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WILMINGTON, N. C.

# THE COMMERCIAL.

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EDWARD CANTWELL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR  
SOUTH CAROLINA.  
OVER DR. EVANS'—EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND  
HARDWARE,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
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COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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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.

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COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA)  
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FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES  
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For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce  
and Real Estate,  
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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. 6 South Wharves  
PHILADELPHIA.

Address made on consignment of COTTON, RICE,  
NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.  
Refer to Messrs. D. D. D. & Co.  
Wilmington, N. C.  
Aug. 29. 11 emp.

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, (N. C.) Post Office,  
No. 25 NORTH WHARVES,  
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AGENT AND COMMISSION  
MERCHANT,  
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS AND  
COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding  
of Goods. Orders fitted on the best terms, when  
cash is enclosed, or produce in hand.  
N. R. Ferry is found at the Store of E. Turlington  
corner of Water and Princess streets, where may be  
found a general assortment of groceries for both Town  
and Country trade.  
Nov. 10. 100 y

R. H. STANTON & CO.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS,  
And dealers in  
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,  
SHOES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY,  
TIN WARE, CROCKERY, &c.  
R. H. Stanton, }  
L. N. Barlow, } Wilmington, N. C.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, a general assortment of  
CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign  
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.  
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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 Penderford),  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Boots and Shoes,  
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

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

SANDFORD & SMITH,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THOS. SANDFORD, WM. L. SMITH,  
March 22.

BLANKS  
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE  
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.  
General Commission Merchants,  
Nos. 5 & 6, South Wharves,  
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on ship  
ments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.  
Refer to  
SAMUEL POTTER, Esq., } Wilmington, N. C.  
JOHN GAMMELL, Esq., }  
January 18. 128-ly

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

THE subscriber takes this method  
of informing his friends and the public gener-  
ally, that he has taken the store formerly occupied  
by Porter and Hakeslee, 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.  
JOHN J. CONOLEY,  
Aug. 6, 1846. 151

TO RENT.  
SEVERAL well fitted offices, in the fire proof  
building on Water Street, over the stores of Smith,  
Mitchell & Gads.  
That large and convenient Wharf on Eagle's Island,  
opposite Town and known as the site of the Phoenix  
Distillery, 230 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 ff.

THE OLD ROCK SPRING FOREVER!  
THE Rock Spring Restaurant is now open for  
the accommodation of the Public, where every  
Refreshment the market affords may be had, at all  
hours of the day or night. The Bar is supplied with  
choice Liquors, Wines and Cigars.  
DAVID THALLY,  
Dec. 12, 1846. 114

WHOLE, HALF, & SMALL RICE,  
IN Lots, or by the Single Cask, by  
W. C. LORD.  
Feb. 3, 1847. 135.

SUPERIOR Negro Blankets, and Kerseys, for sale  
by  
[Oct. 31, 26] C. W. BRADLEY.

NOTICE.  
ALL Persons are hereby cautioned not to remove  
Trees or Firewood from off the Herow Land,  
as any such trespass will be visited by the penalty of  
the Law.  
JAMES P. McREE.  
January 28. 137-c

ASH OARS.  
5000  
FRET Extra Ash Oars,  
Received this day for sale, by  
J. & W. L. MCGARY.  
Dec. 4. [110]

DAHLIA GLASSES, &c.  
JUST received, per Schooner Fayetteville,  
16 pair Dahlia Glasses, assorted sizes and colors,  
40 doz. Bar Decanters;  
30 doz. Toy Tumblers;  
16 doz. Toy Ewers and Basins (glass);  
6 pair cut Salts; 6 doz. Toy Plates;  
1 doz. Fountain Inks;  
1 crate, 120 doz. Edge Plates.  
J. H. ROTHWELL.  
Dec. 18. 116

NEW NOVELS  
AT  
The Book store.  
IDLE Hour Book; Sylvester Sound;  
Lady of Monrovia; Elmer Willys;  
My Shooting Box; Sketches of Impudence;  
The Redskins; Three Guardsmen;  
Fleming Field; Cruise of Mist;  
Nick Brown; Star Gull;  
Widow's Walk; Beau Butterfly;  
Holdberg; Gambler's Wife;  
Prairie Bird; Rhyming Dictionary;  
Count of Monte Cristo; Lucrèce;  
Cruikshanks' Table Book; Water Cure;  
Mrs. Eliza Hemmings; Captain O'Sullivan;  
Bush Ranger; &c. &c. &c.  
E. A. CUSHING.  
Dec. 30. 120

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.  
25  
BOXES, various brands, Virginia Tobacco  
For sale low, apply to  
SANDFORD & SMITH.  
Jan. 18. 129.

MASTER'S OF VESSELS  
WILL have a supply of fresh baked Pilot and Na-  
val Bread, at  
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.  
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

TURKEY FIGS.  
JUST RECEIVED 50 Drums of fresh and very su-  
perior Turkey Figs, in small drums.  
For sale low, at  
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.  
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

MESS BEEF  
ON hand, a few barrels Mess Beef, which will be  
sold low, on consignment, by  
J. GAMMELL.  
Dec. 16. 119

CIGARS, CIGARS!  
8000  
SPANISH Cigars of Choice brands, di-  
rect from Havana, for sale, by  
J. HATHAWAY & SON.  
Nov. 24. [105]

MOLASSES.  
58  
HDOS. of Prime Molasses, now land-  
ing from Brig Lisbon, will be sold, delivered at  
the 1st day of December next, by  
J. HATHAWAY & SON.  
Nov. 24. [105]

CAROLINA HOTEL.  
THE undersigned has leased this well  
known HOTEL. He has given it a  
thorough cleaning and re-fitted it through-  
out, and will be prepared to furnish the best accom-  
modation to Boarders and the travelling Public, on  
Monday, the 19th day of October.  
FREEMAN RUGGLES.  
Oct. 17, 1846. 90 emp.

Is She Happy?  
From Printer's Magazine

'How could you come here to-day?' was  
the greeting that awaited an elegant-looking  
man from a very lovely woman, who entered  
her drawing-room at the announcement of a  
visitor. 'Why abuse the unfortunate power  
you have gained over me, Charles?'

'I cannot help it—I cannot exist without  
seeing you, Mary. Bid me do any thing on  
earth but this! What injury am I doing  
you by a mere call? Have you no pity for  
me, or is the opinion and imaginary dread of  
the world to usurp every feeling of your  
heart?' was the impetuous reply.

'Every feeling of my heart!' repeated she  
as she sunk on the sofa beside her. 'Did  
you not promise me to stay away from here  
for some time? You appear to have no re-  
gard for my reputation—you cannot have?'

'What, because I make a call upon you an  
hour when I scarcely expect even to find you  
at home, and, if at home, surrounded by peo-  
ple? And even if you are alone, what is  
there remarkable in my being here?—I, who  
have known you from childhood, and almost  
like one of our own family, why should I  
not see you alone?' was again the impetuous  
reply.

'After the conduct pursued towards me by  
your family, and after the fact being known  
of your feelings toward me, and worse, of  
mine towards you, surely common sense tells  
you, and religion, if I have any,' she exclaim-  
ed, in broken accents, 'would tell me, that  
we ought not to meet. But I tell you again,  
Charles, if any more observations are made  
upon me, or if you give the power by your  
attentions to have me lightly spoken of, I will  
part from you for ever, though I should die  
from the separation.'

'And you call yourself an unworthy per-  
son!' was the taunting reply. 'You, Mary,  
say you hate the world; why, you worship  
it! You deny yourself the gratification of  
your best feelings to bow to the idol of your  
heart—the world!'

'Do I deserve this of you?' was the plead-  
ing reply, as she rose and walked across  
the room to the further end, and placed her-  
self at the work table. 'Spare me, dearest—  
spare yourself! for we are only augmenting the  
misery we have brought upon ourselves.  
If you do not mind my being ill-spoken of—'

'Who speaks ill of you?' again interrupted  
her lover. 'Is it not exactly the reverse?'  
Every body loves you, every body praises  
you. Are you not thought the best wife to  
the most indifferent, selfish man that ever  
lived? Are you not beloved by all the poor  
and wretched in the neighborhood? But  
you always judge yourself so harshly: ever  
merciful to others, and ever—'

'I, who sin so deeply,' was the low re-  
ply, 'may well be lenient to others.'  
'In what do you sin? Show me another  
woman that would have acted as you have  
done! What but your goodness and purity  
has turned me from evil? And I will bless  
you, Mary, for the change, even though I  
never am more to you than at this moment!'  
And he rose and crossed to her, and took her  
hand, which trembled in his. After looking  
at her in silence for a few minutes, he drop-  
ped the small, feverish hands, and with a sigh  
turned from her.

'How selfish I am!' he said, after a few  
turns up and down the room. 'Shall I go,  
Mary?'

'No!—no!' she answered, 'now you are  
here, stay a little while, and tell me—no!'  
she said, in an entreating tone, as he came  
towards her and sat down by her, 'not there;  
sit where you were, and tell me how you  
succeeded in your attempt at the Horse  
Guards. Is there any chance for you?'

'Yes, every chance,' he replied. 'Our  
regiment is likely to leave England in two  
months, and—Mary, dearest, how pale  
you are!' and he flew towards her, and caught  
her as she fell back on her chair. He pressed  
her to him, and in a few moments a burst  
of tears relieved her. As he was still sup-  
porting her, a thundering knock at the door  
caused both to start, and she, trembling and  
blushing, rose hastily, saying—

'What shall I do? Suppose it's your mo-  
ther, what will she think of me? What  
shall I do? I must go to my room; I shall  
meet them on the stairs?'

'Shall I go?' said he, in an angry tone;  
for, upon my word, one would suppose that,  
this house was my mother's. What if it is  
she, are you not your own mistress? Can  
you not receive whom you please?'

'I must go; I shall faint, Charles, if she  
says anything to me. Why, oh! why did  
you come to-day? And she ran up stairs,  
shut herself up in her room, threw herself  
on her knees, murmuring and sobbing, 'God  
be merciful to me, for my heart is breaking!'

Five years previous to the opening of this  
tale, our heroine, Mary Hawthorn, the young-  
est daughter of a professional man of emi-  
nence residing at the west end of the town,  
had made what, amongst her friends, was  
termed a capital match. She married a man  
who stood well in the opinion of the world,  
that is to say, he was termed 'an honourable man,'  
that is to say, he would not cheat his butcher  
or his baker, &c. He picked himself on his  
punctuality, his word was his bond. He was  
rather a gay man, to be sure, but that was  
nothing; and he was agreeable! He was  
twenty years older than his bride, but, then,

as her friends remarked, 'she was very  
young', and, though last not least, he had a  
capital income; and as it was well known  
that Mr. Hawthorn, our heroine's father, lived  
beyond his income, that was an excellent  
thing; so, in every way, she was voted a  
very lucky girl.

Poor Mary had neither mother nor sister;  
she had brothers who thought it would be a  
very pleasant thing to drink some of Robin-  
son's good wine. Her father had little time  
to think about his family. But if Mary did  
like him, or fancied she did; and every body,  
particularly the mammas, talked to her of the  
immense advantage it was to settle well, and  
how glad they should be at such an offer for  
their girls. And so Mary was married.

There was one family with whom, from  
infancy, Mary had been intimately associated.  
Their eldest son was in the army, about the  
same age as our heroine.

Charles Lawrence was a noble being,  
richly endowed by nature, in heart, in mind,  
and in form; unflinching for the world by his  
sensitive organization, and habitually romantic  
turn of mind, reserved and proud, but where  
he loved, unbending in his confidence. He  
was thought cold by some, selfish by others,  
when in reality it was indifference to the good  
or ill opinion of those he cared not for.

From childhood Mary and himself had  
been, from their similarity of taste and feel-  
ing, strongly united. In consequence of  
Charles going to complete his education at a  
military college, prior to his entering the ar-  
my, the attachment, however, that had sub-  
sisted between them had hitherto been that  
calm and pure feeling which exists in early  
youth, before passion, with its desolating  
power, enters the heart; and when Mary  
wrote to apprise him of her marriage, though  
a feeling of regret arose that she should be-  
long to another, still his answer to her letter  
contained wishes for her happiness, as fervent  
and sincere as ever came from the heart.

When he returned to England, upon his  
first leave of absence, Mary had been purpose-  
fully invited to join the family circle. When  
she entered the room, and noiselessly walk-  
ed towards the happy party, she stood in utter  
astonishment at the total change, in manners  
and appearance, of her former playmate. He  
was now a gay, dashing looking man, with  
all the ease of manner that a military life  
generally produces; and as he turned and  
gazed at her, her eyes fell beneath the look  
of ardent admiration bestowed upon her, and  
she blushed as she extended her hand to-  
wards him.

He was no less struck by the change a few  
years had produced in her. Her form was  
more slight, and even girlish, than before  
her marriage; her complexion as clear and  
lovely; but her eyes were no longer the  
same; the large, clear, blue orb, that former-  
ly looked full at you, now held only mourn-  
ful looks, as if tears had clouded, not dim-  
med, the radiance that youth still ought to  
possess.

'Is she happy?' was the abrupt and start-  
ling question he put to his mother, as soon as  
an opportunity offered. The answer was,  
'She ought to be, for Mr. Robinson lets her  
do as she likes—never interferes with her;  
she has a beautiful house, plenty of money,  
and sees lots of company. I only wish Ellen  
or Rose could get as well settled.'

Charles was not satisfied with the answer;  
he knew well that more was required for the  
happiness of the loving heart and enthusias-  
tic mind of Mary than the position referred to,  
and he availed himself of the privilege of  
his early intimacy to discover the fact. It  
was soon learnt—she was a neglected wife  
to a worthless man; and, with her quick  
sensibilities and lively feelings, what wonder  
was it that, upon being thrown into the society  
of the friend of her youth, she gave her-  
self up to the new feeling that soon gained  
entire possession of her? Her husband had  
scarcely excited her feelings, her sympathies  
never. Cold and indifferent in heart, he  
was peculiarly unsuited to the impetuous  
character of Mary. She could not exist in a  
state of indifference, and soon turned hope-  
lessly from one who never attempted to study  
her happiness to one who existed only when  
he administered to her wishes.

When Charles joined his regiment,  
though no words of unhalloved love had  
passed between them, they existed only for  
each other; and yet no thought of evil mingled  
with the intense enjoyment they felt  
and had any one presumed to tell Mary that  
she loved Charles Lawrence as no wife ought  
to love another than her husband, she would  
have spurned the idea. But even this pang  
was spared her; and she gave herself up to  
the bright, hope of their meeting again in  
three months.

The three months passed in the dreary  
existence, that less creative; their letters were  
a source of unbounded delight, being the  
means of communicating many thoughts and  
feelings that in conversation would have led  
to an explanation between them, and thus  
destroyed the illusions and deceptions which  
they contrived to throw around their hearts.  
They did not wish, in truth, to examine the  
cause of the enjoyment they mutually felt;  
conscience, perhaps, told them—or, of all e-  
vents, prudence—that, once awakened to the  
state of their feelings, they could no longer  
continue the blissful life they were leading.  
How long such uncertainty would last it is  
difficult to say, circumstances, occurring

which led unexpectedly to a *deposition* nat-  
ural in such a case. About a month after  
the return of Charles, his family began to  
notice the attention he was paying Mary, as  
being greater than even his early friendship  
permitted, and he was made acquainted, with  
this fact in a letter from his mother. The  
letter contained the most injurious suspicions  
of Mary. It was written, as he soon discov-  
ered, with the most worldly motives; refer-  
ring only to the evil it would cause him, and  
using arguments to induce him to return to  
his regiment the least likely to influence him.  
The dream was indeed broken! 'But Mary  
may be kept in ignorance of their cruelty,'  
was his first thought, as he read again, and  
again the dreadful truth, as far as his feelings  
were concerned, and the vile slander that  
dared touch so hallowed a being. 'He  
would never forgive them to his dying day,'  
were the last words he said as he closed the  
letter and walked from his room to call upon  
Mary, with an intention of putting off his en-  
gagement for the *morrow*, on which she was  
to spend the day with a gay circle at a late,  
his own family being amongst the invited  
guests. He felt that in his present state he  
had better not be seen near her, at least not  
till he had well considered the line of con-  
duct he meant to adopt. It was impossible  
for the eye of love, however, not to discover  
something had occurred to agitate him, and  
when Mary heard the excuse he gave her for  
not accompanying her, there was a tone of  
reproach in her answer which made him say—

'I had better not, Mary, for your sake.'  
'My sake! it is for my sake I wish you  
to go. But you are concealing from me the  
real reason, Charles; and I insist upon hear-  
ing the truth, sir.' And she stood playfully  
holding her finger up.

The real reason was not told, and Charles  
left her, wretched—almost reckless of the  
future, caring for nothing but to live her  
from the abyss into which he saw his love was  
likely to plunge her. Despairing of the heart-  
lessness of his mother, and looking with con-  
tempt upon the worldly feeling which had  
dictated the letter, still it must be answered,  
and also the threat it contained of speaking  
upon the subject to Mary. He deliberated  
long before he decided his plan, and then  
felt they could not be too quickly carried out,  
he wrote to his mother telling her his opin-  
ion of her letter, and returning the one she  
had sent him, requesting it might be de-  
stroyed, and the vile falsehoods it contained  
obliterated, not from his memory (because  
that, he assured her, death alone could do)  
but from every one. He addressed to Mary  
a long letter, telling her that circumstances  
had occurred which rendered an absence  
from her at the present time indispensable,  
but that she should terminate whenever she wrote  
and required his presence. 'Better she think  
me cold hearted, selfish—so I am—any thing,  
than know the fact,' was his thought, as he  
closed the letter to her, and, in his agitation,  
with it the one he had received from his moth-  
er.

Mary was sitting in her dressing-room,  
she had just returned from the late, which  
had been to her a blank. She was partially  
undressed, when her eye fell upon a letter  
which bore his handwriting; dismissed her  
maid, she sat down, broke the seal, and saw  
a letter directed to Charles. In his mother's  
handwriting; concluding that something un-  
pleasant had occurred, but never imagining  
in reference to herself, she opened it and read  
it.

It may have happened to some of our read-  
ers (we hope not to many) to have such a  
'horror of deep darkness' fall upon them, as  
did upon our gentle heroine, in reading the  
cruel letter which had been enclosed to her.  
Her first feeling was, that she deserved what  
they said of her, so complete for the moment  
was the self-abasement, when she had thus  
rudely discovered the fact of her love to  
Charles; but this expression wore off as she  
read and saw how vilely she was treated,  
and saw through the object. She read the  
letter many times before she could really be-  
lieve that the characters there traced were  
written by the only friend to whom she had  
ever confided her domestic affections, to  
whom from childhood she had ever given the  
affection and tenderness of a daughter. It  
was her first lesson in human nature, and, as  
usual with our first lessons, it went deep into  
the memory. So totally had she been en-  
grossed by the letter, that the one from  
Charles was still unread, and even when  
read, the warm and tender tone was unheeded.  
She could receive no other impression  
than the heart-sickening one just given; and  
many hours passed before she could even  
rouse herself to seek relief from the agony  
and shame that oppressed her. She had not  
the well disciplined mind which in such a  
case could seek relief from a higher power,  
religion had been to Mary but a duty. Pride  
had formed the bulwark of her character,  
and preserved her hitherto from evil. Since  
she had loved, she had prayed, but in this  
miserable hour no thought of prayer came  
to her; her heart seemed hardened, and when  
she retired to her bed, she had determined to  
abandon the world and fly to some secret  
place where she need never be known or  
seen.

When morning came it was sometime be-  
fore she could ring for her maid; she felt  
ashamed to see a human being, she wonder-  
ed whether she suspected the fact of her dis-  
grace, for so she termed the suspicions con-  
tained in the letter; at last by a great effort,  
she conquered what appeared a foolish de-  
sire of adding to her afflictions, rose and  
prepared to begin the day. 'But what a day!  
How could she survive it?—was the oft-re-  
peated thought, as she turned to leave her room.  
The human heart is a strange anomaly.  
Mary's in that hour was filled with bitterness  
and pride, love had no place there; she had  
banish even kind thoughts of Charles, and  
said, 'He is man; and therefore must be sel-