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TARIFF.

DISTRESSES OF THE TIMES.
[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]
The Times.—The Worcester County Republican, a paper printed in the interior of Massachusetts, and in a part of the country where a considerable proportion of capital is invested in manufactures, speaks feelingly of the hardness of the times in that part of the country. It seems that it is quite fashionable there to ascribe the embarrassment and distress that prevail, to the transportation of specie out of the country. Those who account for the matter in this way seem to suppose that certain people are paralyzing the country picking up the cash, and leaving us without a circulating medium. The Worcester Republican asks these people "why the times were not more pressing when larger quantities of specie than at present were sent to foreign markets?" He might have inquired also to what country these sagacious discerners of the signs of the times suppose the money is gone. What nation is so happy as to possess the abundance of specie, of which we are deprived? England, it seems, is in a worse condition than we are—her immense manufacturing population are almost in a state of insurrection on account of their low wages, or what we should call in this country "the difficulty of getting money."—France, it seems, has not possessed herself of "all the specie," for her inhabitants cannot muster enough to pay for their bread and are breaking out in riots on account of the dearth of corn. In what corner of the world, then, is the specie hidden, which once formed the currency of England, France, and America? Will any of the philosophers who talk so wisely about the drain of specie answer this question? In the meantime let us hear the account which the Worcester paper gives of the state of manufacturing and other business in that part of the country.

"Manufacturing has been overstocked by those who have had no capital. Many have rushed into business without funds or ability to sustain the operations which they have set on foot. The prices of manufactures have been reduced, and so it happens with every thing else—the markets are dull—real estate has fallen, and there is a general depression in all kinds of business. The farmers are in debt, their lands are mortgaged, the price of labour is higher than produce, so that nothing or but a scanty subsistence can be made from the cultivation of the field."

[From Mr. Hume's Speech on the British Silk Trade, House of Commons, April 14th 1829.]

"It was quite impossible to promote commerce by a restrictive system. That system had been tried in France, and it had completely failed. Let him take an instance. At Ferrere, which was the Paley of France, the spinners of fine yarn asked for protection against English yarn. A very large duty was imposed upon all English yarn, and the consequence was, that the manufacturers of muslin and fine calico, who could not do without the fine yarn, which the French manufacturers could not produce, were obliged to have our yarn brought in by smuggling, at the rate of between 60 and 70 per cent. Now, when it was recollected in what mode the French guarded against smuggling—that there were military cordons in all parts of the country, through three or four of which, at least, smuggled goods must pass,—it was not easily believed how difficult it was—nay, how impossible it was to put a stop to smuggling where the incentive was sufficiently great. This place was now in a state of complete destitution; not one out of ten of their looms were in employ. English cloths and muslins had been introduced, the smugglers beginning to sell as soon as they had passed one cordon, and so on. He would give another instance:—An ingenious and well known individual obtained a patent in this country for machines for the manufacture of bobbin-net, which effected a complete change in the manufacture of lace. That individual finding that he had secured the markets in this country, which he had by the privilege of his patent, removed to France for the purpose of making bobbin-net there. Finding, however, that he could not do without English yarn, he obtained them by means of smuggling, and had them conveyed to Paris at the rate of 40 per cent. He did this for a time, merely to introduce the article. Since then the same individual had removed some of these machines to a town on the frontier,—he would not mention the name of the town,—and there, in spite of all the French government could do, he continued the manufacture at the expense of 20 per cent. So it was with Swiss Jewellery. Though Swiss Jewellery was prohibited in France, yet Jewellery bought in Switzerland was actually delivered to the purchasers, if they pleased without risk, at Paris. These instances ought to be a lesson to France as well as to this country, and teach them that the restrictive system would not do."

The present depressed state of the woolen manufacture, seems to occupy considerable attention. It appears that since the year 1815, a very considerable decline has taken place both in the growth and manufacture of wool in the United States. If things continue as they now are, it is apprehended that in the course of 18 months, every woolen mill in New England will be closed. These facts ought to excite the serious attention of every true friend of the interests of his country. It must be apparent to every one, that something must be done, and done quickly.—Con. Jour.

Smuggling.—If any further evidence is required of the existence of smuggling, than what is contained in the following extracts, the man who requires it must be blind.—Niagara is situated on the Canada side of the river of that name, near its junction with Lake Ontario, and is not more than forty miles from the foot of Lake Erie.

[From the Buffalo Republican, July 4.]

Importation of goods.—There are several houses at Niagara, U. C. extensively engaged in importing woollens and cottons from Liverpool. So reasonably are British manufactures obtained there, that a great many of the dealers in the vicinity, and in the western part of Upper Canada, purchase their stocks at Niagara.—Free Trade Advocate

Smuggling is said to be very common on the Lake shore. It is said to be so extensive that the regular merchant can get no profit, nor even the original cost, on goods purchased in the United States. The facilities for smuggling are so great that there is little probability of its being very easily suppressed.—Connecticut Journal.

The Newport Mercury of Saturday says:—We regret to learn, that several extensive Manufacturing Establishments at Pawtucket, have failed within a few days past.—Poulton's Am. Ad.

AGRICULTURAL.

Muriate of Lime.—The use of a solution of muriate of lime has been recently adopted with good success, in the South of France, in the growth of Indian corn and other farinaceous vegetables. Two patches of corn were planted in a similar soil one of which was watered regularly with the muriate of lime, and the other treaded in the ordinary mode. The vegetation of the corn to which the muriate was applied was much more rapid than that of the other, and the produce was finer in quality and one-sixth greater in quantity.—London Lt. Gaz.

Simple method of destroying the Hessian Fly.—Soak the seed wheat in water for twelve hours; spread it out on the barn floor, so as to allow the superabundant water to escape; then take fresh slacked lime and mix it among the wheat in quantity sufficient to have every grain covered with the lime, taking care to stir the wheat well with a shovel, so that no particle may escape coming in full contact with the lime, which when thus applied, will in a short time destroy the eggs, and consequently preserve the grain from destruction.—Canadian Courant.

Remedy against flies.—Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and confer great kindness on their animals in preventing the usual annoyance of flies by simply oiling the parts most exposed. Flies will not alight a moment on the spot, over which an oiled sponge has been pressed. Probably either fish or flaxseed oil would answer; but what I have known used with success was the tanner's oil. Every man who is compassionate to his beast ought to know this remedy, and every Livery stable, and country inn, ought to have a supply at hand for the use of travellers.—Star.

DOMESTIC.

[From the Charleston Mercury]
Appointment by the Governor of Ohio.—FREDERICK GRINKE, Esq. now of Chillicothe, (Ohio,) and a native of this city has been appointed President Judge of the Sixth Circuit, in the room of GUYTON SWAN, promoted to the Supreme Bench.

An English traveller in the United States whose notes are published in the Montreal Gazette, says:—"Whatever may be said of the American population, I cannot call it a drunken one; they eat astonishingly and are drinking all day, but not to drunkenness, and I have seen more beastly drunkenness in one day in passing twice along Holborn than I saw among Americans in several months."

Some time ago, we remarked that in the space of two years, we saw more cases of absolute inebriety in London, than we had witnessed altogether in the United States. Yet, to judge from some of the addresses of the Temperance Societies, there is hardly a sober man in our Republic.

The Kentucky Baptist Education Society has determined to establish forthwith a Baptist College. Georgetown has been chosen as the site of the intended institution—the citizens of Scott county having subscribed \$20,000 in aid of its funds, together with the property of the Rittenhouse Academy.

[From the Georgia Journal.]
MILLEDGEVILLE, July 30, 1829.

Fellow Citizens.—I ask you to excuse me for declining to be a candidate, at the ensuing election, for Governor of this state. This step is taken without any intention to abandon public employment: It is my wish to continue in your service, if the next General Assembly shall think proper to bestow upon me another place, not less responsible than the one I now hold, but more congenial to the habits of my past life. I have no words of sufficient power, to express my gratitude for repeated manifestations of your kindness, and for your favorable judgment of the manner in which I have discharged the duties of your Chief Magistrate an office entered with reluctance, and which I shall leave with no regret, but that which arises from an apprehension that many of you would be better satisfied that I should remain for a term longer, performing its duties.

JOHN FORSYTH.

Can such things be.—The editor of the United States Telegraph asserts, that the defection of Mr. Nourse of \$11,000 was known to some of the first officers of the late administration, and strange to say, was winked at by them.

According to a statement in the N. York Directory for 1829 and 1830, there are at present 1000 vacant houses in that city. The Compiler of the work accounts for it upon the ground that the depression of business has compelled many families who used to occupy whole houses, to content with a suit of rooms, so that in many instances there are from three to four families to be found occupying the same tenement.—Georgia.

The Thermometer on the 16th inst. at Boston, in State street, in the shade stood at 99.

SANTA FE TRADE.

Extract of a letter from an officer of Maj. Ritely's command, on the Santa Fe road, to his friend at Jefferson Barracks, dated Council Grove, Neosho River, 18th June, 1829.

We arrived here to-day about 10 o'clock. A. M. fourteen days from Cantonment Leavenworth. We came on the Eberly road through the settlements and crossed the Missouri at Callise's ferry; instead of coming directly from the Cantonment and crossing Kansas river, there being no ferry boat on that stream sufficient to cross the teams. The road through the timbered land was very rough, and the oxen not having been previously worked together, and the teamsters not acquainted with them, had a tendency to make this part of our journey rather severe upon the teams. Since we have travelled upon the prairie, we have made very good progress for ox teams—some days twenty five miles. This place is called 160 miles from Fort Osage, by Mr. Sibley's measurement, and it is but nine days since we left the river. Many officers of the command thought the ox teams could not perform the trip; but I had great confidence in them; and we now find that some days it troubles the traders with their mule teams to keep up with us.

We joined the traders—37 wagons and 75 men—at the Round Grove, 30 miles from the river, where they had assembled and organized themselves for the trip. Mr. Bent, of St. Louis, has been chosen for their chief. I understand that the whole company have about \$70,000 worth of goods. Mr. L. of Liberty is with us, and has 6 or 7000 dollars worth of his own. There is not one sick man, either officer or soldier in the command. The companies are nearly all full and in high spirits. The most perfect harmony prevails throughout our party, which adds greatly to the comfort and happiness of all concerned.

I am not as well pleased with the country we have travelled over as I expected to be. The soil is not as rich as it is between the settlements and Council Bluffs, or for a considerable distance above the Bluffs. The teams have not suffered, but one day for water, although it is extremely dry on the road. The traders say that they have never known it so dry at this season of the year before.

As for myself, I am better pleased with the trip than I expected to be when I left Jefferson Barracks. I was not anxious to go on the expedition; I find, however, that it is not as laborious though more tiresome and fatiguing, than the Missouri or Winnebago trip, as we are on our feet from day light until sun set, and moving along the whole day in the burning sun at the slow pace of an ox team.

We have not yet reached the Buffalo country. The traders say we shall find them in great abundance in a few days more, when we all anticipate good living.

"Mrs. Royall has been convicted of the high crime imputed to her by her neighbors, that of being a common scold."

Mrs. Royall rose and made a short but pathetic address to the Jury, urging them to defend her against oppression, to prove themselves the protectors of personal rights and liberty; warning them against sanctioning a system of clerical domination and persecution, which if not checked by the freedom of speech and of the press, and these defended by independent juries, would produce a state of things which would endanger the Judge on the bench, and even the President himself;—declaring that this system, and this prosecution, were part of a general scheme, of which the attempt to stop the mails on the Sabbath was another feature, &c. &c.—Southern Patriot.

An eastern paper mentions that the buildings at Middletown, Connecticut recently occupied by Capt. PARTRIDGE'S institution which has been discontinued, will be purchased by the Methodists, to be converted into a Wesleyan University.

Yale College has now 473 students in the establishment, viz. 51 Theological, 20 Law, 78 Medical, 7 resident Graduates, and 335 under graduates. There are 24 Professors and Tutors.—Western Carolinian.

Tanner's new Map of the United States, said to be a splendid work tastefully engraved and comprehensive in its details, is to be published on the 10th of next month.—Georgian.

FOREIGN.

[From the Charleston Mercury]
There appears but little prospect of any movement being made by England in support of the claims of the young Queen of Portugal. Mr. PERL in his remarks upon the motion of Sir J. Melrose, urged that there were only two courses open—either to observe a strict neutrality, or to undertake the conquest of Portugal for the young Queen.—England would then become principal in a war which did not concern her—for there was nothing that called upon Portugal a sovereign whom it was not willing to accept. Don MIGUEL was at least King de facto, and the British Government would act imprudently, in attempting to displace him.

From Lisbon.—The ship Majestic, Capt. McLELLAN, arrived at Boston on the 23d ult. left Lisbon June 2d. Capt. M. brought no newspapers, but informed that the reign of terror still continued, arrests and imprisonments were daily made, and the utmost fear prevailed all ranks, except the satellites and adherents of Don Miguel.

VARIETY.

[From the Foreign Quarterly Review.]
The last of the Hohenstauffens.—A few months experience of Charles's ambitious, avaricious and ruthless disposition, served to exasperate alike his subjects, and his Italian allies, whom he had reduced to far stricter subjection than they had ever endured under the Hohenstauffens. All eyes turned towards Germany and the Ghibellines despatched envoys to invite Conrad to come forward, and supported by the

friends of his family, to claim his paternal kingdoms.

This last action of a noble race had barely numbered fifteen years, and had been somewhat mysteriously executed by his maternal uncle the Duke of Bavaria. The boy was the man. His uncle and his mother's second husband, the Count of the Tyrol, approved of his obeying the summons of his hereditary subjects. With their assistance he assembled 10,000 men and crossed the Alps in the autumn of 1267. The Lombard Ghibellines received him with transports of enthusiasm; but they expected from him rewards which success only could enable him to bestow. His uncle obtained from him in return for an advance of money, a cession of his remaining Swabian domains, and then returned home, leaving him, with his forces reduced to 3,000 men, whilst the Pope Clement IV, adopted measures of unexampled harshness against him and his adherents, placing them out of the protection of the law, and prospectively depriving their descendants for many generations of all civil rights.

But Conrad's heart was high; he persevered in his enterprise, and ere long all promised success. Charles was universally detested; the Saracens of Lucania declared for the grandson of Frederick II, and their christian fellow subjects joined them. Milan and Sicily were in open insurrection. The Pope, suffering Conrad to pass unmolested. In Tuscan he gained a victory, and took Charles' marshal prisoner. Hence, avoiding the strong town of Viterbo, where lay Clement well defended, he proceeded to Rome. The Roman Senator Henry of Castile, provoked by the ill treatment of his kinsman Charles of Anjou, had hoisted Ghibelline colours and received Conrad into the eternal city. During the youthful adventurers advance from Lombardy, the fleet of the ever loyal Pisa had defeated the usurper's naval forces, and rode mistress of the sea.

Conrad, exulting in so prosperous a career and reinforced by Henry of Castile and his Spanish followers, set forward from Rome. Avoiding the regular road, which Charles had fortified at every point, and taking his way by unfrequented mountains and narrow valleys, guided by the natives, he surprised his enemy near Tagliacozzo. By this skillful march the enterprising heir of the Hohenstauffens was superior in number to any forces Charles could assemble upon the instant and must have obtained the triumph he so well merited, but for the bold—and may we not say inhuman—stratagem of the Chevalier de Valery. In his persuasion, Charles placed himself in ambuscade with the largest portion of his troops; looked quietly on whilst the remainder were entirely cut to pieces, and a knight clad in his armour was slain; and then when Conrad and his army, wearied and careless by victory and the supposed death of Charles himself, proceeded to divide the booty, and refresh themselves by disarming, and then bathing, he rushed with fresh troops upon defenceless men. The issue could not be doubtful. The victory was Charles' of Anjou. Treachery delivered up Conrad and his chief friends to the conqueror.

[The following account of Conrad's execution translated from Frederick von Raumer's Geschichte der Hohenstauffen, is taken from a late English publication.]
"The fate of the prisoners was to be decided in an impartial, dispassioned and judicial way, so went to report; therefore King Charles of Anjou entered the judges and jurists—consults from several parts of the Kingdom to come to Naples, that they should investigate the matter, and give a verdict accordingly. He replied, he said, that each of them would agree with the charge; that Conrad was a transgressor against the church, a rebel, and a traitor of his legitimate king, and guilty of death like all his friends and fellow prisoners. When the judges heard this charge, they were very much frightened, but did not venture for a long time, in recollection of the wild cruelty of Charles, to show forth a contrary opinion. At last the noble Guido of Suzara stepped forth, and said with a loud and firm voice;—"Conrad has not come as a robber or rebel, but as a faithful and obedient subject upon his good right. He did no wrong in attempting to recover his hereditary paternal empire by open war; he has not even been taken prisoner in battle, but on the flight; and divine and human law command to treat prisoners with mildness." Astonished at this unexpected declaration, King Charles, assuming the low task of an accuser, replied that Conrad's people had been fired upon; but Guido answered boldly:—"I can prove that Conrad and his friends have given order to do so; have not your armies done the same; and does it not behoove the church alone to judge of offences against the church?" All judges, except one, the insignificant and simple minded Robert of Bari, acquitted Conrad and his companions; this laudable verdict, however, did not bring back the King to moderation and reflection, but he destroyed himself with increased passion, every appearance of formality and respect, and pronounced the sentence of death just at the prisoners by his own author, rashly following the single servile vote. When Conrad heard this news while yet in chess, he lost not his composure, but smiled himself as did all his companions in misfortune of the little time left to them to make his will, and to reconcile him to God by confession and prayer. In the mean time the scaffolding was erected, close before the town, near what is called afterwards the new market, near the church of the Carmelites. It stood as if this place were chosen on purpose to show to Conrad once again, before his death, all the splendor of his kingdom. For the waves of the sea, which is here calm as beautiful, penetrate till they reach the enchanted circle which encloses the most magnificent of all gulfs, the circle of Portici, Castellamare, Sorrento, and sea presents itself to the wondering observer, brightened by the dazzling splendor of the clear Southern skies. But the black mist of Vesuvius, which rises to the limitless terrible powers of nature, and to right the horizon is given by the stand pointed rocks of the

isle of Capri, where once Tiberius, a worthy companion of Charles of Anjou dwelt.

On the twenty ninth of October, one thousand two hundred and sixty eight, two months after the battle of Scurolo, the condemned were led to the place of execution, where the executioner, bare-footed, and with up-turned sleeves, was waiting for them. After King Charles had occupied in the window of a neighboring castle, a pretended place of honor, Robert of Bari, that unjust judge, addressed the multitude by his order:—"Ye men that are assembled here! this Conrad, the son of Conrad came from Germany in order to reap foreign crops, as a seducer of his people, and to attack unjustly legitimate rulers, and to attack unjustly legitimate rulers. At first he conquered by accident; but afterwards, through the valor of King Charles, the conqueror became conquered, and he who did not think himself bound by any law, is now led in bonds before the tribunal of the king which he endeavored to destroy. Therefore sentence of death is pronounced with permission of the clergy, and according to the advice of wise jurisconsults against him and his accomplices, as robbers, rebels, mutineers, and traitors, and to prevent any further danger, the sentence will be executed immediately before the eyes of all."

When the spectators heard this sentence which surprised the greater part of them, a lively emotion arose, which announced the lively emotion of their minds; but fear overcame them all; and only count Robert from Flanders, the son in law of the king, a handsome and noble man, rose, giving way his just indignation, and said to Robert of Bari:—"How darest thou, impudent unjust scoundrel condemn to death such a great and splendid knight!" And at the same time he struck him with his sword in such a manner, that he was carried away lifeless. The King repressed his anger, seeing that the French knights approved the deed of the Count; but the sentence remained unaltered. Hereupon Conrad begged yet once to be allowed to speak and said with great composure;—"Before God I have deserved death as a sinner; but here I am condemned unjustly. I ask all the trusty servants, for whom my ancestors have carefully provided, I ask all the heads and princes of this earth; whether he deserve death, who defends his, and his people's rights! And if I were guilty, how dare they punish cruelly the innocent who, bound to nobody else in duty, were attached to me by a laudable fidelity!"

These words excited much emotion, but no action; and he whose emotion alone could have passed into action, remained not only deaf to the reasons of justice but also obdurate against the impressions which the rank, youth and beauty of the condemned made upon every one. Then threw Conrad his glove down from the scaffold, in order that it might be brought to the King Peter of Aragon as a token that he transferred to him all the rights on Apulia and Sicily. Knight Truchsess of Waldburg took up the glove, and fulfilled the last wish of his prince. The latter deprived of all hope of an alteration of the unjust sentence, embraced his companions of death, especially Frederick of Austria, threw off his upper garment, and said lifting his hands and arms to Heaven:—"Jesus Christ, Lord of every being, King of honors! If this chalice is not to pass before me, commend my soul into thy hands!" Now he knelt down, but cried out once again, raising himself:—"O mother, what grief am I preparing to thee!" after these words he received the stroke of death. When Frederick of Austria saw the head of his friend falling he cried out so violently in immeasurable grief, that all began to weep. But also his head fell. After these yet several others were murdered. In general it is proved, that above a thousand lost their lives in this manner.

Mr. Dwight in his travels in Germany, states, that the sabbath is not kept holy in our conception of the term by either Catholic or Protestant. "The only difference," says Mr. D. "between the sabbath and other days is, that no newspapers appear on that day, and that the shops are shut. The latter however, is not generally necessary; it results from the custom of devoting the day to recreation, rather than from a belief in its sanctity. The laws however of many of the cities, require that the shops should be closed during the divine service. For about five-sixths of the population of Northern Germany, it is a day of mere amusement, particularly for hunting the hare and for shooting among the higher classes; for duelling, with the students; and for dancing and walking, in the summer, among the lower classes of citizens."

A late English writer observes on this subject in reference to the Catholics, "our Protestant ideas are shocked at what we deem a profanation of the sabbath, but we never call to mind that the Roman Catholic Church had ordained Friday as a day to be kept holy to the Lord in serious solemnity, and as long as one day in seven is thus observed, it surely matters not which. If it did we ought strictly to adhere to the original institution of the Jewish sabbath, which observes Saturday in commemoration of the creation. One part of the Christian world observes Friday, the day before, in memory of the crucifixion; another, Sunday the day after, in memory of the Resurrection. Where in the eye of true religion is the difference? In modern Rome, the Citadel of the Roman Catholic faith, no assemblies are suffered, no theatres opened on Friday, every one is occupied or supposed to be occupied in the serious duties of religion, whilst Sunday is the peculiar day for amusement and rejoicing, after the public worship of the day is over, on the same principle as our holy makings on Christmas day."—Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.

Fine Arts.—A vessel has arrived at Copenhagen says the Foreign Quarterly Review "from Leghorn, with seventy chests of sculptures by Thorwaldsen, partly in plaster and partly in marble, intended for the decoration of the Castle of Christianburg. Among these productions of the great sculptor are, the twelve Apostles, the Graces, a female dancer, &c. which will be also of great importance for the formation of the taste of the young artists of the Copenhagen Academy."

"A colossal statue of Christ," it is stated by the London Lt. Gaz. "executed by Dannecker of Stuttgart, and which is considered as one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture, has been transported to Tarsakio Celo, in Russia, and placed on a pavilion, erected for its reception in the imperial garden."

The same journal speaks in very high terms of two figures in a kind of granite, of Tam O'Shanter and the Souther Johnie, the first works of a young stone-mason of Ayrshire, who had never seen a statue in his life. "The quiet hilarity of the Scotch telling his queerest stories, and the uproarous merriment of honest Tam, are expressed in a style as true to nature, as nature herself." They are to be placed in Burnside monument, near Kirk Alloway. Lord Casillis has engaged him to execute the same figures with the addition of the Landlord, "whose laughing ready chorus" and the landlady growing gracious with Tam, "with favors secret, sweet and precious."

[From Schiller's Ghost-See.]

The wedding day came and Lorenzo received his trembling bride on the altar. The day passed away and a costly feast awaited the cheerful guests, in a gaily lighted hall. The happy old man was desirous that the whole country should share his happiness; and the gates of his palace were thrown open, and welcome were all who commended his happiness. Amid this throng was the narrator stopped, and the horror of expectation we drew in our breath. Among this throng therefore he continued, my attention was drawn by some one at my side, towards a certain Franciscan Monk who stood as motionless as a column, he was gaunt and tall; his face of an ashy pale, with a look full of earnestness and sorrow fixed upon the bride-party. The joy which smiled on the faces of all those round him, seemed not to make the slightest impression upon him, he preserved the same unchanged seriousness of mien, standing like a bust among the living. The strangeness of this sight, which had a deeper effect upon me as I met it, in the ardour of pleasure, forming a contrast to all that surrounded me in such a striking manner, left a lasting impression upon my soul. Often I attempted to withdraw my eyes from that terrific figure, but involuntarily they fell again upon it, and found it each time unaltered. I pushed my companion, and he did his; the same curiosity, the same surprise, ran through the whole company; the conversation was at an end, there was a sudden general pause; the monk seemed unconcerned. He stood motionless, and always the same, his serious mournful eye still directed towards the bride-party. The sight of him terrified every guest; the young countess alone found her own grief seated in the countenance of the stranger, and clung with silent delight to the only person of the company which seemed to understand to share her grief. Gradually the company began to disperse, midnight was past, the music died gradually away, the lights burnt few and dim, the conversation slow and languid, and yet more empty the darkening bride-hall became; the monk stood motionless, always himself with the same quiet and mournful glance directed at the bridal pair.

The table is removed, the guests disperse themselves here and there, the family gathers into a narrower circle; the monk remains in this narrower circle unvisited. I know not how it was, that no one ventured to accost the monk; but nobody did accost him. Already were her female attendant, gathering around the trembling bride, who cast an appealing look towards the stranger; the stranger did not return it.

The gentlemen collect themselves in the same manner round the bride-room—there was an anxious pause. "That we should be all thus happy," began finally the old man, who among all persons alone did not seem to take notice of the unknown, "not to wonder at him—'that we are thus happy' said he 'and my son Hieronymo absent!'"

"Have you visited him, and he is not come?" inquired the monk. This was the first time he had opened his mouth. We looked at him with horror.

"Alas! he is gone, whence no one returns," replied the old man. "Reverend sir, you do not understand me. My son Hieronymo is dead."

"Perhaps he is only afraid to make his appearance in such a company," continued the monk. "Who knows how he may look, thy son Hieronymo! Let him hear the voice which he heard for the last time: Bid thy son Lorenzo call him."

"What does this mean?" murmured all. Lorenzo changed colour. I confess that my hair began to stand on end.

The monk meanwhile approached the bride-party, where he took a full wine-glass and put it to his lips: "The memory of our dear Hieronymo!" cried he, "let all who hold him dear follow my example."

"Whoever you may be, reverend sir," cried at last the margin, "you have mentioned the name of one very dear to me.—You are welcome! come, my friends! turning himself towards us and passing the glasses) let not a stranger put us to the blush." To the memory of my son Hieronymo. Never, I think, was a health-drink with less zest. A glass still remained full there. "Why refuses my son Lorenzo to drink this friendly toast?" Lorenzo received the glass trembling, from the monk's hand—trembling he carried it to his lips: "To the memory of my dearly beloved brother Hieronymo," stammered he, and shuddering, put down the glass.

"This is my murderer's voice!" cried a terrific figure, which all at once rose up amongst us, clad in bloody garments and disfigured with ghastly wounds. My senses had forsaken me the moment that I cast my eyes upon the figure, and the same with every other person. When recovered our presence of mind, Lorenzo struggled in the agonies of death. Monk and apparition had both disappeared.

At the end of a long discussion between father O'Leary and a Protestant about purgatory, the father said in his usual case way "well honey, you may go far, and fair way."