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Reapportionment of Representatives.

One of the duties which will devolve upon the next session of Congress, will be the reapportionment of representatives on the basis afforded by the late census. The Chicago *Times* presents a tabular view, which we append, showing, in the first column of figures the number of representatives to each State under the present apportionment; in the second column, the number to each State if the total number should be fixed at 275; in the third column, the gains of the several States upon the basis of 275 members; in the fourth column, the number to each State upon a total representation of 300, and in the last column, the gains upon the basis of 300 members. An asterisk (*) prefixed to a number indicates a loss:

States.	Present No. of members	No. on basis of 275	Gain	No. on basis of 300	Gain
Maine	5	5	0	5	0
New Hampshire	3	2	*1	3	0
Massachusetts	10	10	0	11	1
Rhode Island	2	2	0	2	0
Connecticut	4	4	0	4	0
Vermont	3	3	0	3	0
Total New England	27	26	*1	28	1
New York	31	31	0	35	4
New Jersey	5	7	2	7	2
Pennsylvania	24	25	1	28	4
Total Middle Northern	60	63	3	70	10
Delaware	1	1	0	1	0
Maryland	5	6	1	6	1
Virginia	8	9	1	10	2
West Virginia	3	3	0	3	0
North Carolina	7	8	1	8	1
South Carolina	4	5	1	6	2
Georgia	7	9	2	9	2
Florida	1	1	0	1	0
Total Southeastern	36	42	6	44	8
Alabama	6	7	1	8	2
Mississippi	5	6	1	7	2
Louisiana	5	5	0	6	1
Arkansas	3	4	1	4	1
Texas	4	6	2	6	2
Kentucky	9	9	0	10	1
Tennessee	8	9	1	10	2
Missouri	9	12	3	14	5
Total Southwestern	49	58	9	65	16
Ohio	19	19	0	21	2
Indiana	11	11	0	13	2
Illinois	13	18	5	20	7
Michigan	6	8	2	9	3
Wisconsin	6	8	2	8	2
Minnesota	2	3	1	3	1
Iowa	6	9	3	9	3
Nebraska	1	1	0	1	0
Kansas	1	3	2	3	2
Total Northwestern	65	89	15	87	22
Nevada	1	1	0	1	0
California	3	4	1	4	1
Oregon	1	1	0	1	0
Total Far-Western	5	6	1	6	1

The above classification brings clearly to view the relative representative strength not only of the Eastern and Southeastern as compared with the interior States, but also of the States as formerly divided into free and slave. Under the present apportionment, the Eastern series, extending from Maine to Florida, inclusive, have 123 representatives, while the rest of the States, exclusive of the three far Western, have only 114. Under the new apportionment, the former will have 131 and the latter 138, on the basis of 275 total, while their relative strength will be as 142 to 152 on the basis of 300. On the basis of 275, the East will gain 8 and the interior 24—three times as many; while, on the basis of 300, the East will gain 19, and the interior 38—only twice as many. For this reason we may expect an Eastern movement to raise the number to 300.

This movement, the *Times* says, "the West should resist as a matter of justice to itself as well as on account of economy." The point as to economy is well taken and it might be urged that so large a body as three hundred is more ungoveruable, and that there is in it less personal responsibility than if the number was limited to two hundred and seventy-five.

In the New England States, if the number is fixed at two hundred and seventy-five, there will be a loss of one in New Hampshire. If fixed at three hundred, there will be a gain of one in Massachusetts. So that there will be to New England an advantage of two in favor of having three hundred rather than two hundred and seventy-five representatives. In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania there will be a gain of three in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of ten in three hundred—a difference of seven for those three States in favor of three hundred representatives. In the next class of States, from Delaware to Florida inclusive, there will be a gain of six in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of eight in three hundred, that is an advantage to them of two in having three hundred representatives. In the next class, from Alabama to Missouri inclusive, there will be a gain of nine in two hundred and seventy-five, and a gain of sixteen in three hundred, being an advantage of seven in favor of the three hundred. In the next class, from Ohio to Kansas inclusive, there will be a gain of fifteen in 275, and a gain of twenty-two in three hundred. In the three far Western States there will be a gain of one, whether the representation be fixed at 275 or 300.—Classify the States as in the foregoing table and the following tabular view will show the gains of the respective classes of States in a representation of 275, and of 300:

States.	Gain on basis of 275.	Gain on basis of 300.
New England	*1	1
Middle Northern	3	10
Southeastern	6	8
Southwestern	9	16
Northwestern	15	22
Far Western	1	1
Total Gains	34	58

Deduct the loss of one in New Hampshire, if fixed at 275, and you have the nett gain in 275 only thirty-three. Classifying the states as tariff and anti-tariff, and placing the New England and Middle Northern in the tariff class, and all the others as anti-tariff, we have the following:

	Gain on basis of 275.	Gain on basis of 300.
Tariff net gain	2	11
Anti-tariff net gain	31	47

That is if the States be thus classed as tariff and anti-tariff, on a basis of 275 representation, the tariff States will make a net gain of two and the anti-tariff of thirty-one, or on the whole a net gain of twenty nine for the anti-tariff States. If the basis be fixed at 300, the tariff States will gain eleven members and the anti-tariff forty-seven, or, on the whole, a net gain of thirty-six for the anti-tariff States.

Thanks.

The Editor of the JOURNAL is again compelled to acknowledge his indebtedness to his brother Editors for kindly notices of his paper. Especially is he under obligations, personally and professionally, to the Editor of the Tarboro' *Southerner* for his courtly notice of the JOURNAL and its Editor. We trust that such kindnesses only serve to teach us our own short-comings the more sensibly.

On the first day of November the eleventh volume of the daily *Journal of Commerce* will begin. The name of every subscriber then in arrears will be stricken from our books, and no new name in the city or country will be entered on our list *without advance payment*. From this rule there will be no departure. What applies to the daily is intended also for our weekly. If we had a large capital, which unfortunately we have not, we could soon exhaust it in punishing a paper upon the credit system. That system with us will play out entirely with the present volume of the *Journal of Commerce*—expiring on the 31st of the present month. We trust our friends will make a note of this and promptly renew in time.

Newbern *Journal of Commerce*.

You are correct, brothers Pool. We are done with publishing a paper on credit. Our old subscribers are coming forward most handsomely, sustaining us in our "new departure." We have thus far lost *only two*, while many new names have been added to our lists.

There has already been an endorsement of our decrease in subscription price with the cash proviso. Our club rates also seem to give great satisfaction, as well as the arrangement to send certain leading agricultural publications at mere nominal rates in connection with the two editions of our paper. We have already introduced each of these publications to new readers, and in sections of the country in which they were strangers.

We are glad to join hands with the *Journal of Commerce* in this work of newspaper reformation.

IF THERE is any one thing of which the Radical administration seems to be more proud than of any other, says the Baltimore *Gazette*, it is the economical management of the finances of the country. The "gigantic" reduction of the public debt, and the "immense" reduction of taxation, are the continual subjects of self-laudation by all Radical office-holders, from GRANT down to the humblest tide-waiter. If the people ever show signs of alarm that the Ku-Klux bills, military control of elections, &c., which are employed to pacify and conciliate the South, are subversive of the principles of free government, and may be turned against them should they ever chance to refuse to worship GRANT in the beauty of Radicalism, they are forthwith soothed into quiescence by the assurance that the public debt has been reduced gigantically, and that taxation has diminished immensely. When the Secretary of the Treasury is compelled to own to defalcations by his subordinates, to the extent of $20,000,000; when a paymaster steals half a million, or some other development is made of the peculiar mode of handling the people's money, which characterizes Radical officials, the awakened fears of the people are immediately calmed by a heavy dose of BOUTWELL'S soothing syrup, in the shape of a fresh statement of the debt, showing an enormous reduction and a fresh exhibit of the taxation, showing its immense diminution. But it is on the eve of popular elections that the statements and exhibits make the people's head swim, with their array of figures and tabular calculations. Mr. BOUTWELL excels all others in the ingenuity with which he endeavors to disseminate this deception. He quits his office and straightway takes the stump in any State where an election is at hand, and with the winning eloquence for which he is distinguished, calls upon his hearers to unite in grateful admiration of the matchless skill and admirable economy which the administration has exhibited in paying off $151,000,000 of the public debt in a period during which nearly $1,000,000,000 have been wrung from the pockets of the people, and in spending annually for the ordinary support of the government, independent of the interest of the debt, more than double what it cost during the administration of Mr. BUCHANAN.

In Cincinnati and in Cleaveland Mr. BOUTWELL has quite recently made "magnificent efforts" concerning the finances. He is a master of figures. He can twist them in any direction to suit his purposes, and as the citizens of the Buckeye State have been of late asking rather prying questions about taxation and like matters, it became necessary to give them a more than ordinary wrench from the line of stubborn truth. He has paid off $251,000,000 of the public debt in two years and a half. That is the great virtue which is to cover the multitude of sins. During that time he has received within a fraction of a thousand millions from the people in the shape of taxes imposed on every imaginable article which they eat, use or wear, and in face of the fact that the poor people pay 120 per cent. duty on salt, from 75 to 140 per cent. on woolen goods, from 65 to 80 per cent. on cotton goods, 45 per cent. on earthenware, and 45 per cent, on quinine, he invites his audience to clap their hands and shout at the felicitous benevolence of the Radicals in so "adjusting the duties" as to "relieve as far as possible the necessaries of life."

Mr. BOUTWELL, we know, does not like comparison by way of contrast. But at the risk of displeasing him we will give one, which does not exactly illustrate the economy of the Radical government. During the sixty-eight years of our existence, politically—from 1792 to 1860—the American people paid into the United States Treasury, in taxes, $1,792,876,338, out of which the debt of the Revolutionary war, the expenses of the war of 1812, of the Mexican and Florida wars, and the purchase money of Louisiana, Florida and California were paid, and in 1860, when the Radicals drove the corrupt and extravagant Democrats from office, the public debt was a little upward of $77,000,000. We pass over the period of war from 1861 to 1865. But let us look at the six years from July, 1865, to July, 1871, a period of profound peace. During that period the people of the United States have paid in taxes $2,686,413,978 (this is exclusive of loans), or fifty per cent. more than they paid during the sixty-eight years to which we have already alluded, and the debt is still $2,300,000,000.

In Mr. BOUTWELL'S next oration on the finances will he have the kindness to explain how these figures can be reconciled with his praiseworthy economy?

BEFORE he went on a Circuit, the infamous Jeffreys used to say he was going to give the provinces "a lick with the rough side of his tongue." A similar spirit of malignity doubtless inspired the Plug-Ugly Federal Judge Bond, when he started out on his recent "judicial" crusade, and he gratified it to the full,—while little Tod Caldwell, the miserable abortion of an accidental Governor, egged him on in the work, and poor Brooks, who couldn't stand the pressure," discharged the legal jury, and the two sorry *Sams*, Carrow and Phillips, packed a partisan *venire* ready to order!

THE WASHINGTON *Chronicle*, in announcing the additional convictions at Raleigh, says:

"We understand the Attorney General, hearing on yesterday that judgments were about to be suspended in the above convictions, telegraphed positive instructions to the District Attorney to insist on judgment in every case, and to postpone no case in which the parties were ready for trial. The Government is in earnest in this business, and it will be well for those officers who are specially charged with duty in this respect to govern themselves accordingly."

And no one, who knows anything of the bad and malignant creature, whom the people of North Carolina have driven from the State, and who, to-day, stands indicted for *perjury*, will doubt that the dishonored ex Governor, W. W. Holden, is at the bottom of the Attorney General's action.

The End of Mormonism.

For many years there has existed in the far West a community practically independent of any laws or government except their own. Isolated by immense distances from the other States and Territories, the General Government exercised but a nominal jurisdiction over this settlement. It grew up and increased in power and numbers very much like some of the original colonies; but a marked difference existed between it and all other settlements previously established in this country. It was a theocracy—not like the attempted theocracy of the Puritans of New England—but one of which a pretended prophet was both the high priest and the temporal ruler. This man's will, foisted upon ignorant followers as a direct revelation from Heaven, was the supreme law and what distinguished, above all, the theocracy from all other modern civilized communities was the erection of polygamy into a dogma of faith and a religious practice. Notwithstanding the reprobation of the world this strange people prospered; they obtained large accessions of proselytes, chiefly from Europe. There more successful in maintaining peaceful relations with the Indians than other pioneers had ever been except, perhaps, the Quakers. They built large and well-policed cities, and they boasted of enjoying a greater freedom from lawlessness and the grosser forms of vice than was to be be found in any other civilized country. Whether this claim was well founded is much more than doubtful; and in addition to the general demoralization that must have been produced by polygamy, there was occasional revelations of the dark and criminal means by which the self styled saints maintained their supremacy over the common herd.

This state of things has continued with little interruption until now, for the expedition of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston led to no practical results; and even after a territorial governor and other federal officers were sent to Utah, they did not interfere with the existing condition of affairs. The Mormons, cut off by great deserts from the rest of the world, were allowed to manage their internal concerns without molestation. But this isolation, which was their safeguard, ceased upon the construction of the Pacific Railroad.—The Gentile element, as they called it, which had previously been driven off or kept down by terror, began to flow in and to assume a new importance. At last the Federal Government has determined to put an end to the practice of polygamy, and Brigham Young has been indicted, under the territorial statute for immoral and licentious conduct. He can easily be convicted upon his own confession, for in a so-called sermon that he delivered last Summer before a large Boston excursion party and numerous other Gentiles, including a United States Deputy Marshal, he boasted of being the husband of sixteen wives. But this is not the darkest accusation that may be brought against him.—Bill Hickman, a notorious member of the Danite band, has been arrested and has turned State's evidence, divulging many of the murders committed by order of the ruling Saints upon refractory Gentiles and Mormons. It is highly probable that his confessions will implicate Brigham Young. Whether the Mormons will quietly see their Prophet arrested, tried and condemned for murder remains to be seen. Some late advices represent Brigham Young as professing his readiness to submit to the law; but yesterday's dispatches state that on Thursday he addressed a meeting of eight thousand Mormons, urging them to supply themselves with ammunition, and invoking curses upon the Federal officials. It is hardly possible that he will be mad enough to start a rebellion on his own account, and there seems to be too little of the religious element in Mormonism to induce its followers to seek martyrdom in its defence. Yet, history shows that fanaticism has often driven deluded men to sacrifice their lives for doctrines as absurd and repulsive as those of Mormonism. We do not believe it will be so in this case; but should Brigham Young and his people resist, the struggle will be very brief. Polygamy is doomed, and peaceably or not, will soon be numbered among the things that were.

CAMILLA.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept nights, and munched his meals of bread and cheese (or Bologna sausage, when he could afford it,) and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down the corner of the dingy street, to the little music shop of Carl Bertmann, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Saturday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knew how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties; he never went to church; but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half pennies when he had any, shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Norah and the "children."

As for his honesty, a neighbor remarked, "if he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth of strength and shoe leather to find the owner."

One cold night Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us! What's this?" cried Paul, striving to regain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any!"

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In heaven!"

At this Paul was dumbfounded; and seeing that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which had held the bread, and putting the other around the tiny figure, he said, "Oh! I've got a home—a really jolly place! Come up and see."

And this is the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying calico gowns and shoes out of his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of this bent old man, hitherto alone and uncared for, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the odd, yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as she whenever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, evaded the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in this world than the little waif, Camilla.

There were many, many days, when rheumatism drew Paul up by the fire in the old, back attic, and drew the last penny out of the dilapidated old purse; but brave little Camilla, never forgetting how near death she had been on that bitter night of their meeting, always found a word to ward off hunger, and courage to keep them both bright until help came.

The winter of 186—came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned one night a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the cold street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him up to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and expressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza he took breath, and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in prefering its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame, and quickened his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkling he was up the stairs and in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late startled even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward and flung her violently from her foothold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received mother in her strong young arms, the fall might haved proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer——"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She will never suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise this child from her poverty and educate her, that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman. Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned imploringly to her new guardian.

"Lor', Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you're every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hovel among wretches who turned her child into the cold as soon as the breath had left her body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from the gloomy lodginghouse to a snug set of chambers a few streets off went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes, and Sunday suit, earned from increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropic friend Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and after a little time there came days when passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich young voice.

When she had been there six months she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music master's room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is quite capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves for London to-night, and will remain abroad many years. Here is a little gift, as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke, she cried out as if in mortal pain, and, with a word, flew down the street toward home. As she turned the corner she rushed pell mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said, "Why, little Camilla, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protege was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you await for my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend me. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-by, Camilla. Kiss me good-by."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as readily as there, and I only mention the fact of the street being a quiet one to silence the startled propriety of those who are shocked at the publicity of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her. * * * *

The great heart of the music loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticised, picked piecemeal ground down to the finest point, dissected, examined through the most perfect musical microscope, and pronounded perfect! And now the manager of a first class, fashion-patronized theater had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestre pealed forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegantly fitted stage.

Suddenly there was a rush in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the *debutante*.

A tall, graceful girl, with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly shaped arms; with a crown of purple black hair upon the regaled head; with great dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen the long-talked of an highly-praised beauty.

A roar like the rushing of distant waters sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and bowing slowly down in the splendor of the footlights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume, Camilla, the poor little waif, the child of poor old Paul Smith, the protege of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamations had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy, mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Nearer, still nearer it sounded, and hope half drowned the doubts, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expectant, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphal strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air, and then died away.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only; and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung their floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the music master and manager sat, an old, odd-looking man waved his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks; and Camilla looked up to that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went on to the dressing room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side scene, and when she asked permission to passs, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you?—Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind."

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?

She put her hands over her eyes mourning.

"You do not mean your words? I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to love me, and to be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing room, and when she returned she put out her hand, saying, "Oh, Richard, take me away! I am soul sick of all this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand, and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the oldman sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul!" cried Camilla. "Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep!—Come, it is time to go home. Ah!"

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold, and fell back stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love, he is beyond us now.—Those strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unoffending life, had passed out into the new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of them; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly that few knew the cause of her flight, and now she sings only to him, and to her brood of young Clavering.

Marie Leroy, the Handsome Mayoress of the Communists—Tried and Found Guilty.

Galignani furnishes a report of the trial of Marie Leroy, widow, who was called "the handsome Mayoress of the Communists." She was charged, first, with having, by cries and menaces, endeavored to excite an attempt to cause devastation and massacre in the city of Paris; second, of complicity in assisting Urbain in his violence and robbery of a person named Landau; third, of complicity in the abstraction of the funds destined for instruction in the Seventh arondissement (St. Germain).

The prisoner, who is a good-looking young woman, fair, with bright blue eyes, 21 years of age, was elegantly dressed. During the first siege of Paris she replaced the amusements of the theatres and balls, which had been closed by the excitement of politics. She attended the various clubs, and frequently addressed her audiences, who were fascinated by her beauty and her ready flow of language. At one of these, the Pre aux Ciercs, Rue du Bac, she encountered Urbain and speedily obtained an unbounded empire over him. Afterwards, when the Commune was instituted and he was delegated to administer the Seventh arondissement, she accompanied him to the Marie, where they took up their abode, and she appears to have usurped an unlimited authority, and to have been the soul of the insurrection in that quarter, and to have been the instigator of numerous researches in which she generally accompanied Urbain. In one of those expeditions, that mentioned in the indictment, she was accused of having carried off the jewelry of Mme. Landau, and witnesses were called to prove that they had seen her wearing rings belonging to that person. Although possessed of no means of her own, she made herself conspicuous by her purchases of expensive articles, and particularly as regards her dress. A number of witnesses were called to establish the foregoing facts, and after an eloquent address from M. Andre Rousselle in defence of the accused, the latter, on being asked if she had anthing to add, protested her innocence and declared that she would rather lose her head than be convicted of theft. The Court, after an hour's deliberation, found her guilty on the first and second counts, with extenuating circumstances, acquitted her on the third and sentenced her to simple transportation.

Dedication of St. Joseph's Church.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Editor Wilmington Journal:

DEAR SIR:—On last Sunday, the 24th of September, Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons dedicated the splendid new Catholic Church in this town, to the Honor and Glory of God. At the conclusion of confirmation and the dedication ceremony, solemn High Mass was said by Rev. L. P. O'Connell, V. G. The church was packed to overflowing, with a devout and most respectable congregation. After Mass the Bishop preached a lengthy sermon; it was one of the most practical and instructive sermons I have ever heard. He is certainly an able preacher, and possesses rare eloquence. He also congratulated the Priest and people, contractors and mechanics in erecting so noble and magnificent a church.—His stay with us was short, as urgent business called him to another field. The church is situated upon a hill in a beautiful oak grove; the lot contains eight acres which is paid for, as is also the church.—The interior of the church is not finished yet, but we hope to finish it shortly. We have about fifty members here and look for a great many more, shortly, as this is a very healthy section, where everything is cheap in the way of clothing and food. The railroad runs within twenty miles of Asheville, and we expect it to be finished to Asheville in the course of two or three years, as most of the grading is done.

Old Father Cleveland, of Boston, who will be one hundred years old next June, D. V., is on a visit to his sister and other near relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y. In his youth he was deputy collector of customs at Salem, under the administration of George Washington. He has children 70 and 80 years of age.

Colonel Downing, chief of the Cherokee Nation, has married Miss Ayers, a wealthy and cultivated spinster of Philadelphia. The lady met the chief some years since, and immediately determined to devote her life to the pursuit of Cherokees and their advancement in civilization.

Mr. Charles U. Williams, of Richmond, proposes to inaugurate a college, to be established in Richmond, under the patronage of the Knights of Pythias, a flourishing order in that State, and daily increasing in numbers.

The Tennessee Immigration Association gives notice that it is prepared to furnish English female servants and skilled agricultural (Scotch) laborers upon prepayment of $40 passage money, and a fee of $5 each to cover the expense of the Association.

There is a paragraph going the rounds of the papers headed "Another Girl Full of Needles." We wish she would divide with some of our Richmond girls. Many of them don't know a needle when they see it.—Richmond Enquirer.

The ladies will think this a needless paragraph, though it is sharp enough, certainly.

The grand jury in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday indicted a man for a misdemeanor in circulating cards intended to advertise him as an abortionist, and the man has been indicted and held to bail.

Chicago is to have a hospital in which sick women alone will be treated. The institution has already been chartered, and there are flattering hopes that it will be entirely successful. Some of the most prominent physicians and surgeons will be upon the hospital staff.

Hans Breitman is disgusted because he has so many poor imitations.

For the Journal.

To depict so transient a thing as a flash of lightning, would be a difficult task, were it not best done by merely representing its effects. When a cloud highly charged with electricity, is passing over head and throwing off its excess in quickly repeated strokes, followed by a sharp clap of thunder, most persons have observed that it invariably inspires either awe or terror, as the case may be. Mirth and laughter cease, and conversation is subdued into a tone of sober solemnity. I have, therefore, in the subjoined lines endeavored to address myself mainly to these sentiments:

TO THE LIGHTNING.

Thou quick, quivering flash!
How oft I've started when thy blinding glare
Has lit the earth, and the hoarse thunders jar;
Roll'd with harsh, rattling crash.

There—thou hast darted forth
From the deep bosom of yon lowering cloud,
And through the waters of thy misty shroud,
Hast flam'd thy track to earth.

Ah! how dost thou rejoice
To rift the tow'ring pine, or spreading oak;
Flash the bright terror of thy dazzling stroke,
And thunder with thy voice!

Haply some loitering hind
Shall wander thither and look up and gaze
Where thou hast shot along thy blighting blaze,
With wondering, awe-struck mind.

Not always then, in wrath
Dost tear the forest, and with thunder round
Scatter its shiver'd ruins o'er the ground,
Blasting it with thy breath.

For oft, some summer even,
I've sate me down to watch thy flickering ray
Lighting the piled up clouds in harmless play,
Far on the verge of heaven.

But when the roaring storm
Drives up thy fiery garments on his breath;
Then dost array thee for thy work of death,
In zigzag, frightful form.

O, thou terrific fire,
On thy approach I've seen how stern hearts quail,
And men, unused to fear, grow feebly pale,
Dreading thy baleful ire.

Go, by th' Almighty's will,
Strike the tall cliff, or mountain-cresting pine,
With that all-dazzling, blasting flame of thine,
And spare us, tremblers, still.

From the Reconstructed Farmer.

LILLINGTON, N. C., Aug. 25, 1871.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—*Dear Sirs*:—I have not received your valuable Magazine regular until the past year. I am compelled to stop the subscription; I hate very much to do it, but I am getting so poor from paying such heavy taxes that I must stop it. Don't think that I dislike it. I think it is one of the best farmers' guides that is published in the State.

Respectfully, &c., G. W.

The above, as will be seen, is an extract from a letter to us from one of the best friends of the Reconstructed Farmer, and we feel sure and authorized when we say it is no sham excuse for declining our Magazine, but is indeed a lamentable verity. The county of New Hanover, though it contains within its limits the largest and most wealthy city of North Carolina, has been subject to an awful scourge since the inauguration of the "new order of things." The people have been burdened with heavy taxation until many perhaps of the ordinary comforts of life have been put beyond their reach. What a spectacle! a wealthy section of country; one to which the Great Giver of good has vouchsafed many blessings; one that has prospered under the vigor of the strong arm of industry; one that blooms by the attention of taste, and smiles under the gentle influence of a high order of refinement; broken down under the weight of the government that should nurture it, and despoiled by rulers, whose duty and delight it should be, to stand upon her watch towers, and with a jealous eye guard and protect her.

We would apologize to our readers for a seeming deviation from our known rules in regard to politics, but we feel that this is a matter within our sphere, to look to the interest of the farming community and to comment on such things as we may deem hinderances to their success. We condemn any party, click or set of men, who should by maladministration or mismanagement become a curse, where they would be a blessing. The great work of the Farmer is to build up the Agricultural interest in the State, and it is useless to tell the planter to manure his fields with this or that kind of fertilizer, to ditch here and tile there, when whatever he does and how great soever be his skill, intelligence and industry he can make nothing as long as this canker is at the roots of his crops.

We shall continue to send the Farmer to our friend G. W., believing he will in better days repay the help we lend him now.

A Muscular Christian Bishop.

No man (it is suggested) will attract more attention at the coming convention of Protestant Episcopal bishops than George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of Litchfield, now on the Alantic on his way to this country. Noted as an Athlete, and distinguished as a scholar at Cambridge, he it was who gave to Charles Kingsley his idea of the muscular Christian, the "man who feared God and could walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." He is better known as the first Bishop of New Zealand. His missionary adventures in the southern seas were of the most exciting character.

Cheney Controversy Correspondence.

The correspondence which took place some months since between Bishops Lee, of Iowa, Whipple, of Minnesota, and Whitehouse, of Illinois, in relation to the trial and degradation of Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, is published in the Times, and makes three columns and a half. In the course of it Bishop Whitehouse develops and "pins down" a painful issue of veracity between the Bishop of Iowa on the one hand and Bishop Whipple and others on the other. The general result of the matter is that Bishop Whitehouse was urged to modify Mr. Cheney's sentence, and he seems to justify himself in the position that he did all that was reasonable to avoid the collision.

At the Republican Nominating Convention at Danville, Va., on the 21 inst., three townships bolted, when the carpet-bag ring remaining, nominated as delegates, J. C. Maddox and M. R. Lloyd, and J. C. Davis, colored, for the House of Delegates.

Mr. A. Pardee, of Hazleton, Pa., has presented the sum of $200,000 to the trustees of Lafayette College, in Easton, for the erection of a new building for the scientific department, the trustees agreeing to raise an equal sum for the general endowment.

Horatio Seymour delivered a speech at the annual Fair of the Onondaga Indians, which shows the rapid strides made by that tribe towards civilization.

A through ticket from Charleston to New York, can now be purchased for $25 75.

The Marion Crescent learns that the gin house of Mr. S. A. Wood, at Mar's Bluff, with 16,000 pounds seed cotton, was burned by an incendiary last Sunday night.

Mr. John Scott, over 70 years old, residing near Greensboro', fell dead last Tuesday.

In Georgia lightning rods are called thunder poles.