

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DR. DANIEL DUPRE,
 RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Wilmington and vicinity. He may be found at his Office, in LONDON'S BUILDING, on Front Street, south of Market.
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GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND HARDWARE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
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 (LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.)
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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.
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General Commission Merchants,
 Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.
 Refer to
 SAMUEL POTTER, Esq. } Wilmington, N. C.
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ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

REFER TO
 Messrs. B. DeForest & Co. } New York
 Nesmith & Walsh, }
 E. D. Peters & Co. } Boston.
 Means & Clark, }
 Walters & Souder, } Philadelphia.
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GILLESPIE & ROPESON,
 AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
 Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments of produce.
 March 17. 1

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
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 VOL. 2. WILMINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1847. NO. 52.

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 WILMINGTON, N. C.
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J. HATHAWAY & SON,
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COMMISSION MERCHANT
 AND GENERAL AGENT
 For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce and Real Estate,
 RALEIGH, N. C.
 Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and faithfully attended to.
 Refer to the Editor of *The Commercial*.
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G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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 March 17. 1

BLANKS
 PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,
 43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,
 PHILADELPHIA.
 June 9, 1846. 1y-37

CHARLES D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
 HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any business committed to his trust. Office on W. C. Lord's wharf, lately occupied by Russell & Gammell.
 May 13. 25

THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
 WILMINGTON, N. C.

NEFF & WARNER,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHANDLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.
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R. H. STANTON & CO.,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
 AND DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hardware, Cutlery, Tin Ware, Crockery, &c., &c.
 WILMINGTON, N. C.
 R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of **CORRAGE and PROVISIONS.** Also, Foreign Fruit, Wines, Liqueurs, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.
 Ship Stores put up with despatch
 Oct. 31, 1846. 96

NOTICE.
 THE FIRM OF
 DEROSSET & BROWN—New York,
 AND
 BROWN & DEROSSET—Wilmington, N. C.,
 AND THAT OF
 JOHN GAMMELL—Wilmington, N. C.,
 WILL BE DISCONTINUED AFTER THIS DATE; and the undersigned, will, in future, be associated for the transaction of
COMMISSION BUSINESS
 in New York, under the firm of
BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
 And, in Wilmington, N. C., under the firm of
DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.
 Dealers with the late firms, will oblige, by attending to the settlement of all accounts as speedily as possible.
 JOHN POTTS BROWN
 ARMAND J. DEROSSET, JR.
 JOHN GAMMELL.
 April 15, 1847. 13-1f.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.
 ONE elegant Piano Forte, in Rosewood case, of L. GILBERT'S manufacture, Boston. Also, one second-hand Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.
 Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory manner.
 G. F. B. LEIGHTON.
 March 3. 147

CHAIRS.
 A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best New York Manufactured Cases and Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood, Black Walnut, Green, with Cushions, Common Windsor, Office Chairs, Rush and Case seat Sewing Chairs, with Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c., &c.
 For sale by
 May 19. A. MARTIN. 27

PLANED LUMBER.
 THE Subscriber having become Agent for the sale of the above article, for Central Planning Mill will keep constantly on W. C. Lord's wharf a full supply, for sale in lots to suit purchasers.
 C. D. ELLIS, Lord's building.
 June 24. 43

SODA BISCUIT.
 10 BOXES Soda Biscuit,
 10 Barrels
 Just received by
 June 10. SANDFORD & SMITH. 37

AN ENIGMA.

From the Southern Patriot.

In youth exalted high in air
 Or bathing in the waters fair—
 Nature to form me took delight
 And clad my body all in white,
 My person tall—and slender waist,
 On either side with fringes graced;
 Till me that tyrant man espied,
 And dragged me from my mother's side.
 No wonder now I look so thin,
 The tyrant stript me to the skin,
 My skin he glazed, my hair he cropped,
 At head and foot my body lopt
 And then—with heart more hard than stone
 He picked my marrow from the bone;
 To vex me more—he took a freak
 To slit my tongue and make me speak:
 But—that which wonderful appears—
 I speak to eyes and not to ears.
 He oft employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies;
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice or his lust;
 From me no secret he can hide,
 I see his vanity and pride;
 And my delight is to expose
 His follies to his greatest foes.
 All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand,
 Without my aid—the best divine
 In learning would not know a line,
 The lawyer must forget his pleading,
 The scholar could not show his reading;
 Nay man—my master is my slave:
 I give command to kill or save,
 But—while I thus my life relate
 I only hasten on my fate
 My tongue is black—my mouth is furred
 I hardly now can force a word—
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

LOVE STAR.

The reader will not be long in finding out that the solution of the above excellent Enigma will be found in the wing of a Gouse.

LOVE'S DESPERATION.

A Romance of Reality.

Beautiful, peerlessly beautiful is the lady Manuella, the only daughter of Rosas, the famous and powerful President of the Argentine Republic; powerful in the strength of his mind, and in the iron resolution of his character, which has enabled him to control and sway a people who none save him can keep in order, and to defy the united attempts of England and France to break up his commerce and bend him to their terms.

We say that the lady Manuella is beautiful, but her talents, graces, and accomplishments, alone sustain and render her beauties perfect and harmonious.

It almost seems a subject of surprise that this fair lady, so attractive in manners, and so elevated in her position, should have arrived at the age of twenty-five years without a thought of approaching the hymeneal altar, yet so it hath been, not however, from lack of solicitation and opportunity, for many a noble and brave cavalier has knelt and sued for the love and hand which might bless a King, but because:

First—of all her suitors, not one, when weighed in the careful balance of her discriminating judgment, but lacked some of those qualities of head and heart which alone could win and fix her pure and lofty affections.

Second—Had any cavalier presented himself, possessed of all the qualities which would gain her love, she could not leave her father's side, for as necessary as dew is to the flower, as light in darkness is to man, was she to him. She has ever acted as his adviser and confidant; she alone can guide and sway his stern will, she alone can soften his heart when it is frozen in its stern resolves. He could not live without her. She receives his company, writes his private and important documents, keeps watch and ward over his interests and safety, and becomes even as it were a second self unto him. But to our story.

A short distance up the river above Buenos Ayres, General Rosas has a beautiful country seat, where often in the warm summer time he and his daughter retire to enjoy the fragrant perfume which arrives with the evening breeze from the groves of peach, lemon and orange, which cover it.

A few years ago during a heavy gale, a ship was driven high and dry by the winds and swollen waters into the very midst of this favorite plantation of the President's, and when the gale abated she was left in the position from which it was found impossible to remove her.

To please his daughter, General Rosas brought this vessel and refitted her beautifully, to serve the Lady Manuella as a summer house, and a unique and beautiful one did it make, imbedded not in the azure waves of the ocean, but in a perfect sea of flowers and fruits. In the elegant cabin of this vessel occurred the first scene of this brief but true story.

It was on a lovely afternoon in summer, the Lady Manuella sat by the stern window of the vessel, enjoying the sweet breathing zephyrs as they came from their homes amid

the fragrant flowers. She was alone, and as she sat and gazed upon the waving trees and bright winged birds which flew from branch to branch, she sighed as if she had not been formed for loneliness.

At the same moment the door towards which her back was turned was cautiously opened. She heard it shut. Then between the rich velvet hangings which hung in crimson folds before it, quietly stepped a noble looking cavalier and as he slowly advanced towards her, there could be read in his face the written poetry of love's eye, even to a passionate idolatry of her who was before him. He was young, not more than twenty five, his features regular as Apollo could have desired, his eyes dark and bright as a gazelle's, his lofty brow and neck as white as alabaster, was wreathed by dark and curling masses of jet and glossy hair; a glossy moustache and beard as soft and curling as the hair which crept down upon his broad shoulders, contrasted with the rosy hue of health worn upon his expressive face; his tall, manly form was dressed in a rich uniform, which betokened that he had a commission in her father's cavalry.

Slowly and cautiously the young officer approached the lady, still unseen and unheard by her.

Again she sighed. He knelt by her side, and gazed upon the snow white hand, which with its taper fingers covered with jewels, hung down against the arm of an ottoman upon which she reclined. Again she sighed. The cavalier bent down his noble head, and the lady started to her feet as she felt a warm kiss impressed upon her hand.

Not terror stricken did she scream or turn to fly, as other maidens would have done, but with a flashing eye, reddened cheek and frowning brow, as she drew up her stately form, in queenly dignity, she proudly exclaimed:

"Who dare intrude—but ere she finished the exclamation she saw the sad and respectful gaze of the youth, who still knelt at her feet, and her anger seemed to vanish, and her tone softened, as she continued

"Ah! is it you, Don Elvarado! I might have known none other would have dared the liberty which you have taken."

"Pardon, lady; I could not have gazed upon the hand which I so long have coveted, and refrain from telling it how much I loved its mistress."

"Rise, Elvarado!" said the lady, sadly; "I wish you would never speak to me of love again, at least while—while—"

The lady blushed confusedly, and paused. The youth observing it eagerly and passionately exclaimed:

"While!—Oh; what mean you by that word? even it gives light to the hope which alone keeps my heart alive. Oh, lady for the love of holy Heaven, tell me, have I cause to hope? Am I more to you than the many others who kneel in homage to your charms?"

"Were you not, do you think I would permit him to live who has dared the familiarity for which you but now crave humbly my pardon?"

"Oh, lady then am I blessed indeed? Oh! when may I call you mine?"

"When I am free from my present engagements."

"Free! present engagement! Lady it is cruel to trifle with a bursting heart!"

"I do not trifle, Elvarado; I am willing to acknowledge that I love you, but it may be long before we can unite. I have a duty, a sacred, imperative duty to perform, which love nor pleasure nor aught on earth can induce me to forego. If you love me your love will not fade, like your summer flowers with age. My father alone cannot bear the care, fatigues, and vexations of his office. He cannot spare me, and I cannot marry while he is in office—indeed he never will consent to part with me, so necessary have I now become to him."

"Lady, cruel, would be the delay!—know you not that while he lives the people will have no other President. He alone can please and govern them; they will have no other—oh, for the love you have but now confessed, decide not so, else years and years will roll away, and we will still be as now! His death alone—"

"Oh! speak not of that Elvarado, said she, as the large dew drops of the soul rose in her lustrous eye, 'I love my father.'"

"Lady, I must obey, and await my time," said the youth, and as he spoke a wild, strange light beamed from his eyes, even as if some desperate conceit had entered his mind. She did not observe it but rising said:

"You may now escort me back to the city, Elvarado. The evening dew will soon begin to fall, and I must dress for the tertulia which I give to-night—you will be there?"

"I will angel mine!" responded the cavalier as he led her forth.

It was the still hour of midnight, and Gen. Rosas was in his private chamber, sat beside a table filled with papers and documents, now reading and signing one, and then another. Yes while his people were enjoying the quiet rest which nature demands, he, the greatest among them, was toiling for their benefit, laboring both in mind and body for their good.

His daughter was beside him, busily en-

gaged in copying private letter for her father but started, as a gentle tap at the door announced a visitor.

"Who is there?" said the stern General, as he laid his hand upon a richly mounted weapon which lay near him.

"The sentinel?" was the answer in a low respectful tone.

"What is wanted?"

"I bear a present for your excellency, which has just been left, with strict orders to be delivered to your excellency alone."

"Enter!—this, methinks, is a strange hour for a present. From whom doth it come?"

"I know not, your excellency," said the soldier as he laid a neat, square box of rosewood upon the table, and placing the key on the card which was fastened on its top, departed.

"Open it, daughter, I have not time," said the General, as he again turned his attention to a military report which he was reading.

"Oh, I know who it is from! It is in his hand writing!" exclaimed she, as she glanced at the card upon its top. Oh, what present could he have destined for the father of her whom he loves?"

"He, whom, daughter?"

"Father, the superscription on this card is in the well known, hand writing of the brave cavalier, Don Elvarado Escudero, and he has in this delicate way sent you some kingly present, I'll warrant me?"

"Well, well, open the box my child, and satisfy your curiosity."

The lady took the key and turned it in the lock but as she raised the lid the report of a volley of pistols almost deafened her, and with one wild scream she reeled, and fainting fell to the floor, amid a cloud of smoke from the now open box.

In an instant the President sprang to her side.

"Oh, God! my daughter is slain!" said he in agony—but his heart was cheered again as he spoke. "No—no, not slain, my father, but she—he would have slain you to win me!" and again she fainted. By this time the room was filled with soldiers and officers drawn thither by the report of arms, and a hasty examination of the infernal machine for such it was, explained the plot against the General's life, a row of loaded pistols had been so placed along the box that any one standing in front of it to open it, would receive the contents in his body. It had been sent to Rosas, at this late hour, in expectation that he would open it himself.

Narrow had been the escape of the daughter. She had stood beside, instead of in front of the box when she opened it, but the fair hand which her lover had kissed but so shortly before, was now stained in several places with blood where the ball had grazed it, her arms and laced sleeves were blackened with the smoke, but worse than all was the wound her pure heart had received in the discovery of this horrible attempt upon her father's life by one whom she loved and trusted, and who would have made her an orphan to hasten her marriage. But she had named him to her father, and within one hour after the discovery of the plot Elvarado Escudero was arraigned before a drum head court martial.—Her danger, confession, and the discovery of his hand writing had so thrown him off his guard that when interrogated he made no denial. Brief was the trial. He was sentenced to be shot on the Retiro, or military Plaza at sunrise. With haughty composure he heard his sentence for he yet dreamed that she—she who is all powerful with her father, loved, and would intercede for and save him.

But he knew not her high, stern sense of duty, if he thought that love and pity would have pardoned him who would have murdered her father. In vain he sent to seek an interview with her. Her answer to his message was brief but she would deign no other.

"Tell him to ask God's mercy—there is none for him on earth! No, not were he my brother."

And when at the morning's first light the weeping mother and sister of the condemned knelt at her feet and prayed for one word of intercession, (for they knew that even yet she could save the son and brother, if she would but ask his life of her father,) when in the agony of their souls they spoke of his youth—beauty and bravery—all now about to be buried in the tomb of disgrace—with a cold stern look as if her inmost veins were frozen, she answered—

"He would have made me fatherless!"

And while in that energy of despair that would not listen to a refusal they yet knelt in their tears and supplications, the first ray of the morning's sun cast its soft light upon her pale cheek, a quick rattling volley of musketry was heard in the direction of the Retiro. As its sound struck her ear, she gasped; her tall and graceful form quivered like an aspen leaf amid the gale, she staggered toward the window and as she saw the white wreaths of smoke rise lightly toward the sky, over the spot where now lay the corpse, she murmured—

"God have mercy on his soul!" and fainted.

Duty had triumphed over love and mercy, but terrible had been the struggle.

RAIGED.—Col. Doniphan says that his famous Missouri boys have one more R than Gen. Taylor himself—they are Rough, Rugged and Ready.

THE CROPS.

From every section of our own State as well as those of the South and South West, we learn, that the prospects of the Cotton crop are exceedingly bad. The late backward spring, and the protracted rains, have done serious injury to the young plant, and unless the future brings forth more cheering prospects, we fear that our planters will have cause to regret their not turning their attention more to the cultivation of grain. From some portions of the country where rain has not prevailed, we hear that insects are beginning to make their appearance, and this, added to the wet, will do much towards producing far less than an average crop.

The Grain crops, we are pleased to find, look remarkably well, and the approaching harvest bids fair to be an unprecedentedly large one.

We annex several extracts from our exchanges on the subject:

From the *Charleston Mercury* of the 9th inst, we learn that the following extracts of letters were received at that city from gentlemen whose character and means of information render their statements of the highest authenticity. The first is from Abbeville, and is as follows:

"Our Cotton crops in Abbeville are more unpromising than I have ever seen them, and they are suffering under evils that no future events can entirely remedy.

"The stand of Cotton is very much injured by the lice, and the plant is very backward; moreover it has been a difficult season to keep a clean crop. Corn is promising; Wheat only tolerable. Could the Savannah river be made navigable for steamboats for eighty miles above Hamburg, we could grow rich by furnishing you with Corn, Wheat, Oats and Hay.

"We have all the elements of a fine farming country."

The other is dated St. Matthew's, and says: "Our prospects for a Cotton crop are worse than I have ever known."

This information is but confirmatory of that derived from various sections of the State, all going to show that so far as South Carolina is concerned, the Cotton crop must fall far below an average one; and from the accounts received, we are led to infer a similar result in Georgia and Lower Alabama.—From Mississippi and Louisiana the accounts are more favorable.

The flattering prospect of a corn crop in this District, is indeed encouraging. We are informed that the corn, especially some seven or eight miles south of this, on the Blackstock Road, was never known to look better; and if we may be allowed to mention names, the corn crops of Capt. Ralph Smith, DeMabee and A. J. Daniel, Esqrs, are said to be better than former crops; and these are fair specimens of the crop generally throughout the District.

The Wheat Crop seems to turn out better than was expected in the Spring, though light, notwithstanding.

The Cotton Crop is rather sorry, generally, though in some parts of the District it is said to be tolerably good.—*Spartan*.

After ten or twelve days of dry weather, we have had, again, a great deal of rain. It has come in good time, (perhaps rather sooner than it was wanted), for the corn, but unless it ceases soon, it will greatly injure oats as it is just the time for harvesting. The oat crop is unusually fine, and would be very abundant if we could have suitable weather for harvesting. We are informed that the cotton crop is seriously injured by insects—*Pendleton Messenger*.

The continued wet is quite unfavorable to the cotton plant. Grass and weeds sprout and flourish upon the slightest opportunities, and there is danger and apprehension that the plant will shed. But, as yet, we have heard no complaint. The prospect throughout Middle Florida, is, we think, fair. Wet weather is usual with us at this season of the year, and, if it does not continue too long, there is no cause now in existence, to our knowledge, to prevent an average crop.

In the way of provision crops the promise is even better than last year. Corn has attained a remarkably fine growth, and the green ears gathered promiscuously for the table, have never been larger or better filled. The crop will be abundant.—*Fis Sentinel*.

The Montgomery Flag and Advertiser of Thursday last, says:—We have had heavy and continued falls of rain during the last week, which we fear have done serious injury to the crops generally, and to the cotton in particular. The cotton has been backward and unusually small, and required some warm, dry weather to bring it out. The weather of last week has been very unfavorable to it, being both wet and cool. The *Chambers Herald* of Friday, the 2d, makes a similar complaint of the weather in that county.

A correspondent of the *N. O. Delta*, writing from Clinton, La., says that the seasons, so far, have been remarkably propitious for the growth of Cotton, and if the worm should fail to make a visit, the crop will never have been better.

Mr. CLAY, in reply to a letter from some gentlemen in Maine who had sent him a present of some scythes, and referred in their letter to the Mexican War, says: "Yes, gentlemen, I certainly concur with you in deprecating this Mexican war, the causes which brought it about, and the winner of its commencement. I sincerely wish that every bayonet and sword employed in its prosecution, by both belligerents, were converted into scythes, ploughshares, and axes, and they dedicated to their respective uses in the innocent and peaceful arts of life."