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JOHN O'THE SMITHY.

Down in the vale where the mavis sings,
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o'the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle-gate,
My lady is grand in parlor and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait,
And John o,the Smithy must pay for all.

The Bishop rides in a coach and four,
His grooms and his horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten,"
The mavis pipes from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen,
John o'the Smithy has all to pay.

The smith and the daughter will pass away,
And another shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden gray;
But the profits shall go to priest and king;
And over the wide world day by day,
The smith shall waken at early morn,
Each to his task in the old dull way,
To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare,
With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care;
For the best of all shall go to the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song—
Complains of the years he's wrought and pined,
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea,
Is piercing the murk of the mortal night;
Time is, time was, and time shall be
That John o'the Smithy will have his right;
And those who have worn the mitre and Crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground
And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

A CITY INCIDENT.

Under the lamplights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty.
There she lies,
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty.
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Hundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty, time and leisure;
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly,
Plenty, in charity's name, to show
That life has something divine and holy.
Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now.
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes—well, never more they shall beguile,
Never more, never more, word of hers
A blush shall bring to the saintless face.
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Peace in a higher and better place:
And yet, despite of all ill, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been,
Some fond mother, proud of the task,
Has stooped to finger each dainty curl;
Some vain father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and sore heart-ache,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.
Fancy will picture a home afar,
Out where the life-giving breezes blow,
Far from these sullen streets, foul-some and low,
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
An aged couple, broken and gray,
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake 'o nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark!
A hollow-eyed woman with weary feet,
Better they never know
She whom they cherish so
Lies this night, alone and low,
Dead in the street.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At Home.

On Monday the Marshal of the District of Columbia received the pardon granted in the case of C. C. Bowen, which is dated July 1. The Marshal immediately wrote his release, and Mr. Bowen walked out of jail in company with Mrs. Pettigrew King Bowen.

The Civil Service Commission having adjourned till October, its members not resident in this city have begun to scatter for their homes. Judge Walker left last night for Georgia, and Mr. Medill this morning for Chicago. Curtiss and Cattell leave for New York to-morrow morning.

Mr. Hartley, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, stated to-day that he had no information leading him to believe that the Secretary had withdrawn the new loan from the market, and he regards the report as mischievous and ridiculous. The report was widely circulated here and in New York to-day.

General Sherman left Washington Monday. He will not return to that city during the summer. A proposition for the absorption of five millions of the five-twenty loans of 1862 has been made by a prominent banking house, and will, it is thought, be soon consummated. An equal amount of the new loan will be substituted.

Thirty-eight thousand claims for bounty arrears for pay, involving two or three million dollars, are now in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury, of which fifteen thousand will probably be allowed. These claims are the remains of those rising out of the late war. The accounts settled from June 30, 1861 to June 30, 1870, involved over $1,424,000,000.

Letters received at the Postoffice Department, from Dr. C. MacDonald, Superintendent of the Postal Money Order System of the United States, who is now in London, for the purpose of arranging a Money Order System between this country and Great Britain, state that he is meeting with success, and will probably conclude his business satisfactorily in a few days, when he will leave for Berlin, to make similar arrangements with the postal authorities of the German Empire.

The examination into the Ku Klux outrages is still going on. On Monday Judge R. B. Carpenter of Charleston, South Carolina, was nearly five hours before the Ku Klux Committee. He testified that there had been Ku Klux outrages in portions of South Carolina. These did not result from hostility to the Federal government, but were the natural outbreaks of men who had no redress through the forms and administration of the law. The government of the State was defective and venal. It had increased the State debt to $11,000,000, and not a mile of railroad, a foot of canal or a school house had been built. Other witnesses have been examined during the week and with various and varied results. No two seem to agree in regard to all the particulars.

Commissioner Pleasanton last week, forwarded to President Grant a long letter, giving his views on his duties, as chief of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and the subjects which come under his direct control and supervision, and claiming that according to law, his power over the Internal Revenue is as complete as that of Secretary Boutwell over the custom Revenue, not however interfering with disbursments, his duty being so to instruct officers, that the tax may be faithfully and promptly collected and paid into the Treasury. Such is believed to be in brief the opinion of the Commissioner, who asks the President to obtain the views of Secretary Boutwell concerning the difference between them on the question of jurisdiction in their respective departments. The Commissioner leaves the subject with the President. If the latter shall decline, or prefer not to decide the question, he proposes that his, together with Secretary Boutwell's statement, be submitted to the Attorney General, and he will abide his decision, whatever it may be. It was reported at one time that Commissioner Pleasanton had resigned but the *Tribune's* Washington Special says that all such reports are authoratively denied.

The whole history of New York—and it has been by no means an uneventful one—has furnished no theme which has called out so many expressions of feeling as have the difficulties now existing in that city between the two classes of Irish citizens. In the politico-riligious phase of the matter but few are interested, since, to Americans of to-day, it matters less than nothing whether William whipped James, or whether, like the Kilkenny cats, they "fit, and fit, and fit," until both were utterly and entirely annihilated. But there is a principle involved in this controversy—the principle of equal rights for all.

For some time past it has been announced that on Wednesday of this week the Orangemen of New York and New Jersey would appear in procession, and it has been as openly known that the Catholic Irish were determined that no such display should take place. These open declarations upon both sides have created the most intense excitement upon the subject, not only in New York, but throughout the entire country. The authorities of the city, base, corrupt, and and fearing to offend their constituents, who would principally be found in the ranks of the rioters, took no measures to quell the anticipated disturbances, but, on the contrary, Superintendent of Police Kelso issued an order on Monday last forbidding the proposed celebration of the Orangemen. This order produced an outburst of indignation among all classes, and on every side were heard expressions of intense disgust at this cowardly subserviency to mob law, exhibited by the Tammany government. So intense was the feeling in regard to this order that Governor Randolph of New Jersey issued a proclamation setting forth the undoubted right of all citizens to parade at any time they might see fit, and assuring the Orangemen that the State of New Jersey would protect them against any assault and attack, if need be, by the entire force of the State. On Tuesday Governor Hoffman of New York also issued a proclamation revoking the order of Superintendent Kelso, and assuring the Orangemen of protection to the extent of the full power of the State. All parties continued to make their preparations for the approaching day, and a collision was believed inevitable by every one. On Wednesday morning as early as eight o'clock crowds of Orangemen were collected around their headquarters, on the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Eighth avenue, where the procession was to start from. Most of the men wore orange scarfs and had revolvers and swords about them.

At about half past ten squads of police began to arrive to protect the Orangemen from the mob, which was rapidly collecting. A great many arrests were made in the early part of the day among the rioters, and upon every person arrested were found arms and weapons of some kind.

Towards two o'clock the neighborhood of the Orange headquarters became intensely crowded, and the police had much difficulty in keeping the mob within bounds. About half-past two the Orangemen formed on Twenty-ninth street, below Eighth avenue, and at the same time the Twenty-second regiment, under Col. Porter, marched past and formed in line on Eighth avenue, where they loaded with ball and cartridges. Next came the Sixth regiment, which took up a position to the north of the Twenty-second. The police were on the east side of the street, and the military on the west.

Several charges were made by the police upon the mob, but no very serious affrays took place until the procession started upon its route at three o'clock.

At Twenty-sixth street the Ninth regiment charged the mob with fixed bayonets. Several persons were killed and wounded, among them one woman. Col. Fisk was shot through the ankle. Capt. Spencer, of the Ninth, was killed by his own men while firing a volley into the rioters. Lieut. Page, of the Ninth regiment, and the advertising agent of the Grand Opera House, was mortally wounded.

Between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets the mob fired three shots at the procession. The military returned the fire, killing eight and wounding thirteen; two boys and a lady were shot. Sixteen citizens and three soldiers were killed coming down the avenue. At the corner of Twenty-third street the Fourth regiment fired upon the mob, killing and wounding twelve. One policeman was shot dead.

At the corner of Twenty-Fourth Street the fight was very severe. Over one hundred and fifty of the mob were certainly killed and wounded. Among the troops known to be killed, besides those already reported, are a Captain of the Eighty-fourth, and two privates, and a sergeant of the Ninth.

As soon as the riot began the stores in the upper portion of the city were closed, and in jewelry and some other stores, valuables were removed from the show windows. The numbers of the killed and wounded during the continuance of the riot cannot be now known. The only ones so far identified, are Henry C. Page, of the ninth regiment; Charles Pellet, Charles Bucklin and Mr. Archibald. Among the killed at the 16th precinct, were a woman and child. The remainder are supposed to be rioters.

Up to Friday morning—the hour of our going to press—the city has been patrolled by heavy bodies of troops and policemen and no further serious trouble has taken place. During the riot many attacks were made by the mob upon public buildings and private houses. The establishment of Harper Brothers was among the number—these enterprising publishers having incurred the enmity of the Irish Catholics by the caricatures upon the Tammany ring and its supporters which have been published in their Illustrated Weekly.

It is anticipated that further demonstrations will be made and that other outbreaks will take place, but the full military force of the State is now ready to quell any disturbances that may arise.

The excitement in all parts of the country is intense and dispatches are continually being received from every portion of the union.

Among the other results of this religio-political fight, the telegrams announce that the following is already largely in circulation for signatures:

In view of the recent, and probable future events, the immediate organization of a society to be known as "The Protestant League of America," with its head quarters in New York City, and affiliated societies throughout the United States, is recommended. For this purpose, and properly to consider the immediate event that gives rise to this suggestion, let public meetings be called at once in this city and elsewhere. The claims of Roman Catholicism are incompatible with civil and religious liberty.

France.

In France there has but little transpired during the past week to alter the positions of the various parties. After the crushing defeat which the Legitimatists received at the late elections the Count de Chambord issued a letter announcing that he should retire from France "in order that his presence in the country may no longer give countenance to agitation" and the dispatches announce that he has shown himself to be so far sincere as to have actually done so. It is generally believed that a portion of the Legitimatists, who were his supporters will now attach themselves to the Republican party. Gambetta, who is a young politician, full of fire and enthusiasm, has written a letter rejoicing over the results of the election. It is also reported that he is about to take the charge of a newspaper, and has proposed to General Fordherbe to edit the military chronicle of France. The Municipal elections for Paris will be held on the 26 inst. The army has everywhere voted the Republican ticket for the assembly. It is proposed now for the city of Paris to issue a loan to the amount of six millions of francs, to be expended in repairing the buildings, monuments and public works damaged or destroyed during the seige and afterwards by the Communists. Thiers, hearing that the Pope intended to seek the hospitality of France, has addressed a letter to the Holy Father assuring him of a welcome, but strongly dissuading him from the project. The letter is one dictated by cautious and wise statesmanship. A commission of inquiry has been appointed by the Assembly to examine into the course pursued by Count Palikao while at the head of the Government and National Defense. An official journal announces elections for the Council General to be held August 23d. Sixteen thousand Communists, prisoners at Versailles, have been released by order of the Government but sixteen thousand are still held, and will be tried in squads by the Court Martial which begins the 15th inst. The French Government has paid to Switzerland two million francs as a partial reimbursment for the expenses incurred in the maintenance of French soldiers who took refuge on her soil.

A bill to dissolve all battalions of the National Guards throughout France is announced as about to be introduced into the Assembly.

In those districts which still continue to be occupied by the German troops, the bitter feeling engendered by the late war, causes frequent quarrels and disturbances between the inhabitants and the foreign troops. The Germans are compelled in many instances to resort to the most rigorous measures to quell these outbreaks.

Latest advices show that the Orleans Princes are about to pay a visit to the historian Guizot. The government have given notice that the Tuilleries Gardens will, in a short time, once more be thrown open to the public. The effective strength of the French army at the present time has been found to be two hundred and thirty thousand men. The name of the Baron Haussman has been announced as a candidate for office at the municipal election. It is rumored that Duke De Bralie will succeed Favre in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and that Ancel will take charge of the portfolio now held by Leroy. M. De Saint Hilaine will replace M. Jules Simon in the Ministry of Public Instruction.

England.

Robert C. Schenck and daughter left London on Monday for Oxford, where they have since been the guests of Hon. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law of Oxford University, and recently Member of the Joint High Commission.

The English crew who are to compete in the four-oared boat race on the Kennebec river with the St. John crew, in August, will sail on Friday next for America, taking with them a new boat, forty-one feet long and eighteen and a quarter inches broad, constructed expressly for the race by Robert Jewett, of Dunston, and named "England." The names of the crew are: James Renforth, stroke; James Percy, John Bright and Robert Chambers.

From England but little of interest in the way of news has come to us during the past week. Accounts from the British hop crop are unfavorable, and indicate that there will be but a small yield. The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Kissengen. A late number of the *Times* publishes a letter vindicating the conduct of United States Minister Washburn during the siege of Paris by the Versailles army, and stating in most positive terms, that Washburn was never in favor of the Communists. The popular feeling in favor of the new treaty is constantly growing among all classes, and the impression is gaining favor that that instrument has wiped out much of the cause for bitter feeling which has existed for some time between that country and this.

Germany.

The Spencer Gazette says the regular diplomatic representation to France is postponed until after the complete evacuation of French territory by German armies.

The Emperor William of Germany visited Ems on Sunday, and the occasion was taken advantage of by the people of that city to institute a grand illumination in honor of the event. On Tuesday the Saxon troops who served in the late war made a triumphal entry into Dresden. It was announced that the Emperor William made the Crown Prince of Saxony Field Marshal of the Empire.

The general feeling throughout the German states is one of quiet determination. The late war has fully shown them their strength and given them confidence in their own resources. The provincial correspondence says, that Germany is confident in her own strength, and watches with calmness and sympathy, the redevelopment of France. Her only desire now, is to bring about, as speedily as possible, the re-establishment of friendly relations

Russia.

The Czar Alexander of Russia, the Empress Marit Alaxandrovana and the Grand Dukes Wladimir and Aluxis are at Fredrieckstadten, a town of Wurtemberg on the Lake of Constance.

Official advices from Russia declare that the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch will certainly visit this country, and will probably arrive in September. The squadron that is to accompany him, and which now lies at Constradt, numbers several of the finest vessels in the Russian navy, two of which are the frigate Sevetlana and the iron clad frigate Kniaz Pojarsky. The object of the Grand Duke in deferring his visit was to escape the heat of an American summer, and at the recommendation of Catacezy, the Russian Minister at Washington, in order that he might be present at the next session of Congress, and more formally testify to the amity that exists between Russia and the United States.

Spain.

The political situation in Spain still continues in an unsettled condition. It is said that Serrano will resign the presidency of the Council of Ministers in case of the failure of the budget in the Cortes. On Tuesday that body had a stormy session which lasted until half past two in the afternoon. A motion was adopted giving the Government full support in its measures for the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba. The opposition abstained from voting. The attendance of members is decreasing in such ratio that apprehensions are felt as to the retention of a quorum more than a few days longer. Senor Sagetta has assumed charge of the Ministry of Finance in place of Moret.

Austria.

The Austrian delegation has approved of the estimates of expenditures for raising the Austrian legation at Berlin to a full embassy. The debate on the military estimates is now in progress. The Minister of War reports that Austria is already able to furnish an army of six hundred and fifty thousand men. Von Beust, in a speech supporting the estimates, said that now was the time for the organization of an army without creating mistrust.

[For the Painesville Journal.]

RURAL LIFE.

BY BERNARD HAUGHTON.

From one who loves to warble of green fields, and brooks of running crystal, it is natural to expect a rhapsody about the country, and to-day, as I have escaped from the ceaseless noise and turmoil of my city prison—the counting-room—I can neither talk nor write of anything else.

I love the country with a most engrossing and strong appreciation. It awakens my tenderest feelings and sweetest associations. Delicious reverie descends upon my spirit, as I walk through the meadows and clover-fields when the earth is white with summer, and glowing with beauty. To see the wide landscape undulating around me; to hear the subdued murmurs of a summer day that seems to intensify the quiet that broods over all the scene; to watch the loaded wagons rolling onward to the garner with fragrant hay or nodding wheat sheaves—embodiments of Plenty—to feel the delicate fragrance of the heavy swaths as it floats around you—these are sights and realizations that are very pleasant to me, whose life is spent far away from all such beauties. We who live in cities, amidst heat and dust; who breathe an atmosphere of vitiated odors and begriming chimney smoke, can best appreciate the delights that ever attach to country life.

Yes, I love the country. My first impressions were formed amid its hallowed scenery. I was cradled among the hills; blue mountains melted in the distance from my bedroom window; broad fields, and woods, and rivers shone between; the huge rains made melody on the roof above me, and then I became steeped in the passionate love for nature. It has never left me, and I rejoice as I call back those pleasant times, when in the casement of our seminary, I rested my telescope on my shut-up Virgil, and looked off among the far-away hills, in the lap of which the edifice was cradled, and saw the pretty girls of the farm houses whitening their long pieces of brown linen cloth, fresh from the loom—picking raspberries in the green hedges, —drawing cool water in the swinging oak bucket, to make switchel withal for the swains as they came home for their forenoon lunch, or milking their balm-breathing cows in the golden eventide. Those were happy days, and if I got my Latin badly, and made blunders in recitation, I got many a leaf from the book of nature, most deeply by heart.

Rural life seldom fails to accomplish one object—it softens the heart. It awakens the affections, and leads to contemplation. 'God made the country and man made the town.' In the former there are no artificial wants, prejudices or fashions—all is cordiality, comfort and peace. We look abroad upon the solemn hills, the shining streams, and rising woodlands, and we feel that God is there! His hand raised the rock-ribbed mountain over its throne, and rolled around it its crown of misty glory. His breath fills the blue vault that swells above, until immensity, as it were, is visible; and His smile is shadowed only in the sunbeams which traverse those abysses of mystery. How majestic is the coming of a summer storm! We sit at the window of some rural mansion to which we have fled from the air and heat of the metropolis, and see the far-off clouds arise like giant forms against the horizon, with spears of fire, and robes of purple and gold; then, as by some sudden alchemy, they melt into a mass of solid gloom, from whose bosom the lightning darts its vivid chain, while its source

"Hangs o'er the silent landscape, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible."

Tell me not that the country is lonesome. It is rich with voices of comfort and words of delight. It is a vast and solemn cathedral, with walls and roof of azure and gold, unpillared and illimitable; its flores are tessalated with rainbow-colored flowers, and silver streams, and living verdure. It is a haunt wherein to muse, and dream and lift the soul until the heart overflows in the religion of its worship.

THOUGHTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Every man feels, and not strangely, that there never were such experiences of life as his own. No joy was ever like our joy, no sorrow ever like our sorrow. Indeed, there is a kind of indignation excited in us when one likens our grief to his own. The soul is jealous of its experiences, and does not like pride to be humbled by the thought that they are *common*. For, though we know that the world groans and travails in pain, and has done so for ages, yet a groan heard by our ear is a very different thing from a groan uttered by our mouth. The sorrows of other men seem to us like clouds of rain that empty themselves in the distance; and whose long-traveling thunder comes to us mellowed and subdued; but our own troubles are like a storm bursting right overhead, and sending down its bolts upon us with direct plunge.

But there have been human hearts, constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian hills; and the same sorrows rise and set in every age. All that sickness can do, all that disappointment can affect, all that blighted love, disappointed ambitions, thwarted hope, ever did, they do still. Not a tear is wrung from eyes now, that, for the same reason, has not been wept over and over again in long succession since the hour that the fated pair stepped from paradise, and gave their posterity to a world of sorrow and suffering. The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practices old experiences. Therefore our life is but a new form of the way men have lived from the beginning.

When the landsman first goes down upon the deep, to see what storm-ploughing means, what furrows the wind draws, seedless and unplanted, he feels in every shivering nerve that never was such storm known before. Now, he bethinks himself with horror, there has come upon the deep a fury never till then let loose. But the clouds laugh, and the winds know that ten thousand times before, they have terrified just such inexperienced wretches. Yea, long ere a ship dared the central ocean, storms had navigated it, nor failed to pursue their dreadful sport ever since a keel crossed the perilous deep.

Not only are such experiences the hereditary legacy of men, rolled over and over, and sent down in succession upon every generation but the methods by which men have met and conquered troubles, or been slain by it, are the same in every age. Some have floated on the sea, and trouble carried them on its surface as the sea carries cork. Some have sunk at once to the bottom as foundering ships sink. Some have run away from their own thoughts. Some have coiled themselves up into a stoical indifference. Some have braved the trouble and defied it. Some have carried it as trees do a wound, until by new wood it can overgrow and cover the old gash. A few in every age have known the divine art of carrying trouble as some wonderful food; as an invisible garment that clothed them with strength; as a mysterious joy, so that they suffered gladly, rejoicing in infinity, and, holding up their heads with sacred passages whenever times were dark and troublous, let the light depart from their eyes, that they might by faith see nobler things than sight could reach.

David has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of his soul; but—as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eye, the ear, the heart, and the imagination has seen—so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, is emitted truth of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world.

What would be said of a pilgrim commissioned to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrow he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. And there is just such an one! It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thought, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the hearts of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains. It has made the dying slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor, is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

[For the Painesville Journal.]

THE DANGER OF THE HOUR.

BY E. P. BRANCH.

The most deplorable of all follies is national folly. Thoughtlessness in a nation is a sure precursor of its destruction. The utmost vigilance is necessary for the preservation of a free government. National ruins are invariably monuments of national folly. The history of the world bears on every page a warning and a lesson which we will do well to heed if we desire to maintain intact our present form of government. All along down the shores of time lie these national wrecks, grim skeletons of former greatness, whose bleached bones crumbling to dust we cannot hide from our sight if we would.

One of the most terrible of all these national shipwrecks we have just witnessed in the old world. We look with the most profound astonishment upon the fact that one of the strongest governments on the face of the globe, possessing, apparently, unbounded resources of wealth and power, should be torn down within the short space of a few months, and trampled under the heels of an infuriated mob.

The emperor Napoleon a prisoner on German soil; immense standing armies melted away; strong forts and grim bastiles razed to the ground; the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville ransacked by brutal mobs; collections of art that have occupied years in gathering together destroyed in a single hour; gentle women turned into infuriated amazons, with a horrid thirst for blood and carnage; all these are facts which may well cause us to look with alarm to our own security as a government.

Are *we* in any danger of dissolution? Is there no lesson in the woes of France for us to learn? Is not the Almighty tracing on the wall a warning for us to heed?

These are questions that demand the most earnest consideration. They are of paramount importance to Ku-Klux bills, reconstruction acts, San Domingo or even the tariff question.

It is the heighth of folly to undertake to disguise the fact that the morals of the nation are in a deplorable condition, and when the National conscience is once stifled we shall have lost the corner-stone of our liberties. It needs but half an eye to discern that we are steadily drifting towards the condition of the French people before the dethronement of Napoleon III. We see more and more daily of that giddy, thoughtless, aimless life which formerly characterized the French nation. The Puritan element among us is almost extinguished. That rigid sense of honor and rectitude peculiar to Plymouth Rock has become so diluted within the last three or four generations that it is scarcely recognizable. Money-getting, dress, and personal ease are the controlling motives of the present generation.

Count up the young men in this or any other community, and see how many of them have any higher motive in life. Listen to the conversation of a circle of young ladies, and see how naturally it turns to dress and sensational gossip. Look at the extravagances and indecencies in dress; at the rapid strides and terrible destruction that intemperance is making in both sexes; at the gradual relaxation of the moral sense of society, and see if there is not cause for alarm. Exhibitions are patronized now-a-days by ladies and gentlemen, that ten years ago would have been compelled to seek a garret in some back street, and perform before an audience of men and boys of the coarsest grade. Drunkenness is not uncommon among boys of twelve to sixteen years old, and girls of the same tender age frequently exhibit the most alarming depravity. Honesty in high places is becoming altogether too rare a jewel. Bribery and corruption are permeating every department of the government, in spite of the efforts of good men to prevent it. The spoils of office prove more attractive than the honors pertaining to it. The elective franchise is bought and sold as an article of merchandise. Lobbying, wire-pulling and intrigueing control the politics of the nation.

This state of things is not peculiar to any particular political party. Indeed, it is something which political parties, as a rule, have left out of their deliberations entirely. Who ever heard of Democrats or Republicans incorporating temperance or comon honesty as a plank in their platform? Who ever heard of a man being defeated at the polls because of his personal lack of integrity?

Now the legitimate result of this state of things is easily predicted. Unless the nation is aroused to a sense of its danger; unless some means can be inaugurated to resist and turn back this tidal wave of corruption, it will surely overwhelm us in a common ruin. We shall go from bad to worse; a multitude of evils, worse than those of Pandora's Box, will be poured out upon us; society will become more and more reckless; more and more vitiated. A passion for gayety and pleasure will crowd more earnest matters out of sight. People will live for the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. The Christian Sabbath, acknowledged by our keenest statesmen to be indispensable to the welfare of any people, will lose its influence over us. Young men will begin to boast of atheistic principles, claiming them as the index of a strong mind. "The Bible," they will tell us, "is a very good book, but it has outgrown its usefulness." It will be cast aside with the last year's fashion-plates. From this point the path leads downward with fearful rapidity, and the end will not be far distant.

Does anyone say that these are the words of a visionary, and that this is an inprobable state of affairs? Go back and study the downward course of every fallen nation since light first broke upon the world! Read the history of Nineveh and Babylon; of Carthage and Athens; of Imperial Rome and Magnificent Paris! "The history of the world is the record of man's sins and God's punishment."

Have the sovereign people of America a stronger throne than that of the Roman Empire? Our very confidence may yet prove our destruction.

We cannot afford to laugh aside matters of so grave an import. Many of our best and most far-sighted statesmen are becoming alarmed at our condition, and are looking forward for means to check our reckless and headlong career. They need the cooperation of true men everywhere. It is far easier to stem the torrent now than it will be when we shall have reached the verge of the precipice.

JUDITH,

OR

THE OPERA BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SCRIBE.

PAR M. LE BOSSET.

I

One evening—if I remember rightly, it was the end of 1831—there was a great crowd at the Opera, for Taglioni was to dance. The spectators had crowded themselves on the steps of the orchestra, and the extra stools furnished for the friends of the conductor formed a sort of barricade which I found it difficult to surmount, amidst cries of "Hush, hush! silence, silence!" from the enthusiasic amateurs whom I disturbed. For when Taglioni dances, one not only gazes but listens. It seems as if the eye were not sufficient to admire with.

I found myself in an awkward position, forced to stand amidst a group of my friends whom I met there by appointment, and who were too much crowded to make room for me, when a young man rose and offered me his seat, which I declined, not wishing to deprive him of the pleasure of the spectacle.

"It is no deprivation," he said—"I am going out."

I accepted his offer with thanks; and my obliging neighbor cast a last look at the stage before taking his departure. For an instant he stopped, leaning his back against the box of General Claparede, and seemed to look for some one in the distance. Then sinking gradually into a profound revery, he evidently thought no more of retiring.

He was right in saying I did not deprive him of the view; for turning his back to the stage—seeing nothing—hearing nothing—he appeared entirely to forget where he was. I examined him attentively. It was impossible to imagine a face more handsome or expressive. Dressed simply and elegantly, there was something noble and distinguished in all his movements. He seemed about five-and-twenty. His fine black eyes were fixed incessantly on a front box of the second tier with an indefinable expression of melancholy and despair. Involuntarily I turned in that direction, and I saw that the box was empty.

"He expects somebody who has not come," I said—"she has deceived him—she is ill—or her father has prevented her, and he loves and expects in vain. Poor young fellow!" and I watched as attentively as he. I pitied him, and would have given the world to have seen the door of the box opened; but it remained closed.

The ballette was about to end; and while the inferior dancers were performing, conversation, as usual, proceeded almost aloud. Among other things, we talked of *Robert le Diable*, which was then in rehearsal, and was about to appear in a few days. My friends made all sorts of inquiries—about the music—the ballettes—the situations—and all the other points of interest in relation to the new piece, and begged very earnestly to attend the last rehearsal. A rehearsal seems so strange and wonderful to those unaccustomed to it. I promised to introduce them, and we all rose up to go away, for the curtain was about to fall. As I found myself near my unknown friend, who still remained motionless in the same place, I expressed my regret that I had accepted his offer, and my gratification if I could do anything to oblige him in return.

"You can do so quite easily," he replied; "I have just gathered that you are M. Meyerbeer."

"I have not that honor—"

"At any rate you are one of the authors of *Robert le Diable*?"

"After a sort," I said, "I wrote the words."

"Well, then," he rejoined, "let me be present at the rehearsal to-morrow."

"We are so little prepared as yet, that I can only venture to ask my friends."

"That is one reason more for my repeating the request."

"And," I said, "I am delighted that you have repeated it on those terms."

He shook my hand, and the hour was fixed for the following day.

He was exact to his appointment. We walked for a few minutes about the stage before the rehearsal commenced. He spoke gravely, yet pleasantly and cleverly; but it was easy to perceive that it needed an effort to keep up the conversation, and that he was pre-occupied with other thoughts. Our goddesses of the dance and of the song began to arrive one after another. Several times I perceived him tremble, and once his agitation was so great that he had to support himself on the side scenes. I began to suspect he was a rejected lover of one of our Clios or Terpsichores—a suspicion which his extreme handsomeness and his style altogether rendered by no means probable; and in reality I was mistaken. He spoke to no one—went near no one—and no one knew who he was.

The rehearsal began. I looked for him in the orchestra among the amateurs. He was not there; and though the body of the house was somewhat dark, I thought I saw him in the front box which he had gazed on so constantly the night before. I was anxious to make sure of this and at the end of the rehearsal after the admirable trio of the fifth act, I ascended to the second tier. Meyerbeer, who had something to say to me, accompanied me. We arrived at the box, of which the door was half open, and saw the unknown with his head resting on his hands. At our approach he turned quickly round and rose up. His pale face was covered with tears. Meyerbeer was overjoyed; and without saying a word, shook his hand most kindly, as if to thank him. The unknown, trying to conceal his embarassment, muttered some words of compliment in such a vague and unconnected manner, that he saw he had not listened to the performance, and that for two hours he had been thinking of anything rather than the music. Meyerbeer whispered to me in despair—"The wretch has not heard a note!"

We all three descended the stairs, and crossing the large beautiful court which leads to the Rue Grange Bataliere, the unknown bowed to M. Saussaret, who at that time had the letting of the seats.

I went to M. Saussaret. "You know that handsome young fellow who has just left me?"

"M. Arthur—Rue du Helder—No. 9. I know nothing more. He has engaged a box on the second tier for this winter."

"He was there this moment," I said.

"Then he seems to use it in the morning only, for he never goes near it at night. The box is always empty."

And in fact during the whole week the door was never opened. The box remained deserted.

The first appearance of *Robert* was now near, and on such occasions a poor devil of an author is overwhelmed with applications for boxes and tickets. You may imagine what time he has to attend to his play, and the changes and curtailments that may be required. He has to answer letters and claims that pour in upon him from all quarters, and it is invariably the ladies who are most exacting on such nights. "You were to have got me two boxes and I have only got one." "You promised me No. 10, next to the general's, and they have sent me No. 15, next to Madame D. whom I detest, and who casts me into the shade with her diamonds."

A first night is a time when you get into scrapes with your best friends, who, perhaps overlook it in a few days, if your piece "takes," but who nurse their indignation a long time if you are "damned," so that you are punished both by them and the public at the same time. Misfortunes never come alone. On the morning of the first night of *Robert*, I had promised a box to some ladies, but the manager took it away from me to give it to—a journalist. I complained. He replied, "'Tis for a journalist, you understand? a journalist who hates you, but who has promised—thanks to my politeness in giving him your box—to speak favorably of the music."

It was impossible to resist an argument like this and the box was given up. But where was I to bestow my fair friends, whose wrath was a much more serious matter to me than that of the journalist? I luckily remembered my unknown acquaintance, and went to his residence. His room was very simple and unostentatious, particularly for a man who had a box at the opera.

"My dear sir," I said, "I come to ask you a great favor."

"Say on."

"Do you intend to be present at the first representation of *Robert le Diable*? In your box, I mean."

He appeared embarrassed, and replied with some hesitation—"I should be very happy—but—it is impossible."

"Have you disposed of it?"

"No."

"Will you give it up to me? you will get me out of an awkward predicament."

His trouble seemed to increase every moment. He *could* not refuse me; and at last, as if making a great effort to command himself he said "I agree, but upon one condition—that you put nobody into that box but *men*."

"Impossible, my dear sir, I ask it expressly to accommodate some ladies."

He was silent for a while. "And among these ladies," he said, "is there any one you love?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied.

"Then take the box," he said, "for I leave Paris to-day."

I made a motion expressive of interest and curiosity, and he seemed to divine my thoughts; for he took me by the hand, and said, "you no doubt perceive that certain fond and sad remembrances attach themselves to that box. I can communicate them to no one. Of what use is it to complain when one is miserable and hopeless, and when it is all by his own fault?"

That night the first representation of *Robert* took place, and my friend Meyerbeer achieved a triumph which resounded all through Europe. Since that time, many other events, literary and political—many other successes and many failures, have occurred. I saw no more of M. Arthur—I thought of him no more. I had forgotten him.

A night or two ago, I found myself once more in the orchestra, at the right side of the opera. It was not to see *Robert*, it was to see the *Huguenots*. Five years had passed away.

"You come late," said one of my friends, a professor of civil law, who has as much "espirt" at night as erudition in the morning.

"And you are very wrong in so doing," added a little man dressed in black, with a sharp voice and a powdered head, as he tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round, and saw M. Baraton, the notary of my family.

"You here!" I cried—"and your office—"

"Sold it three months ago—I am rich—I am a widower—I am sixty years old—I have been twenty years married, and thirty years a notary—I think I am entitled to a little enjoyment."

"And he has now been a subscriber to the Opera for eight days," said the professor of civil law.

"Ay, to be sure; I like to laugh; I like comedy, and so I have bought an admission here."

"And why not at the Francaise?"

"Oh! not half so amusing as here—one sees and hears the most extraordinary things in the world. These gentlemen know everything—there is not a box of which they do not know the history."

"Indeed!" I cried, and mechanically turned toward the box on the second tier, which had so excited my curiosity some years before. What was my amazement! That night it was empty as before; and the only empty one in the whole house!

I was delighted to have a history to tell, and in a few words related all that I have now told you. I was listened to with attention; my friends were lost in conjecture—the professor tried to recall some ancient recollections—the little notary smiled most maliciously.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "which of you—who know everything—can unriddle this enigma for us; who can tell us the story of that mysterious box?"

They were all silent, even the professor, who passed his hands over his brow as if to refresh his recollection of some anecdote, and would probably have finished by inventing one appropriate to the occasion, if the notary had given him time.

"Who will tell you that story?" he exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "who but I?—I know the whole particulars."

"You, M. Baraton?"

"To be sure."

"Go on, then—go on," and we all drew near to listen.

"Go on, M. Baraton."

"Well, then," said the little notary, with an important look, and taking a pinch of snuff, "which of you was acquainted with—"

But at that moment the first crash of the overture began—and M. Baraton, who piqued himself on not losing a single note, stopped immediately, and said—"After the first act, gentlemen."

II

"Gentlemen," said the notary, when the first act of the *Huguenots* was finished, "Queen Marguerite has to be dressed with all her maids of honor—the castle and garden of Chenonceaux have to be got ready; and the interval will be long enough, I think, to enable me to tell you the story you wish to know." And after a placid pinch of snuff, which gave him time to collect his thoughts, M. Baraton commenced in these words:—

"Which of you, gentlemen, was acquainted with the little Judith?"

We all looked at each other, and the oldest frequenter of the orchestra was puzzled.

"The little Judith," he went on "who some seven or eight years ago was brought out as a figurante in the ballette?"

"Stay," said the professor of civil law, with somewhat of a pedantic air, "a little blonde who was one of the pages for the Muette?"

"She was dark," said the notary; "as to the part you attribute to her, I have no positive document on the subject, and prefer relying on your immense erudition."

The professor bowed.

"But, whether dark or fair, there was one thing that nobody disputed, and that was, that the little Judith was a charming creature. And another point which appeared undeniable, was, that her aunt, Madame Bonnivet, was porteress in the Rue Richelieu, in the house of an old gentleman, whose confidential manager she had once been; some said his cook; but Madame Bonnivet disdained the impeachment, and went on, quietly plying her knitting needles, and managing for the different lodgers, while her niece even already began making conquests.

For it was impossible to pass the porter's lodge without being struck with the extraordinary beauty of little Judith, who was scarcely twelve years old. Her eyes even then were the finest in the world; her teeth like pearls; her form exquisitely graceful; and whatever dress she wore, she had the most *distingue* air imaginable; and to crown all, an expressive, clear and open countenance, with something radiant and coquettish in its very innocence. In short she gave promise of one of those glorious combinations of grace and beauty, enough to turn people's heads, and, as a poet would say, to change the fate of empires.

People paid Madame Bonnivet so many compliments every day on the loveliness of her niece, that she determined to make considerable sacrifices for her education. She sent her, therefore, to a charity school, where little girls were taught to read and write—an enormous amount of instruction, the advantages of which were soon felt by Madame Bonnivet herself; who, in her capacity of porteress, had found it rather difficult to make out the different addresses, and to send the letters and parcels to their respective destinations. Judith took this duty on herself, to the universal satisfaction of all concerned; and Madame Bonnivet being now persuaded that with such an education, superadded to so much beauty, her niece was soon to make a sensation in the world, she waited impatiently for an opening.

It was not long before an opportunity presented itself. M. Rosambeau, the ballette-master, who rented one of the attics, offered to give little Judith some lessons; and, in a few days, Madame Bonnivet communicated in confidence—to all the ladies of her acquaintance—that her niece had been accepted as one of the *corps de ballet* of the opera—a piece of news which of course was spread far and wide, and flew rapidly from door to door along the whole extent of the Rue Richelieu.

Then, there was little Judith installed at the opera, taking lessons every morning of M. Rosambeau, and coming on at night—totally unnoticed amidst the groups of young girls, naids, or pages, as the professor justly observed a few minutes ago.

Judith was innocence itself, though belonging to the stage; for she had been brought up in a respectable house, where all the lodgers were discreet Benedicks. Her aunt, who was as watchful as a dragon, never left her; accompanied her to the theatre in the morning, brought her home at night, and even remained whole days in the green-room knitting her stockings, while her niece took lessons and practiced her steps. You wonder what became all this time of the large house in the Rue Richelieu; I can't exactly say; but people believe that a friend of Madame Bonnivet undertook all her duties then, in the expectation of the little Judith making a catch; for you are aware, gentlemen, that no one goes on the opera boards unless with the hopes of making a catch—gaining a settlement, or however you choose to express that great object of an actress's ambition. In this way they leave the stage—they are rich—they reform; and the good aunt—for all pretty dancers, you may have remarked, have invariably aunts of the highest respectability—marries her niece, now weaned from the vanities of tin spangles and paste diamonds, to a flourishing stockbroker, or—"

"A retired notary," added the professor.

M. Baraton shrugged his shoulders. "Of course," he said; "but at that time thoughts of such prodigious advancement had never entered into the heads of either Madame Bonnivet or her niece. Ambition grows on us by degrees."

"But Judith," I said—"what became of Judith?" for I saw the curtain about to rise.

"Judith! I'm coming to her directly. Madame Bonnivet, in spite of all her caution, could not hinder her niece from talking with her companions. In the mornings in the green-room, and above all, at night when they were on the stage—a region where the aunt found it impossible to follow—Judith heard some things that astonished her.

One of the nymphs or sylphides, her companions, whispered in her ear—"See, Judith, look in the orchestra—at the right—how hard he is looking at me."

"Who?" said Judith.

"That handsome young man with the cashmere vest,—don't you see him?"

"What does it all mean?"

"I've struck him."

'Struck him?' said Judith, astonished.

"Ha, ha!" said the nymph, "what a simpleton you are. Girls, here's a curiosity—she never had an admirer!"

"All her aunt's fault," said another of the sylphs.

"Indeed! well! if I had an aunt so ridiculous, I would—"

"Hush, hush; you know nothing about it," replied the other, who seemed a few years older; 'she perhaps has serious intentions about little Judith, and to keep her from the danger of lovers, is going to give her to a protector.'

'She!' rejoined the others, 'she hasn't wit enough to get her one. Such good fortune would be too much to expect.

Judith did not lose a syllable, but had not courage to ask anybody for an explanation. But she understood enough to see that she was looked down upon, and she naturally had an intense desire to avenge herself, to humble her companions, and fire them with rage and envy.

Accordingly, when Madame Bonnivet informed her on their return, with a solemn face, that she would introduce her to a protector—a noble and rich protector—her first sensation was one of joyful surprise; and her aunt, who had not expected such a reception for her news, proceeded in raptures.

'Yes, my darling niece, an admirable person in all respects—a person who will secure your happiness, and a provision for your aunt; and indeed he can't do less, after all the trouble and expense your education has cost me.'

Then the good aunt wiped away a few tears; and Judith, who was moved at the appearance of so much tenderness, only ventured to ask who was the protector, and how she had deserved such generosity

'You shall know in good time, replied the aunt, but in the mean time your companions will die with spite.'

This was the very thing Judith wanted; and great indeed was the surprise when the intelligence became known in the green-room.

'Is it possible? a creature like that! a figurante—a chorus-girl, and I a first dancer—'tis disgusting.'

'Quite right! said the others; she is so good; she deserves her good luck she is so sweet and pretty.'

And, in short if it had been a marriage to a duke, they could not have made more exclamations, or envied her advancement more sincerely.

And there could no longer be any doubt upon the subject, when her aunt appeared that evening in a magnificent shawl of Ternaux. But who could this protector be?—some rich old curmudgeon—some gouty old bachelor, or worn out *roue*? But to all these questions Judith maintained a prudent reserve; one good reason of which probably was, that she did not know a syllable about the matter.

In a few days she had quitted the porter's lodge to live with her aunt in a charming suit of rooms in the Rue de Province—a bed-room furnished splendidly, and a boudoir so tasteful, so elegantly fitted up, that her aunt never ventured to approach it—she preferred sitting in the dining parlor, or indeed in the kitchen; she felt so much more at ease there than elsewhere.

But day after day passed on, and nobody appeared, which struck Judith as something rather strange; for Judith was without education, but not without sense. Her candor and *naivete* proceeded from innocence, not from stupidity; and after thinking over her position for some time, she would have given the world for some one to consult—for some one to defend her against this protector whom she did not know, and whom she feared and hated. It is true, the only idea she had formed of him was of an ugly old man; for her companions had prepared her for nothing else by their conversations. She accordingly trembled and had almost fainted with agitation, when on the fifth day, her aunt threw open the door and announced the expected visitor.

Judith would have risen to receive him with proper respect, but her limbs shook, and she sank back upon the sofa. When at length she raised her eyes, she saw standing before her a handsome young man of twenty-two or twenty-three yeas of age, of a noble and elegant appearance, who looked at her with a kind and benevolent expression. In one instant she felt she was safe. A person who looked at her with so soft a smile would be her defender from all evil, and she could have nothing to fear.

"Mademoiselle," he said, in a calm and respectful tone; but perceiving that Madame Bonnivet was still in the room, he made her a sign, and she immediately remembered she had orders to give about the dinner—"Mademoiselle, you are here at home; I hope you will be happy; but pardon me if I have the honor of seeing you but seldom—other engagements will prevent me the pleasure. I therefore lay claim to but one title—that of your friend; to but one privilege—that of satisfying your slightest wish."

Judith did not reply; but the beating of her heart lifted up the light muslin of her pelerine.

"As to your aunt," and this he said with a scarcely perceptible tone of contempt, "she will hereafter be at your command; for I wish to that you should give your commands to every one here, commencing with myself."

He then went near her, and took her hand, which he lifted to his lips, and seeing that the hand still trembled—'Have I alarmed you? he said, be assured that I shall never repeat my visit except when you desire it—adieu, Judith!'

And he went away leaving the poor girl in a state of emotion which she could not comprehend. All day long she thought of nothing but the handsome stranger with his beautiful black eyes. She had not ventured to look at him, and yet nothing that he had done, not a movement had escaped her. She was uneasy, and lost her spirits; her complexion grew pale, and her aunt smiled.

When the stranger was spoken of, she blushed the deepest scarlet, and her aunt smiled again.

But he returned no more, and she could not ask him to return. What had she to complain of?—apartments beautifully furnished—servants and carriage at her command—she had not a want in the world!

On the other hand, her companions in the theatre, seeing her so brilliantly dressed, and so radiant in beauty, overwhelmed her with questions. But those very questions made her half suspicious that there was something unusual in the whole transaction—that she was treated with a sort of disdain; and she avoided the conversation as much as she could, and never told her aunt even, how very respectfully she had been addressed. One night when the house was crowded, she perceived the stranger in the royal box looking at her. She nearly screamed with joy, and made a dancer miss the proper time, who was just then whirling a pirouette.

'What's the matter?' said Nathalie, one of her friends who held the other end of a garland.

"'Tis he! there he is!"

'Is it possible! Count Arthur de Varleois, one of the young nobles of the Court of Charles X., and moreover, the handsomest of them all! You have nothing to complain of with such a friend to see you every day.'

Judith made no reply. She was too happy. Arthur, to the great scandal of all who saw it, bowed to her from the King's box; and better still, when the ballette was finished, just when she was about to ascend to her dressing-room, Arthur came to the side scenes, and said quite audibly, so as to be heard by the Lord Chamberlain, who had the direction of the Opera—'Will you allow me the honor of conducting you home?'

''Tis too much honor for me,' stammered Judith, without perceiving what a laugh her answer excited.

'Make haste then. I will wait for you on the stage.'

She lost no time, you may be sure, in changing her dress; and on returning, she found Arthur in conversation with a group of fashionables, and with M. Lubert, the manager, to whom he recommended Judith very warmly, and then gave her his arm before them all, and conducted her down the performer's staircase.

At the door his carriage was ready to receive them; they got in, and, as it was cold, he pulled up the glass, and put her shawl over her shoulders. How beautiful she was—so glad—so gratified; but the gladness did not last long. The distance is so short between the Rue Grange Bataliere and the Rue de Provence, and the horses went so fast! The carriage stopped; Arthur got out and offered his hand to Judith. They went up stairs together, and arrived at the door of her apartment. He rang the bell, respectfully took his leave, and disappeared.

Judith could not sleep. The conduct of the Count appeared so rude. He might at least have entered her room, and sat down for a moment. She knew very little, to be sure, of the manners of high society; but she thought that would have been more polite than to leave her so suddenly at the door. She was feverish and disturbed; and at daybreak got out of bed and went to the window to get cool. There, before her door, still stood the carriage with the fast gray horses; they pawed the ground with cold and impatience; the coachman was asleep on his box.

'Excuse me, gentlemen,' said the notary, when he had reached this part of his story; "the next act is just beginning, and I don't wish to lose a word of the opera—when the curtain falls ——'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOUTHERNERS IN BRAZIL.

The story of the self exiled Southerners, who at the close of the war, unwilling to live under the old banner, sought new homes in Brazil, is told at length in the *Times* of Sunday, and is a very sad one. The government of Brazil sent agents to this country, at the time mentioned, to invite emigration, and colonization agencies were established in New York, Richmond, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans. From New York some 2,000 of the "rough-scuff" went out, and they, remaining in Rio de Janeiro, inaugurated an era of crime, and finally were sent home at the expense of the Brazilians. The estimable emigrants, however, composed mainly of Southern people, went into the interior and were speedily reduced to poverty. A few managed to return, but the majority died or were forced by necessity into a manner of life far beneath the social and business positions held by them in this country. "In a remote quarter of one of the lowest precincts of the capital," says the says the writer, "is a rickety little building, far inferior in its filthy, slovenly appearance to the vilest Sixth Ward groggery in this city. Over the door of the dilapidated hovel is a sign in glaring capitals, which proclaims the nationality of the owner beyond all question. The sign reads thus: 'The Dixie Free and Easy Concert Saloon.' There, behind the counter of that miserable Brazilian drinking shop, surrounded by lewd women, and dispensing the commonest native liquors to as vile a set of scoundrels as ever cut a throat, is all that remains of a man who was once a might among his people—a man who has been the Mayor of one of the principal cities of the United States, and also a prominent officer in the Southern army. His story is not dissimilar from that of the poor physician. Want, despair, and drink adding its attendant evils have made him what he is. In the penal colony of Ferdinand de Naronah are two or three gentleman criminals who were once respected citizens of the South, but who, having lost all their worldly possessions in the United States were tempted to emigrate to Brazil by visions of speedy affluence and freedom from toil, and having these bright dreams as speedily dispelled, concluded, it seems, that honor was only a mite more to lose, recklesly plunged into an abyss of fraud and forgery, and, as a consequence, are now enduring a miserable existence on the lonely island of Naronah as Brazilian convicts." The writer corrects, however, a story which has had wide circulation, to the effect that the daughters of one of the emigrants had been sold into slavery to pay their father's debts. There is no law in Brazil which permits such transactions. He concludes by saying that Brazil is a good country for a rich man, but the worst that a poor man can go to.

It is but a step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

THE PAINESVILLE JOURNAL

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 w.	3 w.	6 w.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m
1 inch.	$1.00	$2.00	$3.50	$5.25	$8.00	$12.00
2 "	1.75	3.00	5.25	7.00	12.00	17.00
3 "	2.50	4.00	6.00	8.50	15.00	22.00
4 "	3.25	5.00	7.00	10.00	17.00	28.00
5 "	3.75	5.50	8.75	11.00	18.50	32.00
¼ col.	4.50	7.00	10.00	14.00	22.00	37.50
⅓ "	5.25	8.00	12.00	16.50	25.00	45.00
½ "	8.00	12.50	16.50	21.00	35.00	65.00
¾ "	10.50	16.00	23.00	35.00	55.00	95.00
1 "	12.00	20.00	30.00	47.50	75.00	130.00

Business notices in local columns will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per line for first insertion and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion

Business cards $1.25 per line per annum.

Yearly advertisers discontinuing their advertisements before the expiration of their contracts will be charged according to the above rates.

Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. Regular advertisements to be paid at the expiration of each quarter.