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Choice Poetry.

BOB FLETCHER.

BY TOWNSEND HAINES.

I once knew a ploughman,
Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was ugly,
And so was his frame,
Yet they liked quite contented,
And few from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman,
And Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east,
And the night fled away,
They would rise up for labor,
Refreshed for the day;
And the song of the lark,
As it rose on the gale,
Fond Bob at his plough,
And his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage,
In front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave
Their young hearts up to love,
Was the scene of their days,
And to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past,
With a smile or a tear.

Each true had its thought,
And the new could impart,
That might in youth,
The warm with the heart;
The more was still there,
And the blossoms in bloom,
And the song from the top
Seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night
O'er nature was spread,
And Bob had retired
From his plough in his shed,
Like a dove on his nest,
He responded from all o'er,
If his wife and his youngsters
Contented were there.

I have passed by his door,
When the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape
Were fading away,
And have heard from the cottage,
With grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving,
Like incense arise.

And I thought on the good,
Who would look down with scorn
On the sea little cottage,
The grove and the thorn,
And felt that the riches
And trials of life
Were done, in contentment
With Bob and his wife.

Select Tale.

THE BUTCHER OF NOTRE DAME;
—OR—
THE JESUIT FRIEND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES IX., OF FRANCE.

BY SYDNEY, THE PILGRIM.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

"GOD HAVE MERCY!"

Dark and gloomy dragged away the hours that came to stretch out the life of Count Philip d'Artois. On that fatal night of his arrest by the familiars, he had been conducted to the city, and after he had passed the gates, he had been led some distance—that he had entered a building with a stone floor, that he had been conducted down a long flight of steps—and that then a heavy door had been bolted upon him. He knew that he was in the prison of the Inquisition!

Philip's cell was very narrow and very low, and the walls were of solid masonry. In one corner was a pallet of wood with a coarse piece of sackcloth stretched across it, but there was no straw nor blankets. Upon the walls the cold moisture stood in great drops, and the stone floor was thickly coated with a green, noxious, poisonous-looking slime. The only light that came into the place, was through a small aperture at the top, across which were fixed two stout iron bars. With a rusty nail which our hero found in the wall, had he kept an account of the passing of the days, and there were twelve marks upon the stone where he kept his calendar, and he knew he had been in prison twelve days. At stated times, his door was opened, and bread and water put in, but the man who came to do this, never spoke. Philip had hailed him, but he had received no answer. He had seen no one, and he knew not why he was there, nor for what end.

should be mouldering in some deep vault, where he should be known no more by men forever.

The confinement to which he had already been subjected, had worn upon his frame, and but for one thing, he would have hailed death as an angel of mercy. That one thought was of Adele St. Aulmay. He could not make up his mind to see her no more on earth. The thought was agonizing to his soul, and he tried to hope that fortune would be kind. But he knew that he was hoping against hope. Already could he feel that his cheeks were sunken—he could see that his hands were growing thin, and his limbs were becoming weak and emaciated. The twelfth day was drawing to a close, and Philip had thrown himself upon the hard pallet. He had been lying thus for some minutes, when he heard footsteps outside his door. At first, he wondered if he had slept the night away without knowing it, for the man who brought his food, always came in the morning. But he felt sure that it was yet evening, and he wondered who had come. Thus he was pondering, when the bolts of his door were shoved back, and in a moment more, two men entered his cell. They were tall, stout men, and robed in black, and Philip could see that blood-red cross upon their breasts. One of them carried a lantern in his hand, and the other carried a book.

"Philip d'Artois," said he who carried the book, speaking in a tone that sounded like the voice of the tomb, "you are summoned to appear before the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition, there to answer to questions touching deadly, damning sins."

"Sins!" iterated Philip. "No, no—I have been guilty of no sins."
"Then, so may it appear in proof."
"But who is my accuser?"
"If you are guilty, God accuses you. Come, follow me."
"But one question—"
"Not here. Follow me."
Philip knew that he might speak no more; and with slow, trembling steps, he followed the dark robed men from the cell, and when they reached the passage beyond, and with the lantern, went ahead, while the others went behind him. In this manner he was conducted along the narrow passage, until he came to a flight of stairs, and up these the leader took his way. Beyond here, the way was winding and dubious, but all dark as the grave, save the fitful gleams that came from the lantern. After traversing many passages, another flight of stairs was ascended, and soon afterwards the guide stopped before a heavy curtain of black cloth, where he pulled a small cord that depended from the wall. The dull tinkle of a bell was heard, and in a moment afterwards, the curtain moved aside, and another dark robed man appeared.

"Who comes here?" he asked.
"The Count Philip d'Artois."
"He is waited for. Let him enter."
The great black curtain was moved further aside, and our hero was led thro' the doorway beyond. Here he beheld a scene which made his blood curdle in his veins. The room in which he now found himself, was large and high, and the walls and the ceiling were all draped in black. On one side was raised a kind of throne, upon which sat the chief inquisitor—Philip knew him by the dress, for he had heard something of the costumes of the terrible place. The robe was the same as the others he had seen, but the cap was different, being broad and high, and surmounted by a red cross. Upon the chief inquisitor's right hand sat two scribes, also robed in black, and behind him, upon either hand, stood some dozen familiars, ready for any work that might be wanted of them.

From these things, Philip's eyes wandered off to the other side of the room, and a cold shudder ran through his frame, as his gaze rested upon the various implements that there appeared. They were the implements of torture—the device of Satan, and the chief articles of the Catholic religion, towards the conversion of heretics. Prominent among them stood the terrible, ghastly, blood-stained rack, with its stout beams, its straps, and its pulleys, and its screws, all arranged for work. There was the furnace where were heated the irons with which the incarnate fiends of the Inquisition burned the live flesh of their victims; and there, too, were the bloody, sharp-pointed spikes with which good men had been nailed, quivering and dying, to the rough cords of painted oak that stood against the wall!

We shall tell a tale of the Holy Inquisition. Start not, reader, and doubt not when it is told; for, as there is a God in heaven, who looks upon the deeds of men, so is the story true and faithful. The worst shall not be told, for the blood curdles and refuses to do its functions of life, when the mind takes up the scene. The worst shall never be told, for mortal pen may not paint the whole horror of this black chamber of damning crime.

Philip d'Artois saw two men standing near him. By the light of the great black lamp which hung over the head of the inquisitor, he could see their faces. Those faces were ghastly pale, and the beard upon them was long and bristling. Their eyes were deep and sunken, and glared almost wildly in their painful light. There were features there which Philip thought he knew. Surely he had seen those countenances before, and yet he could not tell when nor where. One of them—he who stood nearest to him—was an old man; his hair was white, and his form was bent. His knees trembled

beneath his weight, and his head was bowed with pain and sorrow. The other was not so old a man, somewhere in the middle age of life, and naturally of a stout, broad build, but he, too, was now weak and trembling.

But stop. The chief inquisitor has opened his book, and is about to speak. He calls a name. It is Count Arnot de Marronay!

Good heavens! and can that be the good old Count de Marronay? Philip started back with horror. From his own earliest childhood, that kind old man had been his kindest friend. He gazed again upon the wrinkled brow and sunken cheek, and upon the frosty head, and he recognized his friend. Only a month before, he had passed several days beneath that old man's roof, and in that short space of time, how he had altered! This gave Philip a clue to the identity of the other man, and he recognized in him the brave and honest knight, Sir John de Hois.

"Count Arnot de Marronay," said the inquisitor, "do you know why you are brought hither?"
"I do not," answered the old man.
"Then I will tell you. You are accused of having conspired against the life of his most Catholic Majesty, the King of France!"

The old Count started back aghast. He had supposed he was apprehended simply as a heretic.
"And furthermore," continued the inquisitor, "it is presumed that you know of others who have given their countenance and support to the same diabolical plot. Is it not so?"

"By the holy powers of heaven, the whole charge is false—basely, utterly false!" cried the old man, clasping his hands fervently upon his bosom.
"Ah, Sir Count, that is a very easy assertion to make, and we were prepared to hear it. But we want the truth. Now is there not, among the Protestants of the Capital, a conspiracy on foot for the murder of the King?"

"I know of none."
"Beware!"
"I speak the truth."
"There is such a plot, and you, Arnot de Marronay, know of it."
"I say it is false!"
"Can you swear that there is no such plot?"

"There is no such plot among the Protestants."
"How do you know?"
"Because—"
"Well—speak on."
"I think there is none, for—"
"Stop. We want none of your thoughts," interrupted the inquisitor. "Write that! He hesitated and excused himself."

"Now, Arnot de Marronay, I want the whole truth. Tell me plainly—is there not such a plot?"
"I know of none."
"Once more, and only once, shall I trust your unassisted answer. Do you not know of such a plot?"

The old man clasped his hands above his head, and turned his eyes toward heaven, and with the whole power of his soul, he answered:
"As I hope for God's love hereafter, I know of no such thing!"

The inquisitor gazed into de Marronay's face for some moments without speaking. One might have supposed that there would have been some gleam of pity in that look, but there was none. The heart of that Romish minion knew nothing of sympathy or of pity. He only knew the fearful will of his master, and the bloody behest of the church to which he bowed.

"This is your answer, is it?" he at length said.
"It is," firmly replied the old man.
"Then, we must take other means to come to a knowledge of the truth. We expected you would deny the charge, for it is a fearful one, but in this place can be found tongues that shall help you to speak all you know. Let him be put to the test!"

Four of the familiars came forward, and seized the old man by the arms. He spoke not, nor did he resist. They led him to a bench, upon the foot-piece of which were stout straps, and over which, hanging from the ceiling, were two gyves, with little rings of steel attached. Upon this bench he was required to sit, and his feet were strapped closely down the floor. Next, his wrists were secured in the hanging gyves, and the small rings, to which were attached screws, were placed over the ends of his thumbs. Thus far had they proceeded, when they looked towards the inquisitor.

"Go on," he said.
Two of the familiars now attended to the work, and as the inquisitor spoke, they gave the screws several turns, which operation brought their square surfaces hard upon the roots of the thumb nails. Another turn of the screws, and the old man started, and uttered a quick cry of pain.

"Arnot de Marronay," spoke the inquisitor, "answer me now, truly. Do you not know that the Protestants of Paris have conspired to take the King's life?"
"I do not."
Another nod of the head, and the screws were turned again—and another cry of pain came from the old man's lips, but still he asserted his ignorance of the charged plot. Again and again were the torturing screws turned, and groan after groan sounded through the dismal room.

"No—never!"
"Turn on!"
"We can turn no more," said one of the torturers, "for the screws are already down, and the thumbs are utterly crushed!"
"And you will not yet confess?"
"Never!"
"Then to the rack!"

As these words sounded through the place, the old man started, and uttered a quick, fervent prayer; but his prayer was not heeded. There was a loosening of the bonds that now held him, and in a few moments more, the heavy rack was trundled up to the space in front of the inquisitor's throne. The torturers again seized upon the poor old man, and threw him upon the rough boards that formed the surface of the infernal machine. At the head and foot of this rack were stout rolling pieces, or windlasses, to which were attached the running part of the rope that worked the pulleys, and to the pulleys were iron bands, made to tighten with screws, for fastening to the wrists and ankles, but so constructed that every turn of the windlass also turned the screws and tightened the iron bands.

There was a dull rattle of clanging iron, a rattling of ropes and blocks, a creaking of the rollers as they were stepped back, and announced that all was ready.
"Arnot de Marronay," said the inquisitor, in a voice so deep that it seemed to come from the very dungeons, "you are now upon the rack, and your life is in your own hands. For the safety of the Church of God, you are now put to the torture, and if you die with a lie in your mouth, you know what a dread fate awaits you hereafter. Confess that the Protestants have conspired against the life of the King, and return once more to the true Catholic Church, and from this moment you are saved and free. Speak!"

"That old man did not speak at once, but it was not because he hesitated in his answer. He only seemed to meditate for a moment, upon the fendish power that had seized him. His hands were all covered with blood, and his two thumbs were literally turned to a horrible mass of quivering, bloody pulp.
"You can take my life," he at length said, "but you cannot steal from me my soul. I will not lie—I know nothing of what you speak!"

The inquisitor waved his hand, and the executioners seized their bars, and placed them in their sockets. Another wave, and the rollers were turned. The corals tightened, and the iron bands set firmly upon the flesh.
"Will you speak now?" asked the master of the torture, while his eyes gleamed strangely upon the stubborn old man. "Will you now speak the truth?"
"Yes—yes."
"Ha! Then speak. Speak it quickly. I am listening."
"I know nothing at all of what you ask."

"Fool!" hissed the inquisitor, half rising from his seat. "I thought you would speak to the point."
"You asked me if I would speak the truth, and I answered, yes. I did speak—"
"On with the torture!" cried the ruler of the death-work. "We'll have the truth, yet."
There was another turn of the heavy rollers, and the limbs of the old man began to give. There was a cracking of the joints, and a snapping of some of the finer fibres of the skin. The victim groaned heavily.

"Speak, Arnot de Marronay."
"I have spoken."
"Say that the Huguenots have conspired against the King."
"They have not."
An oath escaped from the confessor's lips.
"Will the old dotard die?" he uttered.
"Turn again. Turn till the life-cord snaps!"

The stout executioners placed their bars into the upper sockets of the rollers, and then with their whole weight they bore down upon them. The corals strained and vibrated, and the pulleys creaked.
"Mercy! mercy! oh, God!" broke from the sufferer, in quick, sharp accents.
"Then confess," sternly pronounced the inquisitor. He stood up as he spoke, and leaned over his throne; and there was a look of calm, cold-blooded determination upon his countenance—not as though he gloated over, or took pleasure in that old man's suffering, but rather as one who was determined upon the result he desired, let it cost what it might. He was a type of the Church he followed, for even in the very work he had in hand, he was but following out the instructions of those to whom the church looked as its head.

"Will you confess?"
"The truth?" gasped de Marronay.
"Then the Huguenots have conspired against the—"
"Never!" stoutly persisted the tortured noble, speaking ere his questioner had concluded.
"Then your death be upon your own head!" shouted the inquisitor, starting down from his throne. "Fly your strength, now, and put your weight to the bars. Rack him—rack him till his body parts! Confess—confess!"

"God Almighty have mercy!" shrieked the old man, as the infernal engine rolled onward towards the shrieked. The cords were now tightened till they vibrated like the snapping cable when the ship is about to break from its grasp, and the bars to fairly bent as the heavy executioners

sprang upon them. That aged form was all racked and torn, and hardly a semblance of humanity was left in it. The skin about the thighs and shoulders was cracked and torn, and every joint was separated and torn in sunder.
"Heave!—heave!" whispered the inquisitor, now grown excited.
And the torturers sprang again upon the bars.
"Great God in heaven receive my soul!" came convulsively from the old man's lips. He could not shriek now—he could only groan.

"Confess and you are safe."
"I—am—dying. God—have—mercy!"
There was a gurgling sound in the victim's throat, his eyes now started from their sockets. The hands and the feet hung flapping down, for the bones were crushed to atoms beneath the iron bands.
"Up—up," the monster cried, "and bring hither cold water and cordial. Quick, or life will depart!"

The palls were lifted from the ratchet-wheels, and the distended ropes flew back. The form of Arnot de Marronay, all broken, tortured and disfigured, sank with a dull, heavy sound upon the flooring of the rack. The head fell back and rolled over, and the swollen, blackened mass had no more the kind, good features that once marked the beloved noble.

Oh!—apply your medications—on with the water, and down with the bubbling cordial—but Arnot de Marronay is yours no more to torture. His soul has gone up to its God—another witness among millions against the Mother of Harlots and the Prince of Devils!
Sir John de Hois saw that his old friend was free from toil, and he bowed his head and groaned aloud. In his heart he wished he had been the first upon the rack.

Philip d'Artois started forward, and gazed into the old man's face, and with a horrible, sickening sensation, he turned away and groaned. He prayed—and his prayer was, that God would receive his soul!

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORD IS SPOKEN!

There was a noise outside the torture chamber, and the inquisitor started back to his throne and demanded its cause. The door was opened, and a familiar entered.
"What means this disturbance?" the master asked.
"A messenger, sir, from the Queen. He says he bears a letter for you."
"Then let him send it in."
"He was ordered to give it only to your own hands."
"Who is he?"
"His name is Aymar, and he is a Benedictine."
"Ah—the old, white-headed monk of Clermont?"
"The same."
"He may enter. Throw a shroud over the rack."

In a few moments more, the same bent, aged form we have seen at the house of Pierre Lafont, entered the dark chamber. He approached the throne of the inquisitor and bowed his head.
"What have you, good father?"
"A message from our holy mother, the Queen," returned Aymar, and as he spoke, he placed his hand in his bosom, and at the same time, cast his eyes about the room, until they rested upon the two prisoners. There was a quick gleaming of the eye, and a compression of the white-bearded lips, as he saw Philip, but he seemed to take no more notice.

"Let us have the Queen's will."
"God save me! I have lost it," the Benedictine said, feeling nervously about his bosom.
"Lost it?"
"Yes. Pardon. Ah, God grant that the Queen be not angry. It was only a bare scrawl—a simple suggestion. I will hasten back and confess the truth, and then I will return with its duplicate.—There may be no harm done."
"But the purport—do you know that?"
"Yes. It was something concerning one Philip d'Artois—a young man, I think. Do you know him?"
"Yes—well," answered the inquisitor. "Hasten you back, and the young man shall rest till I hear the Queen's will.—But mark you—when you come again, you will not enter here."

The old monk bowed, and was then led out of the room; and when he was gone, the executioners moved again towards the rack.
"Let it be—let it be," said the inquisitor, "we shall not use it again for the while."
Then he conferred in whispers with the scribes, and after that, he again opened the black book that lay before him.
"John de Hois," he pronounced.
The knight started and shuddered.
"Do you know wherefore you are summoned here?"
"No." The man trembled as he spoke, and instinctively his eyes sought the black shroud that covered the death-laden rack.

"You, too, have been accused of conspiring, with other Protestants, against the life of the King. That such a dreadful plot is on foot we well know, and we would know who are in it, and also have a witness to the fact from among the guilty party. We fear that Admiral Coligny is at the head of the bloody business. Confess that such is the fact, and from this moment, you are at liberty."
"Coligny in such a plot?" uttered the knight. "Oh, no. He loves the King,

and would lay down his own life for the safety of his royal master."
"Then, Coligny is not in the plot?"
"Plot? I know of none."
"Ah! And will you, too, be a fool? Look upon that stubborn man! Remove the shroud."
The inquisitor pointed to the ghastly form of what was once a man, and de Hois shuddered as he looked.

"Beware, John de Hois! There is a plot against the life of the King. Confess."
"I know of none."
"Once more—you are well now. Confess."
"Never!" said the knight; but he hesitated as he spoke, and his eyes once more sought the resting place of the racked and ghastly dead. John de Hois was a stout man, and confinement had had more to work upon in him, than it had in de Marronay. His soul was already shattered.

The inquisitor waved his hand, and the knight was placed upon the same bench where de Marronay had first been seated. His feet were lashed down, and the rings and gyves were applied to his thumbs and wrists. The screws were turned, and the stout man groaned. But he would not tell the lie that was asked of him. Groan after groan sounded through the place, as turn after turn was taken in the screws, and yet he remained true to his truth; but his answers were at length hesitating and faint.

At length the screws could be turned no more, and John de Hois was taken from the bench. He glared fearfully around, and ever and anon his eyes sought again and again that fearful rack.
"John de Hois," spoke the inquisitor, "once more I put to you the chance of life: Will you confess?"
"Yes—er!" The word was spoken faintly.

"Then we'll help you. Lead him to the cross!"
Four more executioners now came forward, and the knight was stripped of his clothing, and a single piece of sack-cloth placed about his loins. Then he was led to the spot where stood the bloody cross against the black wall, and four of the men mounted the ladders which stood one upon each side of the crucifix. The victim was drawn up, and with a stout cord his body was bound to the wood. Slowly and calmly did the workmen proceed in their business, and the quiet rest in which their countenances were cast, showed how used they were to the business. There was a clinking of iron—a sharp, ringing clink—and John de Hois looked down to the place from whence the sound had come. He saw a man with sharp-pointed spikes in his hand, and a deep groan escaped him not. Upon his throne he sat, and calmly left the work to those who knew well how to perform it.

He with the spikes ascended the ladder, and handed them to the man who was farther up. The victim's arm was stretched out, the palm spread, and the sharp point of the spike placed against it. There was a silence for a single moment—and then came a dull, heavy stroke. The iron had pierced the flesh—torn its way through cords, nerves and bones—and the hand, all pained and bleeding, was transfixed. There sounded a sharp, wild cry through the room, but the inquisitor did not speak.

The other hand was next stretched out, and in a moment more, that, too, was nailed to the fatal wood. That same cry was repeated, but not so sharp nor so wild. But the work was not yet complete. The men descended from the ladders—all but one—and then the victim's feet were crossed, and a spike set upon them. There was a blow—a heavy, deal-making blow—and another—and that cry startled the air more wildly than ever.

"Now will you confess?" came from the inquisitor's lips, in deep, calm tones.
And the knight once more answered in the negative, but his voice was more hesitating, and his face looked more eager and pain-stricken.

There was a wave of the hand, and he upon the ladder unbanded the cord that had held de Hois's body to the cross, and now the whole weight of the knight's form came upon the transfixed hands and feet. The cords and muscles snapped—and the bones cracked and strained, and the quivering flesh was torn and lacerated fearfully. The torture was most exquisite—fiendish. The wild, sharp cry of agony now rang through that dark place of death, until the very implements of the pain seemed to take up the strain of despair.

"Now, John de Hois, confess!"
The poor knight's mind was gone—all gone—and his soul was wild and frantic with torture, such as demons alone can invent and apply. He bowed his head, and at length the fatal word escaped him. He could not keep it back—he could not command his tongue. Only he felt the fiery pangs that ran fiendish riot in his frame, and struggled to free himself therefrom. The fatal word was upon his tongue—and he spoke it:
"Yes! yes! Oh! God, have mercy!"
"You do confess. Ha! I knew it!" the inquisitor cried, starting to his feet, and bending eagerly forward. "There is a plot among the Protestants, for the murder of our King!"
"Yes! yes! Great God! oh, mercy!"
"And Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, is at its head? Speak."
There was a moment's silence, during

which the sufferer bowed his head; but the frantic fit came over him once more, and he answered—"Yes!"
"Now the truth is out!" pronounced the inquisitor, sinking back upon his seat; "and God grant that our Holy Church may triumph over its enemies. Take him down, and conduct him at once to the chamber of the physician."

John de Hois was taken down from the cruel cross, and borne towards the door. When he reached the space in front of the throne, he started from the grasp of those who held him, and sank down upon his knees.
"I have lied before God!" he exclaimed, with his hands clasped towards Heaven; "upon my lips the falsehood has rested and gone forth. There is no plot, and brave, good Coligny is—"
"Off with the madman!" the inquisitor cried. "This torture has turned his brain. Off with him!"

And John de Hois was again lifted up and borne swiftly away. His voice was heard, even in the distance, crying out against the falsehood he had uttered. But none heeded him. The fatal words had gone forth from his lips, and the scribes had taken them down.

The foul plot of Catharine de Medicis was progressing towards its consummation, but it was not yet complete. One good man and true had confessed the thing she would make the King believe, but more confessions were wanting: The knife of the assassin was already sharpened, and the victim was marked, but the time was not yet. The full measure of preparation was not complete, but the demon was at work; and the night-cloud was gathering heavy and dark. The spark was alive—the train was touched, and the great magazine was almost reached! Ere long, the Pope of Rome was to be satisfied!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of Prince Metternich.

The last steamer brings intelligence of the death of Prince Metternich, long Premier of the Austrian Government, and the great champion and upholder of absolutism in Europe. Since the revolutions of 1848-9, when the prince was compelled to resign, he has been connected with the Government as a confidential adviser.

Metternich, whose baptismal names were Clemens Wenceslaus Nepomuk Lotharius, was born at Coblenz, on the Rhine, May 15, 1773. His father, the Prince of Metternich, filled many high posts of honor and responsibility under the Austrian Government. The son entered the University of Strasbourg at the age of fifteen, and after studying law at Metz, travelled in England in 1794, became Austrian Ambassador at the Hague, and married, in 1795, Eleonore, grand-daughter of the renowned Prince Kamnitz. In 1801, he became the Minister at Dresden, and he played a leading part in bringing about the coalition of Russia, Prussia and Austria, against Napoleon, by the treaty of Potsdam, in 1805. This service was rewarded by the cross of the order of Stephen. The expected advantage of this treaty, was lost by the battle of Austerlitz. Metternich (as yet only Count,) went as ambassador to Paris in 1806, and he renewed in 1808, his efforts to bring about a strong alliance to put down the French Emperor. After the opening of the campaign of 1809, having returned to Vienna, he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs. After another humiliation of his government, he accompanied Maria-Louisa to Paris, when, for "reasons of State," she became the wife of Napoleon. In the delicate position of Austria, during the crisis of 1813-14, Metternich managed the affairs of that government, in the attitude of "armed meditation," with great skill and success. On the eve of the decisive battle of Leipzig, the Austrian Emperor bestowed on him the title of Prince. He signed the convention of Fontenbleau, and the peace of Paris, in May, 1814. He performed a similar service Nov. 20, 1815—thus ending his long struggle with the power of the first Napoleon.

In 1816, he was made Duke of Parrella by the King of the Two Sicilies, and received a variety of additional honors at home. All these he peacefully enjoyed, taking a prominent part in all the great political movements of Europe, and always a rigid and adroit defender of absolutism, until the great popular rising at Vienna, on the 13th of March, 1848. Metternich was then compelled to yield his long arbitrarily exercised power, and to escape from the Capital, to avoid the rage of the populace. The new Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, having perfunctorily refused the concessions promised to the people to appease them, and quiet, having been generally restored, and the Prince regained his influence at the Court, but occupied no public official position. Although, at his advanced age, (eighty-six,) his services in counsel must have become far less indispensable than in former years, his loss at this juncture will be severely felt, and deeply mourned by the Imperial household and their earnest adherents.

Thirty-three stars must be on the national flag from and after the 4th of July next. This is in compliance with the act of Congress, passed April, 1848, which declares that on the admission of every new State, one star shall be added, and that such addition shall take place on the 4th of July next succeeding its admission.

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