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31 A. & J.
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Leisure.

Sweet is the leisure of the bird;
She craves no time for work deferred;
Her wings are not to aching stirred
Providing for her helpless ones.
Fair is the leisure of the wheat;
All night the damps about it fleet;
All day it basketh in the heat,
And grows, and whispers orisons.
Grand is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim,
Dread is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.
He waits for us while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruined world the desolate sea;
With open windows from the prime,
All night, all day, he waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.
Where is our leisure?—give us rest.
Where is the quiet we possessed?
We must have had it once—were blest
With peace whose phantoms yet entice.
Sorely the mother of mankind
Longed for the garden left behind;
For we still prove some yearnings blind
Inherited from Paradise.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Pitty Pat's Prayer.

We've a dear little lassie we've named Pitty Pat,
She's got a wee kitten she calls Kitty Cat;
Now Pitty Pat sleeps in a gown snowy white,
While Kitty Cat wears her day clothing all night.
But Pitty Pat says she don't like it at all,
And pulling the fur out makes Kitty Cat squall;
But still she persists in undressing her pet,
And failing to do it, quite angry will get.
While Kitty Cat cries at what Pitty Pat does
To her one little coatee of silky soft fuz,
Then Pitty Pat's sorry and asks why she cries
At being fixed tidy for shutting her eyes.
Nor says "Now I lay me," when going to bed,
But curling up softly sings "purr" instead.
So Pitty Pat tells her in solemnest way,
"If you are a bad Kitty Cat, then I must pray."
"Her lays her—dear Father—down softly—m bed—
Her dosn't—do nuffin—and nuffin—her said—
'Cept pur-r—and pur-r—and then goes to sleep—
But never mind, Father her little soul keep."

A Romantic Incident.

Nearly thirteen years ago, there lived on the banks of the Ohio, but a few miles from the city of Louisville, a man by the name of Henry C. Danforth, the family consisting of himself, wife and one child, a daughter, only a little more then two years of age.

One day the child escaped the vigilant eye of the mother, and wandered from the house. Search was made, but no trace could be found of their prattling darling, until reaching the banks of the river, her little bonnet was seen near the margin of the water. Then, indeed, the little one was mourned as dead, and only a mother's heart can fathom the agony of the bereaved parents. Other children came to take the place of the lost one at the fireside, and the first storm of grief at the terrible affliction had given place to a quiet admission; still the blue, dancing waters of the Ohio always caused inexpressible sadness to their bereaved hearts.

Five years ago the family removed to St. Louis, where they have resided ever since. Saturday, Mr. Danforth received an anonymous letter from Kansas City, urging him to come up immediately, if he wished to find his daughter, whom he supposed was drowned, thirteen years before. He arrived in the city Monday last, and proceeded to the place designated in the letter, and found a woman whom he had known in other days, rapidly nearing the grave, and a young girl in attendance upon her. She pointed to the child immediately upon his entrance, saying, "that is your drowned child," and entered upon an explanation which convinced him of the truth of her words.

It seems that he himself was the innocent cause of the affair. The woman had loved him previous to his marriage and when the words were spoken binding him to another, all the worst passions of her nature were aroused, and she determined upon some revenge, and how faithfully she executed her intention, the above facts will testify. She had kept herself informed of his whereabouts, and when she knew that death would shortly claim her as its victim, she determined to make all the reparation in her power. Who can paint the joy of the father on finding the dead alive?

The woman, it seems, had only been in that city some six months, coming from Cincinnatti, to which place she had first fled with the child. She said she had always treated her as she would have done her own daughter to which the child testified, and begged that the woman might be taken with them. The result was, that yesterday evening the three took the train on the North Missouri Railroad for St. Louis, and ere this the waiting mother has received the embraces of her long lost daughter. Such incidents were of frequent occurrence years ago, but in this modern age it calls forth no little astonishment.

DIVORCE FRAUDS IN NEW YORK.—On the hearing of Mrs. Maria Munsell's petition for leave to marry, before Chief Justice Chapman, a few days since, it appeared that Mr. Munsell had obtained a divorce for her in New York,—the notice being served upon another woman, who falsely represented herself as Mrs. Munsell, the real Mrs. Munsell being kept in ignorance of the case until it had been finished. In granting the petition Chief Justice Chapman took occasion to express the strongest disapprobation of the manner in which such decrees of divorce were obtained in New York. He mentioned that while in practice he once had occasion to look up the record of one such case, and he found once thirty cases in consecutive order on the same docket, all entered by the same attorney, all referred to the same referee, all grounded on allegations of adultery, all supported by the same witnesses, and all granted by the same judge on the same day. Proceedings tainted with such manifest fraud were not entitled to the least respect.

A rich old uncle who had two nephews left his will as follows: "To my nephew William I leave my whole fortune, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. To my nephew Albert I leave nothing, for the same reason."

The Poor Relation's Story.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I have no doubt, (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John, our esteemed host, to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honor to be surprised at anything that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I am supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in any thing. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John, our esteemed host, wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect:

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road, a very clean back room, in a very respectable house, where I am expected not to be at home in the daytime, unless poorly, and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretense of going to business. I take my breakfast, my roll and butter, and my half pint of coffee, at the old established coffee-shop near Westminister bridge; and then I go into the city. I don't know why, and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintances are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine; at a cost, on the average, of one and threepence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I look into the old established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to Clapham Road, and go to bed when I get to my lodging, fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with anybody. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby, for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on,—or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black, and wears much better, but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and been rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature, and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little, still we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand, and without much speaking, he knows what I mean, and I know what he means. When he was very little indeed, I used to take him to the windows of the toy shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents, if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the bridges, and at the sights that are free. On two of my birthdays we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard street,—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, sir, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month, and seeing him on a half holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were to be wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling head, and an open shirt frill waving down his bosom—my mother had it taken for me, though I can't believe it was ever like—which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank.

I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part with him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavored to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside mostly, in—a—I am ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it I preserve the particulars of my history. They run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter—who had been my clerk—into partnership—and when I was still a young man of not more than five and twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill, from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana a long time. She was very beautiful and very winning in all respects; I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I had never loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O, far more than all the world to me, from our childhood.

Christiana accepted me, with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at Uncle Chill's was of a spare, dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning shivering in the cold December air, colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart toward the long, low breakfast room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay-window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of homeless people. It started upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly outbuilding that had once been a dissecting room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle) stared at it.

We rose so early, always, that at that time of the year we always breakfasted by candle light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick,—being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick,—and made a blow at me, and said:

"You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to be so angry as this."

Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog!"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words! Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here, Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favored, yellow old woman—our only domestic, always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face toward me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the dissecting room, as it must have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the sniveling milksop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who people say is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no.—This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezabels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. "On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still, I could bear that, very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-colored, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part I should like to have a word with the ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract, but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-frozen rain and half-thawed snow to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle to the mother. "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am,—and you, your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

* * * * * *

It is altogether a mistake, continued the poor relation, to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this: I took a frugal lodging, and was saving and planning for her sake, when one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said to me:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I love you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil, as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer.—It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together.—My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother, without considering that what you have lost you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith, sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery."

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home.—That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

* * * * * *

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarreled; nor did he afterward gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honor.

Matters between us took this turn: On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks, which he sent after me, not carriage paid, I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened.—John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael," said John, "we were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy damaged knives at a higher price than I gave for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to pay so well," pursued John, "I came to you in search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, it is equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now, my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me—"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he; "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of by any one, you must not expect me to humor it—"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "don't expect you to humor it. I want to correct it."

"And I too," said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and honorably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a happy and prosperous partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter. And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would, and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

* * * * * *

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire, as he slowly rubbed his hands) not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what homeliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendents are delightful—O, how delightful!—for me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful and sustaining, and consoling, is the priceless blessing of my home, from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed.

So weak a man am I that I can not bear it from any other source. They played it once at the theater, when I was there with little Frank; and the child said, wondering "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my head?"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together.

"And the Castle is—" observed a grave kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the air.—John our esteemed host suggested its situation accurately. My castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story?"

MORE ABOUT THE MUCH-VAUNTED MITRAILLEUSES.—The *Tribune* correspondent at Metz makes the following reference to the new implement of war to which the French accounts award so much praise in the late affair at Saarbruck:

"As we returned to Metz we passed a battery of the much-talked of mitrailleuses coming in from the station.—They had each a tarpaulin over them, but it was plain to any one who had seen a mitrailleuse what they were. Besides the care taken to prevent any one from coming near them was sufficient to show that they were not common six pounder field pieces. It is hardly necessary to tell your readers that the tremendous secret about these weapons is no secret at all, there being drawings of the French weapons in every arsenal in Europe. It is beside well known that the French Government has adopted a very inferior model to that chosen by the Belgian, Prussian and British Governments. The Prussians, too, have a model of their own which is superior to the French. All artillery officers are unanimous in declaring the mitrailleuses will only be able to be used in peculiar places and circumstances—in the breach of a fort in a narrow defile or in street fighting. It is doubtless for this latter purpose that the French Government think they may want their present large stock. The range of the mitrailleuse being far inferior to that of the light field pieces, they would at once be silenced in the field."

Pancuremata and Petitcodiac monthly journal is the name of a paper in Canada.

Last Days of Charles IX.

Miserably perished every leading conspirator who had a hand in St. Bartholomew. Some went justly to the scaffold. Guise and Anjou fell by the assassin's dagger. Terror of conscience seemed to have pursued Charles IX. and speedily driven him into the grave. A divine judgment appeared to be resting upon him.—"About a week after the massacre," says D'Aubigne, who had heard the story from Henry of Navarre, "a flock of crows flew croaking about and settled on the Louvre. Their noise drew everybody out to see them, and the superstitious women imparted to the king their own timidity. That very night Charles had not been in bed two hours when he sprang up and called to the King of Navarre to listen to a horrible tumult in the air, and shrieks, yells, groans, threats, oaths such as were heard on the night of the massacre.

These imaginations were repeated; they seemed to become visions, and the wild stare of the king proclaimed his terrors of mind, if not of conscience. He could not make so light of it as did Catherine who falsely said: "There are only six of them on my conscience." When on his way to Notre Dame to render thanks to God, he saw men in the crowd exhibiting their rough arms and boasting of the numbers they had killed. Just then one Huguenot was ferreted out and slain before the royal eyes, and he fiercely exclaimed, "Would to God it were the last."

The avenging hand of justice seemed to be laid aside from active government. More than ever he was the tool of political managers. He simply lived as if he were the embodiment of remorse, for having assumed the terrible responsibility of the most awful crime against humanity. We may overstep the limit of the period which we have sought to portray and follow him to his death. His case merits notice, were it only to set forth one of the saints in his household.—Charles could not remember the first day when he was the fond charge of Philippe Richards, a Huguenot worthy of the trust. None else had been to him such a true mother as this honest woman, whom he almost revered. "Nurse, what do you think?" he wo'd say, when he wished to spurn Catharine's advice. He never interfered with her religion but sometimes said, "I hope you will sometime see your error and go to mass." When he was ill she faithfully told him of the true cross of the Redeemer.

The months rolled on, Charles growing more haggard, more ghastly. His mental sufferings were extreme. War was then raging. He was unmoved when he heard of the capture of the heroic Montgomery, or when Catherine wreaked her deadly vengeance. Masses, tapers, relics, vows, alms, and the prayers of his wife, bro't no relief to Charles. He ate nothing unless the good nurse knew all about it. At night he had frightful dreams; he rose, read the primer, knelt and prayed; but again on his couch, he saw the heavens full of demons, and the heavens on fire. He was taken to Vincennes and there he shivered and tossed; his hands withered, water would not soothe his thirst, and he weltered in a sweat of blood. One night, that attendant whom he loved to the last, and watched at his side when all others but his wife left him, heard him sobbing and whispering. She drew the curtain, "Oh, nurse," he said, "good nurse, what bloodshed and murder! What wicked counsels I followed! Pardon me, O God! What shall I do! I know not where I am. I am lost; I feel it—lost, lost."

The nurse had gospel remedies.—"Trust in the Lord. The blood is upon those who caused you to shed it. If you repent of the murders, God will not impute them to you. He will cover them with the mantle of his Son's righteousness, in which alone you must seek refuge. But for God's sake cease weeping." He was comforted and slept.

Another day he sent for Henry of Navarre, who had formerly abjured Protestantism with Conde, and had been kept for more than a year and a half in a sort of imprisonment. Henry was lead through the vaults of the castle, much to his surprise. He saw a double row of guards ready to despatch him. He started back, put his hand on his sword, and refused to advance until assured of safety. Charles gave him welcome and said, "I know that you had no part in the late troubles, but if I had paid attention to what was said, you would not be alive. I have always loved you, and to your care I confide my wife and daughter. Do not trust—." The name was not heard by others in the room.

"You shall not say that," said Catherine, perhaps thinking she was meant or Anjou, so eager for the crown.

"Why not? Is it not true?"

Charles had an answer to this question. Henry remained with him thro' his last days. It was the 4th of May, 1574, when the rites of the church were administered to him. He was sinking. Farewells were given.—Some assert that he called the name of Coligny. And then that pious nurse must have felt some delight as he thrice uttered the words, "If Jesus my Saviour should remember me among the redeemed." With these words on his lips died Charles IX., at the age of twenty four.

A LONG JOB.—This is from the Bombay Gazette: "At Lahore, the Maharajah of Cashmere presented the Duke of Edinburgh with a shawl for the Queen, the like of which according to our Lahore contemporary, was never made. Three hundred shawl-weavers had worked on it incessantly for three years, and many of them lost their sight through the fineness of the work! Its actual cost in Cashmere is estimated at 25,000 harrisingha, the harrisingha being equivalent in value to ten annas."

Kettenschleppschipffahrtsgesellschaft is an abbreviated German word for the "Elbe Chain-Towing Navigation Company."

Their Doom is Sealed.

We mean the political death of Irish Romanism is as certain as that the sun will continue to rise and set while time lasts. Why is it that we assert this so plainly? Simply because the class referred to are continually interfering with the rights of all others who do not sympathise with them in their notions, while they demand all rights for themselves. It is not likely that the destruction of orphan asylums, in 1864, by an Irish mob, is to be forgotten, while ever and anon riots, such as the one at Elm Park, are becoming oft occurences. Do the Priesthood and Bishops of Rome quietly approve of such doings? If not, why do not their representative men and papers hasten to denounce such ruffianism? If they do not have influence to control this wicked element in our midst, which worships at the shrines of Rome, they will awake, some day not far distant, to learn that the sleeping lion of Protestantism has also aroused from his slumbers in this land, and that all the pet schemes and beautiful dreams of the Pope and the Roman Church, in regard to securing the control and management of the institutions of this land, for and in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, will prove but airy dreams. We are well enough satisfied that when the struggle comes, between the powers of truth and error, as represented by Rome and her votaries on one side, and Protestantism at large on the other, that truth will triumph. Again, through the intelligence of the great American people, made so by the agency of a free Bible, free schools, a free press and a free pulpit, the interests of all that is good and holy are involved in the success of this nation as a Protestant nation, showing charity and granting toleration to all men, of whatever name or creed, until that liberality is assailed by those who may be the recipients of these common blessings; then woe to those who would usurp all privileges for themselves, and deny others what they desire for themselves. The old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," was strikingly exemplified by the late slaveocrats of the south, who sealed their own death warrant by the assault on Sumter.—Rome in her madness may unknowingly be fast hastening to her Fort Sumter in this land, which will lead her in due time to find her "Appomattox." The infamous attack of the Romanists on the Orangemen, at Elm Park, may be their "Star of the West," yet it as certainly will lead them to ruin, as did that act of the South, with other similar ones, soon lead them to "Sumter," and to shameful disgrace. The New York Sun truly, and in faithful American liberty loving words denounces the Elm Park riot. We reproduce some parts of its views, as the ring is of good metal. * * * * *

"To the Catholic party belongs the guilt of making a murderous assault upon a mixed crowd of men, women, and children, hours after even the show of provocation had been received. * * * * The Irish Protestants have the same rights in this city as the Irish Catholics. If it is right for the Catholics to parade with music and banners on the 17th of March, it is right that the Protestants should be accorded the same privilege on the 12th of July. And it is the business of the authorities to protect both in their legal rights. If the City and State Governments do not guarantee this liberty, it may fall upon Congress to protect the Irish Protestants from the fury of the class of persons who have disgraced themselves and their nation by this horrible massacre.

"One evil the misguided Catholics who took part in the riot have done, which they probably did not think of. They have brought a large amount of odium upon their religion in the minds of unreasoning people. It will be said, and with considerable force, that if Catholic teachings produce a class of men who are converted into wild beasts whenever their prejudices are assailed, there is not much value in them. A religion which does not render us tolerant and patient of abuse, especially when we are in the right, does not amount to much. We will say now, in conclusion, let every American citizen see to it that he understands his rights, and that he educates his children also, on the same line, that when the 'trial day' shall come, he and his may not be found wanting."

A Man in a Filthy Cage.

A most distressing case of cruelty to an unfortunate relative was brought to light Thursday afternoon. A man named Joseph Herriges, who keeps a cigar store in a miserable old wooden building on the north east corner of Fourth and Lombard streets, was arrested on the charge of extreme cruelty to his brother, John Herriges, and of keeping and maintaining a nuisance. The facts of the case as developed at the hearing are as follows: On the first of the month, Thomas J. Gibson rented from Joseph Herriges the house No. 337 Lombard street, adjoining Herriges' cigar store. On Monday last, Mr. Gibson's little sister was frightened by seeing a man looking through a crevice of a window in Herriges' house, closely barred by pieces of plank crossing each other.—The man was mumbling and singing and making various strange motions. On Tuesday morning, at three o'clock Mr. Gibson was awakened by noises at the same window. He got up, dressed himself, and went out on a shed which is under the window, and endeavored to get into conversation with the occupant of the room, but all he could get out of him was, "George wants to get me out of the way."

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Gibson went into Herriges' cigar store and asked who the man was. He was informed that it was none of his business. He then laid the matter before Mayor Fox, who ordered an investigation.—The officers on proceeding to the place found the poor crazy wretch dressed in a long white garment, of some coarse stuff, cut in shape, something like a woman's dress. He was confined in a little room, about seven by nine feet in area, with a small window, about a foot wide by two feet high, and so closely slatted up by the cross boards as to allow not more than a few square inches of opening for ventilation.

The floor was covered from half an inch to two inches deep with moist, repulsive filth, the stench of which was almost insupportable. Dr. Truman Betts inspected the premises, and testified to their filthy condition; stating that most of the deposit on the floor consisted of human excrement. Adjoining the cell was a small bed room of about the same size, where the poor idiot slept. The bed and pillows were in the same condition as the floors of the rooms. In this vile den John Herriges, the idiot, has passed a long period of his life, certainly ten or twelve years, and reports say that he has been there twenty two years. So closely has he been immured, that neighbors who had lived close by the house for years, had no idea, until the expose of yesterday, that such a person was there. The miserable wretch was brought to the central station by Lieut. Thomas, and his horrible condition, as he sat, mumbling and driveling to himself, awakened the heartiest sympathies of the lookers on. The defendant was bound over in $5000 bail to answer at court, and the unfortunate victim of his cru