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NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

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THE STORY OF SOME BELLS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A little legend, dear and gracious friend,
Has strangely wrought upon my heart to-day,
Let me the story to thy heart commend,
And tell it to thee in my simple way.

Long years agone, a Southern artisan,
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime,
A dreamy-eyed, devout, and sad-voiced man,
Cast, with rare skill, a wondrous tuneful chime,
Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And, it is said, this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung
A triumph-peel the bells harmonious rung,
And made a Sabbath on the golden air,
He stood with clasped hands, and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

Against the cliff, beneath the convent tower,
He built the rude nest of his peasant home;
Nor wandering sail nor hope of gain had power
To tempt him from the spot blest by his bells to roam.

At last there came to curse that lovely land
The woe and waste of war; the legend tells
How one wild night, a sacrilegious band
Despoiled the convent even of its bells.

The founder, seizing his rude arms, in vain
Strove that fierce tide of blood and fire to stay;
He saw his home in flames, his brave sons slain,
And then a dungeon's walls shut out the day.

Long years wore on; at last, the artisan,
A weary, bowed, gray-haired and lonely man,
Joyless beheld again the sea, the sky,
And pined to hear his bells once more—then die.

Somewhere he knew, those bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of Heaven;
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer—
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

The legend telleth how, from town to town,
Where'er a minster-cross stood up to bless
God's praying souls, where'er a spire looked down,
He through strange lands and wearied ways did press
His mournful pilgrimage, companionless.

The Norman carillions, so sweet and clear,
The chimes of Amsterdam and gray old Ghent
But alien music rang they to his ear,
No faintest thrill of joy to his sad heart they sent.

Before full many an English tower he stood,
And vainly listened, then pursued his quest;
At last, a noble lady, fair and good,
The sad-eyed pilgrim pointed to the west,

And said, "At Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats, all pealing in accord."

Soft shades foretold the coming of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingers—or as there sweet Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a boat slow held its way;
All silent bent the boatmen to their oars,
For at their feet a dying stranger lay.

In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names, and murmured words of prayer,
And yearningly his wasted arms outflung,
Grasped viewless hands, and kissed the empty air.

Sudden upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper-bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 'twould seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid its silent times—
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes—
Or gathered music from the summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from tributary flowers,
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime, and knew it ringing nigh;
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching towards the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear my bells once more!"

Nearer they grew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church tower high;
The pilgrim listened, till their latest sweets
Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh;
With their sweet ceasing, ceased his mortal breath.
So, like a conqueror to the better land,
Passed the worn artisan—such music grand
Upr[o]lled before him on the heavenly path.

From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
And Hesperus his silver lamp uphung;
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
The vesper chime that summoneth to pray;
But to that stranger, weary, lone, and old,
They pealed the matins of immortal day.

Thus thou, my poet, from thy soul hast wrought
In tuneful song sweet chimes of deep-toned thought,
To sound toward heaven, high hung on massive towers
That overlook the world; in silent hours,
Even in darkness, gathering, note by note,
God's deepest melodies, that ever float
Above the toiling or the sleeping earth;
To answer grief with grief, and mirth with mirth;
To fling sweet strains upon the path of day,
As flowers are flung upon a victor's way;
To cheerily peal out amid the storm,
Beneath the rolling of the thunder-cars;
Ring in calm eves, with sunset glories warm,
And sound before the coming of the stars.

And from thy bells we deem each latest time
We hear a clearer and a grander chime,

Guilty, or Not Guilty?

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN DANE," "IN TRUST," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

knew. She seemed to clutch at some latent strength, and, rising, said calmly, but in a voice that sounded hollow and lifeless to herself.

"Go down, Mary; Bridget may want you about the table."

"You won't, you don't believe it, Mrs. Wardleigh! It will allcome right! God would not suffer such a black accusation to prosper."

EFFECTS OF THE JESUIT LAW IN GERMANY.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES IN KENTUCKY.

STREET PAVEMENTS.

RELIGIOUR NEWS.

The ministers representing the Baptist Independents, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Free Methodists and Bible Christians, had a social meeting in Manchester, England, lately, at which a proposal to hold a united communion once a year seemed to be generally approved.

An irascible, wealthy and old Methodist clergyman, out of the service but in good standing, shot an intruding boy who was robbing his garden the other day. Probably no one regrets the rash and sinful deed more than the perpetrator, and the fearful result should warn not old ministers only, but all men, against the use of firearms to protect their melons or apples. Both the Bible and Webster's Spelling-book would encourage the use of milder means before resorting to such extreme measures.

Are you a city Christian spending the summer in the country? Or at a fashionable watering-place? Or in travel? Be true to your religion, to your Master, every where and always. Put on your moral influence into the church where you are. Hold up the hands of the pastor. Encourage every good work that is going on, and set on foot more if you can. A new hand often gives a fresh inpulse to labor, and instead of being idle where you happen to stay, get the good there is in being greatly useful.

Since Pio Nono has been relieved of so many temporal cares, and is cut off from the ordinary diplomatic intercourse with the government of Europe (he will have nothing to do with the ambassadors to the kingdom of Italy), his subjects in other countries find it difficult to communicate with him officially. Some time ago the Maltese Roman Catholics prepared an address to the Pope which has had a series of adventures. It was consigned to the Governor of Malta for greater security. As Malta belongs to England, the address was sent to London to be forwarded. From London Mr. Gladstone sent it to the English Legation at Rome. "Sir Puget" being absent, the Secretary of Legation sent it back to Malta, instead of consigning it to the Maltese deputation. The Secretary of Legation also twice refused to receive the Marchese di Testaferrata, the head of the Maltese deputation, who was to have presented the address to His Holiness. What has at last become of the address we are not informed.

A memorial signed by seven hundred lay members of the Church of England, including two hundred members of both Houses of Parliament, was recently presented to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, asking that the reading of the Athanesian creed in the Church service, on account of the damnatory clauses, might not be compulsory. In reply to it the Archbishops say that, under all the circumstances, they are prepared to assent to the course recommended, though it may have some inconveniences; and they hope, in conjunction with their brethren, to be able to meet the wishes of that large body of persons "who object to the solemn use of words which they regard as unauthorized in their most obvious sense, either by the letter or the spirit of the Holy Scriptures," while paying due attention to the legitimate scruples of those who, "through their zeal to maintain the truth as it has even been taught by the Church of Christ, feel great anxiety respecting any change."

Father Hyacinthe is preparing for publication a series of papers or volumes, the first of which, consisting of Letters, Discourses, &c., has already appeared. In a letter to the Pere Terraud, he applies caustic very freely to those who first so loudly opposed and then so timorously submitted to the decrees of the Vatican on the subject of idfallibility, and does not spare what he calls "the superficial and shameless confusion which in these days would assimilate the external and almost material obedience of the soldier to the free and reflective adhesion which the Church demands to her authentic decrees from Catholic and instructed reason." Alluding to the humiliation of the French ecclesiastics after having so energetically opposed the outrage upon the Catholic faith, he says: "See, then, to what is reduced the whole Church of France? The old church of St. Bernard, of Gerson and of Bossuet, constrained to abjure, in a single hour of darkness and bewilderment, the traditions which had placed it during so many ages at the head of Christianity! Our unhappy country, invaded and ruined by Ultramontanes, as it had been by Prussians, is now ecclesiastically subjugated by the Court of Rome, as it has been politically humiliated by the Court of Berlin."

A foreign review of the week on "The Russian Clergy," by the Jesuit father, Gragarin, presents the following interesting statistical information: The number of parishes in Russia is given as 36,000, and the aggregate of the incomes of the clergy is supposed to be about $23,500,000, of which the treasury contributes $3,000,000; "houses and properties belonging to parishes" yield $500,000, and the rest arises from the "contributions of the parishioners." The average income of the clergy of each parish amounts, therefore to about $650. Of this the priest gets half, the deacon a quarter, and the remainder goes to the "two clerks discharging the duties of sacristan, beadle, ringer, lector," &c.—that is to say, in parishes which are fully officered. As many districts, however, do not enjoy diaconal ministration, the average income of a parish priest, arising from the sources which have been mentioned, may be fixed at about $400. In addition to this, he derives from the share of land assigned to him an income which, in a fertile district, may rise as high as $200 a year, and he receives from his parishioners a "species of tithe paid in kind," the value of which varies according to the locality. The deacons of Russia are 22,444 in number, and these cost the country (at about $160 a head) $2,000,000, besides the value of lands allotted them. It is easy to believe that "the existance of the deacon is a painful one.' His wants are similar to those of the priest, and he was only about a third of a priest's income. "The character with which he is clothed forbids him the exercise of many professions, without opening to him access to the laborious practical functions of the ministry. His office ended, the church has no further need of him." He might, it is true, act as a schoolmaster, but he is generally so ignorant that he is incapable of teaching anything. The best thing that can be done with him, suggests Father Gragarin, is to suppress him altogether. Next to the deacons in the Russian Church comes the "63,424 clerks, who discharge the duties of readers, chanters, sacristans, beadles and ringers. They form part of the clergy, take part of the perquisites, and further, are enrolled in the caste." There are generally two in each parish, and "their maintenance costs $3,000,000, or about $50 per head. Each has, besides, four hectares to cultivate, and creates resources from cows, pigs, poultry, kitchen, garden, &c. One of their most essential accomplishments, is the faculty of reading fast, for "the Easterm Liturgy is extremely long and if the reader read in an intelligible manner, the whole day would be passed in church." Accordingly, the reader hurries on at such a pace that it is impossible to understand anything. Sometimes, indeed, "in order to proceed still faster, two read at the same time different parts." Father Gragarin suggests that the office should be abridged, in which case one clerk would be sufficient, who might be "a layman of good life and manners." At present "the 53,000 families of these clerks form the great majority of the caste," and a serious obstacle to many of the attempts to reform it.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

A dispatch from Melbourn reports that the crew of the ship Lavinia were massacred by South sea Islanders.

James F. Clark, who was shot by a brother of Miss Fewell, whom he had seduced, died of his wounds Tuesday night at Brentsville, Virginia.

Last week in Christian County, Ky., James Reed poisoned Fred Harper, giving him whisky containing Strichnine. Harper died in two hours. Reed escaped.

Maggie Prindivilie, a young girl living at No. 8 Henry street, Chicago, was fatally burned by the explosion of kerosene, with which she was kindling a fire, anddied on Friday morning.

Jeremiah Leduc, a Frenchman, jumped from a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad, in South St. Louis, on Friday. He fell from the platform on the track, and five cars ran over him, crushing him almost to a mass.

Joel A. Thompson shot and inflicted a mortal wound on George Harris Sunday night, near St. Paul's Church Nashville after the congregation had been dismissed. Both are colored. The difficulty was about a woman.

Wednesday afternoon a two year old infant of Matt Gill, Jefersonville, Indiana, playing on the track of the J. M. and L. R., was run over by a train and an arm and leg cut off. It died three hours afterward.

A special to the Evansville, Indiana *Journal*, from Rockport, says that William Summers had his hand fearfully mangled by the premature discharge of a cannon at Rockport, Friday morning, while saluting Senator Morton.

Melvin Sanford shot his father Michael, a well known sporting hotel keeper, at Madison, New Jersey, on Wednesday night. The old man had been beating his wife, when his son shot him to save his mother. The wound is mortal. Young Sanford was arrested.

The boiler of an engine, running a threshing machine at Highland Oakland county, Michigan, exploded Wednesday afternoon, fatally injuring Edson Tenny and instantly killing Columbus Odell, Charles William and Monroe Tenny. Two others were seriously injured.

On Saturday afternoon a young man, nineteen years old, by the name of J. W. Davidson, shot with a revolver and instantly killed Jessie Currie, an old and respectable citizen of Alpha, Green county, Ohio. The affair happened near Alpha. Davidson was riding with Currie in a buggy. No quarrel preceded the killing. It was the result of drunkenness. Currie was taking Davis away from parties with whom he was about to quarrel. Davidson was arrested.

Nettie Clive, Amanda L. Stevenson, and Catherine Dutro, widows of James R. Clive, Judge Stephenson, and Thomson E. Dutro, who were murdered by a mob in Cass County, Missouri, some months ago, for alleged issue of fraudulent county bonds, have brought suit against Sheriff Bryant and some thirty-five other citizens of Cass County, for the murder of their husbands. The suit will re-open the entire Cass County affair and attract almost universal attention. The amount of damages claimed in each case is $5,000, that being the amount limited by law.

Mrs Charlotte Lamb has been arrested at Trimbelle, Piere county, Wisconsin, and placed in the Ellsworth jail, charged with poisoning five persons. In September 1871, her husband died very suddenly, showing symptoms of having been poisoned. Last May her son, aged ten years, was taken sick in like manner to his father and in an hour was dead. In June a daughter, eight years old, died a similar death. Last month Mr. Lamb went to Mrs. Jane Ottman's house to assist in taking care of her while sick and mixed up a powder for her. Mrs. Ottman complained of violent pains in the stomach and died in a few minutes. Last week, Royal Garland also, a neighbor, died under the same circumstances as the above named. Mrs. Lamb was cooking for him during harvest, and after drinking a cup of tea prepared by her, he was taken with severe pains and died soon after. The stomach of Mr. Garland has been to Dr. Hay, of Hudson to be analyzed and it is said, poison was found. The bodies of two other victims have been disinterred and the stomachs are now in the hand of the doctor for analysis. Mrs. Lamb's house was searched and strychnine and arsenic was found. Her examination takes place September 5th.

The Topeka Kansas *Commonwealth*, has the following startling news from Colorado: Mr. E. H. Stanley, of Fort Larned, arrived in this city last evening from Denver. He reports last Monday a government train, consisting of thirty six mule teams, loaded with army supplies for Fort Lyon, was proceeding along Dry Creek, between Carson City and Fort Lyon, Colorado, under the command of Stephen Bryan, wagon master. While in the valley of dry Creek the train mined in the sand. While thus detained a band of two hundred Arrapoe Indians, under command of their chief, Little Raven, made an attack which equaled in outrage and ferosity any in the annals of Indians massacres. The wagons were burned, and all the contents that could be carried off were taken, consisting of bacon, etc. The mules were run off and fifteen men belonging to the train were left wounded or dead on the bloody field, Mr. Bryan was skinned alive from head to foot by the savages. Besides these, fifteen men were missing. They are supposed to have been carried into activity. The train was under escort of Lieut. McFarland of the 6th United States Cavalry, with one hundred men, but being nine miles in the rear at the time of the massacre no protection could be afforded. Mr. Stanley was with the escort, and when they arrived at the terrible scene the savages were just retiring over the hill beyond, whirling their tomahawks and shouting in real glee over their ill-gotten gains,

A letter from Red Bud, a small town in Monroe county, Illinois, gives a thrilling account of the performances with the rhinoceros attached to Warner and Co.'s menagerie and circus, on the occasion of his being brought into the ring for the first time. The showman had prepared the animal for exhibition in the ring by attaching to the ring in his nose two strong wire ropes. Twenty-four stalwart men were deemed sufficient to hold the beast. He submitted quietly to being led from the cage, but on entering the arena he suddenly threw up his head and plunged madly to the right and left, broke loose from the men and dashed forward through the tents. His first victim was John Gillem, a canvasman, whom he knocked down, and tramping upon his breast killed him instantly. He run next his nose against Martin Ready, another canvasman, striking him in the stomach, ripping out his bowels and killing him. He next made a dash in the direction of the seats, which by this time were cleared by the frightened spectatorr. He knocked down nearly one side of the seats, dislocating the shoulder of one of the employes, breaking the arm of a spectator, and running into the the menagerie tent, he upset Forepugh's den of performing animals. He next struck the center pole with his head, bringing it down with a crash upon the cages of the tiger and leopard, but not breaking them so as to allow animals to escape. Dashing into the museum tent, he smashed the curiosities, stampeded all the people in the vicinity, and rushed out through the side of the canvas into the street, finally bringing up in a vacant house the door of which stood open, and here the men succeeded in capturing him and getting him in the cage. The damage done to the show was about $3,000

MELANGE.

An Indiana Bluebeard has just married his eleventh.

The real name of the composer of the "Grande Duchesse" is said to be Bier; Offenbach being merely an ale-ias.

Our moralist remarks that if it were ever excusable to drink high wines it would be after riding in a high wind.

The oldest inhabitant of Chicago died last Tuesday in the person of Mr. Archibald Clybourne, who settled there in 1822.

The art of burglary in Savannah, Ga., instead of being left to false-bearded policemen, is practiced by a beautiful blonde.

In the matter of political ring business, the only difference between Tweed and T. Weed seems to lie in the period. *Dix-imus.*

Not content with the ordinary company of colored folks New Brunswick, N. J., is getting up a whole regiment of dark militia.

The town-crier of Charlestown, Mass. is in trouble on account of his kidnapping children in order to get a reward for finding them.

Boston has placed in Mount Auburn Cemetery a fifteen-foot sphinx in honor of the preservation of America in the liberation of Africa.

The Marquis de Kensingham, a young man of only three and twenty, has entered a Trappist monastery under the name of Frere Sebastian.

An Eastern exchange speaks of a harbor excursion for the lunatics of Boston. It doesn' say which ones; whether those in the asylums only, or the others.

In view of the perishable condition of iron, a scientific authority gravely proposes straw paper as a more durable material for the manufacture of car wheels.

A young lady of wealthy parentage and superior intellectual culture, Miss Agnes Cooper by name, has devoted her talents to professional larceny in St. Louis.

Another Cardiff giant has been resurrected at Dubuque, Iowa. The first hoax of this kind wasn't a bad joke; but isn't this repeated exhuming rather ex-humorous?

Herr Shofer, once widely known as a geographical explorer, has so little to show for his peregrinations that he is reduced to peddling cheap jewelry in Australia.

Prairie-chickens are waxing fat on potato-bugs out West, and they say that the most frightful symptoms arise from eating these birds and potatoes at the same meal.

The United States Treasury architect, Mr. Mullet, is engaged in making the plans for some of the public buildings authorized by law during the late session of Congress.

An Hibernian Western correspondent says that the Indians are by no means so illiterate as is generally supposed; on the contrary, he finds them people of extensive raiding.

Worcester, Mass., means to close even apothecaries' shops on Sunday. To strike at the root of the evil, we would suggest the enactment of a law prohibiting sickness on the Sabbath.

A Jerseyman from one of the mosquito districts is said to have applied for a patent for cast-iron counterpanes, the metal being hardened by a new process so as to be almost insect proof.

In spite of the nervous anxiety portrayed in the average New Yorker's manner, an examination of the criminal record will show that on the whole New York people take life easily.

A New Hampshire dentist killed his wife by giving her an over-dose of chloroform preparatory to pulling a tooth, and an unsophisticated coroner's jury found a verdict of accidental death.

For three-fourths of the matter that is printed in most of our rural and several of our city contemporaries no more appropriate name could be devised than the compositor's technical term, "copy."

The Londoners have got through their fashionable season in town, and are beginning to throng watering places and other country resorts just as our upper ten are thinking of returning to city life.

A Rock Island (Ill.) belle has been decidedly disappointed in the effect of the kitchen fire upon her jewelry, which she had deposited in the oven for safety. She naturally thought an oven the best place to put paste in.

The season of autumnal fevers having set in, New Jersey has touched its rem ague, and changed both its religion and its form of government; nearly all its inhabitants being shakers, and its reigning sovereign Queen-ine.

A medical-minded periodical objects to the posture assumed in playing croquet, because it's a sort of double-you attitude; but our watering place contributor remarks that he has always regarded it as a B-attitude.

Lafayette College, fearing that the orthodoxy of its students may be undermined by the perusal of such "heathen authors" as Virgil, Juvenal, and others, proposes to teach its Latin course by means of readings from the Christian Fathers.

An exchange announces that "the sum subscribed toward the aid of the sufferers by the recent floods on the River Po, in Boston, amounts to $712." We knew that the bailiwick of Boston was very extensive, but we were not aware that it had enlarged its borders so far as to include the River Po within its corporate limits.

San Francisco jewelers must be the most unconscionable rogues in the world. The highest bid they could be induced to make for a diamond as big as a good sized piece of chalk, found by a small boy in Santa Cruz County, was $10,000; and this bid seems to be regarded by two-thirds of the American press as incontrovertible proof that the said diamond is worth at least $3,000,000.

A domestic servant in a Michigan town has turned out to be a Pennsylvania heiress who was abducted from home in her orphaned infancy at the instigation of her designing next of kin. We don't remember to have heard of the disappearance of any heiress in Pennsylvania at the time of her alleged abduction; but the story must be true nevertheless, for it is printed in a Michigan newspaper.

A German scientific periodical announces that silk dresses dyed with picrate of lead are liable to spontaneous combustion. It is not stated whether the bodice is more apt to bust than the skirt (which latter, if made with a train, would probably be more dangerous), nor are we told what tint is given by picrate of lead, though from its explosive tendency we suppose it may produce a rather loud effect.

We are expected to be surprised at the announcement that a septuagenarian native of Loretto, Kentucky, has never been more than ten miles away from his home, and has never had a day's sickness. Whether the wonder is that, being in good health, he should have stayed so long in Loretto, or that his protracted residence there should not have undermined his constitution, is left to the reader's imagination.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has proved that she cares at least a pinch of snuff about the discovery of Livingstone. She has sent a snuff-box to Stanley, who has been so much "sneezed at" that it is a charity to enable him to sneeze back at his assaillants. It is artful of Earl Granville, who had already invited Stanley to dinner, to get the Queen into the same boat with himself in case he should one day come to be laughed at for entertaining a hoax.