

# THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2.

WILMINGTON, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1847.

NO. 69.

**THOMAS LORING,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
THE COMMERCIAL  
Is published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday  
at \$5 per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance,  
BY THOMAS LORING,  
Corner of Front and Market Streets,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
1 square, 1 insertion, \$0 50 | 1 square, 2 months, \$4 00  
1 do. 3 do. 75 | 1 do. 3 do. 5 00  
1 do. 1 month, 2 50 | 1 do. 1 year, 12 00  
Twelve lines or less make a square. If an advertisement exceeds twelve lines, the price will be in proportion.  
All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.  
Contracts with yearly advertisers, will be made on the most liberal terms.

**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.  
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**GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND HARDWARE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
**C. W. BRADLEY.**  
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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
**HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, AND WALKING-CANES,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
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159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

**A. MARTIN,**  
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AND  
Commission Merchant.  
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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**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. 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 & Souder, } Philadelphia.  
A. Benson & Co., }  
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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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Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.  
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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.  
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COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
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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. 1v-37

**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 Russ & Ginnings.  
May 13. 25

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

**NEFF & WARNER,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHANDLERY, 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, Hardware, Cutlery, Tin Ware, Crockery, &c., &c.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

**CONSTANTLY** on hand, a general assortment of **CORRAGE** and **PROVISIONS**, viz: Foreign Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c. **Super Sponges** put up with despatch  
Oct. 31, 1846. 96

**Copartnership Notice.**  
THE Subscribers having this day associated with them Mr. E. W. Hall in the transaction of the Auction and Commission business, under the firm of **CRONLY, WALKER & HALL.**  
Grateful for the patronage heretofore extended, we hope by promptness and faithful attention to business to merit a continuation of the same.  
MICHAEL CRONLY.  
JNO. WALKER, Jr.  
REFER TO  
P. K. Dickinson, Esq. } H. R. Savage, Esq.  
Messrs. Hall & Armstrong. } G. W. Davis, Esq.  
John A. Taylor, Esq. } John Walker, Esq.  
Aug. 17. 66

**PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.**  
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rosewood case, of L. Gilman's manufacture, Boston. Also, one second-hand Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.  
Piano Forte tuned and repaired in a satisfactory manner.  
G. F. B. LEIGHTON.  
March 3. 147

**PLANNED LUMBER.**  
THE Subscriber having become Agent for the sale of the above article for Central Planing 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.  
July 8, 1847.

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

**Just Received.**  
JUST received, direct from the manufacturer, and for sale cheap,  
Light Calf skin pegged Boots,  
Foot skin pegged Boots,  
Ladies, Misses, and Children's Kid slippers.  
G. R. FRENCH.  
July 15, 1847. 51.

**Come and Examine:**  
You are not compelled to purchase  
THE full and fresh stock of Confectionery consisting of STEWART'S, SPOTTEN'S, and LANAHAN'S Steam Refined Candies,  
Almonds, Pecan Nuts, Filberts, Brazil Nuts, English 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.  
F. R. WOOD  
July 10. 80

**Glue Agency.**  
SUPERIOR quality American Glue, constantly on hand and for sale by  
**BARRY & BRYANT.**  
July 30. 53

**AGENCY FOR VENDING SHOT.**  
H. BRYANT has been appointed agent for the celebrated Shot Factory in Philadelphia, Messrs T. & T. Sparks, Jr., Proprietors. I now offer to sell half to one ton or more of any kind of Shot, deliverable here at the lowest factory prices for cash, or 30 days, adding interest, with only charging the freight out and insurance from Philadelphia here.  
E. DICKINSON, Agent.  
June 9. 45

**ROSIN STRAINERS.**  
200 FEET No. 1, Rosin Strainers, just received and for sale by  
**HART & POLLEY.**  
June 26. 41

THE subscriber having made arrangements to close his present business—all persons indebted will please settle promptly. Accounts against me will be placed in for settlement.  
**ROBT G. RANKIN.**  
July 8, 1847. 48

**TO RENT.**  
THAT large and commodious HOTEL, the HANOVER HOUSE, situated on Second street opposite the Cape Fear Bank, in the town of Wilmington, will be rented on reasonable terms, from and after the first of October next. The Hanover House is a new brick building, four stories high, tin roofed, and built expressly for a Hotel. Its location is one of the best in the town of Wilmington, and should the person wishing to rent desire its enlargement the undersigned is prepared to enter into arrangements for that purpose.  
For terms, &c., apply by letter or personally to the Subscriber at the Journal Office, Wilmington.  
**DAVID FULTON.**  
July 10, 1847. 49-1f.  
Chronicle copy till forbid.

**NEW CONFECTIONARY.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully invite the Ladies and Gentlemen of Wilmington and vicinity to his assortment of  
Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, Toys  
Fancy Articles &c.  
Which has just been selected in the northern market, of the finest quality, and which he will endeavor to sell at the lowest cash price, and give satisfaction to all.  
**JOS. WILKINSON.**  
Market St. under Mrs. Conner's dwelling.  
April 15, 1847. 13

**TAKE NOTICE.**  
THOSE who are in the habit of purchasing my **CAMPBELL** will hereafter find it at the store of **MR. D. W. WOOD**, where they will always get a fresh and genuine article.  
**THOMAS SMITH.**  
August 3, 1847. 50-1f.

**Fresh Drugs & Medicines.**  
12 DOZEN Congress Spring Water,  
50 lbs. Peruvian Bark, 8 dozen  
Henry's Magnesia; 6 doz. London Mustard, half and quarter; Gum Camphor; Calcein Magnesia; Bi Carb Soda; Cr. Tartar; Seltzer and Soda Powders; Fresh Hops; Extract of Oiled Lemon; Acetic, Nitric and Sulphuric Acids; and Acids; Sp. Ammon. Arom.; Chloride Soda; Dover Powder; Aleppo Scammony; Strained Honey; Sciaes and Weights on Stands and commo; good assortment of Lenox's (Lyons) G. M. Imbation do.; Sup. German Silver and Brass Springs do.; Horn and Glass Capping Instruments; sup. Sponges from 12 inch down; Leather Drinking Cups; Dominos; Brandreth's Balaam's and Wistar's Pills. Also, 40 gross vials.  
For sale at low prices, at the Drug Store of  
**A. C. EVANS.**  
June 26. 44

**SUGAR AND COFFEE.**  
20 BAGS Rio Coffee,  
10 bags Laguira Coffee,  
2 bags St. Croix Sugar, very fine.  
For sale by  
**HOWARD & PEDEN.**  
July 22, 1847. 54-1f.

**COFFEE.**  
25 BAGS Green Rio Coffee,  
15 - Laguira  
For sale, at  
**J. & W. L. MCGARY'S.**  
59 Wm.  
Aug. 3. 59-1m.

**Broughton's Confessions.**  
JUST published, and for sale at the Commercial Office, "Sketches of the Life of John Broughton, Esq., of Wilmington, who was executed for the murder of De Silva, on the 21st of May, 1847." Price 12 1/2 cents.  
July 23, 1847. 55.

**FOR SALE.**  
THE valuable dwelling house and lot now occupied by D. J. Gilbert on the Western side of Boundary Street, between Dock and Orange streets, will be sold on accommodating terms. Apply to the subscriber  
**J. G. WRIGHT.**  
July 22, 1847. 55-1f.

**Family Mill.**  
THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Wilmington, that he keeps constantly on hand **fresh ground Meal**, which he sells at Store prices. He is prepared at all times to grind Corn at the shortest notice for families. Call and try the Stone Mill between the Messrs. GRANTS and FRANKLIN HOUSE.  
**JONATHAN LEES.**  
Sept. 1, 1846. 72

**COFFEE.**  
RIO, Laguira, and St. Domingo, for sale by  
**CRONLY, WALKER & HALL.**  
Aug. 7. 61

**TO RENT,**  
FROM the first day of October next, the large four story building, now going up on the north side of Princess, between Water and Front Streets. The building is so divided as to make two comfortable private dwellings; but is well located, and can easily be converted into a convenient boarding house. It contains, including 4 in the basement, 20 large and well ventilated rooms. Also, from the same time, Office No. 1, 2 & 3 second story of Murphy's building, forming Water Street.  
**GILLESPIE & ROPESON.**  
Aug. 3, 1847. 59

**SOAP.**  
50 BOXES Colats, No. 1 Soap, at  
**HOWARD & PEDEN'S**  
August 2, 1847. 59-1f

## THE NUN OF ST. CROIX.

Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst.

Sir Edmond de Vere might be said to be rather the father of his tenants and dependants, than their lord; he was the kindest of masters, the most liberal of landlords, the most lenient of judges. Twice a week the hall of his ancient baronial castle was crowded with the aged and infirm, of both sexes, to whom were distributed liberal donations of food, fuel and warm raiment, with wine and medicines for the sick, to each and all according to their wants. The Lady de Vere herself always presided at these weekly distributions, and well did the youthful baroness become her state as she entered the hall, her enameled train sweeping the marble floor, preceded by her attendant with a silver wand, and followed by a numerous train of domestics laden with the various marks of her bounty for the attendant throng, who awaited with humble reverence her approach; but her dignity was so blended with sweetness, that no wonder did she appear than respect was forgotten in love and admiration. But never did she look more beautiful than when, laying aside pomp and state, her presence cleared the dwelling of poverty and affliction, or when, like a ministering angel, she stood by the bed of death, speaking to the troubled spirits words of hope and consolation, while the dim and closing eye caught from the calm and holy beauty of her looks a confirmation of the heavenly truths she taught.

Sir Edmond, too, was beloved, but it was with a respect and fear approaching to awe, which, indeed, his appearance and deportment were well calculated to excite. As there was not one of his menials and dependants who was not bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude, so they loved him cheerfully, one and all, have laid down their lives in his service, the most fervent among their daily petitions was for his health and happiness; yet they rather avoided than sought his presence, discharging their various duties towards him with silent but solicited attention, and if the baron chanced to meet them unawares without the precincts of his own apartment, a throb of care occurred, they would start as though they had beheld a specter, cross themselves, utter an Ave, and that sight was enough to drive cheerfulness from the brightest bosom for a full hour or more. In person, Sir Edmond was tall and well formed, his features were fine, but his countenance was always of a ghastly paleness, his full grey eye had in it, at times, a wild, restless, and penetrating keenness, equally painful to witness or endure. His face wore a perpetual shade of gloom, and if ever a smile did visit his lips, its brightness was a very evanescent light, and seemed the overflowing of a broken spirit, withered and withering. His voice was hollow and tremulous, his step leaden, his hand fevered and shaking. Though scarcely past the prime of life, he seemed sunk beneath the weight of misery to premature decline.

And blest with a young, beautiful, and affectionate wife, his heart's first choice, elevated rank, a princely fortune, and all that should endear and gladden life, what made the baron moan and look as if existence were a burden to him? This was a question none but his bosom's inward monitor could answer. The Lady Angelina remembered with a sigh, that he had not always been the melancholy man he was; that there had been a time when his smile was as radiant as her own, his voice as unsteady, his step as elastic. It was not till after their marriage that this change in his manner grew so apparent. He became subject to sudden fits of absence and deep melancholy. When questioned by her, he would frequently press her to his bosom, gaze upon her with unutterable tenderness, exclaiming, "My poor heart! one day I was throwing her from him, he would rush wildly from her presence, and seek in solitude to calm the troubled waters of his soul. After leaving her in the silent hours of the night, would his wife watch with grief and terror his restless slumbers, read the workings of his spirit in his agitated countenance; wipe the cold dew from his forehead, and catch the indistinct and broken accents that burst from his quivering lips, till waking with a sudden cry of "murder!" he would spring from his couch of thorns, traverse his chamber with haggard and averted looks and as though the phantoms of his dreams pursued him still—till, at length, exhausted by the violence of his own emotion, he would suffer himself to be led back to his couch by his gentle wife who, smiling, through her tears, would put in practice every art to soothe the anguish of his mind. Knowing, or at least thinking that she knew the wound, she hesitated not, with firm yet gentle touch to probe it, the better to pour in the healing balm—"Edmond," she said, "if your hand is stained with blood, think that 'twas strong ne-

cessity which made you shed it, the wretch whose ruffian steel deprived me of a father, would he not have slain my husband too? In self-defence you slew him; call it not murder, Edmond, methinks 'twas scarce a crime to rid the earth of such a monster!" "Angelina in mercy spare me!" he would reply; "your words are daggers, and you but scathe the wound you think you heal."

Angelina looked forward to the fast approaching period, when she should become a mother, with anxious impatience, fondly hoping that, by diverting his thoughts into other channels, this event might in some degree dispel the melancholy of her lord. And ere long, with tears of joy and tenderness, the youthful mother put her newborn offspring into her husband's arms, who received the precious gift with answering looks of love. But as he stooped to press his lips upon its little brow, he started back as though his sight had met some fearful vision.

"Is there! 'tis there!" he wildly exclaimed, "even on the bosom of my uncorrupt babe; a living witness of his father's guilt. Oh horror! horror!" and throwing the child on the couch, he rushed like a madman from the chamber.

On examining the infant, a deep crimson stain in shape resembling a dagger, was distinctly visible on its little bosom; a mark which had before entirely escaped the observation both of nurse and mother. Alas! the fallacy of human hopes and expectations! The flower that drooped ere the latter blast of misfortune had changed or ruffled its tender foliage, and bitter as were the mother's tears over her first-born's early bereavement, yet reason could not but acknowledge she was in mercy thus bereft, since that to which she fondly looked for consolation, could but have been, if spared, a living monument of shame and misery.

From this time Lord Edmond's mental anguish increased to an alarming degree. remorse and terror were the serpents that, gnawing at his heart's core, chased sleep from his eyelids and peace from his bosom. At night he was haunted by the ghastly spectres with which his diseased imagination peopled his chamber; and by day he became the prey of his devouring thoughts. This constant warring of his spirit, acting on a frame already debilitated by abstinence and want of rest, often reduced him to a state bordering on distraction. At such times, he would shut himself up in a distant apartment to which none had access but his wife, she would not be denied admission. With patient courage and unwearied affection she would watch, and weep, and weep to win an entrance, for she knew that her beseeching looks and gentle voice had power to soothe him in his wilder moods.

"Edmond," she would say, "be not thus, for my sake—oh, hear up more manfully! Edmond is her own—her only treasure now! If he forsake her in his own selfish sorrow, what will become of his poor Angelina?"

If ever his eyes were steeped in sweet oblivion, 'twas when his throbbing temples were followed on that faithful bosom, and those fond arms were around him; then, though short, his sleep was calm as an infant's; it seemed as if he thought the demons that molested him, dare not to violate so pure a sanctity.

It was a stormy December evening, the rain descended in torrents, and the wind howled dismally among the old oak trees that surrounded the castle. Its inmates were about to retire to rest, when a loud ringing was heard at the outer gate. Surprised at a summons so unusual at this late hour, the porter proceeded to the wicket, and opening a small grating, demanded who was there. Some seconds elapsed ere, amid the pauses of the storm, he could hear a feeble voice in reply, entreating shelter for the night, or at least until the storm should have abated. The bolts were instantly withdrawn, and the petitioner admitted into the courtyard, and from thence conducted to the hall, and with ready hospitality placed beside a blazing fire, and supplied with food of this, however, she refused to partake, till the hospitality so readily offered by the domestics should have been expressly sanctioned by the lord or lady of the castle.

To satisfy the scruples of the stranger, one of the domestics carried her a glass to her lady, and returned with the message that when the stranger was sufficiently rested and refreshed, the lady of the castle would see her, and herself confirm her welcome.

When the nun entered the apartment where the baroness was sitting alone, she lifted the veil in which, while in the servants hall, she had been jealously shrouded. No sooner had the lady raised her eyes to the face of the stranger, than she exclaimed, in an accent of surprise and terror, "Holy Virgin! what do I see?"

"You see, madam," meekly replied the nun, "an unworthy member of the sisterhood of St. Croix, who, while engaged in a charitable mission, has been overtaken by night and this sudden storm; and, unable to return to her convent, humbly entreates the shelter of your hospitable roof."

The lady replied not, but continued to gaze, as if spell-bound, on the dark Italian beauty of the stranger's countenance, to

which grief, subdued by resignation, had imparted an air of Madonna-like softness—Breaking silence, at length—"You are an Italian, holy sister?" she remarked inquiringly.

"A Lombard, by birth, madam," was the reply.

"Have you been long a member of the holy sisterhood of St. Croix?" demanded the baroness.

"'Tis about two years since I took the vow," replied the sister.

"So young and beautiful, what could induce you to abandon the world thus early—to immerse yourself in a convent, and thus, too, in a foreign land—some heavy misfortune must have driven you to this sacrifice?"

"You are right, lady; it was a misfortune—one which—which—" The tear gemmed her eye, and her voice faltered; but she soon regained her tranquillity, and resumed—"My story is soon told. Myself and a twin-brother were left orphans at that age in which we needed most a parent's tender care and counsel. Fernando became a sailor, was declared, we parted, alas! to meet no more! Peace was proclaimed, yet days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and still I heard no news of Fernando; long, long I wept him as one already numbered with the dead. At length, to my unutterable surprise, I received a letter from England, from the very brother whom I had mourned as dead! It informed me that Fernando had, by the chances of war, become a prisoner to an English nobleman whose humanity had saved his life, to whom he had become sincerely attached and with whom he had returned to England as his valet. He entreated me to come to him, assuring me that if I were not admitted into the same kind family in which he was an inmate, he should at least have no difficulty in placing me in some suitable situation near him. With joy I hastened to obey the summons; and if I shed some natural tears in quitting the land of my birth, I dried them soon with the thought that I was going to my only remaining relative, the brother who was dear to me as a second self. Judge then of my horror, my despair, when on arriving at my destination, I found this wretched brother—for whom I had abandoned friends and country—dead! murdered! and they said, a murderer! But, no, Fernando was no murderer; his sister's heart, at least, absolves him from such monstrous, such unnatural guilt!"

"You, then, are Bianca Uadora?" hastily interrupted the lady, in extreme agitation; but ere the nun could reply, the name was re-echoed by a voice behind her.

"Bianca di Uadora—no, not Bianca, but Fernando, risen from the tomb! Oh! hide me! hide Angelina! her looks will kill me!" And Sir Edmond, grasping the extended arm of his wife, hid his face on her shoulder.

The nun, startled by his sudden entrance and still more by the wildness of his looks and words, hastily drew her veil around her face and person; and the baroness addressed her in a voice of forced composure:

"Retire, good sister."

"She was about to obey, but Sir Edmond hastily arrested her steps.

"Stay, Bianca!" he exclaimed, struggling to subdue his agitation; "I must speak with you—alone. Leave us," he added, turning to the baroness, "Angelina, I implore you;—I command you, leave us; as you would spare yourself the pain, and me the shame of blazoning my guilt in my wife's presence!"

Avoid by the tone of command, so unusual from the lips of her husband, and still more moved by the concluding appeal to her best feelings, the lady ventured not to reply, but slowly and reluctantly left the chamber.

"Bianca!" exclaimed Sir Edmond, when they were left alone, "look on me, Bianca! Behold the wretch that ever trod the earth; him you have most cause to curse; your brother's murderer!"

The nun uttered a faint scream, and caught at the back of a chair, behind which she stood, to save herself from falling.

Sir Edmond continued—" 'Tis of that brother I would speak to you, Bianca: have you strength and constancy to hear the tale?"

"Heaven, my lord, will proportion my strength to the trial; that Heaven which has enabled me to think of my lost brother with resignation, and of his murderer with pity and forgiveness!"

"And deeply he deserves your pity!—The true, the generous, the unsuspecting Fernando—he felt but once the pangs of death, and past the struggles of expiring nature, he sank at once into forgetfulness of all life's feverish ills; but his murderer, Bianca! lived to daily die a thousand deaths. The blow that smote his victim reverberated to his own heart's inmost core, awakening the worm that never dies: that, preying on the vitals as on an immortal banquet, contaminates the very source of life. Since that fatal hour, each pulse's movement has been to me a throb of agony; each breath is heaved as though I bore a boiling emm, on my laboring chest; my perverted senses convey but images of horror and disgust to my bewildered brain; each hand seems cold and clammy to my touch; each eye regards me with the fixed, glassy stare of death!—where music thrills each ear, the death-groan vibrates upon mine; and purple wine turns on my quivering lip to blood! This I have borne, and live, for her dear sake who was at once the reward, incentive, victim of my crimes!"

He paused a moment, overcome by the violence of his contending feelings, then again resumed—"Bianca," he said, "we have met, and I would make some poor atonement for my wrongs to thee; but not