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# THE COMMERCIAL.

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DR. DANIEL DUPRE, 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 26. 44-3m

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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, Philadelphia; Walters & Souder, Philadelphia; A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia. Oct. 3, 1846. 81-ly-p

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BLANKS PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

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CHARLES D. ELLIS, COMMISSION MERCHANT, HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear River, 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 & Gamwell. May 13. 25

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Copartnership Notice. The Subscribers have this day associated with them Mr. F. W. HALL in the transaction of the Auction and Commission business, under the firm of CROSLY, 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 CROSLY, JNO. WALKER, JR. REFER TO P. K. Dickinson, Esq. Messrs. Hall & Armstrong. G. W. Davis, Esq. John A. Taylor, Esq. John Walker, Esq. Aug. 17. 65

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE. ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rosewood case, of L. GILBERT'S manufacture, 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. March 3. 147

PLANNED 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. July 22, 1847. 43

HAY-CORN, FLOUR &c. 200 BALES prime Hay, 500 Bushels White Corn, 50 Barrels Sugar, 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. 72

Just Received. JUST received, direct from the manufactory, and for sale, cheap, Light Calf skin pegged Boots, do. Goat 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. E. R. WOOD. July 10. 50

Glue Agency. SUPERIOR quality American Glue, constantly on hand and for sale by BARRY & BRYANT. July 20. 53

AGENCY FOR VENDING SHOT. HAVING been appointed agent for the celebrated Shot Factory in Philadelphia, Messrs. T. & F. SPARKS, Jr., Proprietors, I now offer to sell half a ton or more of any kind of Shot, deliverable here at the wholesale factory prices for cash, or 90 days, adding interest, with only charging the freight out and insurance from Philadelphia here. E. DICKINSON, Agent. June 9. 45

ROBIN STRAINERS. 200 FEET No. 1, Robin Strainers, just received and for sale by HART & POLLEY. June 26. 44

THE subscriber having made arrangements to close his present business—all persons indebted will please settle promptly. Accounts against me will be handed 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, in roof, 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 it 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. Chronicle copy till forbid. 49-ly

NEW CONFECTIONERY. 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. Market St. under Mrs. Cowan's dwelling. April 15, 1847. 13

TAKE NOTICE. THOSE who are in the habit of purchasing my CAMPBELL'S 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. 59-ly

Fresh Drugs & Medicines. 12 DOZEN Congress Spring Water, 50 lbs. Peruvian Bark; 8 dozen Henry's Magnesia; 6 doz. London Mustard; half and qr. lbs.; Gum Camphor; Calcein Magnesia; III Carb Soda; Cr. Tartar; Sedlitz and Soda Powders; Fresh Hops; Extract of Oil of Lemon; Acetic, Nitric, and Sulphuric Ethers and Acids; Sp. Ammon. Arom.; Chloride Soda; Dover Powder; Aleppo Scaevola; Strained Honey; Scales and Weights, on Stands and common; good assortment of Lancets (Evans' Gen. Imitation do.; Superior Silver and Brass Spring do.; Horn and Glass Cupping Instruments; Sp. Spathula from 12 inch down; Leather Drinking Cups; Dominos; Brandreth's Backwath'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 Laguna Coffee, 2 bags St. Croix Sugar, very fine. For sale by HOWARD & PEDEN. July 22, 1847. 54-ly

COFFEE. 25 BAGS Green Rio Coffee, 15 " Languta. For sale, at J. & W. L. MCGARY'S. Aug. 3. 59-ly

Broughton's Confessions. JUST published, and for sale at the Commercial Office, "Sketches of the Life of JOHN Broughton, alias JOHN Broughton, who was executed for the murder of Dr. SILVA, on the 21st of May, 1847." Price 12¢ cents. July 24, 1-27. 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-ly

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 Steam Mill between the Messrs. GRANT and FRANKLIN LEE'S. JONATHAN LEE'S. Sept. 1, 1846. 72

COFFEE. RIO, Laguna, and St. Domingo, for sale by CROSLY, 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 buildings, fronting Water Street. GILLESPIE & ROPESON. Aug. 3, 1847. 60

Molasses. 150 HHDS. Muscovado Molasses, a prime article for retailing, now landing at Parkey's wharf from aboard the Brig Eliza and for sale by G. W. DAVIS. Aug. 7. 61

From the Home Journal. THE MISER. An old man sat by a fireless hearth, Though the night was dark and chill, And mournfully over the frozen earth The wind sobbed lone and shrill, His locks were white, his eyes were gray And dim, but not with tears, And his skeleton form had wasted away With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare O'er the damp and dingy walls, Where the lizard bath made his slimy lair, And the venomous spider crawls; But the meanest thing in this loathsome room Was that miser all worn and bare, Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb, On the broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door, And every nook he had scanned, And felt their fastenings o'er and o'er With his cold and skinny hand; 'And yet he sat gazing intently around, And trembled with silent fear, And started and shuddered at every sound That fell on his coward ear.

Ha! ha! laughed the miser—I'm safe at last From this night so cold and drear, From the drenching rain and the driving blast, With my gold and my treasures here: I am cold and wet with the icy rain, And my health is bad, 'tis true, Yet if I should light that fire again It would cost me a cent or two.

But I'll take a sip of this precious wine, It will banish my cold and fears— It was given long since by a friend of mine, I have kept it for many years; So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook And drank its ruby tide, And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took, And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see—let me see," said the miser then, "Tis some sixty years or more Since the happy hour when I began To heap up the glittering store; And well have I sped in my anxious toil, As my crowded chest will show; I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil, Or an emperor could bestow.

"From the orient realms I have rubies bright And gold from the famed Peru; I've diamonds would shame the stars of night, And pearls like the morning dew; And more I'll have, ere the morrow's sun The rays from the west shall fling; That window, to free her prisoned soul, Shall bring me her bridal ring."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest And cautiously raised the lid, And then he shone like the clouds of the West, With the Sun in their splendor hid; And gem after gem of its precious store Are raised with exulting smile, And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er, In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flash to his pallid brow, While his eyes like diamonds shine? Why writhes he thus in such torture now? What was there in the wine? His lonely seat he strove to regain— To crawl to his nest he tried; But finding his efforts were all in vain, He clasped his gold and—died.

THE DREAM BRIDE OF ROSENHEIM. BY RUTHERLAND CRAVEN. CHAPTER I

Herman Von Rosenheim was the last of his race, lord of a fair and wide domain, he was as lonely as a solitary of the desert. A constitution delicate, almost to fragility, had, in childhood, consigned him to the care and superintendance of his lady mother and her lower attendants, and his proud father chafed inwardly at the weakness of his boy, who shrank from the glitter of steel, and the wild merriment of the hunter's carouse. But he was his only son; all his children had perished, save him, in their earliest infancy, and there appeared no chance of prolonging the life of this sole heir of a mighty name and fair possessions, but by the gentle nurture and quiet seclusion which his timid nature and weak health caused him so decidedly to prefer— Instead of cultivating himself in chivalric essays, the young Herman cultivated roses, and was too deeply absorbed in the study of manuscripts, stored (or rather forgotten) in the ancient library, to hear the gay reviville of the chase, as his sire and his stalwart train of foresters swept forth from the castle, to the fearless excitement of the boar hunt.

Time glided on Herman insensibly passed from childhood to youth, amid the same studies and fanciful delights. His tutor, guided by the wishes of the Baroness, had never attempted to give his thoughts another bias, and when the bold Baron of Rosenheim departed this life, his successor was but a visionary and a dreamer! He sought not the gay amusements of the capital, nor cultivated the society of the neighboring lords,—the bright eyes of the young

village maidens glanced not in his thoughts, and the smiles of the fair and noble ladies, who visited his lady mother, fell on his insensible heart like moonlight on a frozen lake; but Herman was the last of his race, and it was now indispensable that he should seek a bride worthy of the name of Rosenheim. The charms, the wealth of the noble maidens, alternately selected by the Baroness, as eligible, were the unceasing theme of her maternal lectures; yet the visionary Herman heard not, nor heeded not, and the ladies Bertha, and Agatha, and Ida, were the daily topics of the worthy matron, but alas, in vain!—his mind was too deeply tintured by the mystical romance of another sphere.

An order of beings was supposed, by the cabalists of the middle ages, to exist, superior to our mortal nature, superhumanly beautiful, and invisible to all but the true worshippers of the mysterious science; and, entranced by their glowing descriptions of aerial sylphs, the sole object of Herman's existence was, to render himself worthy of beholding one of those radiant daughters of the air, and his vigils were prolonged far into the night, while engaged in studying the almost incomprehensible rules for performing aright the cabalistic ceremonies which were to call forth the spirit beauty to the enraptured gaze of her earthly worshipper and lover.

As a natural consequence of this, his health, meanwhile, declined so rapidly, that it soon appeared the last of the lords of Rosenheim was more likely to occupy the family vault, than to lead a bride home in triumph to his castle hall!

On the night of the full moon, as Herman paced the long picture gallery, waiting for the auspicious moment to enter his study, and complete the last of the mysterious rites demanded by the laws of the cabalists, his eye almost unconsciously traced the passing of the moonbeams on the wall, until, at last, they gleamed full upon a veiled picture, which had never, to his knowledge, occupied the hitherto vacant space! With awakened curiosity, he sprang forward, and drawing aside the veil beheld a form too fair, it seemed, for mortal beauty!

The picture represented a secluded spot—a portion of his own grounds, where a fountain scattered its silver rain, and his own hand had raised the bright flowers of other and fairer lands—the rainbow-like blossoms of the tropic sun—trees of foreign foliage and gorgeous bloom, overshadowed there the statue of a sleeping nymph, but her place was in the picture, filled by the graceful form of a maiden, whose beauty was almost, for earth, too glorious; her attire (which glittered in the moonlight as if woven from its own) was partly classical in its arrangements, and partly of that aerial character with which we invest angelic shapes; her white and rounded arms were bare to the shoulder, and her slight and swan like throat, encircled by a collar of gleaming emeralds; a transparent veil floated around her like a cloud of green and glistening light, and down almost to her small sandalled feet fell the fair ringlets of her silken hair! Entranced—entranced—Herman gazed, as if spell-bound, and started wildly at the voice of his ancient tutor, now his fellow-student in cabalism.

"Come, come, my lord," said Ulrich, "the auspicious moment has arrived! and you stand gazing on the moonbeams, forgetful of the hour and its destiny?"

"Who placed this picture here?" was Herman's reply—and it was only by the wondering gaze of Ulrich that he became sensible that to his eye alone was it visible. After passionately describing the beautiful maiden still smiling upon him from the canvass, a cloud came over the brow of the aged Ulrich, and he exclaimed, "Have you, then unhappy Herman, gazed upon the faded picture which can only be looked upon by the lords of Rosenheim, and then only when death and danger threatens them?"

"Danger! death!—these words should be altered to rapture, to idolatry! By Heaven, I swear, no other image shall fill this heart—no other maiden become the bride of Herman Von Rosenheim!"

"A fearful oath, my lord! She whose you describe is no longer of this earth— Three centuries have elapsed since Ermengarde of Rosenheim died by the hands of her father, a baron of your race, for daring to love a peasant churl. Her picture was also torn by his hands from its place amid her ancestors—and ever since that fatal hour it has never been visible but when death or dangers threatens the race of which she was once the fairest flower!— You, yourself, my lord, must have often heard your nurse relate the legend of the valley of the fountain, and the mournful doom of Ermengarde the fair?"

Herman gazed upon the speaker with a wild intensity, and his visionary and excited imagination was at once awed and entranced by the remembrance of how his infant fancy had dwelt upon the sorrows of his beautiful ancestress, and how his youthful enthusiasm led him to select the valley of the fountain as his favorite resort. Ulrich paused, and Herman looked once more towards the fair Ermengarde; but the picture had vanished!—and the moonbeams

played only over the carved work of the vacant wall!

"The draught—the draught, good Ulrich! Let me quaff the oblivious stream—let me leave life and its cold realities behind, and, in the world of dreams begin a new existence!—is not such the power of these enchanted potions?"

"It is, my honored lord, gathered at the change of the moon, and distilled beneath her waning beams; it has the power to cause whatever wish you may breathe ere you sink to slumber beneath its influence to become fulfilled in your dreams, even were it to call the dead from the grave of departed centuries! But pause, my lord—too well I know your thoughts."

"Give me the cup! I drink to Ermengarde the fair!"—and the lord of Rosenheim snatched from the hands of Ulrich the enchanted goblet, and draining its contents, cast himself, yet appalled, upon his couch.

Herman dreamt that he passed through a dim and misty void, and that, with a seeming struggle for life, he became surrounded by a delicious yet overpowering atmosphere of powerful fragrance, and awoke from that strange trance in the valley of the fountain! and there, indeed, upon the throne of flowers, sat the maiden of the picture—the mysterious Ermengarde! To cast himself at her feet—to pour forth the impassioned language of a heart, naturally fervid, but diverted by his mystical enthusiasm from earthly passion, was the impulse of the moment, and the fair idol of his dream shrank not from her entranced adorer; she smiled upon him with a bright and radiant glance, and for the first time in his life Herman Von Rosenheim felt the thrilling power of woman's eye! The large, blue, lustrous orbs of his dream mistress awoke the slumbering pulses of his being, and his whole nature was absorbed in the rapture of the first look of love! Kneeling down at her feet, he clasped her fair and yielding hand and drank in the music of her silvery voice, as the low sweet words fell, each like a golden link in the chain of his enchantment!

"Herman!" she murmured, "three centuries have passed since Ermengarde listened to the voice of love! Fatal was then her doom—as fatal as mine to listen to my words: thou art pledged for ever mine for weal or woe! and darest thou abide what may befall the wooer of the Dream Bride of Rosenheim?"

"All—all for thee, bright charmer of my destiny! so thou art mine!"

"Pledged! doubly pledged! Alas, fair love, only in dreams canst thou behold me, and then but for a short space! When again the moon changes her orb, the enchanted draught will bring me to thy dreams, and ere it wanes, thy destiny and mine will be accomplished!"

As the fair vision spoke, a faint stupor seized upon the senses of Herman; her white hand fell from his nerveless grasp, and amid a chaotic cloud of mist and darkness, a passing pang recalled him to life and the solitude of his own chamber in the Castle of Rosenheim!

CHAPTER II

With the earliest light of dawn Herman visited the valley of the fountain, the scene of his interview with the dream maiden—but all there was undisturbed and still; the dew glittered on the statue of the sleeping nymph, and her couch of glowing flowers; the wind of morning sighed through the towering trees, but no trace of the lovely vision lingered near. Long neglected during his cabalistic studies, an air of wildness and desertion pervaded the retreat, and a veil of green moss had crept up the pedestal of the statue.

Herman cleared away the weeds, and kissed the unconscious flowers, as if in the enthusiasm of his spirit, he fancied they had acquired new fragrance from the celestial breath of his visionary mistress!

"Only in dreams," he sighed, "only in dreams canst thou be mine! Welcome to me will be the shades of night, and dear the slumber that restores thee to my enraptured gaze!"

On his return to the castle, his first impulse was to communicate to Ulrich the success of his enchanted sleeping draught; but to his surprise, he denied all knowledge of the events of the preceding night, and insisted that the whole must have been a dream, produced by their conversation on the subject.

"I waited long for you, dear Herman, in your study, but you never appeared, and therefore the mystical rites for which you required my aid remain unperformed; shall we to-night essay again?—all is prepared, and perchance the sylph beauty of the air may be rendered visible to mortal eyes!"

"I seek her no longer, Ulrich! No other form can make such rapture in my soul as the first thrilling glance, the first smile of the maiden of my dream! Deary thou no longer, Ulrich, than thy hand presented the draught ensuring my felicity, give me leave to drink of that enchanted cup, and ask whatever reward wealth can bestow, his time!"

Ulrich was, however, unshaken in his denial, and the bewildered Herman withdrew to meditate on the inexplicable adventure. The picture gallery was explored, but all there was unchanged, knights frowned, and ladies smiled from the ancient canvass, but no veiled portrait repaid his anxious search. Night came, and the earliest to seek his couch was the young lord of the castle—His sleep was still and profound, and prolonged far into the ensuing morning—but no dream maiden smiled upon his slumbers, and though refreshed by his repose, he felt disappointed by not being able even to recall the shadow of his dream. Again he sought the valley of the fountain, for it had