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HARDWARE,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
C. W. BRADLEY.  
April 1. 9

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NEFF & WARNER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
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DEALER IN  
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.  
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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(CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of  
CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign  
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.  
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159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

A. MARTIN,  
GENERAL AGENT  
AND  
Commission Merchant,  
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,  
(Murphy's Building),  
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# THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2.

WILMINGTON, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1847.

NO. 22.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.  
General Commission Merchants,  
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.  
Refer to—  
SAMUEL POTTER, Esq. } Wilmington, N. C.  
JOHN GAMBELL, Esq. }  
January 18. 123-ly.

ELIJAH DICKINSON,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris),  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

REFER TO  
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., } New York.  
Nesmith & Walsh, }  
E. D. Peters & Co., } Boston.  
Means & Clark, }  
Walters & Sander, } Philadelphia.  
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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 filled on the best terms, when cash is enclosed, or produce in hand.  
N. B. I may be 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. 19. 100 y

J. HATHAWAY & SON,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
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Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments of produce.  
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March 17. 1

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NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,  
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
June 9, 1846. 1y-37

Carriages, Cradles, Chairs, &c.  
JUST RECEIVED, per Schrs. *Blau*  
by and Ware,  
18 Willow Carriages, Nos. 1,  
2 and 3; 12 Willow Cradles;  
13 Doz. Windsor Chairs, sev-  
eral patterns; a few doz. Children's  
Chairs, various styles, &c.  
And for sale, at the  
FURNITURE ROOM, ROCK SPRING  
J. D. LOVE.  
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Come and examine;  
You are not compelled to purchase.

THE full and fresh stock of Confectionary consist-  
ing of STEWART'S, SPOTTEN'S, and LAN-  
AHAN'S Steam Refined Candies,  
Almonds, Pecan Nuts, Filberts, Brazil Nuts, Eng-  
lish Walnuts, &c.  
Oranges, Lemons, Apples and Smyrna Figs.  
ALSO,  
French, English, German and American Toys of  
every variety and description.  
And a lot of Ladies covered Work Baskets of a  
very superior make.  
E. R. WOOD,  
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LUCE HINCHLIFF,  
THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

The lark went up to heaven, seeming to  
beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet,  
tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernible to  
the keenest vision—his song was audibly  
to Lucy Hinchcliff in her mother's little  
garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and  
was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn  
her bosom, before she set out to enter upon  
the day's routine. She cast her eyes around  
the modest garden—it was a very modest,  
very little garden—looked up at the lark once  
more, received the last note of its song into  
her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother  
in the pinched widow's cap, who was stand-  
ing at the window, waved her adieu, and closed  
the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which  
we lived a better girl, a prettier girl, a more  
loving, more dutiful daughter than Lucy  
Hinchcliff. She first attracted our attention  
when we went, with satchel on our back,  
willingly enough to school. She was younger  
by two years than ourselves—a little  
timid thing, as we remember her. She had  
a father at that time, but we could see that  
the old gentleman was poor; and once we  
were prompted to offer her some of our vic-  
tuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined  
at school) fearing that she had not enough  
to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought,  
and now we are more happy than wedded  
communion ourselves by the insult, that if we  
had realized our early dreams, those bubbles  
bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer.  
A rich relation took Lucy away to bestow  
upon her a superior education. It was all he  
could do for her, he said; though he kept  
his carriage and his servants, and cast bread  
to dogs. She returned to her mother after  
three years, to aid their mutual support by  
teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, lives the lives  
that daily governesses lead? who has tasted,  
besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread  
they eat? The fine mistress may not frown  
too severely upon her cook or footman. They  
would resent it, and would seek another place.  
But the poor governess! That she will re-  
sign her engagement is not to be apprehend-  
ed. And are there not dozens—scores, who  
would be glad to succeed her, if she gave  
herself airs? There are tragedies in real  
life more sad to witness than any of the his-  
trionic art, and the life of the daily gover-  
ness, in meagre circumstances, is one whole  
tragedy.

Lucy Hinchcliff closed the garden gate,  
and passed from her mother's seat. It was a  
fine morning, and she was early. She had  
therefore no occasion to hurry, as she was  
sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad  
that the morning was fine, for to tell a home-  
ly truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—  
were far from being waterproof. She had  
sat all day with wet feet once before, from  
the same cause, and much need she had to be  
careful of her health for her mother's sake.  
She had few acquaintances on the road she  
traversed, though she was familiar as their  
own children's faces to all the small trades-  
men, they saw her pass so regularly morning  
and evening. The greengrocer would fre-  
quently tell his wife that it was time to get  
the breakfast for the young lady with the  
music paper was abroad. The toll-gate keep-  
er was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance  
of the male sex. He had always a kind  
word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him  
after the child that was scalded—a frightful  
accident that—or whether his eldest girl was  
at service yet, and other little queries—  
'There she goes,' the man would say, when  
she had turned from him. 'Hers is a hard  
life, poor thing!'

'Not hard, at all, Mr. Martin,' retorted  
Dame Rignlin on one occasion. 'Hard,  
indeed! I think she's got a very easy birth  
'ot. Put her over a washing-tub, and give  
her three or four counterpanes for a morn-  
ing's work, and see what she'd make o' it.'

'Ah, you don't know all,' said the toll-keep-  
er, significantly. And he was right.  
The lady at whose house Lucy commen-  
ced the transactions of the day, was a very  
nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous  
people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's  
knock offended her. She hated single knocks.  
Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt  
the house from the vulgarity of single knocks?  
Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess  
gave a palpitating double knock, and then  
Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her pre-  
sumption. Miss—Miss—I forgot your name  
—Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to for-  
get a name which was the property of an  
humble dependent, and was so much better  
than her own.

'Hinchcliff, ma'am,' prompted Lucy on  
the occasion referred to.

'Ah, Hinchcliff. Well, Miss Hinchcliff,  
if, for the future, you would remember not  
to give a double knock, you would oblige  
me. I really thought it was visitors, and as  
I am in my chaise, it set me all in a flutter—  
you should consider my nerves, Miss  
Hinchcliff.'

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded  
to be so fashionable as to own the possession  
of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have  
infected her.

'Now, Miss Hinchcliff,' said Mrs. Robert  
Smith, when the governess had taken off her  
bonnet and shawl on the morning we made  
her acquaintance, 'are you up in those new  
quadrilles yet?'

'I am very sorry, ma'am, but I have been  
so much engaged—I only took them home  
the day before yesterday, and so little of my  
time is my own.'

'Well, Miss Hinchcliff, if you have too  
many engagements, and my dear children  
are to be neglected on that account, it will be  
Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another res-  
ponsible person, whose engagements are not  
so numerous: you cannot object to that I am  
sure.'

'O, ma'am,' was Lucy's faltering reply; 'I  
am too happy to be employed by you. I will  
be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-mor-  
row.'

God pity her! She spoke the truth. She  
was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert  
Smith.

'I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinch-  
cliff,' said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's an-  
swer, 'but I shall certainly expect the quad-  
rilles to-morrow. I think you said when we  
first engaged you that you taught Italian?'  
Priscilla is to learn it.'

'I shall be most happy, ma'am,' replied  
Lucy, brightening up.  
'Mr. Robert Smith says he has read—he  
is a great reader, as you know—that there  
are some very pretty poems in Italian, though  
he called one by a very shocking name—a  
kind of play-house thing.'

'Which was that, ma'am?' inquired Lucy,  
mentally reverting to *Goldoni* and *Metastasio*.  
'You ought to tell me,' replied the lady.  
'You know, of course—the pretty Italian  
poem with the play-house name.'

'Do you mean Dante's Divine Comedy,  
ma'am?'  
'Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it  
not?'

'It is considered a very fine poem, ma'am.'  
'Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert  
Smith called it; yet I think if it is a  
comedy, it should n't be called Divine.'

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina  
Commedia* was not a play in five acts, with  
stage directions, but rather a religious poem.  
'I understand your meaning,' said her em-  
ployer; 'something like Milton, I suppose.  
I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his  
remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton  
was a tragedy, quite. You will understand  
that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And  
about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that  
you are not to increase them, as he really  
can't afford it.'

'Ma'am,' said Lucy, astonished.  
'If you object, of course, we must find  
another responsible person, who will include  
Italian for the amount of your present salary.'

blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired  
another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchcliff was not in failing  
health, but she was nearer death than Lucy  
had any idea of. When the poor girl re-  
turned home that evening—she went to six  
houses first, and walked a distance of seven-  
teen miles—she found that her parent had  
been obliged to retire to bed. The servant,  
alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called  
in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's  
return to urge the propriety of sending for a  
doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran  
herself to fetch one. 'I can give you no  
hope,' he said; and she felt that a blight had  
indeed passed over her young life. When  
one that we dearly love is stricken down to  
die, we look out upon the world as if we had  
no longer hope, or pain, or any lot therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that  
night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of  
the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith—  
Her mother had fallen into one of those doz-  
ing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of  
sickness, and the thought of waking the notes  
of gay quadrille music in the house, on  
whose threshold, even at that moment, Death,  
the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings.  
No, she could not do that, let Mrs. Robert  
Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had  
ever known—for the heart measures the  
hours—not the clock—a watch by her mo-  
ther's bed. When the glad sunlight came  
gushing in at the casement, and lark after  
lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving  
for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undress-  
ed herself, and went to her own chamber,  
leaving the servant to supply her place. There  
was no visible alteration in her parent when  
with many fears and one of the saddest hearts  
that ever beat in human bosom, she left the  
cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission.  
It rained, too, and the water soaked through  
the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the  
toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad,  
and contented himself with a touch of his  
hat, by way of recognition. He was sad,  
too, for the scalded child had died during the  
night. 'Best not to tell her now,' he thought,  
she has her own trouble this morning—'  
God help her. She had indeed.

'You are full ten minutes behind your  
time, Miss Hinchcliff. I never find you  
staying ten minutes over your time,' was  
Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

'I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my  
mother at home very ill; dying, ma'am, the  
doctor says,' replied Lucy, bursting into tears.  
'Dying—dear me. Of course you feel  
very much put out; but punctuality, Mr.  
Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engage-  
ment, and you have a character to keep up,  
but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's  
mind at ease—she is dying to play the quad-  
rilles, and to begin her Italian.'

'I was unable to run them through  
last night, ma'am,' stammered Lucy, 'my  
mother was so ill.'

'Then you are not ready with those quad-  
rilles again. Miss Hinchcliff!' exclaimed  
Mrs. Robert Smith; 'really, at your age,  
a young woman should know the value of her  
promise.'

'I could not disturb my mother,' said  
Lucy, appealingly.  
'Of course, I take all that into considera-  
tion,' replied her employer. 'But you, as a  
responsible person, should know the value of  
a promise. However, I will excuse you  
since your mother is dying—only don't let it  
happen again. You will commence Pris-  
cilla's Italian this morning, of course.'

'I have been so unfortunate as to forget  
my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provid-  
ed with one—'  
'Her father says he cannot afford any Ital-  
ian books—her French ones came so expen-  
sive. He thought you could have no objec-  
tion to lend her yours.'

What could Lucy say, but that her books  
were at Priscilla's service?  
Her mother was worse that evening, and  
had been, as the neighbor said, delirious dur-  
ing her absence. Lucy asked herself if wheth-  
er she should practice the quadrilles. She  
was not long in deciding. Though she  
should go without bread, she would not for-  
get her duty as a daughter. Her place was  
at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to  
a friend whose governess not only taught Ital-

ian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy  
Hinchcliff, but also professed to include Span-  
ish. When Lucy was admitted the next  
morning, the lady placed a small sum of mo-  
ney in her hand, and informed her that 'do-  
mestic arrangements' would render her at-  
tendance in future, unnecessary. The poor  
girl was not at all cast down by this circum-  
stance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at  
home? She would not be obliged to leave  
her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards.—  
A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation,  
brought a cool answer back, in which the  
writer recommended her to be industrious,  
and to 'keep her character.'

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in  
which are so many faces, and so many hearts  
beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate  
keeper had disappeared. His place was sup-  
plied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repul-  
sive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that  
acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death,  
she was compelled to resign another of her  
engagements, her employer, a widower, hav-  
ing made dishonorable proposals to her. She  
advertised in the papers, but could not meet  
with an appointment. She had renounced in-  
to lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold, rainy Novem-  
ber night—Lucy Hinchcliff sat in her little  
room by her fire, musing over many things  
but chiefest what it was fixing for a  
young girl like her to do, who being so un-  
protected, was exposed to many insults. She  
gazed at her mother's portrait which hung  
over the mantle shelf, and seemed to seek  
advice of the dead. But the dead replied not.  
Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming  
up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The  
step came higher and higher, however, and  
halted at the door; upon the panels of which  
a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy  
knuckles. The governess started, and cried,  
'Come in,' and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.  
He not dressed as he was formerly. No.  
He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxo-  
ny cloth and a gold watch-guard communi-  
cated with his vest-pocket. As far as equip-  
ment went, he was in all respects the gen-  
tleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart  
besides.

'I beg your pardon, Miss,' for intruding  
upon you,' he said, bashfully. 'I am come to  
speak to you about educating my children.'  
Lucy bowed. She thought she had mis-  
understood him.

'I am come into a large fortune lately,  
Miss—a very large fortune—a matter of a  
thousand a year. I know no more of it,  
three months ago, bless you, than the man in  
the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks,  
that our girls ought to be educated.'

'Certainly,' said Lucy, vacantly. She  
thought she was dreaming.  
'And so we agreed that if you would come  
and live with us—we live in a fine house now  
—and be one of ourselves, and teach the chil-  
dren, we thought that we should take it very  
kind of you.'

'Yes,' assented Lucy, mechanically, for  
she was not a whit the nearer waking.  
'And if you would think two hundred  
pounds a year, and a room of your own,  
enough, it is your's to-morrow, and that's all  
about it.'

The speaker, in the excitement of having  
accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on  
his head, and breathed freely. But he recol-  
lected himself, and took his hat off again.  
'You wish me to be governess to your  
children. Do I understand you right?' said  
Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was  
real.

'Yes, Miss, if you please; and if two hun-  
dred a year would satisfy you, why—why,  
its done, and that's just where it is.'  
'I thank God,' cried Lucy, bursting into  
tears. She was wide awake, and understood  
all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it—  
The man had really inherited a large fortu-  
ne, left him by some relative, hitherto un-  
heard of. And was not his early thought  
about the poor governess, who gave him a  
good word every morning, and inquired after  
Billy, who was scalded? Yes; for he  
heard of her mother's death, and the proud  
consciousness of being able to confer a bene-  
fit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much  
as the possession of a thousand pounds per  
annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent  
to receive the salary he had named. How it  
was finally settled, this chronicler knows not;  
but Lucy dwells with the *quodam* toll-keep-  
er, and looks happy—perfectly happy.

A small white stone has been erected at  
her mother's grave. You may see it, if you  
will walk for the purpose to Albany Park  
Cemetery, Stroke Newington.