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# From the Boston Rambler.

THE ORISONS.

BY O. S. SENTER. How sweetly breaks the early morn,

And cheerful falls its light On those whose grateful hearts arise - To him who keeps the night. Swift as the lark the soul mounts up,

Each thought is full of love, As sil ntly its orisons, Ascend to God above. With such the day glides smoothly on,

And light is every eare, For heaven preserves and blesses him Whose heart goes forth in prayer.

And are there those so hardened grown So insensible and dull, Whose breasts he'er feel one grateful throb, With no emotions swell?

Ottell me, thoughtless, careless ones, Have you no debt to pay To him, who every blessing gives, Who keeps you night and day?

How sweetly breaks the early morn, And cheerful falls its light On those whose grateful hearts arise To God who keeps the night.

### ITALY.

Italia! oh! Italia! The hour has come for thee To strike the toemen at thy gates, To struggle and be free. The heritage of centuries, The brave renown of old, The very stones that tell of fame, Implore thee to be bold.

Still sitting on her Seven Hills, Th' Eternal city shines, Still wears her proud tiara In the sunny land of vines. Still rise her hoary temples. And fanes in lofty state, Still frown her battled bowers Though Gual is at the gate.

Let not the Frenchman revel Within your storied halls, As when De Bourbon's cannon Once breached your ancient walls. Strike! men of Rome, for liberty;-The cause you own is just-Drive back once more the tri-color Or trail it in the dust.

Alas! that e'er the tri-color In hostile hands should come, And rally on the Tiber's banks The enemies of Rome-That e'er the chivalry of France In such a cause should arm, Or seek in fair Italia Her children to disarm.

Back! back to Paris, Frenchmen-And there, beside the Seine, Go, tell your sham Napoleon You will not bind the chain That he would forge for Roman arms, Now lifted to be free, Where Freedom ra sed the war-cry first That rang from sea to sea.

Go, fright the tyrant's ally Where brave Mazzini's name, Tell him a leader rules in Rome, Right worthy of her fame ;-Tell him that ere to foreign hands He yields hie honored trust, St. Peter's and the Vatican Shall crumble into dust :--

That his will be the hand to fire, When every hope is vaind, The mines that will to ruin blast Each gallery and fane,-When every work of priceless art Shall perish in the flame. Mazzini's shall the glory be-Napoleon's the shame.

ASTHMA vs. RHEUMATISM. I must tell you a "good one" which hap- may your hopes be realized." pened this summer on the same day that I of which the door was left partly open to shoulder and burst into tears. promote the circulation of the air. A rheusang out from his own berth: "chamber- her hour of need.

maid, for Heaven's sake open that door, on a limit dextent, will be inserted in the Weekly and kill one of those ladies, and then shut it and kill t'other?"-Knickerbocker.

Written for the Commercial.

# A ROMANCE, WO EVENINGS IN MAY

BY EUPHRONIA.

### CHAPTER I.

Again he sees his pinnace fly. Wafting him fleetly to his home; Where'er that ill-starred home may be, As calm and smooth it seemed to win Its moonlight way before the wind, As if it bore all peace within, Not left one breaking heart behind.

Situated on the banks of a crystal lake. in the corner of a park in the western part of France, belonging to the Count de Estival, gy and resolution, few would have believwas a little bower, so near the water, that ed possessed by one so young. Tenderly in the early morning, when the delicate attached to both her parents, it would have vines, clinging like a cloud around it, were cost her a bitter pang to disobey them. Inshaken by the birds, green leaves, buds and deed she would never have engaged herblossoms filled the air with rich fragrance.

Fire Worshippers.

when every thing were that characteristic bleman, whom her father urged her to acwild and dreamy aspect peculiar to spring, cept, and remain faithful to her first and the last ray of the setting sun rested on only love. this levely spot, as if it leved to linger there. The Count de Estival intended, as many The soft zephys of spring played among of the French noblemen have done, to re the flowers, like a laughing child, and gent- move to America; and this added to her ly parted the curls that fell in careless | grief; for not only would she be compelled grace on the brow of a young maiden. She to leave the seenes amid which she had sat on a low seat within the bower; her enjoyed so much happiness; hallowed by large dark eyes seemed wearied by weep- so many sweet recollections-but the dising, and resembled flowers after a summer tance would be still great between her and shower-drooping and lustreless. Yet grief her almost idolized Dudley de Mendon.had given them an expression of touching It was her first grief. Her fond parents sweetness they had never possessed in had shielded her from every other; and it thoughtless hours. One small hand, one strengthened, though it sorely tried her of whose fingers was gemmed by a cluster gentle nature. But she too well knew the of brilliants, like a flash of sunshine on a the rock of strength on which she leaned. snowdrift, rested on the arm of a youth by | to doubt, for a moment, that all would be her side, to whom her soft dark eyes were well. pleadingly raised, and whose manly beauty was no less striking than her own fragile and delicate loveliness. There was a spirituality about this fair creature's appearance, which, beautiful as she was, formed her chiefest attraction. Rather like a being of another sphere, than an inhabitant of this living, breathing world, she was more their jetty fringes; a transparently fair complexion; a wilderness of dark and shining hair-Jessonda de Estival was over beautiful. Dudley de Mendon thought her so, when she wandered with him through Castle; when she sat with him among Jessondalian bowers, as he termed her little part—that all their earthly joys were fled.

"Plead no more, my gentle Jessonda.-Nay, reproach me not with those witchown. I cannot remain behind, when Napolean says: "All who love me, follow me." If I had not loved him, you would have taught me to do so."

"But Dudley" said the young girl, in a

once more." These words, for a moment, crimsoned with enthusiasm, the pale cheek of Jessonda, as her soft, dark eyes flashed more brilliantly under their drooping fringes.

"Go then Dudley," she exclaimed, " I will no longer strive to detain you; and

But the effort was too much for her; her

A few moments more and Dudley must matic lady and an asthmatic old lady could depart. Accompanying her to the steps of not each be satisfied with reference to the the Chateau, he hastened back, and Jesdoor. They kept singing out in alternate sonda reached her apartment in time to see strains from their nightcaps; the rheuma- him spring into his boat, which flew over tice, "chambermaid, shut the door! I shall the bright wave of the little lake, like a ray die;" the asthmatic, "chambermaid, open of sunlight, and he was gone, perhaps, forthat door-I shall die!" So the conten- ever. And Jessonda was alone in her untion went on for some time, and the yellow utterable sorrow; alone, so far as earthly maid, with a bandana handkerchief on aid was concerned. But she had a Faher head, was fairly flustered. At last an ther in Heaven, who is ever a safe refuge old gentleman, disturbed by the altercation, for the sorrow-stricken. To Him she prayand not wishing to show any partiality, ed, and from Him received comfort in this when he besought her to wed him then the the Vincente regarded himself fortunate

be supposed, at once the pride and darling head on her hand and old but fresh feelings ful and voluptuous senoritas of his native of her affectionate parents. From child- filled the breeze, that like the loved fingers land. All around him the deeds of Henley de Mendon, and the consequences were, the curls so dark and long, that fell in gloswhat might have been reasonably expect- sy confusion over her soft glowing cheek ed from such close companionship of conge- and snowy hand, almost reaching to the nial spirits- an engagement, to the fulfil- ground in their rich redundance. By her ment of which her father decidedly refus- side, among the flowers, was her lute, and heart of one of his fair daughters. His ed his consent. For the Baron de Cler- the wind breathing through its chords seem- friends endeavored to dissaude him from robe, and followed by the gaunt, muscular mont, Dudley's uncle and guardian, was a ed to whisper of him. Dudley, dearest bis mad project, but his determination was Bourbonist. Dudley, when a mere boy, Dudley, she whispered, do you love me fixed and not to be shaken. Accompanied had joined the ranks of Napolean, and was still. A voice full of the heart's unutterawith him in several battles. He was in a ble tenderness replied: "can you doubt me, fair way for preferment, when he was re- Jessonda, my own." She looked up. De ly grace and beauty, he set off on a richly called, by the peremptory command of his Mendon was by her side. The reader may caparisoned horse of his destination. guardian But he could now be restrained imagine the rest. I will only add, that the no longer. Again he sought the ranks of fair Jessonda, in her robe of white muslin Napolean, to whom he had been devotedly falling around her like a cloud, a chaplet rode suddenly upon the banks of a rapid attached. Jessonda was young; scarcely of white roses gleaming amidst her bright stream which they took to be the Jaquesila, had she attained her sixteenth summer; hair, looked even more lovely when blessed and turning their horses' heads to the som; beautiful and childlike; yet beneath her by both parents on the day of her bridal, gentle exterior, there was a depth of ener- than ever before. self without her mother's consent; but this One calm, sweet evening in May, when she had already obtained; and she was renature was dressed in her gayest green, solved to reject the splendid offer of a no-

CHAPTER II. Woman's love can live on long remembrance; And oh how precious is the slightest thing

Affection gives and hallows. Four years have passed away and our scene opens in our own Pennsylvania, on the shores of the Susquehannah. There, like a beautiful dream than reality. With in a quiet glen, is the elegant but unpreher dark, thoughtful eyes, sparkling under tending residence of De Estival. Again it is the blossoming month of May; the sun is setting over a scene of beauty rarely | non, he descended into the plains, scatterequalled, even in our own favored land.--The modest edifice, embosomed in noble forest trees, and the porch is covered over the wild and romantic environs of Estival with jessamines, woodbine, and the rich clusters of the Tennessee rose. At the back of the house is an orchard, in full grotto, when her wild and silvery laugh bloom; the mellow notes of the mocking dimpled her rose-tinted cheeks-but angel- bird gushes from the snowy blossoming apic now, as she sat trembling, weeping, by ple tree; its low, sweet music, a hymn of his side, mourning that he must so soon de- nature, a pure fragrant offering to Heaven. But the sweetest spot is a second bower, prairie. It was strange to see what an intangled over with honey-suckles, roses blooming as did those beneath the sunny ing eyes. Believe me, dearest, beneath skies of France. All over the velvet turf those azure heavens that bend over us. I are wild flowers, scattered like gems amid fear nothing but those dark eyes. If any it, gleaming as brightly and far more beauthing, Jessonda, could ever win my spirit tiful. Afar off is the calm river, flowing from the course fate and Napolean have through its green banks, sparkling with the marked out for me, it would be thee, my light of the setting sun. Almost choking up the windows of the little parlor with its luxuriant and fragrant clusters, is a blossoming honey-suckle, loading the air with its rich and fruity odor. A small white hand pushed aside a branch bent down by low mournful voice, "You cannot aid him its heavy flowers, and by the action, frights beauty and accomplishments of his two the fierce masculine temper and defiant man. "I've done a little—a couple of hunnow. Napoleon's star has nearly set; your away a humming bird who is among the daughters, Lola and Moneta. These young disposition of her father. efforts, as well as those of other patriotic flower vases in the window. He dashes girls, breathing an atmosphere totally inspirits he is leading on to death, can avail the leaves of a tea rose in a fair face, and finds a secure retreat in a richly blossoming "We do not know it, Jessonda. Napo- mimosa, just over the bower. Jessonda, leon's star may rise again in all its glory. for it is she at the window, has in all their But however that may be, I must follow trials been the solace and delight of her him now, though it be against your con- parents. Her sweet voice could chace sent, my dearest. But it is in vain," he away the clouds of care from the brow of fortunes, the father of Henriquez, one of sombre hue and funeral pall the gay tints continued, impetuously, "to combat the im- her father, and the fair placid countenance the haughtiest of the Hidalgos of Old Cas- and brilliant colo s of life's glad, joyous pulse which has swallowed up all other of her mother, both of whom would laugh- tile, had emigrated to Mexico and married morn! ambition. My thoughts are with the squad- ingly declare that melancholy could not a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a lit was the night of the marriage.— the interrogator, who, by the by, is one of rons of Napoleon. I must be with him exist in the same place with the dark eyes brave Tlascalan chieftain, whose forefath- The robbers, with their wives and chil- those independent individuals whose "pile" of their smiling Jessonda. They were happy, and believed her so. When the repel the invasion of the perfidious Cortez. their chief. wild rose again blossomed faintly on her fair cheek, little did they know her secret sorrow. This the unselfish girl bore with silence. She struggled with her grief, and though it made the cheek that had erst been tinted with a color bright as the crim- to do homage at the shrine of these mounson lotos flower, pale as the fragrant bloswent up the North River on board the enthusiasm was short-lived; the thought soms of the sweet briar, yet she succeeded, Hendrick Hudson." After the passen- that the laurel leaves he sought might be and her parents blessed her; their hearts gers had retired to their berths, the follow- laid on his distant grave, returned with silently arising in gratitude to the giver of ing dialogue ensued in the ladies' cabin, fresh force, and she leaned her head on his all good for the blessing of such a child. On the evening I have mentioned, Jessonda just returned from a lengthy sojourn upon still?" followed the humming bird with her eye, the continent of Europe, where he had and when she saw him rest in the mimosa, she went into the bower and sat down on education. Young, brave, handsome, and the seat. Thoughts of other days were possessed of immense wealth, his return to around her; memory was busy with by- his ancestral halls had excited great interest gone hours, and many a summer scene among the dite of the city of Mexico. Numerand moon lit walk in the lone bower, came ous fetes, balls, and festivals were given in soul forever." fresh as ever before her, she took a dark honor of his arrival. Gaiety and mirth and and glossy curl from her bosom and gazed pleasure reigned around him. He breathupon it with feelings too deep for utterance. ed an atmosphere perfumed with the in- his ear. A dark cloud settled upon the The air, the scent of roses, all remind her cense awarded to wealth and station .- villain's face, and an involuntary shudof the evening she parted from Dudley, Surrounded by such circumstances, flat- dering crept over his frame.

Jessonda was the only child of the Count | the thought of her parents passed through | in exchanging the company of the phleg- | this shall be my guerdon," said he, as he and Countess de Estival, and was, as may her mind and forbade her. She leaned her matic frauleins of Heidleberg for the gracehood she had associated, at will, with Dud- of her almost worshiped Dudley, stirred riquez and the famed beauty and accom-

### From the South Carolinian. THE SISTERS;

OR, MONETA'S REVENGE. BY WILLIAM FLETCHER HOLMES, M. D.

PLYMOUTH, N. C.

Immediately antecedent to the eruption of hostilities between the rival Republics of North America, the northern portion of Mexico, comprising the States of New Mexico and Upper California-which were ceded by the treaty of 1848 to the Government of the United States-was notoriously infested by numerous and daring bands of desperadoes, or guerillas, as they were termed, who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the existing government by the frequency and audacity of their predatory incursions upon the more civilized communities—a kind of black mail warfare, similarin its main features to that waged in the olden time by the feudal chiefs of Scotland against the agricultural inhabitants of the Lowlands.

Foremost in the terror which he inspired among the more peaceful citizens of the South, and in the boldness, violence, rapine, and bloodshed which attended his hostile inroads, was Jose Henriquez, or, as he was more widely know, the Bandit of Jaquesila. Intrenching himself among the mac- dially grasping the hand of the young no though but recently arrived in our city. cessible mountain fastnesses of the Cordil- bleman. leras, between the headwaters of the Jaquesila and the Rio del Norte, Henriquez had succeeded in organizing a numerous and powerful banditti, with whom, ever and aing desolation and dismay along his track, and gathering together such booty as the people in their headlong flight had left behind them. The Executive of the Mexican Government had at various times despatched detached bodies of troops to dislodge them from their stronghold; but Henflame in its mad career over the wide-spread sical and mental strength exert over inferi- a strange fire as they encountered the Weeks passed thus agreeably. or beings. The followers of Henriquez dark orbs of the stranger. looked up to him with as much submissive deference as the followers of Rob Roy or Robin Hood may be supposed to have re- but little congeniality in the natures of the Cronotick?" asked one, addressing the garded their respective chieftains.

But renowned as Henriquez was for his savage ferocity and his deeds of reckless imical to the elegant pursuits of polite .ife, refined, and had always been regarded the nuptials. with a kind of superstitious interest by the Lowlanders.

Boasting so distinguished an origin, Henriest of the land should win his fair daught- aspect, "follow me." ers as brides. And the young bloods of the Aztec city---though they much desired the attempt.

been engaged in the completion of his and go with him; and so she would, but that Vincente regarded himself fortunate

plishments of his daughters were spoken of. Adventurous, chivalric, and ardent, he declared his intention to visit rhe Bandit in his mountain home, and lay siege to the by two faithful servauts, armed cap-a-pie. and looking the very impersonation of man-

It was several weeks after their departure when Vincente and his companions northeast, proceeded on their journey towards the rendezvous of the robbers, of this river.

On the third day after they had reached the river, Vincente was riding leisurely along, admiring the scenes which nature, in her wildest and most beautiful luxuriance, unfolded to his wrapt gaze, when the wild melody of a bugle startled him from a posture of defence, a half dozen horseman dashed upon him like an eagle in its secured were conducted to the headquar- ever' ters of the Banditti.

"What is your errand in these mountains?" said Henriquez, in a stern and imperious manner, as our hero was ushered nto his presence.

equally defiant, to seek Don Jose Henri- was prepossessing-in fact, handsome, his quez, and to do my devoirs at the shrine of dress was stylish, but not finical, and Beau one of his fair daughters."

night, and the fierce impress of unbridled true, his address was better suited to Bond passions swept like a dark and lurid thun-street than Lombard street-to Broadway der cloud over his features.

"Your name?" "Don Antonio Vincente de Abajos."

"Enough," replied Vincente, with knight-

"Permit me to introduce my daughters," continued the bandit, as he ushered his visiter into a small apartment, almost sump-

tuously decorated. visions of loveliness. Lola, the youngest, he was merely looking about him, to see was seated in a recess arranging a boquet | what could be done. His leisure was emriquez and his bold followers had as often of rare flowers sparkling with the dew of ployed and his curiosity gratified by troops swept them from their path like devouring morn. Moneta was reclining upon an of friends, who, while dining and supping ottoman, deeply engaged in the perusal of him, informed him of all that was notable one of those thrilling romances, of which in the business world of New Orleans .fluence that fierce savage robber wielded the expulsion of the Moors from Granada He had occasionally a small note to disover men equally fierce and savage. It forms so prolific a theme. Lola blushed count, to meet his current expenses; and was the mysterious fascinating power crimson, as shereplied to the salutation of here again he found troops of friends, who, which an iron will, and extraordinary phy- our hero, and Moneta's eyes flashed with "for a small consideration," did the thing.

Vincente, and he loved-Lola. There was their own thoroughfare. "Do you know two sisters. Lola was the very impersona- crowd. "Know him?-certainly-and a tion of feminine grace and gentleness; devilish clever fellow he is," answered whilst Moneta-although as beauiiful as half a dozen at once. "Have you done daring, he was no less distinguished for the the Peri of a Persian's paradise-inherited anything for him?" asked the same gentle-

transported with delight, confessed her love; bout four hundred and thirty," said Rothswere nevertheless extremely intelligent and and Henriquez yielded a willing assent to child No. 3, who, with a characteristic

But the couleur de rose did not last long. Alas, that the hell-born passions of hate, In early life, in order to repair his fallen jealousy, and revenge should cover with a "Well, its hardly worth while mentioning

ers took so active a part in the endeavor to dren, were assembled at the dwelling of is generally seized by two dimes, "you had

quez had sworn that none but the proud- a powerful man, with a moody, sinister mark, if not in Camp street." The sequel

cheek of the robber, and his heart beat al- before Recorder Baldwin yesterday mornmost audibly, as silently and unobserved ing, Vincent Diomede Cranotick, "the mertain divinities-yet so dreaded a collision he followed his companion. After pro chant prince," was arraigned on three with the fierce father, that they never made ceeding a few rods, Moneta stopped - separate charges of forgery and swindling. "Angeles," said she, and by a strong effort One was preferred by Thomas P. White Don Antonio Vincente, the sole surviving she overcome her disgust, "you loved me exchange broker, who bought a note of scion of the noble house of the Abajos, had once; I scorned your suit-do you love me him, drawn by John Gauche, to the order

> "As passionately as ever." "Will your love bear a severe test ?" "I will do anything-I will compass earth and"-

"Hush, no such rhapsodies. Do my bidding this once, and I am yours, body and

" I swear it." Moneta drew close and whispered into

"Do you repent?" said she sternly. "No, I'll do it if I'm damned for it. But

bent down to kiss her hand Moneta drew it away with an expresssion of loathing which she could not conceal.

"Enough-remember!" and she glided back into the house.

It was past midnight. Angeles might be seen securing two horses in a remote part of the forest. An hour afterwards, and the tall form of Moneta, clad in a long, dark figure of Angeles, glided into the nuptial chamber, and crept noislessly towards the couch wherefore the lovers slept. The fire of a demon gleamed from her eyes and the fell passions which rankled within her breast gloomed darkly over her countenance.

The lovers slept profoundly. Lola's arms encircled her husband's neck, and her hand nestled trustingly upon his bo-

The browny arm of Angeles was raised high above the sleepers, and the bright which was situated near the headwaters blade of a dagger glittered in the moonbeams; but it fell powerless by his side. "Fool, coward," hissed Moneta between

her clenched teeth. The next instant both arms were raised simultaneously, both daggers fell; but this time not harmlessly.

Vincente died without a groan; the his reverie, and ere he had time to assume citadel of life had been severed by the strong blow of the robber; but the expiring wail of Lola rose upon the midnight air, downward swoop. Our hero and his fol- and ere it died away the reason of the lowers were soon horse de combat, and being murderess-sister had fled its throne for

From the N. O. Delta.

### CAMP STREET TAKEN IN.

A few weeks since a stranger made his "I came," replied Vincente, in a tone appearance in Camp Street. His person Brummel would have pronounced his bijo-The brow of the bandit grew black as uterie just the thing for a gentleman. 'Tis than Wall street; but he was a foreigner, and allowances were made. Yet he was an adept in business. The prices of stocks The brow of Henriquez cleared up at were at his finger ends; the stocks of cotthis announcement. "Unhand him, fel- ton, sugar and tobacco, at every mart of lows, and retire," said ne, rising and cor- note, were familliar subjects to him; and his commercial cleverness was exhibited in "Pardon me, senor, for my rudeness; had his knowledge of the affairs of the principal houses in town. All Camp street was taken with the stranger, who, in so short a ly courtesy-your ignorance is sufficient period, distinguished himself by an extraordinary financial and commercial knowledge and acumen. He was a true specimen of the European "merchant prince," with the education and polish of a gentleman, he combined business excellence .-Never had Vincente beheld two such He had not yet "commenced operations;"

A few days since, a number of Camp st. Need I tell the sequel? The sister loved denizens met at the corner of common, and dred," said one; "Mine is a trifle over that, When Vincente urged his suit, Lola, answered the second. "I have him for ashrug of the shoulders, and a biting of his thumb nail, continued. "and I came near booking him for a cool fifteen hundred."-

my hundred," put in a fourth, "pilot fish can catch but little while the sharks are on the lookout." "Well, gentlemen," said better look out, for if I'm not much mis-"Angeles," whispered Moneta, touching taken, there is something rotten in Denproved that the misgivings of the indepen-A strange flush mounted to the bronzed dent two-dime capitalist were correct, for

of G. B. Kene, for \$220, payable in thirty days from date, May 27, 1849.

The second was preferred by Miles Judson, exchange broker, who bought a note of him, drawn by N. Dudouyt to the order of Manuel Blasco, for \$430, payable in thirty days from date, June 16, 1849, and endorsed by Manuel Blasco, to Jose Cabrera.

The third was preferred by Louis Berniaud, exchange broker, who bought a note of him, drawn by David Gouans & Co. to the order of N. Drefuys, for \$125, payable in thirty days from date, May 29, 1849.

The names of the signers of every one