

# COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

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**AUCTIONS.**

**Pine and Spruce Deal.**  
**TO BE SOLD, BY AUCTION, TO-MORROW EVENING, (Thursday), 19th inst., on Penick's Wharf, at 6 o'clock.**  
 29,000 ft. refuse **PINE and SPRUCE DEAL** (suitable for Plank Buildings).  
 JAMES MORRIS, Auctioneer.  
 July 18, 1855.

**Advantageous opportunity of obtaining Building Sites for Business**  
 (IN CHARLOTTE TOWN.)

THE Terms of Sale of **MR. DAVID WILSON'S** LOTS, sold last Winter, not being complied with they will be again offered at **PUBLIC AUCTION**, on **TUESDAY**, the 25th day of August next, at 12 o'clock, on the Premises. These Lots are cut up into building plots to suit intending purchasers, having fronts of fifty feet each on Powell Street, and forty-two feet on Richmond Street, and are well worth the attention of Mercantile men.  
 Twenty per cent on day of Sale and the balance on delivery of Deed.

**C. & J. BELL,**

**MERCHANT TAILORS, and Manufacturers of Ready Made Clothing, Queen Square, opposite the Market, Charlotteville.**

**IMPORTERS OF** Cloths, Whitties, Doonings, Tweeds, Vestings and Tailors' Trimmings, and keep in their employment the largest number of the best Journeymen Tailors on the Island.  
 All Orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch. Jan. 11.

**FASHIONS for 1855.**

**SILK, SHAWLS, and MANTLES,**

At **GAHAN & Co's** New Dry Goods Establishment, Corner of **GRAND GEORGE & KENT STREETS.** (In. Ex. Adv.)

**NEW GOODS. Spring 1855.**

THE Subscribers are now receiving, per **ISAAC**, and **SIN ALEXANDER**, from Liverpool, Packages **DRY GOODS and IRONMONGERY**, which have been purchased, and will be sold at unusually low prices, and to which they solicit the attention of their customers and the public. The assortment consists of  
 4 Cases **HATS and CAPS,**  
 3 Trunks **BOOTS and SHOES,**  
 3 Cases **RADY MADE Clothing,**  
 1 bale **blue and summer CLOTHS,**  
 2 do **Cambrones, Drills, &c.**  
 1 bale **CARPETS, Flannels, &c.**  
 1 case **Gloves and Ribbons,** 1 case **Shawls,**  
 1 do **Wool and Silk Bonnets,**  
 1 do **Silks and Barges,**  
 2 do **Haberdashery and Hosiery,**  
 2 bales **White, printed and Printed Calicoes,**  
 2 do **Cotton Warp,**  
 2 cases **Fancy Dress Mellins, Alpacaes, Delaines and Orisons,**  
 3 do **Linen Drapery,**  
 16 Packages **Hardware and Ironmongery,**  
 15 Packages **Cutlery, Patenting, and Sewing**  
 8 Tons **BAR IRON.**  
 D. & G. DAVIES.  
 Charlotteville, May 11.

**REMOVAL.**

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of thanking the Gentlemen of Charlotteville, and the 15 parishes, for the kind patronage and assistance he has lately received, and to beg leave to inform them that he has lately **MOVED** to the house recently occupied by **DR. FORBES**, in Queen-street, and is now ready to receive all kinds of orders in his line of business, which will be promptly attended to, and punctually executed in style which cannot be exceeded in Charlotteville.  
 N. B.—**WANTED,** three or four Journeymen, to whom the highest wages will be given, and who must be able to finish, and make up.  
 JAMES McLEOD, Tailor.  
 June 15, 1855.

**MOTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.**

CHAPTER XIII.  
 "KITTY," cried Edward, bursting into the drawing-room, at the Parsonage, where Catherine sat with an open book before her, but thoughts wandering far away. "Kitty, my dear sister, what am I to do? Here I have been puzzling my brain for the last ten days to compose an Epithalamium for you and Frank! I tried Greek first, but you know I'm only read the Prometheus, and Iambics don't come easy. I tried Latin next, but I couldn't determine whether it should be in Sapphic or Alcaic, and owing to the confusion of my mind, half the stanzas fell in one and half in the other; so down I led to English, plain, wholesome English, as father calls it—which is, after all, the most Christian language of the world. I shall have a couple of hours' hard fighting with the Muse, by and by, and I'll bring her copy libretto to terms, depend upon it. If you could but help me to a rhyme, now and then—but, of course, that is not to be expected. Mother is tremendously grand to-day. I can't get a word out of her, or I'd have pressed her into the service. She is glorious at finding rhymes. She has got a splendid gown for to-morrow, and a bonnet my aunt would give her ears for."

"I wish I could show her how grateful I am for all her goodness to me," said Catherine.  
 "I wish she would feel oppressed by the weight of the obligation to me," replied Edward, gaily; "though I must say mother has behaved splendidly to me, and I don't think being a step-mother is a little cross sometimes. But come, Kitty! If I go and fetch the horses, you'll have us more ride with me, won't you, before you join the double corps of matrons? Just one last ride!"

Catherine not unwillingly consented, for she led the best of horses, and she had the opportunity of an event so important, she felt herself unable to exercise her habitual control over her thoughts. It was not an early autumn. The foliage had lost nothing of its summer fullness, though it was coloured here and there with the beautiful shades that herald its decay. Roses clustered round the cottage doors, and the air was fragrant with clematis, while the stately autumn flowers nodded quietly greetings to each other, and the ripe tints of the sunburnt foliage, the blue sky, the rich landscape, combined to raise the spirits of the riders. Never had Edward looked so handsome; never had the fall harvest moon shone so gracefully. Catherine could not help gazing with admiration on his dark animated countenance, and on the apple green of his military uniform.  
 "I will be with you before breakfast to-morrow, Kitty," he gaily cried, as he rode away, leading the best of his horses, and his attendant, as he said, "I wish I had my hands! I had never fair but I'll finish the Epithalamium, if I invoke all the Nines, at once, to my aid."

As the twin stepped slowly after him as he rode down the lane, on his glossy chestnut hunter, singing joyously, and with many a bright backward look and glad farewell.

CHAPTER XIV.

The autumn day had long since closed. Laid clouds were in the horizon, and the fall harvest moon waded through majestic clouds—now walled in dense masses—now in fragments of grotesque shape. Lady Irwin stood on the balcony on which her dressing-room opened. The heavy shade of the trees; the stillness, broken fitfully by the moanings of the rising wind, and the jagged clouds; were in grand harmony with her spirit. The weight at her heart seemed a little lightened as she contemplated, in the twilight, the dimmest hatching in apparent calm, and rest to her.

The door of the chamber opened, but so softly that it was only by the current of air produced that she was aware of it. Agnese entered, the room, her olive cheek pale, and her thin lips compressed.

"It is done," said the Italian, speaking with difficulty from her parched throat. Then, after a pause, she added, "and quite as it was expected. The glass was on the table where Elton had placed it, with the Seltzer water. It was

all as usual. The night is hot; he will certainly drink."

"If he should discover it," said Lady Irwin. "I placed the powder in the glass as you bade me. It is impalpable—if it is only enough."  
 "What gave you would destroy half-a-dozen lives. But what, if he should not drink?"  
 "I do not fear that. He will be weary. And let that cold drink should be insufficient to help him, I got some claret, and placed it hard by. The Cure has no great choice of wines. He will not fail to drink it."  
 "Is he not yet come home? He fingers to-night. I wish it were over. This suspense is insupportable. Did you hear nothing, then?"  
 "Only the sighing of the wind through the trees. There will be work among them to-night. Wind work within, and wind work without; stout young branches rent and snapped, like and by the hand of a child."

"Be silent, Agnese," cried Lady Irwin, fiercely; "the sound of your voice makes me mad! Be silent, and let me listen."  
 In obedience to her command Agnese was silent. The agony of expectation became every moment more intense. Yet there was no touch of remorse—no timely repentance. Every nerve was stimulated to the highest pitch of sensibility. Sounds, in general scarcely audible, seemed so loud and important, as to be almost unbearable. Every pulsation of the great clock on the staircase, door creak, the whizzing of the wind, the whizzing of a bat's wing in its tortuous flight, was all so many sources of agony.

"What is that?" said Lady Irwin, and the wine taken away, said Lady Irwin, at last, unable longer to endure the silence. "Have you thought of that, Agnese? It will betray us!"  
 "I do not dare go in," cried Agnese, shrinking with terror.

"Not dare to go in?" repeated Lady Irwin, with surprise. "What is the matter?"  
 "When he is dead!" said Agnese, in a low voice.

"What harm can the poor clay do you, simpleton?" cried Lady Irwin, scornfully. "What! the daughter of Beatrice Pistorelli!"  
 Agnese hung her head, and was silent.  
 "He will only look like me in a deep sleep—like one in a deep sleep. We have only lulled him to sleep—the sweet dreamer sleep that knows not of pain, and in that unconscious state, that in him which gloomed and suffered—will be returned into the great all-permeating soul. He is but rocked to sleep a little before his time, to be reproduced in some other form of being. It is she who will suffer: the pain and the woe will be all hers. But hark! I hear Sir Edward's door creak. He will be coming to find me undressed. Quick, Agnese. Give me my dressing-gown, and let down my hair!"

As the door opened, the door of her waiting-woman, whose hands, cold and clammy with excitement, were little apt to render her service, the clock struck eleven.  
 "He cannot be there," said Lady Irwin, assisting her maid to unfasten the long coils of her hair. "If you are afraid to go alone, wait for me. I will be there in a moment, if you come to your room, and we will go together. How awkward you are to-night, Agnese. Omb my hair carefully instead of teasing it. Do you forget we are to have a wedding to-morrow!"

At this moment Sir Edward came through the dressing-room. He paused to say a few words to his waiting-woman, as to the arrangements for the morrow. Lady Irwin's face reflected in the mirror, shaded though it was by the profuse masses of her hair, struck him by its extreme pallor, made the more remarkable by the feverish brilliancy of her eyes. He lingered to observe her, and, tenderly chiding her negligence of her hair, closed the door.

It seemed to Lady Irwin and to Agnese that he would never go. In vain she returned short answers. He was evidently disturbed about her. He would not allow her to talk of other things. Aware of the extreme danger of awakening his suspicions, she did her best to simulate an indifference, and she became so cold and reserved that some one was moving in the room above, which was Frank's her excitement became uncontrollable. At length, shaking her hair over her face, she allowed to control her features, she said, with a desperate attempt at playfulness, "Come Edward! I shall quarrel with you, if

you do not go quickly. Here I have kept poor Agnese for half-an-hour over my hair. Remember we must be up betimes in the morning."

As she spoke, there was a slight tremor over her head, and a sound as of something falling.  
 "Frank is noisy," said Sir Edward, with a smile. "I suppose he doesn't feel particularly sleepy, or he wouldn't have come home?"  
 And so saying, he took up his candle and went into the bedroom.

When he was gone, Lady Irwin closed the door, and turned her face towards Agnese. The two guilty creatures looked at each other in speechless but eager inquiry. They listened anxiously, but there was nothing to break the stillness above. The great clock ticked, the wind whistled among the trees, and the rain came in liberal showers on the terrace and on the lawn, and ploughed up the earth. With these sounds, mingled the peaceful movements of Sir Edward as he prepared for repose. The lightning flashed across the windows in successive discharges, disclosing the ruffled landscape and the pale eger faces of the wicked women.

All at once there was a noise of opening and shutting doors; a quick step mounted the stairs; it passed Lady Irwin's door, and ascended to the second floor, and she looked at each other in an agony of expectation; who could imagine the inexpressible terror of that moment!

All at once it came so swiftly—who had the fallen, and she was falling, and she was falling. She was about to bend rapidly to and fro. Then there were a momentary pause—a great cry of terror and falling on the terrace and on the lawn, and the heavy step of one carrying a burden: then the heavy step of one going down stairs, and a pause at Sir Edward's door.

"For God's sake, get up, sir!" cried Frank's voice, in a whisper, a whisper terribly audible to the two women. "Don't alarm my mother! Sir Edward is ill."

Where? What is the matter?" cried Edward, starting up in alarm.  
 "I don't know—he seems to have fainted. He is in my room. I'll go—"

But here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so terrible, that it seemed like the rending asunder of soul and body, and Lady Irwin rushed in with three desperate eyes, demanding the truth. Her eyes were filled with tears, and she was pale as his own, who strove in vain to restrain her, and wondered at her strange and terrible words, she rushed to the chamber where the awful punishment of her crime awaited her. Little wonder that the sight which there blasted her vision overbore her reason: for there he lay, the man who had just been engaged in a mad, half an hour ago so full of joy and promise, dead on a couch beside the opened window, the storm wind blowing in long, strong gusts.

On the table stood the glass, and by it lay the copy of verses which had been the occasion of his early, his long sleep. He had gone to rest heartily, his mind bright, his heart full of joy, his heart on finishing his poem, and having succeeded beyond his expectation, had taken it to read to his brother-in-law, and to his waiting-woman, and to the two. The wine which was to ensure the destruction of his brother had tempted the boy, Edward starting up in alarm, and he had drunk.

Consternation and grief spread through the house and village. The facts of the case were too notorious to be concealed. Lady Irwin's reality was proved, and she was degraded, and she now bemoaned her child—now demanded vengeance on his murderers. Agnese, overwhelmed by the sorrow, attempted to escape, but she found some defence. With a curious devotion, she found some solace in her misery, by arrogating to herself the guilt which she shared with her mistress, and in her abandoned death she had a glow of triumph in the thought that she suffered for the only being she loved.

She was now abandoned by the loss of his child and by the crime of his wife, humbled himself at the foot of the cross, and in the depth of his misery learnt to prize the light which, if he had not despaired, he had degraded. The marriage between Frank and Catherine was solemnized by his death, when a year had passed, and he was buried. He was buried in works of active benevolence, and in a fervent but humble spirit, they endeavoured to live by the precepts of the great Master, whose kingdom is yet to come.