," "Up to Stories," "The Peck of Don Slick," "True Stories about Cats and Dogs," "Little Paul," and other stories, by Lizzie Arnold, "The Magicians Show Box," and other stories, by the Author of "Rainbow for Children," "Kit Bam's Adventures," or "The Yarns of an Old Mariner," by Mary C. Clark. "St. Gildas," or "The Three Paths," by Julia Kavanagh. The "Bibliophile's Story of the last century," by Anna Harriet Drury, authors of "Friends and Fortune," &c., &c. Just published. For sale at WHITAKER'S.

HENRI DE LA TOUR! OR THE COMRADES IN ARMS, by J. Fredrick Smith, author of "Romantic Incidents in the Lives of the Queens of England," "Temperatures," "Charles Yaccoppe," "Women and her Vices," "Minnie Grey," "Harry Ashburn," "The Vernon," &c., &c. Just published. For sale at S. W. WHITAKER'S.

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

COGNAC BRANDY. 20 BBLs., for sale by GEO. HOUSTON.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE. AN Elegant Edition of Bills of Exchange, printed in Germany, in Books of 10 quires and in sheets, for sale (at reduced prices) at the office of The Commercial.

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

WHISKEY. JUST RECEIVED from Cincinnati, "direct," FOURTEEN BARRELS RECTIFIED WHISKY. For sale by W. L. S. TOWNSHEND.

RATES OF PILOTAGE. JUST printed and for sale at The Commercial Office, the Rates of Pilotage for the Bar and River.

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

GIN. ROSE and Imperial Gin, for sale by GEO. HOUSTON.

LARD. 5 BARRELS N. C., a prime article for sale by L. N. BARLOW.

THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES of Macaulay's History of England, received and for sale at S. W. WHITAKER'S.

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