

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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All Advertisements inserted in the tri-weekly Commercial, are entitled to one insertion in the Weekly, free of charge.

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HARDWARE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
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BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

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GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
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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.,
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SENIOR PARTNER OF THE LATE FIRM OF DICKINSON & MORRIS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
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Nesmith & Walsh,
E. D. Peters & Co., Boston.
Means & Clark,
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For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce
and Real Estate,
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faithful attended to.
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PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

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PRINTED TO ORDER AT THE
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NEW MALAGA FRUIT.
30 BOXES new Malaga, and 10 Kegs Malaga
Grapes, just landed at
J. WILKINSON'S.
Oct. 25. 96

Broughton's Confession.
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 DE SILVA, on the 21st of May, 1847."
Price 12 cts.
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American Glue.
SUPERIOR quality American Glue, constantly on
hand and for sale by
BARRY, BRYANT & Co.
Nov. 4th 1847.
CORN.
230 BUSHELS, received by boat Cronly, from
Payetteville, and for sale by
JOHN C. LATTA,
Oct. 30. 97-1/2. Lord's wharf.

JUST RECEIVED.
7 HHDS. Porto Rico Sugar,
20 Bags Laguira Coffee,
41 Rio do.
15 Half boxes Tobacco,
5 Bbls. Crushed Sugar,
25 Boxes Cheese,
5 Kegs Butter,
21 Bbls. Super. Flour,
10 Half do do.
10 Half bbls. Buckwheat,
10 Qt. do do.
15 Boxes Sperm Candles,
6 Half bbls. No. 2 Mackerel,
6 Qt. do do do.
10 Bbls. Mess Pork,
110 do Pink eye and Blue Potatoes,
20 do Mercer do.
1000 Gunny bags.
In store and for sale by
J. HATHAWAY & SON.
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FOR SALE OR RENT,
A LARGE AND COMMODIOUS PEW, No. 21,
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3 BALES for sale by
J. C. LATTA.
Oct. 19. 92

FRESH DUTCH BULBS.
Imported per *Belgian Barque Vierge Marie*.
ONE case superior fresh imported Flower Roots,
from the celebrated Garden of Messrs. R. V. &
Des Sources & Sons, Florists, at Hillegom, near
Haarlem, Holland. This case comprises, in part—
Tulips, Hyacinths, and Crocus, of nearly every variety;
Iris, Narcissus, Anemone, Ranunculus, &c., &c.
Also Mosaic Glasses for the above. Catalogues, giving
full descriptions, accompany the case. For sale
in lots to suit, by
JOS. WILKINSON
Market Street, near the Post Office.
Oct. 14. 93

Pure Camphine!
I CONTINUE to deliver, as usual, my Pure Cam-
phine to those customers who desire to have it left
at their stores. All others are informed that Messrs.
LEFFERT & WILKINSON, Druggists, and Dr. SHAW,
Druggist, are the only persons in Wilmington who are
authorized to retail Camphine of my manufacture.
THOMAS SMITH,
Nov. 9. 101-1/2

CANDY
AND
Confectionary Manufactury.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of
Wilmington, and its vicinity, that having pro-
ceeded some of the best Workmen from the North, and
not wishing to humbug the people with Petersburg,
Baltimore, or New York Candy—I would inform
them that I can manufacture Candy as good in Wil-
mington, as in any other part of the United States;
and I offer it for sale, wholesale and retail, 15 per cent.
cheaper than others who import their Candy.
It is well known that Candy, when fresh made, is
hard, and has a good flavor, and the imported Candy
loses its flavor and becomes soft like chalk.
I also keep constantly on hand, a large assortment
of Fancy Cakes, large Pound and Fruit Cakes; Or-
namented Pyramids, &c., with which I am prepared
to furnish Weddings and Parties at the shortest notice.
I invite the Public to call and view them.
I don't keep a Curiosity Shop, nor Baby Jumpers,
but always have an assortment of Toys, Groceries,
and Fruits of all kinds, wholesale and retail. I will
thank the Public to examine my prices before pur-
chasing elsewhere.

FOR SALE.
NEAT and Fashionable ROCK-
AWAY CARRIAGE
OR
A commodious FAMILY CARRIAGE. One of the
above will be sold, as the purchaser may choose, at a
moderate price. Apply at the Commercial Office.
Oct. 25. 96

TO RENT.
THAT large and commodious HOTEL,
the HANOVER HOUSE, situated on ac-
count street opposite the Cape Fear Bank, in
the Town of Wilmington will be rented on reason-
able terms, from and after the first of October next.
The Hanover House is a new brick building, four sto-
ries high, tin roofed, and built expressly for a Hotel.
Its location is one of the best in the town of Wil-
mington, 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 PULTON
July 10, 1847. 49-1/2.
Chronicle copy till forbid.

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 it
will also be suitably divided into a com-
modious 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, Front Water
Street.
GILLESPIE & ROBESON.
Aug. 3, 1847. 59

TO A LADY,
On receiving a Sprig of Lauristiana from her.
Oh, Lady fair! I prize the Rose
You gave when last we met;
The Heliotrope, Forget-me-not,
And fragrant Mignonette,
I have a few Geraniums, too,
With Violeta entwined,
Snowdrops, Moss Roses, Jessamine,
And Lavender combined.
And I have worn Clematis, Pinks,
With Ivy and Sweet Pea,
Myrtle and Lillies in their turn,
Though not all gifts from thee;
And now I wear what others call
The priceless wreath of Fame,
The gaud for which Earth's myriads pine,
And gained, 'tis what?—a name!

Oh, watch the fate, 'tis one sad fate,
Which o'er the gifted secus
To linger till its fury bursts
To blast their sunny dreams,
Tell of the "wasting unborn fire"
Which desolates the mind,
The canker worm! whose power wastes
The noblest of our kind.

I've stood beside "earth's gifted one,"
In times when cruel foes
And Envy, with malicious tongue,
Would aggravate their woes;
And then I've watched the drooping form,
The Soul's expiring flame,
And wept; but oh! it is the doom
Of all—Their "Price of Fame!"

Breathe not the wish, oh! speak it not,
It cannot be fulfilled,
Youth hath its vague imaginings,
Which must and shall be stilled,
I dream not of an "after fate,"
It never shall be mine
To pluck the poisonous weeds that grow
Around Ambition's shrine.

For what is Fame? A withering blast
Which desolates the Soul—
A Simon sweeping Reason's track,
Defying her control;
A Meteor, whose uncertain light
Attracts the student's eye,
Raising fond hopes, but raised, alas!
To wither and to die.

Then tell me not of Laurel wreaths
To garland my poor brow,
Wake not the thought but let it sleep,
As it doth slumber now—
I seek not for the world's applause,
Be THAT to worldlings given,
Be 't mine to honor Dolly.
And gain a crown in Heaven.

The Virgin of Van Dyck.
In one of the spacious apartments of the
palace of St James and within the walls of
damask and tapestry which adorned it, sat
a group of young and beautiful women—
Each held in the hand some needle work—
and while with their white and slender fingers,
they were all assiduously plying their
needles, and conversing on joyful subjects,
they awaited the levee of the queen, for
they were her maids of honor. One alone,
by her age and gravity contrasted with all
the rest, it was the Duchess of Albany, first
maid of honor and *douxairre* of the palace.
In the midst of these brightly budding
flowers, the youngest was remarkable for
the simplicity of her attire and her modest
mien. She wore a high necked dress of black
velvet, which below the waist opened at a
skirt of white satin. Her sleeves ended at
the elbow and displayed arms and hands
of faultless beauty. She wore a wide rill
around her neck, the whiteness of which
might be easily divined. A large cross at-
tached to a chain, hung on her bosom, and
her hair parted in braids on her forehead,
was knotted behind and fastened by a lace
scarf.

She belonged to one of the first families
of Scotland; her father, Lord Ruthven
count of Gorre, possessed considerable
wealth, and a coat of arms, to which he
attached still more importance than to his
gold. Dolly, for such was her name, had
arrived but a short time since at the court
of England, to wait upon the queen, and to
complete the religious education she had
received at her father's. In the retirement
and seclusion in which she had lived, her
soul, instinctively elevated itself to serious
things, and art was to her tender and im-
pressible heart a source of joy and delight.
In painting she excelled, and in it her mind
found the most varied and infinite treasures.
There did the gentle and melancholy young
girl find tears and joys. Her father pos-
sessed immense galleries adorned with
paintings by the first masters. From these
dumb and inanimate groups, her fancy cre-
ated animated worlds—Paul Veronese, Gu-
do, Rubens, were her friends and she was
grateful to them for so many master-pieces,
which showed her life, in the midst of sol-
itude.

Her habits and manners, afforded a strik-
ing contrast to those of the other young
ladies, who were accustomed to more inde-
pendence and liberty. So timid and gentle
was she that she hardly dared to answer
the wild and sometimes malicious sallies of
her young companions.

The large clock in the room where they
were sitting struck ten, and all eyes were
directed towards it.
"How long he stays!" said some one.
A moment after the servant announced the
painter Van Dyck.
At this announcement, there was a rustling
of pearls and satin among the beauti-
ful ladies; as the stalk of a flower that is
agitated by the wind, each one arranged
herself on her stool, and stretched out her
flowing robe, and sought to appear to the
best advantage.
The young pupil of Rubens, however ac-
customed he was to contemplate beauty,
could not prevent a thrill of admiration and
surprise at the sight of the brilliant circle
in which he found himself.
The Duchess of Albany, attributing to her
presence, the embarrassment of the young
man, whose eyes were bent to the ground,
endeavored to dispel his confusion and in
order to effect this, she addressed him as
follows:
"They say that you have talent, my
dear sir."
"Those who say so do me too much honor,
Madame la Duchesse: they judge my in-
tentions, but as yet, I have never produced
anything to justify such an opinion."
Van Dyck, uttered these words, with as
much assurance and pride, as the noble
dame had of impertinence in her question.
Dolly, proud as a Scotch woman, had
blushed with shame at the insolent tone
of the Duchess; she blushed with plea-
sure, at the answer of the young painter
and raised her sweet eyes to him: the
young man understood her and thanked
her from his heart.

"Well, well that is what we will see;
for the queen is about putting you to the
test; her majesty desires to renew the orna-
ments of her chapel, you will have a great
deal to do. For your labors during the
winter, the manor of Blifford has been
awarded to you. It is an ancient manse-
ry, which can be seen from here; there you
will be free and solitary. For your sum-
mer labors they have given you the
Chateau d'Eltham. If I mistake not that is
well for an artist."
"Great proficiency in art, is a thing
which cannot be bought with money, *ma-
dame la Duchesse*, and had I the talent to
which I ascribe, the favors which you speak
of would not be sufficient to pay for my
brush."
"All that is very well; you are proud,
and we are great; but still those honors,
have one condition attached to them; the
queen, will loudly proclaim you her
patron when you will have gained the prize
at the conourse opened for the pupils of Rome.
The subject is the head of the Virgin."
"Yes madam; but if the protection of
the queen is at that price I greatly fear
that I will not obtain it."
"Why?"
"Because I will not take the prize," an-
swered Van Dyck, with an expression of
sadness which penetrated to the heart of
Dolly and reflected itself on her beautiful
countenance."
"And why do you refuse this honor; do
you lack confidence?"
"No madam, but how can I represent
the mother of the Saviour as she ought to
be represented? I have no model." As he
pronounced these last words he fixed his
gaze upon Dolly.
"I have searched every where for that
heavenly countenance, but in vain. None
possess that candor of the soul which beams
in the eyes, none possess that sweetness,
and astonishing goodness, which revealed
the indulgent sister of women in all her
movements."
All the young women gazed simultane-
ously upon Van Dyck; he appeared to them
noble and beautiful, for his large, open
forehead was resplendent with genius.
"But I thought Mr. Painter, that models
were not wanting to you," said the Du-
chess.
"Yes, there are women who are paid
and are beautiful. But can one of those
approach that purity of expression and beau-
ty which have met my gaze! Alas! the
women that I have found, the woman that
I would desire is a noble lady who would
disdain to sit for a poor artist."
As he finished he turned upon Dolly his
animated countenance. The young girl
perceived his look and became troubled and
embarrassed; all her companions also, had
perceived it, and they with vexation un-
derstood, that Dolly was the fair creature of
whom the painter spoke.
He then bowed to them all, sent a last
farewell to Dolly and said to the Duchess
"If I obtain the prize, you will see me
again, if I do not, I will leave England."
Van Dyck, took possession of the *Hut
de Blifford*, situated opposite the palace
of St James.

It was there he was to execute his paint-
ing for the conourse, while at the same
time, he was to work at the frescoes of the
chapel. He took up his brushes, and his
mind filled with the celestial beauty of the
young woman he endeavored to retrace her
portrait, but the impression he had received,
was still too powerful to enable him to
express the idea which filled his soul.
The whole day was spent in useless wish-

es and vain efforts, and the night found him
sad and shivering, by his canvass, making
fruitless efforts to retrace that fugitive re-
semblance.
As soon as he had left the palace, the
taunts and looks of all, were directed to-
wards poor Dolly. Her envious compan-
ions, made her pay dearly, for the choice
which Van Dyck had made of her.

They separated, but Dolly bore away a
thought in her heart. After her evening
prayer, the name of the artist was the sub-
ject of her last thought.
It was midnight; the skies were studded
with myriads of stars, a soft light shone
along the portico of the palace, and pro-
jected its rays upon the old abbey, which
sad and solitary, seemed to be peering
alone with its mouldering remains. Sudden-
ly a window of the palace opens, a shadow
passes over the balcony and glides along
the staircase, crosses the great square and
reaches the door of the manseary.
It would be difficult for you to tell you
how this woman obtained egress from the
palace, and how she penetrated into the
ruins. It was evident however that she
was acquainted with the place, for in a few
moments she had traversed the long alleys
and coming to one of the galleries of the
chapel, found herself in the studio of the
painter, passed lightly by him and taking
a chair sat directly in front of his easel—
O surprise! O joy! That woman, so calm
and beautiful is Dolly. The artist, so sad
and unhappy, who could not retrace those
celestial features, now beholds the living
original before him; she herself has come
to be his model. But what power brings
her here! what thought has given her that
force of mind and courage.

The painter knelt at her feet to thank
her. But Dolly motioned him to rise and
take his brushes. Her look filled him with
so pure a flame that he forgot the reality of
his vision, his astonishment appeared to him
to be a want of faith. Transported by his
imagination into an ideal and ethereal
sphere, he left the earth, and felt himself
living in the skies. In the midst of the
sublime concert of the angels, he saw
Mary, surrounded by her divine glory! he
was no longer the unskilful and weak man,
who but a moment before, threw down his
brushes in despair. The artist had taken
the place of the man—speechless, painting,
hurred on by an unknown power, he im-
mediately seized his palette; now able to
express on his canvass the image which
filled his soul, in a few hours, he created
the most beautiful and purest of virgins.

When the young girl perceived that
he was so animated, that he could finish
the painting alone; when she saw, that having
copied the features, he forgot his model, to
obtain the rest from the inspiration of his
own soul, she arose, and without saying
one word, with the same calm step as be-
fore, she left the manseary by the same
path which she had taken in coming.
Van Dyck, his eyes starting wildly, his
bosom oppressed, his voice extinct, saw her
leave the room, without making a motion to
detain her. When he saw her depart he
thought he saw the Virgin ascending to
heaven.

Worn out with toil and excitement,
he fell asleep in his chair.
On awaking the next morning, his first
thought was to run to his canvass. Trans-
ported with joy at the sight of his paint-
ing, he knelt down, and addressed his thanks
to the virgin or woman, who had appeared to
him.
Vainly did he endeavor to tear away the
veil from the ideal which still surrounded
him. Notwithstanding all his endeavors,
no effort of his reason could make him dis-
cover the truth. He so blended together
in his mind, the Virgin and Dolly, that after
mature reflection, he determined to
write the following note to the young girl, as
the only way of discovering the truth.

"Tell me if you are really an angel;
tell me, if you wish to render insane the
poor artist to whom you have given life;
tell me who you appeared to me last night
the virgin or the woman."
The Duchess of Albany, was to open all
the letters directed to the young persons
entrusted to her, before any one else.
What was her astonishment on reading
these lines "Horror" she exclaimed—
"A person of noble birth, so far to forget
her duty, as to go alone during the night
to visit a painter."
She immediately sent for the culprit—
But her wrath increased still more when
Dolly, calm and gentle as usual, assured
her that she did not understand a word of
all her reproaches.

The Duchess, who expected a free con-
fession, a sincere and candid avowal, and
who perhaps would have forgiven her at
that price, would not listen to anything she
said, and declared that Dolly should return
to her father's the next day.
Tears, entreaties, protestations, all were
unheeded; until the following night was
the only day granted for repentance.
The Duchess to avoid any other occasion
for scandal, made the young girl sleep in
her apartment.

When midnight arrived, Dolly as on the
previous night arose. Awakened by this
movement, the Duchess happy to be able
to convince those who still believed Dolly
was innocent, called all the ladies of the
palace.
Torches were lighted, the Duchess, with
a great number of persons accompanying
her followed the footsteps of Dolly. As
on the previous evening, she crossed the
long halls, the vast inclosures, the wide
park of St James and arrived at the door
of the manseary.

No one entertained doubts any longer of
the culpability of the poor girl. They fol-
lowed her into the studio and saw her sit

at her easel, and saw her gaze fixed upon
the picture which she had just finished.

She was so pale and so sad, and her eyes
were so fixed upon the picture, that every
one was struck with astonishment.

At this sight, the Duchess, who was so
proud and so vain, was so affected, that she
was obliged to leave the room.

From that day forth, Dolly was no longer
regarded as a poor girl, but as a woman
of noble birth.

The whole day was spent in useless wish-