

# The Tri-Weekly Commercial

VOLUME XII--NUMBER 61.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 1460

## THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

Published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at \$5 per annum, payable in advance.

BY THOS. LORING--Editor and Proprietor  
Corner Front and Market Streets,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 sq. insertion \$6 50	1 sq. 2 months, \$4 00
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Two 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 unexpected removal 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 for the sale or hire of negroes, whether the property is owned by the advertiser or by other persons, shall be received, unless they are "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--MORRIS, DOLLNER & POTTER.  
BOSTON--CHARLES SMITH, No. 6, Central Wharf.  
PHILADELPHIA--J. B. BAKER and Wm. THOMSON.

## POETRY.

### THE INFIDEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter on the occasion of her death, when she asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her to die--his or her mother's.

"The damps of death are coming fast,  
My father, offer me my bow;  
The past with all its wretchedness is fled,  
And I must turn me now  
To that dim future which is vain  
My feeble eyes decay;  
Tell me my father, in this hour,  
In whose stern faith to die."

"In this I've watched the sorrowful smile  
And heard the wailing and the sob,  
When e'er the Christian's humble bow  
Was placed above this one;  
I've heard her speak of coming death  
Withont a shade of gloom or fear,  
And laugh at all the child's fears  
That cluster round the tomb."

"Or is it in my mother's faith  
You fondly do trace,  
Through many a weary year long past,  
That calm and saintly face?  
How often do I see her face  
Now she is 'neath the sod,  
The place, the hour in which she drew  
My early thoughts to God!"

"Twas then she took this sacred book  
And from its burning page  
Read how its truths support the soul  
In youth and falling age,  
And bade me in her footsteps live,  
And by its precepts die,  
That I might share a home of love  
In worlds beyond the sky."

"My father, shall I look above,  
Amid that gathering gloom,  
To Him whose promises of love  
Extend beyond the tomb?  
Or e'er the Being who hath blessed  
This checkered path of mine,  
And promises eternal rest,  
The dawn, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior brow,  
Passed like a cloud away,  
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek  
That frowed not with that day.  
"No, in mine," with chiding voice  
The skeptic made reply,  
"But in thy mother's holy faith,  
My daughter, may at thou die!"

## MISCELLANY.

### THE WEDDING.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

"I wed thee, little's eye,  
And the matted hair that throng;  
And answer to thy banner cry,  
As it had been a lover's song."

It was a clear moonlight night of autumn, in 1724; and the old garrison house of the valiant Captain Wheelwright, the terror of all the Indians within twenty miles of the town of Wells, was brilliantly illuminated for the wedding of the veteran's daughter, to a young and gallant ranger, belonging to the band of Captain Harmon.

The house was crowded with guests, principally military men; for at that period every man was a soldier, and every woman, if she could not merit that appellation, was at least worthy of being a soldier's wife.

It was a grand time--that wedding! There was an abundance of maple sugar and pumpkin pies; and all the young ladies within thirty miles had assembled to partake of the festivities of the occasion; the dance went merrily down the rude hall; and every one seemed desirous of adding something to the general expression of merriment and joy.

Yet there were watchful eyes and anxious hearts amidst that joyous assembly. At every sound without--the sudden bark of a dog, or the creaking of the large old tree, in the Autumn wind, a thrill like that of electricity passed through the throng of revelers. More than once had the hands of the rangers instinctively fastened on their rifles, which leaned ready for an instant execution in every corner of the building. It was known to all that the Eastern savages were in motion; that the implacable hate of the red man was brooding like a thunder-cloud over the encroaching advance of the English.

The inhabitants of Wells had not indeed suffered recently from the attacks of their subtle enemy; but they felt no security from the vengeance of foes, who were unappassable in their resentments; and whose transient forbearance, like the couch of the panther, or the coil of the rattlesnake, might be only the preparation for a sudden and deadly blow.

But the wedding went on without interruption. The beautiful Emily Wheelwright stood with her young lover before the venerated clergyman. She was a fine specimen of natural beauty; her dark hair fell carelessly and richly upon her neck; her full cheek glowed with the freshness of health; and the free waist and unconfined form, gave to her motions elasticity and a gracefulness to which the modern victim of fashion is an entire stranger. And the bridegroom in the strength and vigor of his youth, with his sunburnt countenance and manly proportions, presented a striking contrast to the fashionable *equilite* of modern days.

The rites were concluded; and Chas. Hanwell had just imparted on theushing cheek of his bride, the ceremonial kiss, when a terrific cry from without rang through every nook of the mansion. All sprang on their feet at the fearful alarm. The next instant the report of rifles came sharply on their ears.

"To arms! The Indians are upon us!" shouted Captain Wheelwright, snatching his musket from the hooks by which it was suspended.

There was a sudden rush towards the door. The moon shone full upon the visible traces of an enemy. At length a solitary figure made its appearance at a remote corner of the building.

"Help! for God's sake!" said a well known voice, "I am wounded--the bloody red skins are abroad!"

The wounded man staggered slowly towards the half-battered group. At that instant a rifle flash gleamed from the nearest thicket. The aim was a fatal one, for its unfortunate object, who had nearly reached his comrades, sprang suddenly and convulsively from the earth and fell dead at their feet. The exulting whoop of an invisible foe was drowned in the report of the muskets of the white men, which were now directed at every bush and thicket.

"To your horses, men!" exclaimed Capt. Harmon, as the dusky forms of the enemy became visible, at a distance which was beyond the certain aim of his rangers. Charles Hanwell turned anxiously to his bride; she was deadly pale--she did not join in the cries and tears of those around her--but she sat still and white as a statue. "Do not be alarmed," said Charles, affectionately pressing her hand. "The savages will not molest us after one vigorous attack from our rifles; and there is little danger to be apprehended. Be quiet, we shall return immediately!"

The spirit of her father was strong within the heart of Emily. "Go Charles," she said, "and may God preserve you!" A party had already mounted, and the trumpet of hoofs was ringing without. Charles sprang to his saddle; and in a moment the band to which he belonged; disappeared in the shadows of the surrounding woodlands. Captain Wheelwright undertook to garrison his dwelling with the remainder of the company. It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which the wedding guests listened to every sound which came from the direction which the rangers had taken. The tramping of their horses gradually died away; then the sound of fire arms was heard; and ever and anon, the shrill and terrible wail of the savages, rose fearfully on the wind.

The heavy tread of the horses soon announced the return of the adventurers. They wheeled into the rude inclosure; and the next moment Harmon confronted the agitated assembly. "The vile heathen!" he muttered between his clenched teeth--and turning to the bride, who sat trembling with anxiety, he said aloud--"Your husband is among the missing!" It has been a horrid night's work! and he threw himself into a chair apparently exhausted by his exertions.

"Is he dead?" ejaculated Emily Hanwell, springing up and grasping convulsively the hand of the soldier. "Tell me Captain Harmon, as you hope for mercy, tell me, is he dead?"

"Your husband is a prisoner," said Harmon, "but he fought desperately before he yielded. He was overpowered with numbers; and we were unable to effect his rescue. There was a fearful skirmish; for the Indians were twice our number. They have lost many of their bravest warriors, and some of my own little troop are now lying cold and stark beneath the moonlight."

"And you have left your comrade to perish by the foul tortures of his enemies!" said Emily Hanwell, her tone of entreaty changing to that of indignation.

"To die by the fire and the scourge, without so much as a wound received in his defence! Would to heaven that the powers of a man were mine!"

She trembled in every limb; and her tears fell fast. The countenance of Harmon, worked for a moment with resentment but he overcame the feeling, and turning to his companions, he avowed his resolution of pursuing the retreating foe, and attempting once more the rescue of their prisoner. The party immediately acquiesced: several

new recruits volunteered their services, and in a few moments a second party was made from the mansion.

It boots not now to relate the particulars of the rescue; suffice it to say, that the foe was overtaken and slain, in the struggle which ensued, the prisoner was liberated. The party immediately returned to the house of the veteran Wheelwright. His daughter met them at the door; and after one long embrace of her husband, she clasped with heartfelt gratitude, the rough and war-won hand of Harmon; and from that moment he was regarded as a brother by Charles Hanwell and his bride.

## A MANIFESTATION OF STUBBORNNESS.

On the Reading Dispatch, just this side of the St. George's Brewery, within the corporate limits, there is a very bad spot in the road. For some distance there is just room enough for a wagon to pass over. Go to either side of that and you plunge into holes. About six o'clock, evening before last, a stone wagon and a buggy, going in opposite directions, met in this part of road.

"Turn off," said the owner of the buggy.

"I won't do it," replied the stone-hauler.

"My wagon is very heavily loaded, and if I was once to get the vehicle into those holes, I could never get it out."

Your wagon is stout and can stand the rubs," said the man in the buggy. "Drive out of the way and let me pass over."

"I won't do it," responded the teamster.

"I shall wait until you go by."

"So shall I," said the man in the buggy.

The dispute by this time attracted quite a crowd, who were much amused at the stubbornness of the two. The teamster was invited to a beer-house to take a drink, and accepted the invitation, the owner of the buggy was befriended with a newspaper, and throwing himself back endeavored to be guile away the hours as pleasantly as possible. Both declare their determination not to drive off the smooth part of the road.

Seven o'clock came, and both vehicles were still there. The teamster had drunk several glasses of beer, and the occupant of the buggy had devoured the contents of two or three newspapers. Eight o'clock came, and they were in the same position, as stubborn as ever. The teamster, however, grew impatient, his horse was tired and hungry, yet he did not want to knock over. At last a lucky thought struck him. He proceeded to the road, unhitched his horse, and rode home, leaving his wagon standing in the road. The owner of the buggy was completely out-generaled. He had to give way or remain in the road all night. Giving the teamster a hearty curse, he drove his buggy over the hazardous part of the road, and started homeward; a very mad individual.

Cincinnati Commercial.

From J. TYSON & CO., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in the United States, who are authorized to act as AGENTS for the Commercial.

## BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF SCIENCE, ART, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE AND TRADE, AND DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF Merchants, Planters, and the Homes of Business Men.

W. H. MEREDITH & RICHARD EDWARDS, Editors. Assisted by a large number of Distinguished Contributors in various States.

The Journal of Progress is issued to no party. It contains no religious, political, or sectarian articles. It is devoted to the promotion of the progress of the South, and the welfare of the people. It is published weekly, and is the only journal of the kind in the South. It is the only journal that is read by the people of the South. It is the only journal that is read by the people of the South.

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