The Tri-Weekly Commercial.

VOLUME XII--NUMBER 80. WILMINGTON, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER 1481

THE TRI-WEEKLY COMMERCIAL

Is published every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at $5 per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

BY THOS. 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 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 is included in the contract for the sale or rent of houses or lands in town 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. E. COHEN.
Baltimore—WM. S. PARK and WM. THOMSON

POETRY.

A SONG CONCERNING RHENISH.

BY HOLTY.

To you, and not Love, O immortal Father Rhine,
I dedicate my rhyme and metre
A kiss I acknowledge to be sweet; but wine
Like yours, Father Rhine is sweeter.
And I feel about as merry as a roe on the brink
Of a sun-lighted fountain dancing,
When the table is spread and the breakers chink,
And the glasses and jugs are glancing.

I'm a humdrum soul, until treated to a cup,
And my visage has puttyish color.
But hand me the decanter and I soon flare up,
Till you'd swear old Democritus was duller;
For I laugh and I quaff to the wonderment and awe
Of my purple-beaked entertainer,
Who never in his time either listened to or saw
Such guffaws from a pottle-drainer.

O, what, after all, were this planet, let me ask,
But a stupid concern and a meanish,
If we could'nt now and then get our fingers round a flask,
Of that jollest of beverages, Rhenish?
The high-flying spirit mounts a fresh pair of wings
With every monthful we swallow,
If beggars we are lifted to thrones of kings,
If bards, to the throne of Apollo.

This liquor is an exorcist of hippishness and pain,
And, according to my own idea,
Is for every affection of the stomach and the brain
An indubitable panacea.
Then landed be the Fatherland, despite all its ills,
That yields us such wine in abundance;
And very, very long, on its vine covered hills
May the cherishing beams of the sun dance!

MISCELLANY.

AN IRISH OATH AGAINST LIQUOR.

We must observe, that the swearer believes his drunken habits prolong his wife's stay in purgatory.

"Oath against liquor, made by me, Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Pether O'Connell, of the crossronds, merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantess, on the other. I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear that a single tumbler of whisky punch shall not cross my lips during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring twelve, the locality of which is as followeth:—

Imprimis—Two tumblers at home	2
Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan'.	2
Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden	2
Quarto—One ditto at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's	1
Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's of Kilclay	2
Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy	1
Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah	2
	12

"N. B. I except in case any docthor of physic might think it right and medical to order me more for my health; or in case I could get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off me for a start, at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends where there's drink.

"PETHER his X. O'CONNELL,
mark.

"Witness present,
Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath,
June the 4th, 18—.

"☞ I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther Pether O'Connell, merchant and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

"Cornelious O'Flaherty, Philomath.

"Dated this 4th day of June, 18—.

"'I think, Misther O'Flaherty, it's a decent oath, as it stands. Plase gracious, I'll swear to it some time to-morrow evenin'.' 'Dacent! Why I don't wish to become eulogistically addicted; but I'd back the same oath, for both grammer and arithmetic, against any that was ever drawn up by a lawyer—ay, by Counsellor O'Connell himself!—but fath, I'd not face him at a vow, for all that; he's the greatest man at a vow in the three kingdoms.' I'll tell you what I'm thinkin', masther; as my hand's in, might'nt I as well take another wid an ould frind o' mine, Audy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy? He's a dacent ould residenther, an' likes it. It'll make the baker's, or the long dozen.' 'Why; it's not a bad thought; but won't thirteen get into your head?' No, nor three more to the back o' that. I only begin to get harty about seventeen; so that the long dozen, after-all, is best; for to be saved I've a regard for Andy Cavanagh this many a years, an' I would'nt wish to leave him out.'—'Very well, I'll add it up to the other part of the oath.

Octavo—One ditto out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy. . . . . 1. Now I must make the total amount thirteen, an' all will be right.' 'Masther, have you a prayer-book widin? bekase if you have. I may as well swear it here, an' you can witness it.' 'Katty, hand over the *Spiritual* Exercises—a' book aquil to the Bible itself for piety an' devotion.' 'Sure they say, masther, any book that religion is in, is good for an oath. Now, wid the help o' goodness, repate the words afore me, an' I'll sweare tim.'"

Unfortunately Peter's memory becomes confused, and he visits the school master to see if they can devise no sort of sober system of mnemonics

"Masther," said he, 'we must try an' make this oath somethin' plainer. You see, whin I get confused, I'm not able to remimber things as I ought. Sometimes, instid o' one tumbler, I take two at the rong place; an' sarra bit o' me but called in an' had three wid ould Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all. On another day I had a cuple wid honest Batney Casy, in my way acrost to Bartle Gorman's. I'm not what I was, masther, ahagur; so I'd thank you to dhraw it out more clearer, if you can, nor it was.'—'I see, Mr. Connell; I comprehend wid the greatest ease in life the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to geography, for I'm at home there, bein' a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map o' the parish, an' draw the houses o' your friends at their proper places, so that you'll never be out o' your latitude at all.' 'Faix, I doubt that, masther! ha, ha, ha!' replied Peter; 'I'm afeard I will, of an odd time, for I'm not ably to carry what I used to do; but no matther; thry what you can do for me this time any how. I think I could bear the 'ong dozen still, if I did'nt make mistakes.' O'Flaherty set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use. 'Now,' said he, 'lend me your ears.' 'Faix, I'll do no sich thing,' replied Peter; 'I know a thrick worth two of it.—Lend you my ears, inagh!—catch me at it! You have a bigger pair of your own nor I have—ha, ha, ha!' 'Well in other words, pay attention. Now, see this dot—that's your own house.' 'Put a cross there,' said Peter, 'an' thin I'll know it's the Crass roads.' Upod my reputation, you're right; an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, an' we'll make it a hieroglyphical as well as geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumblers Is that clear? "It is, it is! Go an. 'Now here we draw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see; he keeps a mill, an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel an' a yard wand.—'There', two tumblers. Will you know that?' 'I see it go an, nothing can be clearer. So for I can't go asthray.' "Well, what next? Two behind your own garden. What metaphor for the garden?—Let me see! let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you—A bit of a hedge will do, an' a gate.' 'Don't put a gate in, its not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink, they say he's goin'a gray gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though.' 'They're down. One at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?' 'Faix, I doubt that will be a difficult business.' 'Upon my reputation, I agree wid you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P. after his name;—pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid, what'ud you think o'two turkeys?' 'The priest would like them roasted, but I could'nt undherstand that. No; put down the sign o' the horse-whip, or a cudgel; for he's handy, an' argues well wid both!' 'Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, and' the cudgel alongside of it, then the tumbler, an' there 'ill be the sign o' the priest.' 'Hy, do, masther, an' faix the priest 'ill be complete; there can be no mistakin him thim. Divil a one, but that's a good though!' 'There it is in black an' white. Who comes next? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade an' a harrow. Well, that's done—two tumblers.' 'I won't mistake that aither. It's claer enough.' 'Bartle Gorman's of Nurchasy. Bartle's little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he houlds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it.' 'Would there be no danger of me mistaken' that for the priest's cudgel?' 'Not the slightest.' I'll pledge my knowledge of geography, they're two very different weapons.' 'well put it down, I'll know it.' 'Machael Morris of Cargah.—What for him? Michael's pig-driver. I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?' 'I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; and if you could put two black spots upon his back, I,d know it to be one I sould him about four years agone—the fattest ever was in the country—it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat.—'Very good; the spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy. Now, do you see that I've drawn a line from place to place, so that you have nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?' Andy! Let me see; Andy! Pouh! What's the same Andy? Why I don't wish to become over me that I have nothing for Andy? Ay! I have it. He's a horse-jockey; put down a gray mare I sould him about five years agone.—'I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a gray wid black ink.,—'We'll, make a mare of, her any way.' 'Faith, an' that same puzzles me. Stop, I have it; I'll put a foal along wid her.' 'As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flatherty. I think this I'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dusk, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and flitch. Sure you desarve more for the throuble you tuck.'"

Since the above notice was written, we have received the last two volumes, which well deserve the warmest commendations. To say nothing of the interest of the tales themselves, the humor of the varied scenes and characters, we believe it is not often so much truth is told about Ireland. We know no pages where so accurate an idea may be formed of Irish reality as in these entertaining, and original "Trait and Stories of the Peasantry."—*London Paper.*

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas; whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of his influence its whiteness is gone—it is immaculate no longer. Sweeps and bakers never pass him without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw my friend Tom cross the street, without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation he once purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile and returned, in appearance at least, unscathed. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring puddle; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lily." "Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning on some newly painted window-blinds.

His shoe-black declares that "he can't see no use in blacking his boots when they never remain black;" and his laundress, with a very proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him not from any ill-will, but as she declared with up-lifted hands, "if any one should ask me if I got up Mr. Smith's linen, what could I tell them!" But there were very few things in this world which Tom could have more easily dispensed with than the services of his laundress.

Having no other amusement, one morning I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone. 'But it must be done,' said he, 'and so there is an end to it.'

'Really,' was the reply, 'anything within the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise anything in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to fulfil the promise.'

'If I double your price would it be any object——'

'Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it; certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir.'

The door opened, and a knight of the goose and shears passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

'Just the man I wanted to see!' exclaimed Tom. 'I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?' and he spread before me some half dozen of every hue and fashion.

'Now, Tom, what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean?' I inquired. 'A fancy ball, is it?' You have chosen an excellent disguise. Your nearest friends will never know *you*. But you can't support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney sweeper, now!—but that would have been too natural. Tell me, truly, Tom, what does all this mean?'

'Why, the fact is, Frank,' said he, passing a hand through his hair, redolent of macassar, 'I have come to the conclusion that I ought to be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you.'

Now it so happened, that of the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?

'Pray, where are you going this evening, I continued, 'that you must have a new coat so suddenly?'

'Going!' said Tom, 'nowhere in particular. I had some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murry; no harm in that I hope.'

Conviction began to flash upon me. "Your old friend, Mr. Murry," said I; "and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night."

'Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely;' replied Tom, 'I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know anything about it.'

'And so you were there last night, too,' I observed. "Really, this is getting along bravely.'

'Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything,' said Tom. 'I called last evening to see Murry on some business, about the real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa constrictor—my beard was three days old, my collar ditto—and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and somehow or other I forgot all about the real estate.'

'And so you are going again to-night,' said, I, 'and that is the secret of your new coat?'

'By no means,' he replied, 'I wanted a new coat, and the tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is—I mean blue——.'

'Oh, go on, don't stammer—blue is her favorite colour, is it?' said I.

'The Fact is, Frank—that fact is—take another glass of this wine, Frank the fact is—good wine, isn't it? been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptons, Frank—a queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning?'

'Exactly,' I replied, 'I believe I have seen Julia, short and clubby, isn't she—with red hair, a little cross eyed?'

'Frank!' exclaimed Tom, 'I never did knock, you down, though, I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you don't stop that nonsense, I will.'

'Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love,' 'Well, Tom, I will confess that Julia is a lovely girl, and to morrow I will come and learn your success. So good morning.'

'Well, Tom,' said I on the following morning, 'what success?'

'Would you believe it!' he replied; 'she did not recognize me.'

'Not recognize you?' I exclaimed.

'No,' replied Tom. 'You know what a quiz that Murry is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such a style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia as Mr. Frederick Somebody And would you not believe it? the little witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murry said something to her about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clear enough, but, he added, an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian—just think of that, Frank, a barbarian? She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and as haughty as a queen—lovely as a Hebe herself. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a great difference to a man's appearance. Terrible difference clean linen makes.'

The last time I saw my friend Tom he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the parlour with muddy boots.

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak. was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke, he stepped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch.—A murder had just been committed. The Senator Rinaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion, and no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!"—Remember the poor Marcolini

Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that thenceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul, of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for this purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcolini breathed his last.—*Roger's Italy.*

"THE SOUTHERN CITIZEN."

A New Political, Commercial and Literary Journal.

JOHN MITCHELL & WILLIAM G. SWAN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE Title of this Journal, with the names of its Editors, may be nearly enough to indicate its aims.

One of those Editors being an American citizen by birth; the other intending to become such by adoption; there is no question affecting the destinies of Americans, on which they will hold themselves debarred from openly express an opinion.

The one a Southerner by birth—the other by preference, they cannot be of those who know "No South, No North." They well know both; and in the struggle which the South is now called upon to make for her own rights and honor, they mean to stand with the South.

A thoroughly Democratic and States-Rights Journal, "The Southern Citizen" will nevertheless decline to be called "Partizan;" unless the Constitution of the United States is to be called a partizan document.

It will uphold the Federal Union, provided the sovereignty of the confederated States be respected; if not, not.

Holding that the Institution of Negro Slavery is a sound, just, wholesome Institution; and therefore, that the question of re-opening the African Slave Trade, is a question of expediency alone, the conductors of "The Southern Citizen" will in view of the late action of the Southern Commercial Convention, at Knoxville, apply themselves to search out and bring to light, all accessible information bearing upon that important subject—on the whole industrial condition and necessities of the South—on the actual state of the negro races of Africa, and on the policy and action of European Powers in reference to the Slave Trade.

Residing at Knoxville; and choosing this point as the place from whence their Journal is to emanate, the conductors of "The Southern Citizen" will be guided in the matter of State Politics, by the general principles above indicated. It will belong to no clique of office seekers. In short, it will support the candidates for all offices, who will support the equal rights of the Sovereign States, North and South—the equal rights of the Sovereign Citizens, wherever they may have been born, wherever they may worship or not worship.

On Agricultural and Commercial affairs—on the progress of Internal Improvements, and especially of our Southern Railroads, there will be an ample and carefully compiled weekly report.

Literary articles and Reviews, will form a main feature of "The Southern Citizen." Intellectual grandeur, wherever it appears in the world, shall meet prompt and zealous recognition. We do not need to shut our eyes light and stiffe inquiry: but, in this department as well as in Politics, we shall take leave to examine and judge from our own view; not importing our opinions from England, still less at second hand from New England. To the utmost of our power, we shall aid the movement which at length stirs the South to vindicate her own intellectual and moral existence, to revolve round her own centre of thought, and to appeal to a standard of taste and of ethics high above the consideration of political or commercial rivalry.

Especial care will be taken to furnish a weekly digest of all the news of the world, at home and abroad.

Conducting their new Journal in this spirit, and constantly endeavoring to make good these undertakings, it is presumed that "The Southern Citizen" will meet with the support which it may deserve.

The first number of "The Southern Citizen" will appear between the first and fifteenth of October. It will be published on the Wednesday of each week. Terms: TWO DOLLARS per annum.

New Types, Press, and Materials of all sorts, are being procured for this Journal; and as its publication will certainly be continued, subscribers will be required in all cases, to remit the amount of their subscriptions in advance; otherwise the paper will not be forwarded.

The Terms of advertising will conform to the usual rates in Tennessee.

Communications to be addressed to
Messrs. MITCHEL & SWAN,
Knoxville, Tenn.

August 28th, 1857. tw93—

HOUSTON'S PATENT SKID SCALES.

THESE Scales, for which the inventor has obtained Letters Patent from the United States Government, are intended to supersede the present cumbrous and objectionable apparatus used for weighing cylindrical packages, such as barrels, tierces, &c., containing articles usually sold by weight. Also for weighing bales of cotton, hay, or other similar packages. The advantage claimed for them over the ordinary Scales in use, are that *no hoisting* is required, as the article to be weighed is *immediately suspended* by its own gravity, and without strain, on reaching a given point beneath the Scale beam—thus saving a large amount of time and labor, and preventing injury by hooks, or otherwise, to the frailest package. The patentee will be pleased to exhibit his invention at the store of Mr. S. M. West, and receive orders for such sizes and quantities as may be desired.

GEO. HOUSTON, Patentee.

July 27. 67-tf

From J. TYSON & CO., Manufacturers and Mechanics' Exchange, Baltimore, 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 DESK OF
Merchants, Planters & 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 allied to no party. It maintains as political principles, the INTEGRITY AND PROSPERITY OF THE UNION, and the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES, according to the conditions and limitations of the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION. It seeks to energize these principles by *increasing intercourse* between all sections of the Country, and developing the resources of the SOUTH and WEST.

The South produces the great Staples of the Country and consumes vast amounts of the products and manufactures of our own and foreign lands; hence, the importance of Commercial Centres and Internal Improvements, to keep pace with the North, which is making such rapid strides to commercial and political sovereignty.

The Journal of Progress will be the COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL ORGAN of the SOUTH AND WEST devoted to EDUCATION COMMERCE, FINANCE, TRADE, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, MANUFACTURES, AGRICULTURE and MINING. In all these departments its columns will be worthy of patronage.

To our family readers. We will furnish a pageable and interesting to the old and young; consisting of original and select Biographical sketches of distinguished men; the latest and most reliable news of the day—from time to time we will furnish a Statistical and Historical account of the Commercial Cities and Towns throughout the Country, together with ILLUSTRATIONS PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS JOURNAL.

☞ Agents wanted for this Journal, on which a liberal commission is allowed. Those applying for agencies, must forward a recommendation from one or more Merchants and the Post Master of the town. No other application noticed. Specimen numbers sent to any part of the country on application. All communications to be forwarded to the Journal of Progress, Baltimore or St. Louis.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, at the Manufacturers and Mechanics' Exchange, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, and at the N. E. Cor. of Chestnut and Fourth Streets, St. Louis, Mo., and supplied by appointed Agents throughout the United States.

TERMS:—Only $2 per annum, 15 copies will be sent to onb address, if in the country, for $15.

☞ Post Masters are authorised to act as Agents, and retain for their commission 25 per cent.

Feb. 19.

ALUM SALT.

250 BAGS—2 bushels each—Bright Gunny Bags. For sale by
ADAMS, BRO. & CO.

September 8, 1857.

EMPTY BARRELS.

300 PRIME QUALITY second hand Spirit Turpentine Barrels, just received.
For sale by ADAMS, BRO. & CO.
Sept. 19. 74tf

GEORGE MYERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER
Keeps constantly on hand, Wines, Teas, Liquors Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Fruit, Confectionaries, &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.

Aug. 16. 65 1y.

AS. C. SMITH. MILES COSTIN.
JAS. C. SMITH & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 2, SOUTH WATER STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

April 26. 18-1y

H. DOLLNER. G. POTTER. JR. J. CAMERDEN
DOLLNER, POTTER & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW YORK.

April 30, 1855. 20-1y.

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

Jan. 22. 132.

HENRY BURKHIMER
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGAR STORE.
"SIGN OF THE INDIAN CHIEF"
MARKET STREET one door above Water
Wilmington, N. C.
N. B. All Orders filled with despatch.

Oct. 26th, 1855 93-tdw-c.

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.

UMBRELLAS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.—A large assortment of every size, color and quality, at the Emporium, 34 Market street.

July 11th. CHAS. D. MYERS.

W. L. PITTS,
AUCTIONEER,
STOCK, REAL ESTATE AND PRODUCE 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 Merchandise in Stores or Furniture in Houses in this town.

May 26. 5-tf

CANDIES!

FRESH arrivals per Express this morning, a large and varied assortment of that delicious Candy at the Broadway Variety Store, No. 40 Market st. WM. H. DENEALE.

July 30.

NOTICE.

THE Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company have made arrangements for forwarding all goods consigned to the care of the Company, and destined for any point on the line of the North Carolina Road, *free of commissions.*

If landed on the Company's wharf, there will be no charge for wharfage or drayage; but these expenses will be incurred if landed on any other wharf, and will be added to the freight on the way-bill, to be collected on delivery, by the North Carolina Railroad Company.

N. B.—To avoid detention at Wilmington, it is essential that the amount of freight by vessels shall, *in all cases*, be distinctly stated, in dollars and cents, on each bill of lading, and if goods for more than one person are included in the same bill of lading, the amount of freight for each consignee must be separately stated.

By order of the Board of Directors.
S. L. FREMONT, Eng. & Sup't.
Office of Engineer & Superintendent, }
Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 28, 1857. } 134-tf

NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

This Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in the Twelfth Year, and is widely circulated 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, $2, per Annum; $1, 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,
May 2 New York City.

"COMMERCIAL"
POWER PRESS
JOB PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT,
SOUTH SIDE MARKET ST. IN THE HARNETT HOUSE
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known Establishment would call the attention of the business community to his large and beautiful assortment of Type and Presses—having just added to his stock one of R. Hoe & Co's PATENT SINGLE CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINES, he is now enabled to do work at a much more reasonable rate than formerly, and in the finest style of the work.

CARDS.
Printed from $3 to $20 per thousand

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS,
RECEIPTS FOR
RAILROADS, STEAMBOATS, CORPORATIONS, &c
BILL-HEADS, SHOP-BILLS, BILLS OF LADING, AND HEADINGS,
&c., &c., &c.

POSTERS AND PROGRAMMES.

We would call the attention of Concert Agents, Showmen and others, to our facilities for doing this kind of work.

ALL KINDS OF
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING,
Done in the neatest manner, and at short notice.

Those in want of Printing we trust will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

COMMERCIAL BLANKS.

The attention of Shippers and others is called to our extensive assortment of Commercial Blanks. Among the collection is a very fine and handsome lot of Bills of Exchange, in sheets and books.

November 8, 1855.

NEGRO PASSES.

A NEW form of Passes, containing sanitary provisions, approved by the Commissioners, and a number of others interested in the welfare of our colored population, is just issued at the office of the *Commercial.*

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
DR. JOHNSTON,

THE founder of this Celebrated Institution offers the most certain, Speedy and only effectual remedy in the world for

SECRET DISEASES.

Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, Pains in the Loins, Constitutional Debility, Impotency, Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Affections of the Kidneys, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability, Disease of the Head, Throat Nose or Skin; those serious and melancholy disorders arising from the destructive habits of Youth, which destroy both body and mind. *These secret* and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of the Syrens to the mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of *Solitary Vice*, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married persons, or Young Men, contemplating marriage, being aware of Physical Weakness, Organic Debility, Deformities, &c., should immediately consult Dr. J., and be restored to perfect health.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. Johnston may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

DR. JOHNSTON is the only regularly Educated Physician advertising to cure Private Complaints. His remedies and treatment are entirely unknown to all others. Prepared from a life spent in the Great Hospitals of Europe and the First in this Country, viz: England, France, the Blockley of Philadelphia, &c., and a more extensive practice than any other physician in the world. His many wonderful cures and most important Surgical Operations is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Those who wish to be speedily and effectually relieved, should shun the numerous trifling impostors, who only ruin their health, and apply to him.

A CURE WARRANTED OR NO CHARGE.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs Used.

OFFICE, No. 7, SOUTH FREDERICK St., left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe his name and number, for ignorant trifling importers, attracted by the reputation of Dr. Johnston, link near.

DR. JOHNSTON

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges of the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the Hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known. Many troubled with ringing in the ears and head when asleep, great nervousness, being alarmed at sudden sounds, and bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that a still-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in, and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." To such therefore Dr. Johnston pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy; and, from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he can confidently recommend a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease. It is a melancholy fact, that thousands fall victims to this dreadful complaint, owing to the unskillfulness of ignorant pretenders, who, by the use of that deadly poison, mercury, ruin the constitution, and either send the unfortunate sufferer to an untimely grave, or else make the residue of life miserable.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by private and improper indulgences.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects, produced by early habits of youth, viz:—Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, &c.

Mentally—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded; Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion of Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages, can now judge what is the cause of their declining health. Losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale and emaciated, have a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

DR. JOHNSTON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy weakness of the organs are speedily cured and full vigor restored. Thousands of the most Nervous and Debilitated Individuals who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to MARRIAGE Physical or Mental Disqualifications, Nervous Irritability Tremblings and Weakness, or exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Dr Johnston.

Young men who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school, the effects of which are nightly felt, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments