

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Corresponding Editor.—ONE DOLLAR Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.
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OBSERVATIONS AND ODDITIES.

No. 5.
Storm upon Lake Huron—A French woman in distress—Mackinac Island at sun rise—Legend—Mackinac Fort and Straits—Lake Michigan—Milwaukee.

MA. EDITOR:

Darkness gathered around us thick and fast as we ploughed the deep waters of Huron, and ere long, land, sky and wave, lay wrapped in a veil of impenetrable blackness. Not a star was visible in the murky heaven over which hung a thick gloomy cloud, but all around above, below, was of an inky hue; not a breath of air fanned our brows, but a kind of heavy stillness pervaded all around us. The air too was so close, that notwithstanding we were going at a rapid rate, we were almost stifled by the heat. We had on board, including steerage passengers, four hundred and fifty seven persons, and we of the cabin, after having filled up all the berths and covered the long tables which were stationary, were compelled to resort to chairs and settees for a lodging. I was comfortably sleeping upon a couple of settees placed across the fore part of the cabin, when, about one o'clock, in the morning I was aroused by a commotion at the cabin's entrance, and I saw a number of men had struck the boat with their hands, as to put out the cabin's lights, and to cast the tables, casting their oars and pulling together upon the floor, and throw many persons with violence from their berths; one fellow said his leg was broken, another that his eye was out, and a third that he was covered with blood; one cursed, another laughed, others again prayed audibly, creating a confusion as great as ever was known upon the plains of Shinar. As soon as lights could be procured, I wended my way amid the black eyes and bloody noses which were lying in every direction upon the floor, and gained the door; here I found the water already ankle deep, rushing back and forth with every roll of the boat, in a most unpleasant manner. On gaining the upper deck, a new scene of confusion met my eye. It appeared that a breeze had sprung up directly aft, and the foretopmast had been set, and the squall coming up suddenly had swept it with the foretopmast away, which in its fall had dashed one of the chimneys, knocked in the end of the saloon which was on deck, torn the railing from the leeward side, and, worst of all, sent our hen coop, with its entire crew, on a voyage of discovery.

At the moment I reached the deck, a large and not unlovely French woman, in her night clothes, was making strenuous exertions to get overboard; two of the boat hands were occupied in preventing her, and I thought, had fully as much as they could attend to.—I shall not attempt to repeat her cries and vociferations, but the whole scene struck me as being so extremely ludicrous that I was compelled to laugh heartily. The good woman seemed to think that as the boat was going down her best plan would be to get the start of it. However, by dint of a little reasoning, and some gentle force, she was placed in her state room and locked up there.

For about three hours the wind continued to blow with considerable fury, but about daylight the clouds rolled away, the gale ceased, and the clear sun soon transformed the angry waters into one broad rolling sea of gleaming silver. At the instant the sun arose, a body upon our larboard bow which until then had seemed a floating cloud, was transformed into a tall mountain of gold skirted at its base with a green forest, and covered by a thin gauze like veil of shining mist.

This was Manitou Island; it is a high mountain composed of yellow sand which gives it, at a distance, on a clear day the appearance of a mountain of gold some of the northern Indians believe, that on this island, stand the spirits of red men who have died; to look their last upon the beauties of earth, before they start upon their journey to the distant hunting grounds.

There is a legend connected with this island which, like most Indian tales is interesting even in its improbability. They tell us that about a hundred years ago an Indian maiden called the silver Fawn was given by

her Father in marriage to the powerful chieftain of a neighboring tribe, one whom she from her heart detested. The warrior with his bride and her friends came to this spot, and through the day were rejoicing after their manner. Under the tall cedars which grow at the base of the mountain; at sunset, when they were preparing to return, they missed the bride; she could nowhere be found, until upon the topmost peak, upon the eastern side, and on the verge of a steep bluff descending many hundred feet, they saw her poised a moment over the awful gulf then leaping forward plunge into the boiling surge beneath. And once in every year, just as the sunset rays are lingering on the golden crest of Manitou Isle, they say, the Indian maiden may be seen standing upon the airy verge, a moment swaying to and fro, then leaping forward disappears in the waves below.

About one o'clock that day we arrived at Michilimackinac. This is a small town lying upon a narrow strip of land which skirts the hill upon which stands the Fort. It is of little importance save as a trading post, but as connected with the fortifications above, it is the great key to our inland Lakes, no vessel can pass from Superior or Michigan, Lakes to the South without being for some time exposed to the guns of the Fort. Indeed it would be impossible to pass at all, if opposed. A large number of Indians came aboard here to dispose of their trinkets; Baskets pin cushions, toilet cushions, Belts, Book marks and various other things all beautifully wrought in the Indian style with straw and beads. But there was one article which they sold, and of which our captain purchased largely, which pleased me better than all their fanciful toys. It was Mackinaw Trout; a fish, caught in abundance in the straits, and usually of such size, as to render famous the spot where they abound. The water here is so remarkably clear, that at a depth of twenty feet you may almost count the pebbles upon the bottom.

After leaving Mackinaw we passed a long reef of rocks running far out, over which the waves were madly dashing, sending the clear spray up to an immense height. Slowly the land receded from our view, lower and lower sunk the long dim line, until it seemed an airy streak resting upon the far horizon, then it disappeared from view, and we were once more surrounded by a waste of waters. Speaking of this, I frequently see that expression made use of, but must confess I don't look upon it as being exactly correct. All the waters of the Earth have their destined purpose to fulfill, and whatever may be the end which, as native elements they serve, the mighty uses to which mind devotes them, for bringing together those regions which nature has placed distant from each other, for manufacturers of all kinds, for commerce for pleasure, and even for saving our property from destruction, all these should effectually prevent the use of such a phrase. So far indeed from there being a waste of any thing in the world, there are a great many things of which a fellow can seldom get enough; money for instance.

But to return; nothing of importance occurred until upon the morning of the next day we anchored off the thriving city of Milwaukee. This place derives its name from the river upon which it lies; it is an Indian word and signifies "deep flowing." In 1837 it boasted a population of but three thousand, while at present it must contain nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. As you approach it from the lake, it presents a beautiful appearance; a high bluff extends from the lake inward, for about half a mile to the river which flows between bold banks toward the south. The town is built from the lake to the river upon the bluff, running some distance towards the north, and is also continued from the river, west, over the hills. The Menominee river here forms a junction with the Milwaukee, and thus divides the town into three parts, that lying between the Menominee and the inner bay, that between the Milwaukee and the lake and that between the two Rivers. So that from the Steam Boat at the pier you view it all in an immense semicircle. The large basin lying below the city was some years since divided into lots, and sold under the title of "water lots," (the waters of two large streams continually flow over it) for such sums as men at this day would never dream of.

On the morning after my arrival, I was standing upon the steps of the Milwaukee house, enjoying the clear, bracing air which came up fresh and pure from the lake, when I observed an elderly man looking somewhat disconsolately upon the broad basin below; I watched him closely, for his air was so ex-

remely dejected, so utterly woe begone, that I began to think he meditated suicide. We sat down to breakfast, but he didn't eat, and I at length managed to get into conversation with him. I found him quite an intelligent man, and when I told him my fears, he laughed heartily; he told me that in 1837 he had bought five water lots, for which he had paid five thousand dollars—and now, he continued, I am doubting whether I shall pay the taxes on them or let them go. What a comment upon western land speculation.

Before closing, I have one word to say to the chivalrous gentleman, who, by an attack upon my statements relative to the prices of provisions at Cincinnati, evinces so anxious a desire to enter the lists against me. I simply stated what I knew to have been the case at the period of my visit. I stated it as a fact; I adhere to it; and I did not comment upon it by stating that as articles of this kind only pass through one intermediate market in reaching this place, the prices which we pay for them would show an enormous profit realized somewhere; had I made such comments upon facts, there would have been some excuse for the gentleman's attack; but I did not, and do not call the attention of the public to it, and I must beg distinctly to arrow my intention, not to enter into a controversy of any kind, with any one, upon any questions arising out of any letters which I may write; I give merely the recollections of a traveller, not "pencilings by the way," and have no desire to be engaged in useless and unavailing altercation. I mean no disrespect for Mr. H., for I do not know who he is; but I would advise him to adopt the good old maxim—"look to your own concerns," (you see I am not disposed to be rude,) and doing this properly, he will have little leisure for the further display of commercial knowledge so extensive as he claims to possess.

Resquiat in pace,
PETER SNAPPS.

From the N. O. Delta, let inst.

DESCRIPTION OF DESERET.

The following letter, descriptive of the new Territory of Deseret, was sent us through the post-office. It has an authentic appearance, and we publish it *verbatim et literatim*:
SALT LEAK SITY, DESERET TERRITORY, }
15th day February, 1850. }

Affectionate, and ever to be remembered my dearest Sally: This here is to inform you that I am at the present writin still sojournin in the grate Mormon Sitty; and feel rejoiced to relate to you that I am in fine health and sperets. These Mormans are a kureous people; they are inkreasin in numbers very fast, and will befor a grate while, if they are not ousted, have a large sitty here. The grate salt leak is a kureosity itself—'tis that. People needn't cum hear for the purpose of comitten susanside by drownin themselves in the leak, for it will bare a person up just the same as a piece of wood; no possibul chance of enny boddly to drown themselves in it unless they tie a rock to their neck, or some other heavy combustibul matter. There are a grate menny purty Morman gals here, and they dress verry tidy an nice, wearin kaliker every day in this woodlan kuntry, an bein so verry fur from eery place; but I most devoutly an yearnlessly assure you that you needn't be the least oneasy or jelus, for my afflexion an luv for you will abide in my hart's core as long as I am sufferd to promulgate this world of wo, disappointment an misfortune. I not onfrquently have extensive nocturnal dreems, interspersed with good and luv for my dear Sally. I hope to return in a few years with lots of the shinin stuff, for a suffesiently to liv comfortable—in uthur words, "to liv at home an board at the same house."

To give you a detail sketch of my pregrinashuns over the planes of Abraham (so to speak) from Independence, Mo., to this place, an the menny endurin hardships I have had to encounter, wud be to me tedious and tiresum, an perhaps, to you, not verry interestin, suffis to say, I've seen sun, if you call livin four days without anything to eat or drink, which okurence tuck place on the mountains; to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothin but the truth, this wud be a grate kuntry, with but a diminutiv exception, is undoubtedly one of the poorest kuntrys in God's wide extended kreation. It is not adopted, only in small portions, to agricultural pursuits, for three grate reasons, viz: in the first place, God in makin the kuntry, forgot to finish it, that is, to give it a good coat of soil; secondly, it rains continually for about 6 months in the year, keepin all the low lands for that length of time, in a perfect stait of inuundashun; thirdly, and lastly, but not least, after the rainy season is over, the dry season sets in, which lastabout 6 months, dry up springs, rivulets and large rivers as dry as a powder-horn; and sand gets so hot that the Tarapins can't begin to live in it. Vegetation on the sandy planes is all parched up, as dry as a chip. To make a long story short, if it wernt for the gold, fur and game that's in the kuntry, it wudn't be worth more than one cent an acre. Kalafornia out to be a slave stait—the niggers wud be the fellers to dig up the shinin stuff—they could stand the hot sun, I think the climate wud agree with them. I shall bring this short epistle to a close, by singin' you a short parady on Burn's poems "West'n Winds," &c.

But Sally dear, the ev'nins clear,
Thick flies the skimmis swaller,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fadin green and yaller.

Come let us stray our tollsome way,
And view the charms of nader—
The barkin dogs, the squeelin hogs,
And eery roasted fader.

I send this here letter by two Mormon Missionery preachers, who ar goin to the Stais on a recruitin an soul savin expedition. I'll write you agin by the next opportunity to send a letter to the Stais.

Inclosed, I send you a lock of my har.

I send my luv to all,
Both big and small.

Farewel, HEZEKIAH.

"ZE NAME OF ZE STREET."

A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts. "Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street?" "Well, who said twant?" "What you call him, zis street?" "Of course we do!" "Pardonnez! I have not the name vat you call him." "Yes, Watts we call it." "How you call ze name of zis street?" "Watts street, I told yer." "Zis street." "Watts street, old feller, and don't yer go to make game o' me." "Sacre! I ask you one, two, tree several times, oftin, vill you tell me ze name of ze dam street—eh?" "Watts street, I tole yer. Yer drunk, ain't yer?"

From the N. O. Delta, let inst.

The proprietor of the "Phenix" yesterday received the following communication, post marked Boston. The advertisement having been cut from a New Orleans paper, and pasted over the felicitous commentary:

Twenty-five Dollars Reward.—Ray away from the subscriber yesterday afternoon, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M., the slave boy named Tom, about 13 years old, (a griff,) good countenance, and when spoken to will look the person straight in the face, and appear confused when addressed sharply. The above reward is hereby offered for the apprehension of said boy, and \$100 for the conviction of any one harboring said slave. Officers of vessels and steamboats are particularly requested to be on the look out.
JOHN S. CALDWELL, Phenix House,
96 St. Charles street.

"Tom is a naughty boy to run away from such a happy condition as slavery. He ought to know better, and I suppose you will teach him better when you catch him—take him to the work-house and have him flogged. If you catch me, flog me at the same time. Truly yours, TOM."

Eds. Delta: My Boston correspondent is informed that Tom has been flogged, and has again a good home. Probably my Boston correspondent wants both, and is likely to get neither, unless he comes to New Orleans.—Perhaps the discipline of the work-house is familiar to my Boston correspondent. He may have been here, and unlike my boy Tom, had not the good fortune to be brought back. Is he one of the ex-Recorder's vagrants?—And could he not have pre-paid his witty communication? He deserves the flogging he suggests, if only for that. J. S. C.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, gives the following detail: "There is now some probability, that by a curious series of circumstances, another proof will be given that 'murder will out.' Some thirteen years ago, a Scotchman on Long Island suddenly died, as was supposed of apoplexy, leaving a boy eight years old, and a widow, who appears to have had some intimacy with a person named P——r, who afterwards left for England. The boy was present when his father died. The mother had gone out of the village that day on a visit, and the boy prepared the evening meal for his father, who partook of it, and then expired. P——r and the neighbors were called in, and the next day the body was buried, no inquest having been held, not even the doctor examining the body. Soon after this, the relatives of the deceased in Scotland received an anonymous letter, stating that there had been a case of poisoning, but nothing more was thought, or done, in the matter. "The boy, after years of vicissitudes, has gained a competency; and recently, with filial reverence, proposed to have the body of his father removed to a place of sepulcher, more in accordance with his wishes. For this purpose he made arrangements for a grave stone, and for preserving the remains. A sexton was employed, and the body was discovered in the grave, where it had been placed by himself thirteen years ago. On opening the coffin, the hands, which had been fastened upon the breast originally, were found under the head, the fingers clenched in the hair, indicating that the man had been buried alive. This, however, was not all. The body retained all the freshness of life, was only a little discolored, and could not be lifted from the grave on account of its weight. "The flesh on the surface yielded to the touch, and the body was recognized by many persons in the village, and the slight change in it became a subject of general comment. "The son of the deceased not being present, the body has been covered up again; but next Saturday the grave will be opened in the presence of the friends of the family, and the mysterious affair will be explained by an examination. It is suspected that arsenic was given to the deceased. "I know more about this matter, but am

not at liberty to communicate it. The situation of the woman, who is still alive, and again married, will be an unpleasant one, but the excitement on Long Island can only be abated by an examination into the whole history of the case. The boy had very rude treatment from the mother all his life, and as a man, seems willing to have the subject fully investigated. He is an artist in this city."

EXCUSABLE EMBRACE.

A curious circumstance occurred lately at the train was going out for Newark, when rounding Bergen Cut, the engine was closely upon a gentleman and lady, who were walking up the track. The locomotive squealed and they jumped across on the other track—but horror! Just ahead was another train, from Ramapo, on this track, and the next moment would hurl them into eternity. They had no room on the outside of either track, from the embankment—and not knowing which train would pass first, were almost paralyzed! But the next moment the gentleman seized the lady, who had nearly swooned—placed her on the narrow walk between the two tracks, embraced her dress in his circling arms to keep the cowatcher from hooking it—and thus awaited their fate. The two trains passed them at the same moment, roaring and thundering on, but neither the gentleman nor lady were injured—more than an awful fright.—*Jersey City Sentinel.*

DON'T EAT AT NIGHT.—A country merchant, having procured a new clerk, waked him up the morning after he was hired, at a most unreasonable hour, by calling out that "the family were sitting down to the table." "Thank you," said the clerk, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never allow myself to eat anything during the night!"

ECHO AND THE LOVER.

Lover—Eeho! mysterious nymph declare
Of what you're made and what you are:
Eeho— Air!
Lover—Mid airy cliff and places high,
Sweet Echo! listening, love you lie,
Eeho— You lie!
Lover—Thou dost resuscitate dead sounds,—
Hark! how my voice revives, resounds
Eeho— Zounds!
Lover—I'll question thee before I go—
Come, answer now more apropos—
Eeho— Poh! Poh!
Lover—Tell me fair nymph if e're you saw
So sweet a girl as Phoebe, Shaw?
Eeho— 'Pshaw!
Lover—Say what will turn that frisky coney
Into the toils of Matrimony?
Eeho— Money!
Lover—Has Phoebe not a heavenly brow?
Is it not white as pearl—as snow?
Eeho— Ass!—no!
Lover—Her eyes! was ever such a pair?
Are the stars brighter than they are?
Eeho— They are!
Lover—Echo, thou liest, but can't deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse the stars, believe me;
Eeho— Leave me!
Lover—But come thou saucy pert romancer;
Who is as fair as Phoebe? Answer.
Eeho— Ann, sir!

WHAT A DANDY IS.

A dandy is a chap that would
Be a lady, if he could—
But as he can't does all he can
To show the world he's not a man.

The other day, a merchant, in emptying some liquor from one barrel into another, clapped the funnel into his mouth, and did not discover his mistake until he found himself running over.

There is a man in the Hoosier State, who is so lazy he wouldn't consent to run for office.

A man advertises a house to let, immediately alongside a plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season.

FRACAS AT PORTSMOUTH.

An affray occurred at Portsmouth, Va., on Thursday afternoon, between Mr. Thos. H. H. Cocke and Mr. W. W. Davis, one of the editors of the District Whig, in which the latter shot the former twice with a revolver. The Norfolk Beacon says: "The cause of the difficulty in the first instance was an editorial in reference to Mr. Cocke, which appeared in the Whig a short time back. We learn that the attack was commenced by Mr. C., who would in all probability have been killed had not the first four barrels of Mr. Davis' pistol missed fire. As it is, the wounds, which are in the hip and shoulder, are not considered serious. Mr. D. immediately came over to this city."

Execution of Americans in Cuba—The Congress Frigate—Interference of the Government, &c.

WASHINGTON, Monday, June 3.
Official information has been received of the execution of four Americans at Cuba, and of the imprisonment of between one and two hundred others. The Spanish authorities refused the Commander of our squadron permission to see the prisoners, or to permit them to be brought home for trial. The frigate Congress sailed from Cuba to intercept the Spanish vessel containing a number of Americans taken prisoners from an Island near Yucatan. She was followed by a Spanish man-of-war, Capt. Randolph, in command of the Congress, will rescue the Americans if he can find the vessel before she reaches Cuba. Dispatches have been sent by this Government to the Spanish authorities of Cuba that the arrest of Americans on any other Island will not be recognized nor permitted. These dispatches went from

here to Mobile this morning by telegraph. Mr. Clayton will not resign until this new feud with Spain is adjusted.

From the Goldboro' Telegraph. Officers of the North Carolina Volunteers.

Your attention is called to the fact, that an attempt is being made by our brethren of other States, to obtain an act of Congress granting Land Warrants to the Volunteer Officers, who served in the late war. By every rule of justice it is our right—and I have advice which leads to the belief that it will be granted by Congress, if concert of action is had on the subject.

I have been requested by many officers to call for the voice of all our brethren on the subject—and I know no better way than to address you through the newspapers.

It would undoubtedly be a source of great pleasure to all, could we meet once more, and I suggest that the Officers from every part of the State communicate through the press, and thus obtain an expression of opinion in the premises.

J. B. WHITAKER,
Adj't. N. C. Vols.

HOLDING A CORPSE FOR DEBT.

A young man, a stranger, died at a boarding house in New York, the other day, and the boarders contributed sufficient money to bury him. The Tribune says:

The man of the house was sent for the coffin, at his own request, and got one worth \$4 or \$5, for which he charged \$12. The night before the funeral he locked up the body, refusing to let the friends see it, and when the boarders and others assembled at 2 o'clock, the next day, to perform the rites of burial, the hearse being at the door, he flatly refused to unlock the door, saying that if the \$5 which the deceased owed him was not paid, he would send the body to Potter's Field. The young men, shocked at the atrocious conduct of this vampyre, borrowed the money, redeemed the dead body of the unfortunate stranger from his clutches, and buried it at Williamsburgh. The name of this imprinter of the dead is with us, but we do not choose to pollute our columns with it. Suffice it to say, almost every boarder in the house has or will leave the premises.

From the Charleston Mercury. SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

NASHVILLE, June 4, 1850.

The Southern Convention re-assembled this morning at 10 o'clock, the President in the Chair. The sitting was opened with prayer. Mr. Rhett moved that the Parliamentary Law, as laid down in Jefferson's Manual, be adopted for the government of the Convention, which was agreed to.

The Committee to which were referred the credentials and registering of the Delegates, made a report which was adopted.

The report of the Committee on organization, respecting the manner of voting, was then taken up, the Committee had recommended that the votes should be taken by States, each delegation having one vote.

Upon the question of adopting the report, a long and animated debate ensued, in which a number of members participated, and a variety of propositions by way of substitute or amendment, were offered.—The question was finally taken, and the report of the Committee was adopted. The question was taken by States, and the vote was as follows: Ayes.—Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas—9. Nays.—Alabama. The Convention then adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

THIRD DAY.

June 5. The Convention met at 10 o'clock to-day. Several delegates were announced, and admitted to seats. The names of gentlemen comprising the committee ordered to be raised were announced, consisting of two from each State, or of one from each State that has but one delegate in Convention. Mr. McRea, of Mississippi, submitted a series of resolutions, declaring the spirit of the Convention conciliatory—to preserve the constitution and the Union, and make that territory acquired by the U. States belong to the several States, to be governed by them through their agents in Congress; recommending that if the North will not accede to the South its rights, as guaranteed by the constitution, the formalities of the association will be broken, and lead to non-intercourse; that Congress has no right to discriminate between species of property held under the constitution. Referred. Mr. Chester, of Tenn., offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee on printing. The convention adjourned till 10 o'clock to-morrow.

Startling News from Santa Fe.

WASHINGTON, Monday, June 3.
Governor Washington, of New-Mexico, arrived on Saturday night, bringing important news from Santa Fe. I learn that not long before he left a public meeting was held to consider the boundary question and the claim of Texas, when a hot dispute arose between a number of citizens and Texans.—The meeting resulted in a fearful riot, which was about to end in a general fight, when the officer commanding the garrison ordered the troops to interfere and prevent bloodshed, which was done, though not without difficulty. A great excitement prevails in the city, the people of which declare that they will oppose to the utmost the attempt to force upon them the authority and laws of Texas. The riot which has now taken place is said to have been provoked at the instigation of an Assistant Quarter Master, a Texan, attached to the U. S. forces.