

# The Lancaster Ledger.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

"CHAINED TO NO PARTY'S  
ARBITRARY SWAY."

"WE CLEAVE TO TRUTH, WHEREVER  
SHE LEADS THE WAY."

IN ADVANCE.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL,

AGRICULTURAL, SCIENTIFIC, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

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**H. S. BAILEY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Selected Tales.

### THE DRESS MAKER AND THE DRESS WEARER.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

HALF buried in the velvet cushions of one of the luxurious arm-chairs of an apartment, furnished with a magnificence an Eastern sultana might envy, sat an elderly lady, habited in a costly and most elaborate dress. Her face had been fair to look upon; but, by long practice in the fashionable art of concealing all expressions, she succeeded in wiping out from her features everything of the kind, save one, a cat-like distrust and haughty self-conceit.

Listlessly reclining upon a yielding lounge was a young lady of seventeen or eighteen, with a set of features most rarely and wonderfully beautiful. Still with face and form of perfect symmetry, the long lashes of those usual down cast eyes could not conceal, in their occasional orb bright flashes, the pride and discontent of a heart warring with itself; also in the petish curl of her fruitless lip, and in the arching of her exquisitely penciled brows, could you read the same.

Beautiful as had been the mother, and as was Bertha, her favorite daughter, no one for an instant could accuse the eldest daughter, Caroline, of being even a good looking. Hopelessly homely, her face expressed most plainly that she had never forgiven father or mother for her ill looks, and never ceased to be so.

Like a stray sunbeam in a scowling picture was the presence, in that family group, of Clarice, the youngest daughter. If she was pretty, she did not know it. Her delight lay, not in herself, but in her tame birds and squirrels; in Strauss' and Labinsky's waltzes—which she was forever playing; in dancing fancy dances; and in diffusing the warmth and joy of her own sunny temper among the ever contending members of her family.

"Clarice, do stop that intolerable drumming on the piano! I wish to read something to mother."

"Certainly, if you wish it, sister Caroline; for my fingers fairly ache with the last grand attempt," replied Clarice, waltzing, with the lightness of a fairy, across the spacious room, her voice softly echoing the air she had just been playing.

"You might as well be a humming top, and done with it, such a whirling and buzzing as you keep up."

"What were you going to read to me, Caroline?" said Mrs. Winslow.

"An announcement of the death and funeral of Mr. Walter Lee."

"Of Walter Lee! Caroline, did you say of Walter Lee?"

"I think I spoke sufficiently plain for you to understand the name."

"Walter Lee! How shocking! When did he die?"

"Very suddenly, last evening; and the paragraph states that his death was most probably occasioned by the startling announcement of the failure of the house in which all his property was invested."

"I suppose his widow and daughter will look to us now for their support," said the hitherto silent Bertha.

"Do tell me, Bertha Winslow, if you have aroused yourself sufficiently to make such a wise remark?" sneered Caroline.—"I thought you had been fast asleep ever since breakfast. All I can say is, if you suppose that I will support Walter Lee's widow and daughter will be so weak as to imagine they have a claim upon us, merely because Mr. Lee happens to be the sister of my father."

"Ruth Lee has many accomplishments, she will doubtless conclude to maintain herself and her mother by her own industry," said Mrs. Winslow.

"I do not recognize any claim they have upon us," persisted Caroline. "If people are careless in business, it is no reason they should expect to depend on those who are more prudent."

At the first word that announced her uncle's death, Clarice left the room, and, with her school-bonnet and shawl in her hand, was hurrying through the streets to her uncle's dwelling.

rose to her mind the image of a man with a child's simplicity of heart, with a woman's tenderness and nobleness of nature that was godlike in its uprightness and truth. The irreparable weight of her bereavement once more overpowered her, and the tears she shed seemed like tears of blood wrung from the heart.

The hard, uncompromising truth at length stared the widow and orphan in the face. They were beggars. All were swept from them, to the very home in which they had lived so happily. With a strength of purpose scarcely belonging to her years, Ruth Lee aroused herself from her grief, and set herself to seriously planning what had best be done. She could not look for much help from her mother, for her health, never very good, seemed so broken down by her affliction that Ruth began to fear she might lose her also.

"To-morrow, dear Ruth, we must leave the home where we have seen so much joy. Strangers will reap the fruits of your dear father's taste and judgment in planning and executing this comfortable abode. But what shall we do? Shall we accept brother Richard's invitation to make a home with him?"

"And be looked upon by his parsimonious wife as dependents in the way! No; dear mother, while I have youth and health I will look to no one but myself for our support. I have found two pleasant little rooms down town, that I can get for a mere song."

"Yes, but that song must be paid for; and what with, dear Ruth?"

"By myself. I have decided upon making dresses."

"Ruth!"

"I always had a handy way with my scissors and needle," continued Ruth, with a steady voice, but a cheek more and more pale.

"You be a dress maker?"

"Why not, dearest mother? It is an honest employment."

"But you play and sing so beautifully! If you must do something, why not teach music?"

"Who would learn of me, dear mother? To whom could I apply, or would I apply for patronage? All our friends, even our relations, have shown how little they expect to do for us. Then, I doubt my own proficiency too much to put myself before the world as a music teacher. Besides, we have no home suitable to bring pupils."

"But a situation in some school, my child!"

"Would take me from you too much, during the day. No, dearest mother; I have thought of all, of every thing, and can see nothing else for me to do. Besides, I have partially engaged some work for next week. Aunt Winslow paid us another stately visit while you were lying down this afternoon, and, without making any offer of assistance, which, God forgive me, if she had, I should not have accepted—she seemed very desirous to know our plans for the future. I told her my plan, and she remarked, in a very patronizing way, that it was a very judicious one, and that Bertha had several new dresses to be made, and that I might try my hand at one next week."

The next week found Ruth and her mother settled in their narrow quarters. Ruth made the dress, and it was pronounced a "fit" and soon she had more "custom" than she could well manage.—"The very fashionable persons who had, since her change in fortune, declined recognizing her as an acquaintance, were glad to avail themselves of her undeniable skill.

To her taste and ingenuity there seemed no limit; and, as she always kept her promises, cost her what sleepless hours they might, she soon found herself able to place before her mother many of those little comforts to which she had been accustomed, and which her frail health demanded.

And now, in the elegant mansion of the Winslows, all was bustle and preparation. An unlooked for piece of good fortune had befallen them. The plain Caroline, had actually received an offer, notwithstanding the oft-repeated predictions of her mother and sister to the contrary," as Mrs. Winslow with much satisfaction, told her friends.

The happy bridegroom in prospective was a crusty old bachelor, worth his weight in gold, who never till now had found a woman sufficiently ill-favored to justify him in proposing to her the question matrimonial. He had taken a lifelong prejudice to pretty women.

"They are all vain," he said, "and love themselves and every one else better than they do their own lawful husbands. And, from being flattered all their lives, they get to think themselves better able to judge of every thing than any one else can for them."

All was preparation. The down stairs was uninhabitable with painters and upholsters, and the up stairs was in as much turmoil with sewing girls and satins, linens, lace, and lady friends; for there was to be such a grand wedding as had never been known.

Tired with the confusion, Mr. Winslow found fault with every thing; but, he was not much heeded. As he lived mostly in his counting-room, or at his club, the mother and daughters had all pretty much their own way.

it is always engaged in the execution of your commissions. Ruth Lee, you know, never leaves her home to fit dresses."

"You can have the carriage this afternoon, Bertha," said Mrs. Winslow, who, if her proud heart loved anything, it was her haughty, beautiful Bertha.

"Much as I dislike that sanctimonious, patient little Ruth Lee, she must make a graceful fit as she."

"You have never tried Miss Pinchem," observed Caroline.

"I have no need of padding," retorted Bertha.

"You would be glad to employ Ruth Lee yourself, only that she professes to be too honest to interfere with nature."

"I fear this Ruth Lee has very little custom then," remarked a lady visitor.

"She makes all my dresses, and also those of many of my friends," replied Bertha.

"Dear mamma, let me go with Bertha this afternoon," implored Clarice. "This once let cousin Ruth make my dress."

"Not till you have done with that foolish habit of calling her cousin," replied Mrs. Winslow, in a stern voice.

The lady friend soon found occasion to depart, anxious to lighten her heart of the news, with which, until then, she was unacquainted, that the Winslows had low connections, of whom they were ashamed.

Ruth and her mother had retired so quietly from the circle in which they had moved, that comparatively few either knew of, or cared for, their whereabouts.

A stately carriage had just driven from the humble home of Ruth Lee.

Standing beside the table in the same attitude which she had assumed some moments before, after she had closed the door upon her haughty cousin, Ruth Lee seemed struggling with herself to restrain some powerful emotion that was working within her. At the sound of her mother's step within, Ruth gathered up the folds of the costly fabric that was piled upon the table, and throwing it over her arm, she held it up as though admiring its beautiful texture, but really to conceal the heaviness of her own heart.

In a moment or two after, her mother entered the room, and Ruth tried to smile as she showed her the material for her cousin's dress; but it was a dim smile, and Mrs. Lee saw that it was more full of tears than of joy.

"I have her patterns, dear mother, and she is to call to-morrow afternoon to try on her dress."

"But what is it, my child, that has gone wrong with you? It is something more than usual, I know. Do not conceal anything that comes near you."

With that, as though she could no longer restrain her feelings, Ruth sank into an arm chair near by, and gave way to a resistless passion of tears. Checking herself, after a few minutes, she exclaimed—

"Forgive me, dearest mother; I am very wrong to distress you so cruelly. But she was so proud, and cold, and distant, and imperative; she, who used to be my schoolmate! she who used to be my cousin! And then it was more a remark she made—"

"What was it, my child? Don't hesitate. Tell me what she said."

"It was only that she did not see how I found time to read such books. I had been reading 'Jane Eyre.' It was more the tones than the words. But dear mother, it is nothing."

"Nothing that you should be so hurt; you, who are all goodness!"

"But, dear mother, her heart has never been softened by grief. Her life has been one of uninterrupted pleasure. Nothing dear mother, like suffering softens the hearts to others' misfortunes."

"My poor Ruth!"

"Poor dear mother! Am I not rich in your love?"

"You have it all, my child. But did I not tell you that Lincoln Raymond had returned! Lieutenant Raymond now—He used to be a favorite with you, I remember."

That "used to be"—that, or some recollection of the by gone, set Ruth off again, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

brighter, her words or her eyes. Raymond seemed, for the moment, at least, completely bewitched.

Clarice did not seem to like the way things were turning, and she recalled some by gones, in which Ruth Lee had been the heroine. Raymond's manner changed at once.

"I have been looking the city over for her," said he; "and hear but sad news of the family, Mr. Lee having died insolvent also. Pray, Miss Winslow, where have Mrs. and Miss Lee removed?"

"Oh, did you not know?" replied Bertha, quickly "they went out West, to some near relations of Uncle Vetter's."

"Why Bertha," exclaimed Clarice.—"But Bertha gave her sister a look that, for the time at least, silenced her."

Lincoln Raymond was so thoughtfully studying the pattern of the carpet, that he neither heard the exclamation of Clarice, nor saw her sister's look.

"Out West. How far out West—Miss Winslow? Out west is a very large country."

Clarice left the room, looking as though she were in a high fever, and Bertha very adroitly changed the conversation. She said many enchanting things; but Raymond seemed thoughtful and absent, and soon after took his leave; not however, until Bertha made him promise to call the next morning and walk to church with her.

"Ruth, my child, I do not feel well enough to leave the house this morning. You will have to go to church without me."

"I had thought to go to our old church this morning, dear mother; I have not been there since we moved here, so far out of the way."

"Is it not too great a distance for you to walk my dear child?"

"I think not, dear mother."

Ruth had dressed herself with uncommon care that morning, although she would not have acknowledged even to herself the reason. As she neared the church, she felt as though she were almost guilty of some wrong—as though she had deceived her kind, good mother, in not confessing her real motive for not going to the place of worship; they were of late attending. A soft blush stole over her sweet face as she confessed to herself that there could be no harm in wishing to see the last year and a half had changed.

For the first time, she had seen the fashionable part of the city, and the most fashionable people of the city, attending a festivity, as in all things else, there is the same spirit of exclusiveness that strives to bar the door to the "vulgar mass," and admit only those who possess the golden key to its entrance.

The many familiar faces which she had not seen until now for nearly a year, filled Ruth's heart with sadness as she softly stole by the side aisle, and quietly seated herself in one of the well pews.

There, in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, was her own well remembered pew, now occupied by strangers, and, near it, that of her aunt Winslow's velvet-lined and velvet-cushioned. No one was in it but Bertha and—now the hot blood poured from her heart, and burned upon her pale cheeks, when she saw once more his handsome face! She adverted her own instantly, and for a few moments, she thought she was going to faint; but tears came into her eyes, and she turned herself to the wall and poured her heart out in bitter, silent tears.

She thought of the difference that now was between them, and magnified the difference until it seemed to her that he must spurn her as the dust under his feet. She had never felt until now her position so degraded, nor her employment so mean. A feeling of independence, and the strong desire to make her mother comfortable, had hitherto supported her. But now she almost hated herself for having undertaken anything that severed herself so utterly from the life to which she had been accustomed.

Then the strange, unnatural state of society, and its self imposed laws rose to her mind. A panorama of her former numerous acquaintances, who had been when she met them in the street, either pretended not to see her, or unfeelingly cut her, arose before her, until, to her dizzy mind, it seemed as though she were really less worthy of esteem since she had undertaken that hateful employment. She thought of her weary, toiling days, days of toil that often extended deep into the night, and she felt that she and her mother had better accepted the invitation of uncle Richard, or done anything than what she was now doing. Such a loathing for that weary, weary toil, and its endless privations, came over her, as made her heart sick and sicken within her.

The services of the church went on, meantime, and Ruth, alone, and in her sorrow, seemed to read the hearts of those present. And very few were there who were sincere in the prayers their lips uttered. The responses of most of those gaily dressed worshippers of Mammon were spoken with a ready lip, but with a thoughtless heart and wandering eye.

Ruth felt sickened to the very soul with the thoughts that crowded through her mind; and then that such thoughts, to the exclusion of those more suited to the place, and day, had taken possession of her, filled her with the keenest remorse. With a strong effort she banished them from her mind, and with a devout and penitent heart, she followed the remainder of the service, but once daring to trust her eyes in the directions of her cousin and Lincoln Raymond.

In the church yard, just as she was go-

ing out of the gate, a voice close behind her, that made her very soul stand still, remarked—

"Do you know, Miss Winslow, that just now, as we left the church yard, I caught a glimpse of a face so like Ruth Lee's that it seemed to belong to her very self? I have been looking in vain for the same face under every bonnet around ever since."

"Resemblances are very common," said the voice of her cousin Bertha. "But it could not, of course, have been Ruth Lee, unless they have carried balloon-making in Iowa to a greater degree of perfection than they have with us."

Ruth heard as in a dream, and glided on, reaching her home at last, worn out both in mind and body.

"My darling Ruth, what is it? You are as pale as our own white dress, and you tremble like a frightened bird. What has disturbed my precious child?"

Ruth threw herself on her mother's bosom, and gave way to her feelings in a flood of tears. She had restrained herself so long that now the sympathizing voice of her mother unlocked the tear-gates of her heart.

"Oh, mother I know I am weak and wrong; but when I am able I will tell you what troubles me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Lee, when Ruth had made a clean breast, and told all that oppressed her heart, all she had thought and felt that day—"my dear child, have patience; all will yet be right, and well; evil may prosper for a time, but truth must prevail, goodness must meet its own reward. You can see what is the design of your cousin, Bertha, but she will out with herself I would be too great a wrong that one so artful and truthless as she, should be the wife of one so pure and noble-minded as Lincoln Raymond."

"But mother—"

"Now your good heart is seeking to excuse her I can read it in your face. Well, it is better so. Charity comes from God; and, of all God's precious gifts, it is the one and last use."

Day after day passed on, and Bertha Winslow laid her snares more and more closely around her victim, until, blinded by their artificial glitter, he seemed ready to fall into their artful meshes. Her eyes were very bright, and the most dazzling red burned upon her cheeks; her voice was very soft, and the touch of her hand, as it met his, vibrated through every fitness and fire of her nature. It might have been well—it might have been, if he would, by little and little, have influenced her naturally noble spirit back to its original simplicity and truth; but, though young in years, he had grown so old in the ways of the world that she would have been more likely to influence him, through an unholy love, to the destruction of his own purest and loftiest feelings.

Day after day passed on, each day leaving Ruth Lee more weary and pale from her endless toil. Every few days would bring some fresh rumor of the growing intimacy of her cousin Bertha and Lincoln Raymond. Her widowed companions, who made her now feel herself to be their servant, seemed to take peculiar delight in telling her the welcome news, probably from sympathy for her, knowing she and Raymond used to be so much together.

One such had just gone, when a carriage drove up rapidly, and in a moment Clarice came bounding into the room where Ruth was.

"Oh, cousin Ruth," said she, throwing her arms lovingly around her, "how glad I am to see you once more! And, oh! I have something to tell you to which you must listen at once."

"What is it, my dearest cousin? I am all attention."

"Oh, it is a masquerade! Will it not be delightful! A real masquerade—a private one—no one is to know about it, for you know, it is against the law. Mrs. Summer is going to have it. It is to be had at her house, which you know is nearly an acre large; so we will not want for room. She is going to have every thing in style. The whole house is to be thrown open to the guests. I am going in the character of a tambourin dancer and fortune teller, and you are to make my dress. I teased mamma so hard that, for this once, she consented. But you need not put much work on it; make it as slightly as you can, so that it will hold together for one evening; you need not mind the stitches, for no one will see them. Here is a complete Parisian costume," continued Clarice, opening a bundle. "It is one of the richest materials, for I chose them myself, and ordered the dress to be made after this pattern. See, it is not beautiful! It will be the most becoming dress you could wear. You may have to take in the seams of the tunic a little, to fit your slender waist; the skirts, I think, will be just the right length. And here are the little shoes—number three; you see I remember the number. And here is the mask to tie over your sweet face, and—"

"Dearest Clarice, what are you talking about? Not, surely, of my going to this?"

"Now do not say a word, for I see the now upon your lips. I have set my heart upon it. No one will know you. Your mask will shield you, and you can see everybody, and enjoy the brilliant scene and mingle with it, without any person ever suspecting who you are."

"It will be very, very pleasant, certainly, but—"

"There are to be no buts. Mrs. Summer and I have arranged it all. There is your ticket; and Mrs. Summer is going to send a coach for you at eight o'clock this

night week. She has always felt kindly towards you; but to keep peace with her family has seemed to give you up."

"Put me dress, dear Clarice."

"Never mind the dress; it is a present from Mrs. Summer. Now don't look proud. We must not be too independent in this world, but do as we would be done by, and accept favors from others, when sincerely given, as we would give them, lovingly, and in the spirit of trust. Oh! there is so little of that spirit in this wicked world!"

"My dear Clarice, where did you learn so much of that true spirit of Christ? But I need look no further than your own answer to my question. You have practically refused me. I could not refuse you a much more important request, whatever pain it might cost me."

"Pain, dear Ruth! But this will cost you nothing but pleasure."

"And now your dress, my darling Clarice."

"Yes, give here it is, and here is the pattern to guide you in making it. You will get it."

"Mrs. Summer, recollect, it is to send a coach for you; but you will not come home alone, unless I am greatly mistaken."

The night of the masquerade had arrived; and Ruth had to acknowledge that she could not have worn a more becoming dress. Her mother could not sufficiently express her admiration of the beauty of her darling. Everything that could make her toilet complete, even to the embroidered handkerchief, was sent with the dress. It was like some fairy tale to Ruth. And when, punctual to the moment the carriage came, the tumult of her thoughts grew more strange and conflicting. She was once more going into the very midst of the circle of which she had once formed a part, and no insignificant part; but it was still like a fairy tale, for she was going to wear the invisible cap, and not one of the gray company could know who she was.

The scene was brilliant beyond her expectations and she was charmed out of herself and all her old sad thoughts in watching the numerous beautiful and strange costumes, and in trying to make out this one and that. Her cousin Bertha she was sure she had discovered, dressed as Mary, Queen of Scots, and a most queenly queen she made. A tall graceful form, in the picturesque, close-fitting guise of the who hovered continually near the Scottish queen, was, her heart told her, Lincoln Raymond.

Presently, tambourin in hand, came up to Ruth the merry little fortune teller.

"Come with me, dear Ruth," whispered she very mysteriously; "I have something to show you."

Ruth followed her cousin through rooms and long entries all thronged with the way maskers, until, coming to a door, Clarice drew a key from her pocket, and opening it, said to Ruth—

"Go in, dear and stay till I return. It is a perfect love of a little room."

Ruth could not well do anything else than remain till her cousin's return, for she had locked the door and taken the key with her.

However, she soon returned, but not alone, for she brought with her the graceful Greek.

"Now," said the tambourin girl, "do me the favor, both of you, of unmasking and tell me, when I return, if the surprise is not mutual and well conceived. You need not fear interruption."

Before Ruth had time to reply, the dancer was off with her tambourin, with the door locked after her, and the key in her possession.

"This is a cool proceeding, to say the least of it," said the Greek. "But I will do my part of the obligation," continued he, unmasking; "and my fair friend will do hers."

"But the 'fair friend,' instead of unmasking, chose to faint. The Greek gently untied her mask to give her the air, and as her features were revealed to him, he could scarcely repress a scream. He caught her to his heart, and held her there so long and fervently that his own strong life infused vitality into the pale face resting on his bosom.

"Where am I? Oh, I have had such a strange dream!" exclaimed Ruth.

"You are safe, and will soon, I hope, be well. But, dearest Ruth—my dear Miss Lee, when did you return from Iowa?"

"Oh, I have never been to Iowa in all my life." And Ruth looked as though she would faint again.

"Never been to Iowa! This is strange! Your cousin Bertha—"

"Oh, do not say anything ill of her; she is my cousin. Never mind me. Let me leave the room. I had rather go."

"But, my dearest—but Miss Lee, the door is fastened upon the outside, and we are both prisoners. Let us make the best of it, and talk over the past. I cannot tell you how I have longed to see you. I had decided soon to go to Iowa in search of you."

"They told me you were soon to be united to my cousin Bertha."

could not say a word. The coming in, just at the moment, of their little jailer, was a great relief to Ruth; but, though she had given Raymond no verbal answer the light of love in her soft eyes had illuminated his inmost soul, and made him happy.

Clarice saw at a glance how things were, and all she said was—

"Oh, forgive my poor sister! And forgive me for revealing to you sooner that cousin Ruth had not left this place; but oh, I could not speak the words! Bertha is my sister, and her untruth made my heart ache so much I could not speak it. But oh, say I am forgiven?"

Raymond was too happy to harbor an unkind thought against any one, and certainly not against the present author of his happiness. So, out of his full heart, he comforted the tearful little Clarice into smiles again.

Clarice was right; Ruth did not go home alone that night. Nor was there any more stitching for the weary dress-maker.

"How happy we shall all be, dearest Ruth, in our dear old home again! It was so kind and thoughtful in poor Lincoln Raymond to repurchase the house your dear father built. I shall be, as I have been, the happiest mother alive; and now more than ever, in having two such dear children instead of one."

From the New York Freeman's Journal.  
Dr. Ives in Rome.

We are at length enabled to put an end to all anxiety on the part of some of our Protestant neighbors in reference to the Protestant Bishop of North Carolina. He abjured Protestantism, and was received into the Catholic Church at Christmas, in the city of Rome, by Mgr. Talbot, formerly an Anglican minister; at present private Chamberlain of His Holiness. We learn this by a letter from Rome dated December 30th, in the *Univers* of the 6th inst. The same letter informs us that a number of Protestant persons are laboring for the conversion of Mrs. Ives in the only way they can, which is by abusing her husband. The following is an extract from the letter in the *Univers*:

"Dr. Ives, after his arrival at Rome, made the acquaintance of Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, and he subsequently applied to Monsignor Talbot, private *camerario* to His Holiness, in order to make his solemn abjuration and to publicly profess the true faith. The Holy regard, *ambasciatore* *francesco* *Monzini*, late above mentioned, the faculties necessary for receiving the adjuration; and the Anglican Bishop made, with sentiments of the deepest joy and of the most tender piety, his profession of Catholic faith at the hands of this former Anglican minister, who, as well as he, was a convert to the true faith. The Holy Father chose to administer in person, to the distinguished convert, the Sacrament of Confirmation; and this ceremony took place on the 26th December, in the private chapel of His Holiness.

"Dr. Ives, by withdrawing from the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, has renounced a very desirable position in a secular point of view, and has been compelled to struggle with family afflictions and ties of the most intimate character. Dr. Ives is married, and as yet his wife has not followed his example. She has even all along warmly opposed his design, but it is said that she already has begun to defend her husband against the attacks of certain Protestant ministers who had accompanied the Ex-Bishop of North Carolina to Rome. Let us offer up our prayer that Divine Grace may complete its work, and that two hearts, so closely united by nature, may be still stronger bound in the profession of the same Catholic faith.

"The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Richmond has had the happiness to gain another soul to