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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 BUILDINGS, on *Front Street*, south of *Market*.
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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
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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
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ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris.)
WILMINGTON, N. C.
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E. D. Peters & Co., } Boston.
Means & Clark, }
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AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignment of produce.
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N. B. HUGHES,
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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.
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G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
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.
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THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 25, 1847.

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 *CORDAGE* and *PROVISIONS*. Also, Foreign Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.
☞ Ship Stores put up with despatch
Oct. 31 1846. 96

Copartnership
NOTICE.
THE subscribers have this day associated themselves together for the transaction of the
AUCTION
AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.
under the Firm of Cronly & Walker, at the old stand of Robt. G. Rankin, Esq., Murphy's Buildings.
Business entrusted to them shall be promptly and faithfully attended to.
MICHAEL CRONLY.
JNO. WALKER, Jr.
July 7th 1847. 4 tf

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-wood 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.*
Pianos Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory manner.
G. F. B. LEIGHTON.
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CHAIRS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best New York Manufacture! Cane and Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood! Black Walnut, Grecian, with Cushions, Common Windsor, Office Chairs: Rush and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, with Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.
For sale by A. MARTIN.
May 18. 37

PLANED LUMBER.
THE Subscriber having become Agent for the sale of the above article, for Cornel Plane 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. 13

FOR SALE
1 CASK Cincinnati Hams, 12 Bbls. of first quality N. O. Whiskey, by E. DICKINSON Ag't
June 10, 37

HAY—CORN, FLOUR &c.
200 BALES prime Hay,
500 Bushels White Corn,
50 Barrels Super, Fine and Cross Flour
20 Boxes Pale Soap,
20 " Adamantine Candles,
100 Bushels Cow Peas,
Just received, and for sale by
SANDFORD & SMITH.
July 8, 1847.

RICE.
50 CASKS fresh best Rice, hourly expected, and for sale by E. DICKINSON, Ag't.
June 10. 37

BOSTON CRACKERS.
20 CANISTERS, For sale at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S
June 5, 1847. 35

Encourage Competition.
NEW PUBLIC HOUSE,
WELDON, N. C.
On the left or west side of the Rail Road.
THE SUBSCRIBER, Conductor on the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road, opened this House on the 1st January, 1847, especially for the convenience and accommodation of the traveling public, and intends that its furnish and accommodations shall not be surpassed by any house in the place. His house is situated about 50 feet from the cars going north, and near the Depot of the Wilmington Road. The liberal share of patronage which he has received, is evidence that his efforts to please the traveling public have been appreciated.
His Table shall always be supplied with the best the Market will afford; and, with unremitting attention on his part, and that of his Lady, he hopes for a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.
The lovers of good eating; clean and comfortable chambers; faithful and obedient servants, will find them at
WHITFIELD'S
'ROANOKE HOUSE.'
W. T. WHITFIELD, *Proprietor.*
WELDON, N. C., July 12, 1847.
P. S.—Supper always ready on the arrival of the Cars. Don't forget WHITFIELD'S ROANOKE HOUSE. Give me a trial, and you shall not go away dissatisfied.
July 12, 1847. 4*-1y.

NAUTILUS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, *29 Wall street, New York.*
THIS Company, which confines its business exclusively to LIFE INSURANCE, has now been in operation two years, during which period it has issued 1,0[illegible] policies, and for the first eighteen months it experienced no loss. Its losses for the whole time have been less than $7,000, leaving an accumulation of nearly $12,000 on hand beyond the payment of claims and expenses. This, added to the original guaranty capital of $50,000, places the security of the Company on a basis so solid as no longer to admit of a rational doubt.
All its profits accrue to the credit of the dealers, and are divided annually among them, whether the policy be issued for a limited period or for the whole term of life, a feature unknown in the charter of any other Mutual Life Insurance Company incorporated by the State.
Two dividends of 50 per cent. each on the amount of premium received, in accordance with the provisions of the charter, have been declared, and are credited to the accounts of the assured, and for which scrip certificates will be issued.
A dividend of 6 per cent, on the first year scrip has likewise been declared, payable *in cash* to the holders thereof, *on demand*, at the office of the Company.
For policies granted for the whole term of life, when the premium thereof amounts to $50—a note for 40 per cent. with interest at 6 per cent—*without endorsers*, may be received in payment, or it may be paid in cash, in which case it is expected, should the party survive to make thirteen annual payments, leaving the dividends to accumulate, the policy will be fully paid for, and the accumulation ultimately added to the policy.
Rates for Insuring $100 on a Single Life.

Age.	For 1 year.	For 7 years annually.	For Life. annually.
20	$0 91	$0 95	$1 77
30	1 31	1 36	2 36
40	1 69	1 83	3 30
50	1 96	2 09	4 60
60	1 35	1 91	7 06

Example. A person aged 20 years next birthday, by joining the Company $1,31, would secure to his family or heirs $100, should he die in one year, or for $13 10 he secures to them $1,000; or for $131 annually for seven years he secures to them $1,000; should he die in the first year; or for $2 00 per month during life he secures $1,000 when never he dies; or for $5 50 they will secure to them $5,000, should he die in one year.
FREDERICK J. LORD, *Agent.*
Wilmington, N. C., July 7th, 1847. 4—1m

LOST OR MISLAID.
A RECEIPT given by M. Myers, of South Carolina, to Edwin Kreser, also an obligation of N. B. Hill, endorsed by James D. Walker and Henry Lewis, on *Fourteen Hundred dollars Eight Dollars*; the former payable to the subscriber or order. I am to deliver the Receipt above, and satisfactory vouchers of my own, and to three Slaves called N. B. Hill, by said Kreser, to my account, both the papers being relative to the slaves. A suitable reward will be given for the finding of them, papers, and I warn all persons from trading for them as they can be of no use to any one but myself.
WILLIAM G. ALFORD.
May 25 30-3m

Wholesale and Retail
GROCERY.
THE subscriber offers for sale, at lowest market prices the following articles, viz:
20 Bags Rio Coffee;
10 " Laguira Coffee;
5 " St. Domingo Coffee,
1 Bbl. St. Croix Sugar;
10 " Porto Rico "
4 " Cuba "
10 " Rectified Whiskey;
8 " Northern Gin;
5 " Domestic Brandy;
5 " New England Rum;
5 " Very superior old Monongahela Whiskey;
15 Kegs Nails, assorted sizes;
600 Lbs. Loaf Sugar, Powdered and Crushed;
Superior Cognac Brandy; Holland Gin and Port Wine on draught; a few doz. old Madeira and Champaigne, warranted pure; Flour; Bacon; Dried Beef; Tongues; Mess Pork; Molasses; Mackerel No. 1 and No. 2; Green and Black Teas; Water, Butter and Sugar Crackers; Allspice; Pepper; Ground Nutmegs; Soap; Candles; Cloves; Indigo; Mustard, &c., &c.
J. BOLAND.
South Water Street, third door from Market Street.
July 8, 1847. 48

Marble Monuments
AND
GRAVE STONE AGENCY.
THE subscribers are appointed Agents for one of the *best and most extensive* MARBLE YARDS in Connecticut, and will receive orders for Marble Monuments or Grave Stones, either lettered or not, which will be furnished at the shortest notice and most reasonable prices.
We have received a variety of patterns, various styles with the prices, which may be examined at any time
J. C. & R. R. WOOD,
Builders and Contractors.
June 17. 40

LETTER SHEET PRICES CURRENT
For sale at this Office

From the National Era

THE SONG OF TOIL.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Let him who will, rehearse the song
Of gentle love and bright romance—
Let him who will, with tripping tongue,
Lead gleaming thoughts to fancy's dance
But let *me* strike mine iron harp
As northern harps were struck of old—
And let its music, stern and sharp,
Arouse the free and bold!

My hands that iron harp shall sweep,
Till from each stroke new strains recoil,
And forth the sounding echoes leap,
To join the arousing Song of Toil.
Till men of thought their thoughts outspeak,
And thoughts awake in kindred mind;
And stirring words shall arm the weak,
And fetters cease to bind!

And crashing, soon, o'er soul and sense,
That glorious harp, whose iron strings
Are Labor's mighty instruments,
Shall shake the thrones of mortal kings
And ring of axe, and anvil note,
And rush of plough through yielding soil,
And laboring engine's vocal throat,
Shall swell the Song of Toil!

FROM CAPT. TOBIN.

The Captain Afloat—The Rascally Camanches—Scouting Parras—Its Attractions—the Capt. in for it for the War—A good-natured kick From Providence—The 4th at Buena Vista—The Ladies, &c.

INCANTADA, July 16, 1847.

Eds. Delta—Men in trouble always call their friends dear; Ben McCullock's Company was kicked out of the service on the 14th ult., so I am again turned adrift, all alone by myself, on this dissolute world, with no one to take care of me, or give me that precious commodity, advice, so often proffered, though so seldom taken, and for awhile, must trust to Providence—a fine fellow, who generally comes in at the heel of the hunt, and lends a helping hand, when he sees that every fair and honorable effort has been made to get along without him. On being mustered out at Monterey, we were paid a high compliment by that prince of officers and gentlemen, Maj. Bliss, A. A. G. to Gen Taylor.

I have been constantly in the saddle of late, which will account for my silence.

In the latter part of May, Lieut. Kelly, commanding our company, and I, were sent out with Lieut. Sitgreaves of the Topographical Corps, to make a reconnoisance of the adjacent country. The first rancho we came to, was called by the very odoriferous name, "Hedionda," which being translated, means "Stench," and afterwards included its diminutive "Hedionditta," or "*Little Stink*" where we found a father lamenting his abducted daughters, and a "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not!" Such was the case at most of the other ranches. The Camanches had just been round, and had carried off the best looking of the girls and the youngest of the boys, from three years old to eight—of the latter they make warriors, and under the proper instructions and example of the young Camanches, they become, it is said, more ferocious than the tutors themselves.

Between Encarnation and La Punta, we perpetrated a highway robbery, by plundering the road; but it was a gentlemanly act as we did it on horse-back, and brought in mules, saddles and two fine horses, one of them Lady stolen from the dragoons. The Camanches had just visited La Punta, and had taken off a very valuable imported saddle horse, a still more valuable young lady, of sweet fifteen, not imported, and nearly as valuable as I am, and four fine boys. We returned to Buena Vista on the fifth day, without discovering even a stray planet newer than L. Verrier's, or a vagabound comet, or any other celestial devilment, and made a very great map of our tour. Lieut Sitgreaves, to be sure, did the head work, but as every one knows, head work's nothing. I was immediately sent off to Parras, 100 miles west-ward, to escort the gallant Col. Bissell, of Illinois. He pretended business there, but some asserted that, bravely as the Colonel had borne himself at Buena Vista, he had surrendered at discretion, to the beautiful (shade of Tony Veller!) widow of Parras. Parras is a paradise. Its gentry are hospitable, its wine beautiful, and its ladies lady-like and well educated. Don Manueley Ibarra lives in splendid style, at his princely hacienda, three miles from the city. He and his brother were educated at Bairdstown College, Kentucky, and both speak English remarkably well. He sent his carriage in for the Colonel and myself, (me Capt. Knockdunder and the Duke) and gave us a glorious feed in civilized fashion, after which he took us through his magnificent vineyards, and glorious wine-house, in the latter of which we saw such Brobdignagian reservoirs of wine and brandy, as would have forced "Maudlin Clarence" to turn away with contempt from his Lilliputian "butt of sack." On our return, we stopped one night at Patos, the hacienda of one of the [illegible] owners of half the State; and on our arrival at Buena Vista, were informed, that by orders from Washington, we should either enlist for the war, or go to the devil. As I happened to have no mutual pledges of connubial felicity, I proferred the former, but as most of the men had wives and families at home, they chose the latter. So we were ordered to Monterey, and disbanded. Horace was right when he wrote—

"Fuit ante Helenanas ***** teterrima," &c.

And so was John Johnson, when he said—

"I know that nought so bothers
The hearts of the heroic on a charge,
As leaving a small family at large."

After the disbandment, I returned to loaf about Buena Vista, like a bereft bird to her plundered nest, but soon found employment—through the blessing of that same old Providence, and the kindness of some friends.

THE MATIN BELL.

A Tradition of Portugal.

There were great rejoicings in the city of Lisbon when Denis of Portugal, the warrior and poet king, celebrated his nuptials with the young and lovely Infanta of Castile.—The monarch's popularity was at its height; the multitude, who had already conferred on him the title of "Father of his People," were roused to the most enthusiastic loyalty by the feasts and largesses bestowed on them; and the nobles, whose national pride was gratified by the alliance, found an additional source of satisfaction in their young sovereign's prudent dismissal of the queen's train of Castilian attendants, which prevented the possible influence of foreign favorites—over one whose beauty and grace rendered it more than probable that she would become their "ruler's ruler." At the queen's request, however, a young page, whose insignificance appeared to make his presence or absence of little moment, was retained.

With all external circumstances thus conducing to happiness (for her royal husband was as courteous and accomplished as he was brave and politic,) Isabella of Castile had just cause to rejoice in her brilliant destiny; and during the first two months of her residence in her new home, not a shade obscured its brightness. At the expiration of that period, however, her quick perception detected the one infirmity of Denis's otherwise noble nature. He was most painfully jealous. He could endure no rival in her thoughts, not even the natural and pious love of her kindred and her country. A cloud ever rested on his brow when she spoke to him of Castile, of her parents, of her youngest and favorite brother; nay, when with the candor of her nature, she told him of her regret at parting from the friends and associations of her childhood, he had answered her with harshness. Isabella was very young, and very timid. From that moment she avoided all mention of her family and her native land; but, by a natural consequence, they obtained a stronger hold on her memory and her affections. Fear of awaking her husband's displeasure, on the queen's side, and a jealous doubt on that of the king, that the marriage of policy had not given the love he craved, produced a constraint in their intercourse which was painful to both! and Isabella, chilled by the want of sympathy with her feelings in all round her, sought it at length in her young countryman, the page Gonzales. He could talk to her of dear and distant Castile; he could sing the songs doubly sweet now to her ear from their association with the past. Whenever the young queen sat alone with her ladies at their embroidery, the Castilian was summoned to beguile the time with his guitar, or with reminiscences of his royal lady's childhood; and this imprudent and somewhat undignified intercourse between the queen and her attendant was partially excusable, from the fact that Gonzales was the son of a noble Castilian lady, to whom the care of her own youth had been confided. He had been reared from infancy in her father's palace, and shared her own brothers' pastimes. And then Gonzales was so unlike the generality of pages! He was so gentle, so pious, so refined and humble in manner, that he found favor in the eyes of even the gravest and most prudish of the ladies of honor. He was of a slight delicate figure; and though very handsome, it was less the beauty of feature than of expression, which won the admiration, and even the affection, of those who gazed on his calm, thoughtful eye and open brow. People in this evil world cannot however, be more ordinarily excellent, or more than usually beloved, without incurring envy; and the gentle virtues of Gonzales were not likely to make him popular with his wild young comrades, the pages of the palace. The greater number came to the conclusion that his true vocation was the cloister, and suffered him to pursue his own course with a contemptuous pity; but one, who was far beyond them in intellect and forethought, and whose future fortunes depended almost wholly, upon the royal favor, beheld with all the bitterness of an envious and vindictive nature the Castilian page.

Bernardo di Silva had sought with unwearying diligence the notice of his queenly mistress. She was devout he became most [illegible] her confessor [illegible] his attendance at mass. His conduct was exemplary, his services performed with great and never-failing care. Nevertheless he failed in his design; nature had not bestowed on him the power of winning love. He gained but a cold approval—the homage paid to the semblance of virtue—no more.

No marvel, therefore, that he hated Gonzales, and, with the inconsistency of nature, looked on his unconscious rival as an enemy—as one who stole from him the favor of his queen. Of a more vindictive spirit than even the generality of his countrymen, he mentally resolved to avenge what he considered his wrongs on the young Spaniard, and the opportunity came at last. When is there ever an occasion wanting to do evil?

It was a bright autumnal morning; the Tagus glittered liquid silver in the dazzling sunbeams, as Bernardo stood gazing on its waters from the window of the queen's ante-chamber. It was a scene to gladden the heart, and raise the thoughts in devout gratitude to the Giver of the sunshine and the sweet air; but no joy, no peace was expressed on that young countenance, dark with unhallowed passions. He saw not the dancing stream the clear and cloudless sky; he heard not the music of the far-off lark, nor the gladsome voices of the boatmen; his mind dwelt only on the scene within the inner chamber which he had just witnessed—the queen and her ladies listening with approving smiles to Gonzales, as he sang to them a lay of his native Castile. And very sweetly came the voice and guitar of the page on his ear at that moment as he sang one of the fine old ballads of the Moors; but the sweet tones were discord to the diseased mind of the listener. He was still wrapt in his "web of bitter fancies," when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning with a start, he beheld the king, whom he had believed absent at the chase, standing beside him. Stammering an apology for not having seen the sovereign enter, Bernardo moved forward to open the door of the queen's chamber; but Denis detained him, and in a low voice bade him follow him into the adjoining corridor.

"Who sings in the queen's apartment?" was the king's instant question as they gained it.

"Her Grace's Castilian page, sire."

"Does he often beguile her royal leasure in this minstrel fashion?"

"Ay, sire; whenever it pleases your majesty to hunt or ride abroad without the queen."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king, with a frown; "what sayest thou?"

Bernardo's quick eye marked that frown, and he saw at once the feasibility of the plan which had come to his thoughts, like a very inspiration of evil. He paused in affected confusion.

"Not exactly; that is—I pray your Grace to pardon me; the queen will be displeased," he faltered.

"Displeased!" exclaimed Denis, impetuously; "and wherefore? Speak the truth sirrah, without fear, and faithfully. The minion is, then, often admitted to the queen presence?"

"He is, my liege," replied Bernardo, still with affected reluctance. "Her Grace loves to talk of Castile with my comrade, he tells me."

"To talk of Castile with him—to talk with her menial!" exclimed the monarch, angrily. "By all the saints!" he continued, making a movement towards the royal apartment, "he shall suffer for his presumption, in daring to assert such a falsehood. Out of my path, sirrah!" Bernardo, however, throwing himself on his knees, immediately before his sovereign, implored him with well-feigned fear, mingled with seemingly honest boldness, to pause.

"Beseech you sire," he said, "punish not my comrade without due inquiry. He is young; he hath some cause for pride in our royal mistresse's favor: beseech you turn not to his hurt, the words I have uttered at your command. Expose me not to the queen's anger."

Greatly agitated, the king listened to him; but ere he could command his voice to reply, the now distant music ceased, and the page's step was heard in the ante-chamber. Denis motioned Bernardo to rise, and removing his hand from the hilt of his dagger, gazed sternly on the object of his wrath, as he entered the corridor, who, surprised at seeing the king there, paused, and made his low and graceful obeisance. The young musician's cheek was flushed; there was a happy smile on his lip; and in his hand he held both his guitar and a small bunch of roses, which Denis at a glance recognized as the bouquet he had seen in the queen's bosom that morning. With a muttered ejaculation he turned from the boy, and then harshly desiring Bernardo to follow him, proceeded to his own apartment.

We will not repeat the conversation held there between the deceived sovereign and the deceiver. It will be sufficient to inform our readers that the art with which Bernardo wrought on the mental infirmity of the unhappy king was but too successful. Numberless unmeaning and trifling incidents apparently confirmed the slander. At Isabella's request, the page alone of all her suite had been detained in Portugal; he had been her companion from childhood—these remembrances, and the young wife's own imprudence, were more than enough to confirm the ready belief of jealousy. Denis, enraged as he was, preserved however, a lingering pity for his queen—a just sense of the injury public investigation or vengeance might do to his own honor—and charging Bernardo, as he valued the favor his fidelity thus far had deserved, not to reveal aught that had passed between them, he shut himself up in his chamber for the remainder of the day, and the page withdrew to meditate upon the singular and perfect success of his vindictive malice.