

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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DR. DANIEL DU PRE,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Wilmington and vicinity. He may be found at his Office, in London's Buildings, on Front Street, south of Market.
June 25. 44-3m

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

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING-CANES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
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(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA)
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND AGENT
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES
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New Orleans.
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Wilmington, N. C. Packet Office,
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WILMINGTON, N. C.

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

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GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant.
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
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WILMINGTON, N. C.
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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
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AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.
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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 GAMMELL, Esq. }
January 18. 128-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.
Nemith & Walsh, }
E. D. Peters & Co., } Boston.
Means & Clark, }
Walters & Souder, } Philadelphia.
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GILLESPIE & ROPESON,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments of produce.
March 17. 1

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AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
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Oct. 17, 1846. 90

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PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2.

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NO. 64.

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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.
Refer to the Editor of *The Commercial*.
Jun 42

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

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE.
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 9, 1846. 1y37

CHARLES D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear
S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any
business committed to his trust. Office on W. C.
Lord's wharf lately occupied by Russell & Gammell.
May 13. 25

THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 25, 1847.

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

R. H. STANTON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hard-
ware, Cutlery, Tin Ware,
Crockery, &c., &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of
CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.
37 Store Street put up with despatch
Oct. 31, 1846. 96

**Copartnership
NOTICE.**
THE subscribers have this day associated them-
selves together for the transaction of the
AUCTION
AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.
under the firm of Cronly & Walker, at the old
stand of Robt. G. Rankin, Esq., Murphy's Buildings.
Business entrusted to them shall be promptly and
faithfully attended to.
MICHAEL CRONLY,
JNO. WALKER, Jr.
July 7th 1847. 48-ly.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-
wood case, of L. GILBERT's manu-
facture, Boston. Also, one second-hand
Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music
Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.
Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory
manner.
G. F. B. LEIGHTON. 147

CHAIRS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best
New York Manufactured Cane and
Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood
Black Walnut, Grecian, with Cushions,
Common Windsor, Office Chairs, Rush
and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, with
Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c., &c.
For sale by
May 18. A. MARTIN. 27

PLANED LUMBER.
THE Subscriber having become Agent for the
sale of the above article, for Central Planning Mill
will keep constantly on W. C. Lord's wharf a full supply,
for sale in lots to suit purchasers.
C. D. ELLIS, Lord's building. 13

FOR SALE
1 CASE Cincinnati Ham, 12 Bbls of first quality
N. O. Whiskey, by E. DICKINSON, Agt.
June 10. 37

HAY—CORN, FLOUR &c.
200 BALS prime Hay,
500 Bushels White Corn,
50 Barrels Super, Fine and Cross Flour
20 Boxes Pale Soap,
20 " Adamantine Candles,
100 Bushels Cow Peas,
Just received, and for sale by
SANDFORD & SMITH.
July 8, 1847.

RICE.
50 CASES fresh beat Rice, hourly expected, and
for sale by E. DICKINSON, Agt.
June 10. 37

BOSTON CRACKERS.
20 CANISTERS, For sale at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S.
June 5, 1847. 35

Summer Arrangement-1847.



**RENEWAL OF
THE DAILY LINE,
Via the Route now Favorably known as the
JAMES RIVER
AND BAY LINE.**

THE Proprietors take great pleasure in advising
the Travelling Public of the renewal of their daily
line of steamers during the past winter under-
went a thorough repair, and are now in fine order.
The line at present will consist of the following steam-
ers:
ON APPOMATTOX RIVER—Mount Vernon, Captain
Blow, a beautiful Steamer.
ON JAMES RIVER—Alice, Capt. Brough; Jewess,
Capt. Sutton.
ON CHEESAPEAKE BAY—Herald, Capt. Russell;
Georgia, Capt. Gardner.
These Boats are all well officered by men of long
experience on the route. Passengers leaving Weldon
or Gaston every night, except Saturday, and Peter-
burg every morning, except Sunday, will go on direct,
without any delay, at less expense, and more ease,
than by any other route.
Fare from Weldon or Gaston to Baltimore \$9.00
Do. " " Norfolk 4.00
Do. " " Petersburg to Baltimore 6.00
Do. " " to Norfolk 1.00

MEALS INCLUDED ON THE STEAMERS.
Passengers getting a Through Ticket over this line
are allowed to stop at any point on the route, and re-
sume their travel at pleasure.
For Tickets from Gaston to Baltimore or Norfolk,
apply to C. C. PUGH, Esq., Gaston.
Tickets from Weldon to Baltimore or Norfolk to be
had of J. L. JONES, General Agent,
Office James River and Bay Line,
Weldon, N. C., May 11, 1847. 29-ly



Encourage Competition. NEW PUBLIC HOUSE, WELDON, N. C.

On the left or west side of the Rail Road.
THE SUBSCRIBER, Conductor
on the Wilmington and Raleigh
Rail Road, opened this House on
the 1st January, 1847, especially for the convenience
and accommodation of the traveling public, and in-
tends that its furnish and accommodations shall not
be surpassed by any house in the place. His house
is situated about 50 feet from the cars going north,
and near the Depot of the Wilmington Road. The
liberal share of patronage which he has received, is
evidence that his efforts to please the traveling public
have been appreciated.
His Table shall always be supplied with the best
Market will afford, and, with the addition of his own
on his part, and that of his Lady, he hopes for a
continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally
bestowed.

The lovers of good eating; clean and comfortable
chambers; faithful and obedient servants, will find
them at
WHITFIELD'S
'ROANOKE HOUSE.'
W. T. WHITFIELD, Proprietor.
WELDON, N. C., July 12, 1847.

P. S.—Supper always ready on the arrival of the
cars. Don't forget WHITFIELD'S ROANOKE
HOUSE. Give me a trial, and you shall not go away
dissatisfied.
July 12, 1847. 48-ly.

**NAUTICAL MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY, 29 Wall street, New York.**
THIS Company, which confines its business exclu-
sively to LIFE INSURANCE, has now been in op-
eration two years, during which period it has issued
1,081 policies, and for the first eighteen months it
has experienced no loss. Its losses for the whole time
have been less than \$7,000, leaving an accumulation
of nearly \$42,000 on hand beyond the payment of
claims and expenses. This added to the original
guaranty capital of \$50,000, places the security of the
Company on a basis so solid as no longer to admit of a
rational doubt.
All its profits accrue to the credit of the dealers, and
are divided annually among them, whether the policy
be issued for a limited period or for the whole term of
life. A feature unknown in the charter of any other
Mutual Life Insurance Company incorporated by the
State.
Two dividends of 50 per cent. each on the amount
of premium received, in accordance with the provisions
of the charter, have been declared, and are credited
to the accounts of the assured, and for which
scrip certificates will be issued.
A dividend of 5 per cent. on the first year scrip
has likewise been declared, payable in cash to the
holders thereof, on demand, at the office of the Com-
pany.
For policies granted for the whole term of life,
when the premium thereof amounts to \$50—a note for
40 per cent. with interest at 6 per cent. without
guaranty, may be received in payment, or it may be
paid in cash, in which case it is expected, should the
party survive to make thirteen annual payments, leaving
the dividends to accumulate, the policy will be
fully paid for, and the accumulation ultimately added
to the policy.
Rates for Insuring \$100 on a Single Life.
Age. For 1 year. For 7 years For Life.
annually. annually. annually.
20 \$0 91 \$0 95 \$1 77
30 1 31 1 36 2 36
40 1 63 1 53 3 30
50 1 96 2 09 4 60
60 4 35 4 91 7 06
Example—A person, aged 30 years next birthday,
by paying the Company \$1 31, would secure to his
family or heirs \$100, should he die in one year, or for
\$13 10 he secures them \$1,000; or for \$13 60, annually
for seven years, he secures to them \$1,000 should he
die in seven years; or for \$23 60, paid annually, during
life, he provides \$1,000 whenever he dies; for \$65 50
they would receive \$5,000, should he die in one year.
FREDERICK J. LORD, Agent.
Wilmington, N. C., July 7th, 1847. 48-40.

LOST OR MISLAID.
A RECEIPT of W. M. MYERS, of South Carolina,
to EAVING KING; also, an obligation of N. H.
HILL, guaranteed by James D. Wagoner and Hexas
Davis, for Fourteen Hundred and Fifty Dollars, the
condition of which obligation is, that I am to deliver
the Receipt above, and satisfactory vouchers of my
ownership to three Agents sold N. H. Hill, by said
EAVING, for my account, both the papers being rela-
tive to that sale. A suitable reward will be given for
the finding of these papers, and I want all persons
from tracing them, as they can be of no use to any
one but myself.
WILLIAM G. ALFORD.
May 25. 30-3m

LETTER SHEET PRICES CURRENT
For sale at this Office.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

From the National Intelligencer.
Messrs. GALE & SEATON—I remarked in the
Letter of your New York Correspondent, some
days ago, a very pertinent quotation from a simple
but pathetic Ballad which I had not seen for many
years, but which was deeply impressed upon my
memory by hearing it, whilst I was yet young, ef-
fectively recited. In a file of old newspapers I have
just met with it in print. If you will oblige me by
giving it a place in your columns—for which purpose
I send it—you may leave it to your readers to
judge how far little Peterkin's questions apply to
the merits of the war in which we are now our-
selves unhappily engaged. Yours, &c.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmie,
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found—
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in that great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmie looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
His little stream had by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forc'd to fly,
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born infant died,
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
And our good friend Eugene,
Why 'twas a very wicked thing
Said little Wilhelmie.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
But that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

THE STARVING PEASANTS: OR, HUNGER AGAINST LAW.

'How soon you have returned!' said a
low sweet voice, accosting Dermot O'Connor,
as he entered his little cabin.
'Ay, and I might have been here sooner,'
was the reply, for all the speed I came. It
was a long journey and a fruitless one; he
continued, flinging himself in a seat by the
hearth. 'But, Mary where have you been?'
'Nowhere, dear Dermot,' said his sister,
blushing deeply, and betraying considerable
confusion. 'I have not been out of the door
to-day.'
'I know you would not tell me a false-
hood, acushla,' exclaimed Dermot. 'Never
since the hour you were born did a lie stain
your lips. Now tell me, aron, where are
you going to? You did not put on your
cloak to sit in the house with.'
'The young girl burst into tears, and throw-
ing her arms about her brother's neck, wept
convulsively. 'Oh, I cannot bear it!' she
exclaimed. 'I cannot bear to look into your
face and see what the black want has done!
You're pot what you were, mavourneen, and
the trouble has reached your heart.'
'We are all changed,' he remarked mild-
ly, 'and poverty had indeed almost crushed

us to the earth. But God's will be done; it's
all for the best. Tell me, allanna! where
were you going to?'

She still hesitated to answer him; but per-
ceiving that her silence perplexed and dis-
tressed him, she whispered with a faint voice,
whilst her cheek burned with shame, 'For-
give me, brother; I was going to beg some
charity—some thing to keep the life in my
bosom—for I am starving to death.'

'Oh God, have mercy upon us!' cried
Dermot, to think that the sister of my heart
should stand at the door of plenty craving for
alms! Oh Mary! you are changed indeed.'
Spreading his skeleton hands over his face,
he wept tears of agony—tears that had their
source in the deepest fount of misery. If the
offering of the broken heart be acceptable in
heaven, surely the prayer that rose from that
crushed and broken heart was heard at the
throne of God.

For some time the silence was unbroken.
Mary clung still closer to her brother, as if
she could rescue her from the awful fate that seem-
ed to await her. Never did a scene of greater
misery meet the eye than that lonely cabin
presented. There were the bare walls cover-
ed with damp and soot, the cold deserted
hearth, and the heap of wet straw spread in
one corner, the only bed the wretched place
contained; and the brother and sister, so
young and so beautiful, struck down by po-
verty's cruel blow, robbed of the light of
youth, the warm feelings of their hearts de-
stroyed by suffering, all save the love they
bore for each other, and that affection lived
undimmed through every trial. At this time
the surrounding country was covered with
snow, and, as Dermot chanced to look through
the half open door, a momentary gleam of
pleasure seem'd to light up his pale face—
He arose, and stood for some time gazing out
upon the desolate landscape; and taking
down an old fowling piece which hung over
the hearth, prepared to leave the cabin. Ma-
ry, pale, trembling, rushed to the door to pre-
vent his quitting the house.

'Not to commit a crime in the eyes of
God,' he replied, 'nor shall I break one of
my laws. Fear not, allague! no guilt shall ever
redden my hand. Oh, you go and gather
some branches and light a fire, for I shall
bring you home a brave dinner. So keep up
your heart, though they refused to give me
employment to-day, yet when the snow's gone
I'll try again.' So saying he left the cabin.
When he was out of sight, Mary gave way
to the grief she had striven so long to conceal,
and wringing her hands wildly she flung
herself upon the heap of straw, overwhelmed
with sorrow. The thoughts of their dreadful
situation almost distracted her, but when
memory brought her back to the past, it was
more than she could bear. The most trifling
events of her early life occurred to her re-
membrance. The home where she had pass-
ed her first years rose before her. She saw
around the household hearth the brothers and
sisters who had dropped away one by one,
until none remained but her beloved Dermot,
the companion of her misery, and the parents
who were new angels in Heaven, looked on
her with the quiet loving smile she missed so
often. She remained for some time conjur-
ing up those buried joys, until her face wore
some thing of the happiness and contentment
of other days; but remembering her brother's
parting words, her thoughts returned to him,
and the bitterness of their situation effaced
every recollection of the past. Gradually the
faintness caused by hunger came over her,
and she remained for some time in a state al-
most of insensibility; but soon recovering
herself, she arose from her uneasy rest and
proceeded to rekindle the fire which was by
this time nearly exhausted.

In the meanwhile Dermot hastened on his
bleak way, stifled with cold and hun-
ger. The snow had commenced falling heav-
ily, and about to seek some shelter from the
storm, when a hare suddenly past him. Know-
ing that it would be easily tracked in the
snow, he rapidly pursued it. After following
over hedges and ditches until his strength
was well nigh exhausted, he lost the track,
when suddenly it again started a short dis-
tance from him, and ran into a clump of ever-
greens. Stealthily advancing, he peered into
every tree and shrub, and at length perceived
it squatting close to the root of a large laurel.
Looking around cautiously lest any observer
were in sight, and being satisfied that he was
unseen, he presented the gun and fired into
the tree. Hastily springing forward, he
found to his great joy that he had taken cor-
rect aim, for among the withered and scorched
leaves lay the mangled form of the hare.

In a moment he had possession of it, and was
about to leave the place, when a heavy hand
was placed upon his shoulder.
'Drop that and come along with me,' said
an angry voice addressing him, 'we'll have
you fired for poaching, so come along.'
'Stop one moment for heaven's sake!' ex-
claimed poor Dermot. 'If there is one spark
of pity in your breast, hear and spare me for
mercy's sake—for the sake of common jus-
tice!'

'Oh! never fear but we'll get you justice,'
sneered the man, 'justice indeed, for the like
of you, as if the law were made to be broken!'
'If there be more justice shown to such as
I am,' replied Dermot, 'there would be fewer
lives broken. Of what value can that ani-
mal be to you?' he continued, pointing to the
hare which he still retained, 'and yet, as God

is my witness, I declare to you it might be
the means of saving two lives.'
'Leave it with you, indeed!' exclaimed the
gamekeeper; 'it would be rather too dainty
a dish for starving beggars!'

'I am no beggar,' said the young man
proudly; 'and if my arm had the strength it
once possessed, you should rue those words.'
'No doubt,' was the reply, 'it seems you
are thirsty for blood to-day. But if you are
not a beggar, why do you stand craving for
the hare you shot? You want to borrow it,
perhaps, he added, laughing fiercely; 'but
you may as well give it up at once.'

'Listen to me one moment,' said Dermot,
falling on his knees. 'I whom no poverty
could tame nor sorrow subdue, I crouch on
my knees before you, and beseech of you, for
the sake of the God who created us, to spare
me this small means of relief. It is not for
myself I plead, but for one dearer to me than
life. Oh! think what your feelings would be,
if those you love best were pining for
want, and dying of hunger before your very
eyes think of this, and do not refuse my
prayer.'

The gamekeeper, regardless of his entreat-
ies, strove to snatch the prey from him; and
Dermot still imploring mercy, persisted in
retaining it; till at length, in the altercation,
the loaded gun which the gamekeeper held
in his grasp went off, and Dermot O'Connor
fell to the earth without uttering a groan.

A cheerful fire burned on the poor hearth,
and Mary sat enjoying the grateful warmth,
for her limbs were nearly frozen. A patient
smile rested on her pale face, and, as she lein-
ed her chin on her hand, she pictured to her-
self the delight their expected meal would af-
ford them. Her emaciated appearance seem'd
more the result of constitutional delicacy
than the effects of want. That she might ap-
pear as happy as possible to her brother on
his return, she strove with a faint voice to
sing one of the ballads he loved to hear; and
as she breathed forth that beautiful 'most Irish
ballad in existence—SOGGARTH AROON—her
spirits rose rapidly; not but the song is
mournful enough, for it seems to us almost
heart breaking; but with her it had been the
favorite of happy days, and these things are
either melancholy or the contrary according
to the associations connected with them.—
Mary, with her dark hair flung back from
her clear brow, continued singing. The
melody came from her very soul. Sudden-
ly she heard the sound of approaching
footsteps, and above the raging of the storm
arose the glorious strain—

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon!
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon!
Come to my cabin door,
And, on the earthen floor,
Kneel by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon!

The door was flung rudely open; and Ma-
ry, rising to fud out the cause of the in-
trusion, saw borne between two men the lifeless
body of her brother. She did not know that
he was dead; and believing that he had fainted
from exhaustion hastened to render every
assistance in her power, and to use whatever
means she could to restore life and anima-
tion. She poured water on his temples and
chafed his cold hands, the men not daring to
break the truth to her: they had thrown a
coat over his rags which prevented her see-
ing the clotted blood with which they were
saturated. In spite of all her efforts no breath
came from the parted lips, and with a dread-
ful forboding she placed her hand over the
heart that had ceased to beat, hastily with-
drawing it she saw the crimson blood stream-
ing down her fingers. A frightful shriek
burst from her lips, and she fell on the earth
beside her murdered brother.

The winter day had nearly past, but still
the beams of the setting sun fell on the lone-
ly scene, and the red and purple clouds cast
their burning hues over the dreary waste.—
The snow had disappeared and the fields a-
gain wore their emerald hue—all except one,
and on it not a blade of grass, not a tree of
vegetation remained. That was the burying
ground; and the ploughshare that turned up
the red heaps was the sexton's spade. It
looked like a plague spot lying among the
unbroken pasturage; and let the eye roam
ever so far it still returned and rested on that
bleak spot. Oh, what cruel policy had
changed that once beautiful enclosure into a
scene of terror! It was not like the peace-
ful burying grounds that we love to loiter
among in the calm summer evenings, ponder-
ing on the memories of those who sleep be-
low and perhaps envying their repose.—
'Those who rested here had been cut down in
the very bloom of youth—untimely blossoms
blighted by poverty and suffering. The old
who slumbered here had not died of a ven-
erable old age, as in older times; they were
swept from the earth by famine's deadly
 scourge. Countless were the processions that
entered this melancholy place, and the loud
wail or lament of the sorrowing survivors
sounded almost incessantly.

On this evening the remains of Dermot
O'Connor were to be committed to the earth.
A few loiterers still lingered by the newly-
dug grave, waiting to join in the last sad rite.
As the funeral entered the burying ground,
the cry arose still louder, and the lamenta-
tions continued until the corpse was deposited
in the grave. And now the voice of Mary
alone was heard: for with that respect for
sorrow so natural to the Irish, every one re-
mained silent that she might speak her grief.
'Taking the cold hand in hers, she looked up
to heaven, and a whispered prayer arose
from her lips. In a moment every knee was
bent and every head uncovered: there was
no course invoked on the discovery of her hap-
piness no muttered threat, or hope of retri-
bution—no word of repining against the
will of heaven.

'You're lying low, acushla!' she ex-