

The Tri-Weekly Commercial

VOLUME XII--NUMBER 64.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 1465

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

Published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 25 per annum, payable in advance.

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

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JOB, CARD AND FANCY PRINTING,

EXECUTED IN SUPERIOR STYLE.

AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL.

New York—Messrs. DODDERS & POTTEN
Boston—Messrs. BURNETT & CO.
Philadelphia—S. E. CORNELL
Baltimore—Wm. B. FRANKS & Wm. THOMSON

POETRY

A DEATH SONG.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-tossed sphere,
I see Heaven's glories storm,
And faith within me equal, arming me from fear.

Oh God, within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As a—sustaining life—have power in thee!

Vala are thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Writings and utterances, incessantly vain;
Of ill-fort told, but the business man.

To waken doubt in one,
Holding so fast by three infinity!
So surely anchor—have power in thee!

With all-embracing love
Thy spirit sustains eternal years,
Permeates and broods above;
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and dust man were gone,
And spirit and universe ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor room that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Brontë.

MISCELLANEA

NEGRODOM.

Gerit Smith of Petersburg, N. Y., undertook a sorry and thankless job when he essayed to place Africans upon an equal status with the Caucasian race. His "contentions" are valuable for reference. See what he says:

I confess that my expectations from this measure have not been fully realized. Of the three thousand colored men to whom I gave land, probably less than fifty have taken any—continue to hold possession of their grants. What is worse, half of the three thousand, as I judge, have either sold their land, or been so careless as to allow it to be sold for taxes. I referred to the character of the colored people. It is improving; but still far from what it should be. Among them are intelligent and noble men and women, but the mass are ignorant and thriftless.

You deal but justly with them, when you declare that their own bad influence goes further than the acts of the worst slaveholders to uphold slavery.

So far from making their wrongs and outrages an excuse for their continued degradation, the free colored people should, in view of these wrongs and outrages, arouse themselves to the irresistible determination to equal and surpass their persecutors in all that honors manhood. They should swear that they will be Patriots and lovers no longer. To this end, they should quit the towns, in which they are wont to congregate, and where they are but servants, and should scatter themselves over the country in the capacity of farmers and mechanics. They should cease from the habit of wasting their earnings in periodical balls. They should never wet their lips with intoxicating drinks, nor defile them with tobacco. They should never so war upon their self-respect as to join a church which spares slavery, or to join a political party which knows law for slavery.

BARNUM AGAIN!

There has been a strange mixture of tragedy and farce in the Ovinghams-Burdell case, from the innocent, with Coroner Conroy as *prima buffa*, down to the plot and counterplot of District Attorney Hall and Dr. Uhl. The law proceedings being dull, and a little business required, Mrs. Anderson and her infant child, which figured so remarkably at 31 Bond street, have been removed from Bellevue Hospital to Barnum's Museum, for exhibition. It scarcely needs this touch to show the world that Dr. Barnum really has come back from England. As he called Jenny Lind "that angel," he probably will do the same to Miss Justina Anderson as "his cherub." This exhibition is Barnum, all over.

MISS MADELEINE SMITH.

We had five minutes' conversation, yesterday, with an intelligent Scottish gentleman, who left Glasgow on the 29th ult. He mentions that the general feeling in Scotland was in favor of Madeleine Smith. It was generally considered that she was more sinned against than sinning, and it was not supposed that she really had committed murder. The trial took place at Edinburgh, and not in Glasgow, (where she lived, and where the alleged crime was said to have been committed,) because so much excitement prevailed in Glasgow, that the proceedings could scarcely have been carried on there with necessary decorum. It is true that a very large fund was raised by subscription to defend her. She bore up with apparent sang froid and self-possession during the trial, though she sat seemingly unmoved during the public reading of her love-letters, her pulse when taken back to prison, was as low as twenty-eight. Her family were reputed wealthy, but could scarcely be considered so, though her father kept a private carriage and pair, for he lived fully up to his income. Madeleine Smith, we learn, had no idea of visiting the United States. Her purpose, the execution of which was delayed by her mother's dangerous illness, is to go to India, where she has rich relatives. L'Angelier, we learn, was a flirting, frivolous young fellow, who danced well, and though his intellect was low, was a general favorite with the steady "bonny lassies" of Scotland. He is very much unlamented, and it was believed that his attention to Miss Smith was on account of her reported wealth.—*The Press.*

JOSEPH NAPOLEON NEY.

Joseph Napoleon Ney, Prince of Moskowa, and eldest son of Marshal Ney, died on Sunday morning, July 26th, at St. Germain en-Laye, near Paris. So late as Wednesday evening the prince took a carriage airing on the terrace of St. Germain. His health had been for the last two years greatly shattered by repeated attacks of apoplexy. A softening of the brain was apparent on Thursday, and the prince lost all consciousness from that moment till he expired. The Prince of Moskowa was born on the 21st of May, 1804. He was the godson of the Emperor Napoleon I., and the Empress Josephine. In 1828 he married the daughter of M. Jacques Lafitte. The prominent political position which Ney's son enjoyed under successive regimens was due more to his name than to his tastes or peculiar talents. He was a dilettante in arts, literature and music, and contributed more than perhaps any other man to the introduction into the French language of the word "sport" from England. He once composed an opera called "Regine," which is not very well known. He was an old contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes, in which he wrote articles on the Cowes regatta, and several narratives of voyages and travels. In the Constitutionnel he wrote several papers on racing and the amelioration of the chevaline race. At a later period he contributed articles, slightly tinged with socialism, to the Republic. He was the owner of several race horses, whose names were once well known on the French turf. Matilda, Anglaise and Comtempart gained prizes in 1834. The prince and his brother, M. Edgar Ney, were often their own jockeys. On one occasion, when riding a stepple chase upon Comtempart, the prince, then a captain in the 6th Hussars, was thrown, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was one of the fourteen original members of the Paris Jockey Club; and was for a long time a member of the racing committee. His political career commenced under Louis Philippe, who, on the 19th of November, 1831, created him a peer of France. To a reproach addressed to him for sitting among the peers who condemned his father, he replied that he only accepted the peerage in order to be in a better position to demand justice to his father's memory. He did not take his seat till 1837, and then he joined the opposition. In 1847, Count d'Alton Shoo, having incidentally spoken in sharp terms of the condemnation of Marshal Ney, was called to order by the President, Duke Pasquier. The next day the Prince of Moskowa made a remarkable speech on the subject. Although he was rather a fluent speaker, this speech was so superior to anything ever before heard to proceed from his lips, that a report that it was written by M. Guizot, obtained very general credence. In 1848, the Prince de la Moskowa went the whole hog for democracy. He belonged to a club that met at the Cafe Malheur, called the "Socle et Democratique Allemand," of which M. Herwegh was President. This club sent out a body of no less than 1,800 men, who under the command of citizens Hecker, Weigen and Soucherel, took a leading part in the insurrection in the Grand Duchy of Baden. On May 30, 1848, this corps, called the Democratic Foreign Legion, was harangued by the Prince de la Moskowa before its departure. The Prince was elected member of the Legislative Assembly for the departments of the Moselle and the Eure et Loir in 1849. He attached himself from the first to the pretensions of the Prince President, and of course saluted the second empire with enthusiasm. He was included in the first emanation of

Senators.

After having been Colonel of the 8th Lancers and a Colonel of dragoons, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, in 1853. At the time of his death he was not in active service. The Princess de la Moskowa, from whom he had long been separated, has gone to St. Germain to pay the last duties to her husband. M. de Persigny, the French Ambassador in London, who married the Princess's daughter a few years ago, is expected in Paris.

HOW TO MAKE BABAD—COZENS AGAINST SYDNEY SMITH.

"My dear, learned friend," said the Doctor, "a bowl of lettuce is the Venus of the dinner-table. It rises upon the eight o'clock, moist, and beautiful, like that very immortal lady coming out of the grand first class, to complete the image, sir, neither should be dressed too much."

When Dr. Bushwacker had issued this observation, he drew himself up in a very lofty manner, as if he felt called upon to defend himself as well as his image. Then, after a short pause, he broke—silence.

"Lactuca, or lettuce, is one of the most common vegetables in the world; it has been known from time immemorial; it was as common, sir, on the tables of the ancients as it is now, and was eaten in the same way, sir, dressed with oil and vinegar."

"Now, sir, there was one thing the ancients did with lettuce which we do not do. They boiled it, sir, and served it up in asparagus; so, too, did they with cicutibbers—a couple of indigestible dishes they were no doubt. Lettuce, my dear friend, should have a quick growth, in the first place to be good, it should have a rich moist soil, that it may spring up quickly, so as to be tender and crisp. Then, sir, it should be new plucked, carried from the garden a few minutes before it is placed upon the table. I would suggest a paragon, sir, to keep the leaves cool until it reaches the shadow of within doors. Then, sir, it must be washed—mind you, ice water! Then place it upon the table—what Gortinomial ornament more perfect and symmetrical! Now, sir, comes the important part—the dressing."

"To dress a salad" says the learned Petrus Petronius, "you must have a prodigal to furnish the oil, a counselor to dispense the salt, a miser to deal out the vinegar, and a madman to stir it! Commit that to memory, my learned friend."

"It is down, Doctor." (Tablets.)

"Let me show you," continued Dr. Bushwacker, "how to dress a salad—Take a small spoonful of salt, thus:—thrice the quantity of mustard—'Durham'—thus: incorporate; pour a slender stream of oil from the cruet, so; gently mix and increase the action by degrees (head of hair in commotion, and face brilliant in color); 'dear me! it is very warm—now, sir, oil in abundance, so it dash of vinegar, very light, like the last touches of the artist; and, sir, we have the dressing. Now, take up the lettuce by the stalk! Break off the leaves—leaf by leaf—shake off the water, replace in the salad bowl, pepper it slightly; pour on the dressing; and there you have it, sir."

"Doctor, is that orthodox?"

"Sir," replied Dr. Bushwacker, holding the boxwood spoon in one hand and the boxwood fork in the other, "the eyes of thirty centuries are looking down upon me. I know that Frauchmen will sprinkle the lettuce with oil until it is thoroughly saturated; then, sir, a little pepper; then, sir, salt or not, as it happens; then, sir, vinegar by the drop, all very well. Our people, sir, in the State New Jersey will dress it with salt, vinegar and pepper—perfectly barbarous, my learned friend. Then comes the elaborate Englishman; and our Pennsylvania friend, Rev. Sydney Smith; sir, gives us a recipe in verse; that shows how they do it there, and at the same time exhibits the deplorable ignorance of that very peculiar people. I quote from memory, sir:—

"Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Of moidered mustard add a single spoon,
Beats the condiment that bites too soon,
But dress it rich, lady of herbs, a feat
To add a double quantity of salt,
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar reduced from town,
True flavor feeds it and your pot begs
The powdered yellow of two well-boiled eggs,
Let onion stems lurk within the bowl,
And surely stippled, anoints the whole,
Then, lastly, is the favored compound tins
One magic spoonful of anchovy sauce!
O great and glorious! O heroic treat!
Which tempt the dying anachorite to eat!
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!"

"Now, sir, I have tried that, and a compound more execrable is not to be thought of. No, sir! Take some of my salad, and see if you do not dream afterwards of the Greek mythology."

Nix F. Stay, at Milwaukee, has been expressing himself through 'The Daily Wisconsin,' about that callopie. Here's a specimen:

Be Spring street saw another night,
Went like ten thousand cats at night,
All aimed in one promiscuous flight,
The callopie yelled distressfully.

Then shook men's ribs with laughter riven,
Then shook the crowd to its dices,
While louder than the boats of heaven,
Fire-crackers the steam machinery.

The uproar deepens for ye knowers,
Clear out unless you give for graves,
Clear out you Chinese juggling slaves,
With your demonic squawking.

From the Boston Courier.

AUTHORS NOT FATHERS.

Mr. Walter Savage Lander has been calling the attention of the British public to the fact, made known by Wm. Howitt, that some of Shakespeare's descendants are in needy circumstances, with a view of procuring relief for them. But it is quite impossible that any descendant of Shakespeare should be in need, because there has been no such person in existence for nearly two hundred years. Shakespeare died in 1616, leaving two daughters only, Susannah and Judith. Judith married Mr. Thomas Quincy a short time before her father's death. Three sons were born to her; but they died before her, and she herself died in 1692.

Susannah, the elder daughter, married Dr. John Hall, and died 1649.—The sole issue of this marriage was a daughter, Elizabeth Hall, who was born before her grandfather's death, and is mentioned in his will, though called his "niece," a word used at that time to denote relationship generally. She was married; first to Mr. Thomas Nash, and to Sir John Bernard; but she never had any children, and died in 1670. With her ended the direct line of Shakespeare.

It is curious how few of the great men of England, whether in literature, science, or government, have left descendants. The line of Shakespeare is extinct, as we have seen; so is that of Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Pope, Gibbon, Johnson, Swift, Lord Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cowper, Collins, Thompson, Goldsmith, Gay, Congreve, Hume, Bishop, Butler, Locke, Hobbes, Adam Smith, Betham, Wollaston, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Flaxman, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence; either never married, or never had children. Burke's son died before him, and so did Smollett's daughter. Addison's daughter died unmarried. We are not aware that there are any lineal representatives of Chatterbox, Spenser, Dryden, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, or Barrow. We have mentioned only such names as occurred to us without a book; a little research might doubtless much increase the list.

Curiosities of the N. Y. Express.

CURIOUS STORY AFLOAT.

SARATOGA, August 8.—Mrs. Robert Schuyler (widow) better known as Mrs. Spicer the widow of the celebrated financier has erected a sort of castellated cottage on Saratoga Lake, about half a mile from the great place of resort the Lake House—where "all the world go to drive, or to dine on the famous fried potatoes." Mrs. Schuyler having planted a mansion of some pretensions near a resort so fashionable, all the tourists of the United States will, of course, drive to take a look at her—and for sixty or ninety days in the year she must expect people to be almost looking into her windows.

The selection of a spot to build upon in so conspicuous a place, has started the public gossip into all sorts of romances, fictions and fancies; and while there is an earnest inquiry "where did the money come from?" there is not a less earnest assertion that Robert Schuyler is not dead. What gives strong interest to the whole affair, is a little stone building some one hundred feet from the mansion, with high windows, up out of sight on foot, erected nominally for a Roman Catholic Chapel, to which Rumer adds "I do not; for I have never been down to see—that there is a subterranean passage from the house. The workmen have been 'pumped,' and some of them hint, if not given, that Robert Schuyler is there, yet alive; and that when anybody comes into the house, Mr. Schuyler runs under ground, to the chapel, and gets into his coffin, dead,—to which his ghostly appearance, when living, would add an air of probability! The story is very current; and is the natural result of the widow's erecting a conspicuous mansion in so conspicuous a place. There seems to be a very lively impression in consequence of the story and the mansion, that Mr. Schuyler is not dead, but liveth.

REMARKABLE LEAP.

A passenger by the Michigan Central railroad, finding that the train did not stop at a particular station, rushed for the first car, carpet bag in hand, and jumped off. The train was passing at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, and of course he struck the ground at some little distance from the starting point.—One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track, and the boot heel was also ripped from his other boot. The man continued his rapid movements being thrown into all sorts of positions, for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up" no less than seventy-four feet from the spot where he left the rushing train. On picking himself up he was asked if he was much hurt, when he answered that he did not know, and immediately picking up his watch and a number of his buttons which had been scattered by the shock, and seizing his carpet bag, he started off with his dinner tolerably well-settled.

A bachelor left a boarding house in which were a number of old maids, on account of the "miserable fair" set before him at the table.

A CHAPTER ON MATRIMONY.

A young lady out West, in a communication to the Sandusky Register upon the subject of matrimony, says:

"It is a mournful fact that this world is full of young men who want to marry, but who do not. Deny this, as some will, it is nevertheless true, as we can easily show. In this town for instance, there are some thirty or forty young men, well-to-do in the way of business and salaries, yet they refuse to take the step which they all want to take, but do not. Why? The large majority of them have salaries ranging from five to six hundred dollars per year. Now the first question to be asked by any sane man, is, can I properly support a wife, if I take one? Then he counts the cost of living as the woman of his preference would wish, and lo! he finds to his amazement that his income is vastly too small to support even a modest home establishment, and some what maddened by the reflection, he plunges into labor and courts business with an assiduity that takes away his health eventually, in hopes of attaining an income that shall enable him to marry, and have a home of his own. And this is the secret of the hard, unending toil of the young men of today, who are fast approaching thirty years of age—this is the reason of so many disappointed men and waiting women, deny or hide it as you may.

"But, says some good woman, you do us injustice; for any woman that truly loves a man will adapt herself to his circumstances with the greatest pleasure. But what man of any sensitiveness, or high sense of honor, would take a woman from easy circumstances, and a pleasant and well-furnished home, to do his four little rooms, and to do his house-work, as the first principles of economy would demand of him? Few will do it; for, though the woman signifies her willingness to take up with such circumstances, we are all such creatures of circumstance, that there would be complainings on her part, eventually, and sickness from over-exertion, unhappiness from many cares all of which would render marriage anything else than pleasant. And so the young man very wisely thinks—preferring a few years of single loneliness, in order to obtain money enough to support a modest house of between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars a year's expense, rather than to place a modern educated woman into the house of six hundred a year, where she must do her own house-work."

"Now, what is the remedy? Plainly that women must fit themselves to be such wives as the young men must have. Else the young man must fit themselves to be such husbands as the women want, and spend the very choicest years of their life in the dismal drudgery of a ceaseless toil, breaking down health, happiness, energy, only to give themselves up to marriage when the best of their manhood is gone. The woman must choose for themselves which it shall be, for the matter is solely in their hands. Let mothers say to their daughters, Pat on that calico gown, go into the kitchen and prepare dinner, take charge of the household, and in yourself to become a wife and mother. Let the young women cheerfully consent to such service; and instead of lavishing all thought, and time, and money upon the adornment of the body; seek to accustom the hands to proper industry, and to school the mind to proper tastes. Then there will be no longer complaint that young men 'can't afford to marry,' and we shall have beautiful, modest homes all around us, and women will have loving husbands, and all life once more have something of the truthfulness and virtue which it had in the days of our blessed fathers and mothers, when it was woman's ambition to become the head of the house, and the mother of noble children.

There's some good sense for you, girls.

THE ART OF VISITING.

The art of visiting, says the Boston Post, is well worth a special treatise. When to visit, when to visit how long to visit; these would form the staple of a useful essay, if any body would take the trouble to write it and write it cleverly. Some people visit nearly all the time, and so waste their own lives and their friends' substance; some rarely visit at all, and so deny themselves and their neighbors one of the pleasures of social existence. Some people make their visits so short, that they are not worth the trouble they cost; others say so long that the visit becomes a "visitation," like a fever or a famine. And use is always essential to excellence in any art, only those who have a certain amount of practice know how to visit well; while those who visit too much strain either way, and become bad visitors from imprudence and carelessness. But we are writing the essay which we began by simply suggesting; and will only add, in conclusion, that all rules must vary more or less with the character of the visitor, as the old epigram says:

What smiles and welcome would I give
Some friends to see each day I live;
And yet what treasures would I pay
If some would always stay away!

A SUCCESSFUL CRUISE.

The Rev. C. W. Thomas, of the Georgia Conference, M. E. Church, south has returned home after a three years' cruise as Chaplain of the U. S. sloop Jamestown, Commander Ward. The Southern Christian Advocate says:

He has returned in good health, excepting a nervous affection, the result of long exposure to the heat of the tropics. After a cruise of 37,000 miles—each twice and foreign ports were visited—each twice and some three times—she has returned, and that from some of the most unhealthy tropical stations, without the loss of a man, and with a crew among whom the good order and the infrequency of punishment were especially noteworthy. Much of this latter result is attributed to the example and teachings of the Chaplain, whom Com. W. characterizes as "peculiarly fitted" for this work. We hope that the readers of the Advocate may hear directly from Bro. Thomas something of the varied experiences of his sea and foreign life.

GEORGE MYERS,

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

ADAMS, BROTHER & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
July 28. 58

STOKLEY & OLDHAM,

GROCERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Liberal Cash advances made on Flour, Cotton,
and Naval Stores consigned to them. 66 ly.
Aug. 15.

JAS. C. SMITH & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 3, SOUTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 25. 1857. 18 ly.

H. DOLLNER, G. POTTER, J. J. CAMERON

DOLLNER, POTTER & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW YORK.
April 30, 1855. 20 ly.

GEO. W. DAVIS,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,
SOUTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 2. 1857. 192.

HENRY BURKHIMER

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGAR
STORE,
"SIGN OF THE INDIAN CHIEF,"
MARKET STREET, door above Water
Wilmington, N. C.
N. B. All Orders filled with dispatch.
Oct. 25th, 1855. 93-10-1-w.

L. N. BARLOW,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCER,
AND DEALER IN
LIQUORS, WINES, ALE, PORTER, &c.
No. 3, GRANT STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Feb. 17th, 1855. 140-10.

BASKETS.

WE have a large lot of Baskets of various sizes
and styles: For sale by
Dec. 18. W. H. DANFALF.

EMPTY BARRELS.

PRIME quality second hand Spirit
Barrels just received. For sale by
J. ADAMS, BRO. & CO.

300 SPIRIT BARRELS.

PRIME quality second hand spirit
barrels, just received from Boston, and for
sale by
J. ADAMS, BRO. & CO.
June 25 1857—No. 45.

"THE CONGRESS HAT"

ANOTHER case located this morning. Call
at the Emporium, 34 Market street.
May 21. CHAS. D. MYERS.

REMOVAL.

SYDNEY B. KAHNWEILER will remove his
Office and Business from the
CORNERS STORE,
NEXT DOOR, on the 1st August, where he will
maintain an entirely new stock MILLINERY
and DRESS GOODS.
August 6th, 1857. 60-2m.

UMBRELLAS.

A large assortment
of every size, color and quality, at the Em-
porium, 34 Market street.
July 11th. CHAS. D. MYERS.

W. L. PITTS,

AUCTIONEER,
STOCK, REAL ESTATE AND PRO-
DUCE BROKERS.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Punctual attention given to the purchase and sale of
Real Estate, Stocks, and other Securities.
Bought and sold on Commission.
Will attend to sales by Auction of Real Estate
or Manufacturing property in any part of the
County or State or to the sale of Stocks, of Mer-
chandise in Stores or Furniture in Houses in this
town.
May 28. 54-1

CANDIES!

FRESH arrivals per Express this morning,
a large and varied assortment of that delicious
Candy at the Broadway Variety Store, No. 40
Market Street, Wm. H. DANFALF,
July 30.

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals in
England, Scotland, and Ireland, is published
throughout the country. It contains all the Great
Trials, Criminal Cases, and appropriate Editorials
on the same, together with information on Criminal
Matters, not to be found in any other newspaper.
Subscription, 2s. per Annum; 8s. for Six
Months; to be remitted by Subscribers, (who
should write their names and the town, county
and state where they reside plainly).
To R. A. SEYMOUR,
Editor & Proprietor of the
National Police Gazette,
New York City.
May 2

HAY, &c.

500 BALSAM HAY, &c.
25,000 Laths; 6 Frkins Butter. Just re-
ceived per Brig Triumph, and for sale by
July 7. ADAMS, BRO. & CO.

WINE AND LIQUORS.

WE invite the attention of our
Friends and Patrons to the best
selection of Wines and Liquors ever offered in
this market, consisting of
Crested Brandy, Vintage 1810, Pale and Dark,
Old Cognac & Co's Brandy,
S. Branson & Co's do.
Castille de Co's do.
Pure old Port Wine,
Duff, Gordon, Pale, Sherry, old Madeira and
Muscat Wines,
White and Black Brandy,
Old Superannuated Wine,
Holland Gin,
Old Tom Gin—
Woolf's Scliedam Cognac,
Cherry Brandy,
Old Peach Brandy,
" Bourbon Whiskey,
" Irish Scotch Whiskey,
Blackberry Brandy,
St. Madira Wine,
Perfect Love Cordia,
Assorted Cordia, bottled,
Very variety of bottled Wines and Liquors,
Claret of various brands at wholesale prices
and retail, and a large assortment of
Hottel's Stomach Bitters,
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