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VOL. 1.

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GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND HARDWARE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
C. W. BRADLEY.
April 4. 9

JOHN GAMMELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
July 10. 50

NAUTILUS
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW-YORK.
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.
W. C. LORD, Agent.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE
AND
TRUST COMPANY.
W. C. LORD, Agent.

E. J. LUTTERLOH,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 7. 5

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

SAM'L. P. GAUSE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 21. 16

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK.
March 17. 1

NEFF & WARNER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.
April 14. 13

G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

BARRY & BRYANT,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 16. 14

N. B. HUGHES,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce
and Real Estate,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and
faithfully attended to.
June 18. 42

C. N. BELL,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
FOR THE SALE OF TIMBER, LUMBER, NA-
VAL STORES, AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Two doors North of R. W. Brown's.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Aug. 8, 1846. 62

E. A. CUSHING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 4. 9

BROWN & DEROSSET,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEROSSET & BROWN,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

THOMAS ALLIBONE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 8 SOUTH WHARVES
PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on consignment of COTTON, RICE,
NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.
Refer to Messrs Brown & Derosset,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Aug. 29. 71-6m.

ALEXANDER HERRON, Jr.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packet Office,
No. 354 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to—
C. D. Ellis, Esq. } Wilmington, N. C.
E. J. Lutterloh, Esq. }
Aug. 11. 63

SANDFORD & SMITH,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOMAS SANDFORD, }
W. L. SMITH, }
March 23. 4

J. & W. L. McGARY,
GROCERS AND SHIP CHANDLERS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1846. 87

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING-CANES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. MYERS. J. M. BARNUM.
Oct. 6, 1846. 66

ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
REFER TO
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co. } New York.
Neasiah & Walsh, }
E. D. Peters & Co., } Boston.
Means & Clark, }
Walters & Souder, } Philadelphia.
A. Benson & Co., }
Oct. 3, 1846. 81

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
(Murphy's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3. 84

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

JOHN HALL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Two doors So. of the Custom House,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

H. S. KELLY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments
of produce.
March 17. 1

CHARLES BLAKESLEE,
(Successor to James Punderford),
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots and Shoes,
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

CHAS. D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

SAM'L. P. GAUSE,
AGENT FOR THE SALE OF LUMBER,
TIMBER, TURPENTINE, &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 21. 16

LOAF SUGAR, Crushed Sugar, Table Salt, Pres'd
Ginger. Just rec'd and for sale by
June 25. [4] C. W. BRADLEY.

OH.
10 BLS. Tanners Oil, 15
15 " Whale
10 " Racked "
For sale by
July 14. J. GAMMELL. 51

COPARTNERSHIP.
THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership,
under the firm of McMillan & Co. for the transac-
tion of a general retail business at White Hall, Bladen
County.

DUGALD McMILLAN,
THOS. H. LANE,
WM. B. ROBESON, Jr.
Aug. 25, 1846.

CANDY! CANDY!—Just received, and will be
opened for a few days. Superior Superior Candy.
C. W. BRADLEY. 9

SHAD.
20 BARRELS of Ocean Shad—a superior article
for family use, for sale by
Aug. 8th, 1846. J. MULLOCK. 62

OIL AND CANDLES.
30 Barrels Land Oil, 100 boxes Adamantine Can-
dles, for sale LOW, on Manufacturer's cost, by
BROWN & DEROSSET. 35

40 BLS. 13 YEARS OLD NASH BRANDY,
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.
March 28. 6

CORN.
3000 BUSHELS, a prime article, float and in
store, for sale.
Sept. 12. J. MULLOCK. 77

SUGAR AND MOLASSES.
PORTO RICO and St. Croix Sugar, in hbls. and
barrels, good retailing Molasses in hbls. and
cans. For sale by
July 7. BROWN & DEROSSET. 43

SHEETING—Four Fourths from the Rockingham
SP. (Crown) for sale by
July 7. BROWN & DEROSSET. 44

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTORY,
Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.

THE subscriber takes this method
of informing his friends and the public general-
ly, that he has taken the store formerly occu-
pied by Porter and Blakeslee, and immediately opposite
the Chronicle Office, where he is now opening a com-
plete assortment of
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Martingales,
Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Collars,
Whips, Spurs, Bits, &c. &c. &c.
All of which will be warranted of good manufacture
and materials, and will be sold low for CASH.
Having long experience in the above business, he
flatters himself that he will be able to render full sat-
isfaction to those who may be disposed to patronize
him.
It is his intention to keep no Books, but to adopt
the CASH SYSTEM, by which means he will be
able to furnish articles more cheaply than they have
heretofore been bought in this market.
REPAIRING of all kinds done at the shortest
notice.
Aug. 6, 1846. JOHN J. CONOLEY. 1y61

SUGAR, COFFEE, BRANDY, &c.
20 Bags Rio Coffee, 10 do. Laguira do.
4 Hbls. Porto Rico Sugar, 1 do. N. Orleans do.
10 Barrels Apple Brandy, 5 do. Pure Rye Whiskey.
40 Bags Shot, Raisins, Eggs and Cheese.
Also on hand, 25 Bbls. Common Whiskey, 16 Hbls.
Molasses. C. W. BRADLEY.
April 11. 12

For Rent.
THE Store at present occupied by R. H. Grant &
Brother—possession given the 1st of October.
Apply to
Aug. 4, 1846. J. D. L. VE. 60

FLOUR.
BEST Canal Flour. For sale, by
Sept. 26. E. PETERSON. 84

TO RENT.
THE large fire proof store near the Rail Road
Bridges, at present occupied by E. P. Goswami,
is now well finished offices, in the fine front building
on Water Street, over the stores of Smith, Mitchell
& Girdle.
That large and convenient Wharf on Eagle's Island,
opposite Town and known as the site of the Phoenix
Distillery, 220 feet front, and running back 1600 feet
with convenient dock, Warehouse 40 by 80 feet, negro
quarters, &c. all in good repair. Apply to H. Nutt,
Sept 25, 1846. 81 ft.

RICE.
50 CASKS freshly beaten Rice. For sale by
BROWN & DEROSSET.
Sept. 24. 80

YARN AND SHEETINGS.
A CONSTANT supply on hand, for sale extensiv-
ly upon Manufacturer's account. By
SANDFORD & SMITH.
July 18. 53

FOR RENT.
A FINE roomy store, in Mr. Parsley's building,
one door north of the Custom House. For terms
apply to
July 23. E. J. LUTTERLOH. 23

CROCKERY—Plates, Cups and Saucers, Pitchers,
Basins and Ewers, Bowls and Mugs, Jugs and
Demijohns, Tumblers, Glass Lamps.
C. W. BRADLEY. 9
April 4.

NEFF & WARNER
HAVE just received per Schrs. E. S. Powell and
R. W. Brown,
At their General Ship Chauldery and
Family Grocery Store,
The following supply of GOODS, which they offer
for sale on most accommodating terms, viz:
20 BLS. Family do. 20 St. Domingo do.
20 " Packet do. 6 chests Yr. Hysop Tea,
1000 lbs. Smoked Beef, 10 " Black do.
20 " Meal Tongues, 12 boxes Lemon Syrup,
20 " Mess Pork, 6 " Lemons
20 " Prime do. 10 boxes Sperm Candles
20 boxes Cheese, 20 " Tallow
10 lbs. Canal Flour, 30 " Cut Nails, as sizes
20 " Pilot Bread, 20 do. Ship Spikes,
20 " Navy " 500 lbs. Cop. Sheath Nails,
20 " Soda Biscuit, 100 lbs. Copper Tacks,
20 " 60 kegs No. 1 White Lead,
1 Hbl. Porto Rico Sugar, 40 " Extra do.
6 Bbls. Crushed Sugar, 20 " Black Paint,
10 " Powdered " 50 Cans Imperial Green,
1000 lbs. Loaf " 30 " Paris "
10 bags Laguira Coffee.

A general assortment of Summer Clothing. A
general assortment of Wood and Willow Ware.
Also, per Schrs. Wilmington, and Reg. Duffell:
30 boxes Tobacco; 10,000 Spanish Segars, assorted
Brands; 30,000 American do.
7 cask First rate French Brandy, with Custom House
Certificates. And 5 casks London and Philadelphia
Porter.
All of which we offer for sale on accommodating
terms. N. & W.
Aug. 13, 1846. 64

MESS AND PRIME PORK for Sale by
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.
Sept. 15. 78

FOR SALE.
A FIRST RATE northern built Buggy. For sale
low, by
BROWN & DEROSSET. 50
Sept. 21.

FLOUR.
50 BARRELS Richmond Flour, 15 barrels Canal
Flour. For sale, by
BROWN & DEROSSET. 80
Sept. 24.

FOR RENT.
ADWELLING on Second between Market and
Dock Street, at present occupied by Mr. August-
ine, well adapted for the accommodation of a small
family. Apply to
J. MULLOCK. 77
Sept. 12.

MUSKETS! MUSKETS!!
200 MUSKETS of a very superior quality at
a remarkable low price, made expressly for
the use of Planters, just received, and for sale by
HART & POLLEY. 451
July 13, 1846.

JUST RECEIVED—A full assortment best Cut
J. Nails, Grain Scoops, Short Scythes, Spades, Shovels
and Spikes, Cast Steel Shovels and Spades, Common
do. Long Handle Shovels, Assorted Hollow
Ware, Ploughs and Points, Corn Shellers, &c.
C. W. BRADLEY. 9
April 4.

GLUE—4 Bbls. Good glue, for sale by
J. GAMMELL.
July 7. 43

JUST RECEIVED—Per Schrs. Jonas Smith, 10
Jacks prime Graham Flour, 10 lbs. Cakes, 6
Bbls. Pilot Bread, and for sale by
August 1. [50] E. J. LUTTERLOH.

THE
TALE OF A NIGHT.
BY ROB WILLIS.
"Peace, child of passion—peace."
BYRON.

CHAPTER I.
"Come hither, slave—I would yet
further question thee of this strange tale
which casts such foul disgrace on my
name and family. Enter this closet."
The person thus addressed did as de-
sired, and as his master concluded, hav-
ing stepped across the threshold, secur-
ed the door behind him. He was one of
that class of slaves who were kept by
Roman noblemen to attend their persons,
and therefore possessed greater immuni-
ties than his brethren in servitude.—
Frequently from this attendance on his
master (or mistress as the case might be)
becoming intimate with private matters
and secrets of the family, he was more
kindly treated, and received a greater
share of confidence than he would have
had he been otherwise circumstanced.
But to proceed.—The Roman, as soon
as he had sat down, said in a tone,
which though low, but partially conceal-
ed the emotion which rebelled within
him—"Thou art certain then 'twas
she, and could be none other?"

"The slave, bowing downward, mur-
mured—"even as thou hast said."
"I was yesternight, you say?"
"Yes, at the first hour of the even-
ing."

"Where met they? Tell me—tell all,
for my brain grows confused. Speak!
—by the gods! speak on and let it be
true, as you fear death!"
"As I have said before, I now repeat
—I saw her enter the temple porch: I
followed as you had commanded me,
having disguised myself, and penetrat-
ed, unobserved, into the inner hall;
there I hid myself behind a column in
the shadow, in such a position that I
could look out upon the shrine. I had
not been stationed long before I heard
the sound of footsteps advancing. I
crouched down by the base of the pil-
lar, and the figure passed close beside
me—so near that I might have touched
the hem of the garment. I watched,
and presently when the light from the
altar lamp fell full upon that face, I re-
cognized her of whom we speak."

"Quick—quick—what followed?"
and the Roman passed his hand over
his brow.
"She had not proceeded far before
she reached some tapestry hanging, she
drew it aside. I could see that a single
lamp was burning behind it; that it
appeared to be a small hall reserved for
the Priest."

"Enough, I know it, what didst thou
next?"
"I then crept slowly and silently
down towards where she entered, and
concealed myself in the curtains to await
what might follow. Whilst there I saw
a priest within the recess whom I was
unable to recognize. They held con-
versation together, but what the purport
was I could not discover. After a time
they disappeared by another door; I
slipped within the room which they had
left; her veil was lying on the floor;
there was nothing else I could identify.
I listened at the door, but could hear
nothing, and concluded that they had
gone further into the temple. I was soon
startled, however, by the sound of foot-
steps within the hall by the shrine. One
moment more and I would have been
detected. I contrived, however, again
to secure my hiding place in the tape-
stry, and the person, whoever it was pass-
ing near me, entered the recess, and fol-
lowed after a time the course of those
who had been there before. Afraid of
being detected, I left my concealment,
and stole along in the shadows of the
columns until I arrived at the outer door
of the hall. There I paused to reflect,
and determined not to return home un-
til I saw her again, I took my seat in a
niche on the portico completely conceal-
ed by the statue of the goddess. I short-
ly afterwards perceived the object of my
solicitude, about to leave the temple by
another door which I had not before ob-
served. The priest was still with her.
I saw them embrace, and after a few
minutes conversation, of which I could
only detect the words "To-morrow
night"—"Temple"—he left her, and re-
entered by the same door. She then
disappeared hastily down the long ave-
nue, and when all was again quiet, I
ventured from my covert and reached
hither before her arrival. I saw her
enter hurriedly and instantly retire to
her chamber. What followed I know
not."

The slave ceased speaking, and his
master, who appeared to have been re-
volving in his mind whether the words
"to-morrow night and temple" did not
signify the lady's intention of again
visiting the temple, started up, mutter-
ing between his teeth. "'Tis so: 'tis so."
Then addressing Thracius, he said,
"Dost thou know whether she intends
to renew her interview? Didst thou see
any signs of such intent?"
"She said she would be left alone for
this evening, and has retired to her secret
chamber. I have not seen aught of
her since. What more she purposes I
know not."
"Sawest thou aught more to breed
suspicion?"
"Nothing more."
"The Roman hesitated a moment, as
if to reflect, and then fitfully exclaimed,
" 'Tis enough. All is as I thought. The
gods curse her for her guile!"
All this seemed to be extorted from
him, in spite of himself. Suddenly he
started up, as if struck by a new idea.
"Thracius, do thou prepare our mules;
disguise thyself; hang a dagger at thy
side; and come to me an hour hence.
Hasten; do as thou hast heard; and thy
fidelity shall be rewarded. See thou
tell none of this. Away."

"The slave departed, and left his mas-
ter to his meditations.
Aemilius—such was the nobleman's
name—was fearfully moved, and his
spirit seemed struggling in the unrelax-
ing grasp of a giant—a demon, which
maddened the brain or gnawed the
heart, even at its very core, till reason
became a maniac. And what was that
demon which so horribly possessed him?
None other than Jealousy.

He had at first been incredulous, but
when he linked together the various
circumstances which the slave had re-
lated, it formed such an irresistible
chain of evidence, that his mind had
been unable longer to deny the truth of
his darkest suspicions. There had, how-
ever, been a frightful struggle for the
mastery between those two mighty pas-
sions of Love and Jealousy, in which
the first, ardent as it once was, had been
finally quenched by the bitter waters of
the latter.

Yet it had been a frightful struggle, a
long contest; for how could he believe
that one in whom he confided so much
—whom he almost adored, loved even
to madness, and who professed to return
his passion with the same degree of ar-
dor as he himself lavished upon her,
could ever deceive him. The heart said,
"it is false;" but stubborn facts stared
him in the face, and he was compelled,
however reluctantly, to acknowledge
that his suspicions must be just; and this
horrible conviction flashed on his brain
like light into darkness, astounding and
alarming.

Whenever the love is mighty, its an-
tagonistic passions are weak; but still
they are like sleeping giants, and when
started from their lethargy are fearfully
powerful, unconquerable, and pitiless;
withering and crushing the finest feel-
ings of the heart.

The Roman had been pacing back
and forth through the chamber, in an
inexpressible access of passion, mutter-
ing words of direful import, but in such
a tone that none save himself understood
them. Delirium had evidently almost
unseated reason, and images of horror
and rage were passing before the eyes
of his mind, beckoning him on to deeds
of vengeance and blood. Enough,
enough—the fire in his veins was un-
endurable, and he passed forth into the
open gardens to cool his fevered brow
with the fresh breath and the soft dews
of twilight.

CHAPTER II.
"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."
BYRON.

It was a beautiful chamber where
Pyrrha, the object of all these suspicions,
was at this time reclining. In the little
niches of the wall were stationed exqui-
sately fashioned figures of the deities of
Rome and Greece—the fanciful gods
and goddesses of the poets—haughty
June in her graceful car, drawn by her
favorite birds; and Pallas, the offspring
of the thunderer's brain, with the silver
helmet upon her lofty brows, and the
gorgon-headed Agis by her side. These
were not all, for there stood the goddess
of the silver bow, the virgin queen of
fight, extending her fair arm, and hold-
ing the glittering arrow between her ta-
pering fingers, looking as majestic as
when she slew the daring hunter of old,
or smiled down upon the happy Edo-
nion. And Cytherea, the far-famed Cy-
thera, in whose honor the birds of Greece

and Rome had sung their sweetest lays,
seated upon a rock by the ocean shore,
was tastefully arranging the delicate
curls over her ivory shoulders—her waist
was spanned by that magic girdle which
made all who wore it the subjects of ad-
orable love, and her whole figure seem-
ed but the peerless embodiment of some
classic ideal, such as none but a divinity
could have imagined, none but a god
have modelled.

In one end of the same chamber was
Pyrrha's toilet—a spotless slab of marble
perfectly polished supported by burnished
little cupids, their graceful fingers re-
ceiving the smooth surface and their well-
led quivers aiding them to hold the super-
structure firmly in its position, thus giving
the whole an appearance of frail and deli-
cate beauty, and displaying the perfec-
tion to which the arts had been carried.
All the various articles made use of by
the Roman ladies at the toilet were there
—perfumery, paints, ornaments, all were
there.

The lamp which illuminated this part
of the room was placed in the hands of
a figure representing Phœbus, one arm
alone supported it, the other contained
his unbent bow, and the quiver bright
with arrows hung lightly over his finely
moulded shoulders.

But the mistress of all these was love-
lier than they. She was reclining on a
couch opposite the toilet; magnificent
curtains of the finest texture and richest
colours hanging behind her upon the
wall and gently rustling with the inces-
sant stir of the evening breeze among
them. The pale light fell softly on her face,
a face perfect as beauty's self, and such
an Appelles might vainly have attempt-
ed to trace upon canvass and a Phidias
have uselessly endeavored to imitate in
marble; grace smiling in the cheeks and
loveliness conspicuous in her whole
countenance: black, glossy black curls
hung down her bare shoulder, for the
foldings of the robe had fallen down upon
her breast and left one arm and also
a small portion of her bosom uncovered.
Her naked arm was gracefully laid be-
side her upon the couch, and the dark
lashes of her eye lay motionless over the
bright orb beneath. She was not long
in this position, however, for suddenly
rising she advanced to an opening in
the wall—drew aside the curtain, looked
out, and seeming to take observation of
something, lingered there awhile. After
leaving the window she communed with
herself in a low tone of voice, when en-
veloped herself in a peculiar species of cloak
so as completely to disguise her features,
left the room, and passed by an unfre-
quented path through the garden into the
street which opened upon the Tiber.

The beautiful moon was shining, and a
thousand stars displayed their emulous
torches over the unbounded expanse of
ether; below the river lay tentulously
bright, appearing like a stream of silver
in the midst of the hilly landscape.

It was a lonely, seemingly deserted
way which conducted from thence to the
temple, and few ventured there, lest they
should be apprehended as followers of
the Nazarene, and dragged away to pun-
ishment, to suffer, if not by sword or fire,
the yet more horrible death of drowning.
Slight suspicions then justified fearful
cruelties and tortures, such as demon
natures might rejoice in.

CHAPTER III.
"Art thou ready? 'Yes, master.'"
ROBERTSON CARSON.

Again, and the master and slave are
together—both so disguised as to render
the incapability of recognizing un-
questionable—and ready for the exe-
cution of their purpose.

Aemilius first broke the silence, by
asking Thracius, "Are all things pre-
pared? Hast thou left the mules behind
the wall?"
"All is ready. I have the dagger
thou commandest me to wear. Thou
mayst judge if this cloak does not conceal
me sufficiently. The mules are made fast
by the olive trees, and I wait thy fur-
ther orders."

"I saw her but now pass from her
chamber into the garden. Look—look
down yonder avenue. Is not that her fi-
gure, my master?"

The Roman, turning in that direction,
really observed the figure of a woman
fitting, as it were, through the shadows
of the trees; but he could not recognize
her person, as she was completely en-
veloped by a mantle—concealed, beyond
the possibility of detection. He sudden-
ly turned on the servant, saying, "Will
she discover the mules, thinkest thou?
If so, all is undone. Follow and ob-
serve her, and return speedily."

The slave left the room, and appear-
ed shortly afterwards pursuing the
path which the lady had taken, but still
keeping at such a distance that he might
not be detected by her, carefully picking
his steps, lest a rustling bough or snap-
ped stem should alarm her, and excite
suspicion. Aemilius observed him from
the window, and smiled with inward
satisfaction at his fidelity and readiness
to execute his master's command. He
then drew from his breast a scroll, and
having perused it attentively by the