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ADVERTISEMENTS. On a liberal system, will be inserted in the Weekly Commercial, at the following rates: Square, 1 insertion, \$0 50; 1 square, 2 months, \$2 00; do, 3 do, 0 75; do, 3 do, 2 50; do, 3 do, 1 00; do, 6 do, 4 00; do, 1 month, 1 25; do, 1 year, 6 00. Ten lines, or 12, make a square. If an advertisement exceed ten lines, the price will be in proportion. All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion. All advertisements inserted in the Weekly Commercial are entitled to one insertion in the Tri-Weekly free of charge.

maid, for Heaven's sake open that door, and kill one of those ladies, and then shut it and kill t'other?"—Knickerbocker.

A ROMANCE, OF TWO EVENINGS IN MAY.

BY EUPHROA. 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 him Its moonlight way before the wind, As if it bore all peace within, Not left one breaking heart behind.

Fire Worshippers. 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, was a little bower, so near the water, that in the early morning, when the delicate vines, clinging like a cloud around it, were shaken by the birds, green leaves, buds and blossoms filled the air with rich fragrance.

One calm, sweet evening in May, when nature was dressed in her gayest green, when every thing wore that characteristic wild and dreamy aspect peculiar to spring, the last ray of the setting sun rested on this lovely spot, as if it loved to linger there. The soft zephyrs of spring played among the flowers, like a laughing child, and gently parted the curls that fell in careless grace on the brow of a young maiden.

ITALY. Italia! oh! Italia! The hour has come for thee To strike the yoke from thy gates, To struggle and be free.

Still sitting on her Seven Hills, The Eternity shines, Still wears her proud tiara In the sunny land of vines.

Let not the Frenchman revel Within your storied halls, As when De Bourbon's cannon Once breached your ancient walls.

Alas! that e'er the tri-color In hostile hands should come, And rally on the Tiber's banks, The enemies of Rome—

Back! back to Paris, Frenchmen— And there, beside the Seine, Go, tell your sham Napoleon You will not bind the chain

Go, fright the tyrant's ally Where brave Mazzini's name, Tell him a leader rises in Rome, Right worthy of his fame;

ASTHMA vs. RHEUMATISM. I must tell you a "good one" which happened this summer on the same day that I went up the North River on board the "Hendrick Hudson."

Jessonda was the only child of the Count and Countess de Estival, and was, as may be supposed, at once the pride and darling of her affectionate parents. From childhood she had associated, at will, with Dudley de Mendon, and the consequences were, what might have been reasonably expected from such close companionship of congenial spirits—an engagement, to the fulfilment of which her father decidedly refused his consent. For the Baron de Clermont, Dudley's uncle and guardian, was a Bourbonist. Dudley, when a mere boy, had joined the ranks of Napoleon, and was with him in several battles. He was in a fair way for preferment, when he was recalled by the peremptory command of his guardian. But he could now be restrained no longer. Again he sought the ranks of Napoleon, to whom he had been devotedly attached. Jessonda was young; scarcely had she attained her sixteenth summer; beautiful and childlike; yet beneath her gentle exterior, there was a depth of energy and resolution, few would have believed possessed by one so young.

CHAPTER II. Woman's love can live on long remembrance; And oh how precious is the slightest thing Affection gives andallows. Four years have passed away and our scene opens in our own Pennsylvania, on the shores of the Susquehanna. There, in a quiet glen, is the elegant but unpretending residence of De Estival. Again it is the blossoming month of May; the sun is setting over a scene of beauty rarely equalled, even in our own favored land.

CHAPTER III. In early life, in order to repair his fallen fortunes, the father of Henriquez, one of the haughtiest of the Hidalgoes of Old Castile, had emigrated to Mexico and married a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a brave Tlascalcan chieftain, whose forefathers took so active a part in the endeavor to repel the invasion of the perfidious Cortez.

CHAPTER IV. In the early life of Henriquez, one of the haughtiest of the Hidalgoes of Old Castile, had emigrated to Mexico and married a beautiful Indian girl, the daughter of a brave Tlascalcan chieftain, whose forefathers took so active a part in the endeavor to repel the invasion of the perfidious Cortez.

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in exchanging the company of the phlegmatic frauens of Heidelberg for the graceful and voluptuous senoritas of his native land. All around him the deeds of Henriquez and the famed beauty and accomplishments of his daughters were spoken of. Adventurous, chivalric, and ardent, he declared his intention to visit the Bandit in his mountain home, and lay siege to the heart of one of his fair daughters. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from his mad project, but his determination was fixed and not to be shaken. Accompanied by two faithful servants, armed cap-a-pie, and looking the very impersonation of manly grace and beauty, he set off on a richly caparisoned horse of his destination.

PLYMOUTH, N. C. From the South Carolinian.

THE SISTERS; OR, MONETA'S REVENGE. BY WILLIAM FLETCHER HOLMES, M. D. 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 guerrillas, 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, similar in 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 incursions, was Jose Henriquez, or, as he was more widely known, the Bandit of Jaquesilla. Intrenching himself among the inaccessible mountain fastnesses of the Cordilleras, between the headwaters of the Jaquesilla and the Rio del Norte, Henriquez had succeeded in organizing a numerous and powerful banditti, with whom, ever and anon, he descended into the plains, scattering desolation and dismay along his track, and gathering together such booty as the people in their headlong flight had left behind them.

But renowned as Henriquez was for his savage ferocity and his deeds of reckless daring, he was no less distinguished for the beauty and accomplishments of his two daughters, Lola and Moneta. These young girls, breathing an atmosphere of polite life, unincumbered by the heavy trappings of their parents, were nevertheless extremely intelligent and refined, and had always been regarded with a kind of superstitious interest by the Lowlanders.

Don Antonio Vincente, the sole surviving scion of the noble house of the Abajos, had just returned from a lengthy sojourn upon the continent of Europe, where he had been engaged in the completion of his education. Young, brave, handsome, and possessed of immense wealth, his return to his ancestral halls had excited great interest among the elite of the city of Mexico. Numerous fetes, balls, and festivals were given in honor of his arrival. Gaiety and mirth and pleasure reigned around him. He breathed an atmosphere perfumed with the incense awarded to wealth and station. Surrounded by such circumstances, flattered, caressed, adored, it is no wonder that Vincente regarded himself fortunate

in exchanging the company of the phlegmatic frauens of Heidelberg for the graceful and voluptuous senoritas of his native land. All around him the deeds of Henriquez and the famed beauty and accomplishments of his daughters were spoken of. Adventurous, chivalric, and ardent, he declared his intention to visit the Bandit in his mountain home, and lay siege to the heart of one of his fair daughters. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from his mad project, but his determination was fixed and not to be shaken. Accompanied by two faithful servants, armed cap-a-pie, and looking the very impersonation of manly grace and beauty, he set off on a richly caparisoned horse of his destination.

It was several weeks after their departure when Vincente and his companions rode suddenly upon the banks of a rapid stream which they took to be the Jaquesilla, and turning their horses' heads to the northeast, proceeded on their journey towards the rendezvous of the robbers, which was situated near the headwaters 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 his reverie, and ere he had time to assume a posture of defence, a half dozen horsemen dashed upon him like an eagle in its downward swoop. Our hero and his followers were soon horsed de combat, and being secured were conducted to the headquarters of the Banditti.

"What is your errand in these mountains?" said Henriquez, in a stern and imperious manner, as our hero was ushered into his presence. "I came," replied Vincente, in a tone equally defiant, "to seek Don Jose Henriquez, and to do my devours at the shrine of one of his fair daughters."

The brow of the bandit grew black as night, and the fierce impress of unbridled passions swept like a dark and lurid thunder cloud over his features. "Your name?" "Don Antonio Vincente de Abajos." The brow of Henriquez cleared up at this announcement. "Unhand him, fellows, and retire," said he, rising and cordially grasping the hand of the young nobleman.

"Pardon me, senor, for my rudeness; had I known"— "Enough," replied Vincente, with knightly courtesy—"your ignorance is sufficient apology."

"Permit me to introduce my daughters," continued the bandit, as he ushered his visitor into a small apartment, almost sumptuously decorated. Never had Vincente beheld two such visions of loveliness. Lola, the youngest, was seated in a recess arranging a bouquet of rare flowers sparkling with the dew of morn. Moneta was reclining upon an ottoman, deeply engaged in the perusal of one of those thrilling romances, of which the expulsion of the Moors from Granada forms so prolific a theme. Lola blushed crimson, as she contemplated the salutation of our hero, and Moneta's eyes flashed with a strange fire as they encountered the dark orbs of the stranger.

"Need I tell the sequel? The sister loved Vincente, and he loved—Lola. There was but little congeniality in the natures of the two sisters. Lola was the very impersonation of feminine grace and gentleness; whilst Moneta—although as beautiful as the Peri of a Persian's paradise—inherited the fierce masculine temper and defiant disposition of her father."

When Vincente urged his suit, Lola, transported with delight, confessed her love; and Henriquez yielded a willing assent to the nuptials. But the couleur de rose did not last long. Alas, that the hell-born passions of hate, jealousy, and revenge should cover with a sombre hue and funeral pall the gay tints and brilliant colors of life's glad, joyous morn!

It was the night of the marriage.—The robbers, with their wives and children, were assembled at the dwelling of their chief. "As ye wish," whispered Moneta, touching a powerful man, with a moody, sinister aspect, "follow me."

this shall be my guerdon," said he, as he bent down to kiss her hand. Moneta drew it away with an expression 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 robe, and followed by the gaunt, muscular figure of Angeles, glided into the nuptial chamber, and crept noiselessly towards the couch where 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 bosom; The brown arm of Angeles was raised high above the sleepers, and the bright blade of a dagger glittered in the moon-beams; 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 citadel of life had been severed by the strong blow of the robber; but the expiring wail of Lola rose upon the midnight air, and ere it died away the reason of the murderer-sister had fled its throne forever!

CAMP STREET TAKEN IN. A few weeks since a stranger made his appearance in Camp Street. His person was prepossessing—in fact, handsome, his dress was stylish, but not fustian, and Beau Brummel would have pronounced his bijouterie just the thing for a gentleman.

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A strange flush mounted to the bronzed cheek of the robber, and his heart beat almost audibly, as silently and unobserved he followed his companion. After proceeding a few rods, Moneta stopped—"Angeles," said she, and by a strong effort she overcame her disgust, "you loved me once; I scorned your suit—do you love me still?"

"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 soul forever."

"I swear it." Moneta drew close and whispered into his ear. A dark cloud settled upon the villain's face, and an involuntary shuddering crept over his frame. "Do you repent?" said she sternly. "No, I'll do it if I'm damned for it. But

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The second was preferred by Miles Judson, exchange broker, who bought a note of him, drawn by N. Dudouy 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