

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. B. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 2, 1864.

NUMBER 19.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBUG, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-net operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Circular of Instructions once only, and you will understand it perfectly. A Lady has just written to me that she is making as high as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better than anything ever offered. You can make money with it home or abroad—on steam boats or railroad cars, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will yield a handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A more trifling is necessary to start with.

There is scarcely one person out of thousands who ever pays any attention to advertisements of this kind, thinking they are humbugs. Consequently those who do send for instructions will have a broad field to make money in. There is a class of persons in this world who would think that because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they try no more. The person who succeeds is the one that keeps on trying until he hits something that pays him.

This art cost me one thousand dollars, and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of me will do the same. One Dollar sent to me will insure the prompt return of a card of instructions in the art. The money will be returned to those not satisfied.

Address: WALTER T. TINSLEY,
No. 1 Park Place, New York.
Oct. 21, 1863—3m.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—Dr. Harvey's Female Pills have never yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from spinal affections, prolapsus Uteri, the whites, or other weaknesses of the uterine organs. The pills perfectly harmonize on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress—the same time they act like a charm by strengthening, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, no matter from what cause the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage would be the result.

Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1.
Dr. Harvey's Treatise on diseases of Female, pregnancy, miscarriage, Haemorrhage, sterility, Reproduction, and abuses of Nature, and emphatically the Ladies' Private Medical Adviser, a pamphlet of 64 pages sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage.

The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed and prepaid by J. BRYAN, M. D. General Agent,
No. 76 Cedar street, New York.
Sold by all the principal druggists.
Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS.—Warranted in all cases. Can be relied on! Never fail to cure! Do not hesitate! Are speedily in action! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cures the past month—some of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless on the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown.

Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pills. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and speedy cure in all cases of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as Uterine and Vaginal Discharges, the Whites, night or involuntary Emissions, Incontinent Urine, Genital Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness or loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and incapacitate the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhoea, Gleet and Stricture, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Price \$1.
They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, and confidentially, on receipt of the money, by J. BRYAN, M. D.,
No. 76 Cedar street, New York.
Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free to all, the following valuable work, in sealed envelope:

THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND—DR. BELL'S TREATISE on self-abuse, Premature decay, Impotence and loss of power, sexual diseases, seminal weakness, night emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which would be read by every sufferer, as the only cure in the severest cases is fully set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage.
Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. B. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square Below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discountance permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.
The terms of advertising will be as follows:
One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 25
One square, three months, 3 00
One year, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

The Unseen Battle Field.

There is an unseen battle field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight,
'Tis only seen by one,
Who knows where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army closely strong and fierce,
Their chief of whom form;
His brow is like a thunder cloud,
His voice the bustling storm.

His caprice, Pride and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops with night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thither for they stray.

Contending with this mighty force,
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unequal fight,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of God like form,
Of countenance serene,
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple cross is seen.

His caprice, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign,
And gazing on it all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, to conquer, and endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest straits,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot.

The spot where flowers of joy and Peace
Spring from the fertile soil,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
Of every breeze to God.

A THRILLING TALE.

A CONVICT'S STORY.

BY A NATIVE OF CANADA.

I was told I had committed murder.

That's what I was told, when I found myself, heavily ironed, in a dark, damp, noisome cell of a gloomy prison.

I knew nothing of it; have no recollection of ever having had such an intention against anybody, much less, of doing the wicked deed.

Whom had I murdered?
Moses Gilworth, the sutler.

Had I murdered him? Let me think! I had been to him to get a bill discounted. He had charged me sixty per cent., for I had needed ready money, and he would touch it on no other terms. He was a small man, wrinkled, dirty skinned, scolded old wretch, with an eye like a hawk's and nose like his bill; and I remember having wondered if such a thing had a soul.

So I had killed him, had I? Oh!—where? where?

With a burglar's crow-bar, in the dead hours of night, in his how office, were he slept. I had beat in his brains, and riddled and co-partners in crime had robbed the place and made off with the booty I had been taken, all besmeared with blood, with a portion; but my accomplice had escaped.

Then, along with my confederates, had committed murder and robbery, and were proof enough to hang me. This was a strange tale for me to hear for the first time in the place where I was, with remembrance whatever of anything following the sutler's office except going to a drinking saloon and calling for some beer. Could it be possible that I had done so much, had fallen in with wicked straits, and while in a state of temporary insanity had been persuaded or forced into the crime of which I stood charged? If it be so, if the story was true; for on no hypothesis could I frame any explanation of the mystery.

I had been committed to take my trial and in due course of law it came off. Meantime I had secured eminent counsel who were not able to set up any better plea than that I had drunk freely through the evening preceding the murder, and was sane at the time of perpetrating the horrid deed. And that I had drunk to excess was conclusively proved by several witnesses. Also, that I had been seen, at a late hour, in company with two suspicious-looking men, peering down through a dark, narrow street in the direction of Gilworth's office. Some hours after this had been stambed against in a dark, narrow alley, about a quarter of a mile distant from the place of crime, by a man who was returning home from a printing office, where he had been at work through the night, and who, sell-

ing the police, delivered me into their hands. I could then walk with a little assistance; and on being taken to the lock up and found besmeared with blood, I had stated, in answer to questions that I had been killing a wolf and getting well paid for the act, exhibiting the money stolen from the miser's office as a proof. Early the next morning the murder had been discovered and fixed on me, and I had been committed to take my trial, with no remembrance of the facts, as I have already declared.

The plea of my counsel, which was a true and honest one, amounted to nothing with the court and jury, and I was found guilty of murder in the first degree. A motion for a new trial also availed nothing, and in the proper course of justice I was sentenced to be hanged by the neck till dead.

I pass over the intervening time between the sentence and the hour of execution, and come to the strangest part of my story. I was conducted to the gallows attended by a minister of the gospel, the high sheriff, and other officials, and found myself surrounded by a vast concourse of people, who come to witness themselves by seeing me hanged for one of the darkest crimes known to the law. I could perceive at a glance I had no sympathy—that all believed me guilty—that I was looked upon a wretch for whom hanging was too mild a punishment; and yet, in the very depths of my soul, I was innocent as a child of the crime for which I was to suffer.

"Do you feel, my friend, that the grace of God has yet marked a change in your soul?" inquired the clergyman, in a mild tone of humility, as, side by side, we ascended the steps of the dreaded scaffold, upon which so many poor culprits had gone before me with quaking knees and sinking hearts. "Do you humble yourself in the dust, truly repent and confess all your sins, relying on the mercies of Christ, who died to save all the vilest criminal alike with the lightest transgressor?"

It was evident that he still believed me guilty of the crime with which I stood charged, notwithstanding my oft-repeated declaration to the contrary.

"I should suppose," answered I, in a somewhat offended tone, "after all the conversation we have had together, that it would hardly be necessary for me to again assert that I am innocent of the guilt of murder; and that is all my sins, so far as I know I have repented long ago, and humbly and sincerely asked forgiveness."

"Do you say, then, here, on this dreadful gallows that is about to launch you into eternity, that you are unconscious of ever having done Gilworth any wrong?"

"With by dying breath I say it!"

He looked at me steadily for a few moments, as if debating within himself whether or no to believe by statement, and then asked if I had any hope of reprieve.

"None whatever," I replied. "How could I have, when I can see that every one, yourself included, believe me guilty of murder?"

"Do you believe that the witnesses in court swore falsely or truly?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon mine.

"I have no reason to doubt that they swore truly, according to the best of their knowledge and belief."

"Then, by your own confession, you admit you murdered Gilworth?"

"I do not deny the act—only the guilt. I am prepared to admit, under all the circumstances, that I killed Moses Gilworth in the manner related; but I deny that I was sane, criminal, and responsible at the time of doing the awful deed."

"Believe you," he said, grasping my hand; "and would to heaven, my poor friend that I could save you! It is terrible to bignominously punished for a crime of which in your very heart you are innocent; and the ways of Heaven are not our ways and it is doubtless permitted for some too purpose."

He then prayed with me, and took a sad and tearful farewell. The hangman then secured my hands behind me, placed me on the fatal drop, adjusting the rope about my neck and drew over my face the cap which he intended to shut me from the world forever.

For a few moments I stood praying in that agonizing suspense more trying than death itself; and then, along with a rattling sound, I experienced a sense of falling, a thousand bills of fire flashed and danced before my eyes, a mighty rushing and roaring as of a hundred cataracts, filled my ears. Then gradually but swiftly, these lights faded and sounds died away, and a mental darkness and stillness succeeded. Then there came a faint stream of light, as from a distant star; and this gradually but rapidly increased in brightness, till my eyes seemed dazzled by its brilliant splendor. Then, along with the sweetest strains of an unearthly music, a most glorious vision burst upon my enraptured senses—a vision beyond the power of human imagination to describe. In a celestial world where every sense was filled, thrilled and made drunk with excess, I seemed to be borne swiftly along, upheld by some invisible power, all blending into one grand symphony, swelling out and dying away alternately; and the scenes were as a swiftly moving sea, filling the whole space of heavens and throwing off scintillations as most gorgeous and varied hues. In atmosphere of melody and color. I horse rapidly onward, as something with rapture—existing and yet not

existing—without apparent individuality or identity—so focus, as it were, of sensation without body or form.

How long this glorious vision lasted I cannot say; it might have been seconds—it might have been minutes—it might have been hours; but suddenly, there seemed to be a crash, and the sense of a blow, followed by darkness, horror and pain.

I opened my eyes, my mortal eyes, and found myself lying naked upon a long, narrow table, or platform, in a small, lamp-lighted apartment with two men standing over me, their faces white with terror, and their forms trembling.

"Gracious heaven! what means this?" cried one; "is he really alive?"

"Alas, yes!" gasped I, as the most choking, horrid pains shot through me.

I lost consciousness again immediately—lost all reason and comprehension—and yet retained a sense of strange and terrible suffering. When I again opened my eyes understandingly, I found myself upon a bed, wrapped up in blankets, with the same two men standing by my side regarding me with the most intense interest, but no longer with fear.

"I do believe we shall save him yet!" said one. "See his eyes are assuming their natural expression; and if I am not mistaken, his reason is returning also."

"How has this happened?" inquired I, in a low faint tone, feeling very weak.

"My friend," answered one of the two, "you must not exert yourself to talk now—by and by we will tell you all. Here, take this and remain quiet," and with the words he poured some liquid from a phial into a spoon.

I swallowed the portion and soon fell into a sweet, refreshing sleep.

Some hours later I awoke again, feeling my body stronger and my mind clearer. The two men were still with me—they had watched over me as a mother over an infant.

"Now tell me all," said I as my memory became busy with events that seemed but the wild vagaries of some monitory dream.

"What do you remember?" inquired one.

"Much that is terrible to think of," I answered with a shudder; "prison—trial—a sentence—a scaffold!"

"Do you remember being hanged?"

"I remember all the preparations for that awful event, and some horrid sensations immediately afterwards, followed by a glorious vision, from which I awoke in your presence."

"Yes, you were hanged till believed to be dead, after which you were cut down and given to us for dissection."

"You are surgeons, then?"

"Yes, we had you conveyed to our dissecting room, and thither repaired ourselves after dark, prepared for our work. The first incision made by one of our knives brought you to life; and constant care and attention since, together with the administration of proper remedies, have enabled us to save you."

"And am I really saved?" I eagerly demanded, "for do you intend to hand me over to the authorities, to be legally murdered again?"

"Ah, that is the very question we are now considering. The law has taken its course, and you have been miraculously saved; but it is not our duty to hand you back into custody."

"Not when Heaven has refused the sacrifice of an innocent man?" said I. "But bear me before you decide, and plead for me, believe not my tale, oh! let me plead for that mercy which you need yourselves, either here or elsewhere!"

I began and told my story in my own way and it was an impressive one. The two men listened attentively, and gave me their sympathies, even if they doubted my narrative. Then they consulted together, and decided to give me liberty on condition that I would secretly keep their secret and speedily leave the country never to return. I accepted their conditions, was provided with a disguise, and three days after was on board a vessel bound to a foreign clime. I have never seen my native land since, and never expect to behold it again. The public believe me dead, but my friends know I live—and that is enough for me. My tale is a strange one, and I ask none to believe it but it is all true nevertheless.

GOLD IN BERKS COUNTY.

The Allentown "Democrat" says considerable excitement prevails in Kutztown and vicinity, on account of gold discovery in Makawawy township on the land of Mr. David Gilt. The ore resembles the California ore in every point except richness, and comes very near it in that respect. The ore is mixed up with the soil, and a vein has been found as big as a man's arm. This very deposit was discovered some forty years ago. At that time it was estimated by the owners to be a silver mine. It was hushed up until lately, some gentlemen from New York came forward to lease the ground, when suspicions were created anew among the parties about this new Eldorado in old Berks. New examinations were made, and samples examined and distributed among the inquisitive. Some trips to Philadelphia and New York have been made, to have the ore analyzed, but the result has not yet been made public. If this should turn out a reality, Kutztown would soon become an inland Iowa of importance.

A reward of one thousand pounds is offered by a philosopher for the discovery of one single man who ever asked for a "little good advice," and then followed it.

Past and Future.

Eternal is the power serene
That brings the Spring to all,
But brief the space that lies between
The ripeness and the fall.

The earth, in shadow and in glow,
Around the sun is rolled,
And lightly come and lightly go,
The years that make us old.

Oh, Autumn night, reposing now,
Like bird with folded wing;
As old men think of youth, so thou
Recall'st the vanished Spring.

The loved one dies, the love remains;
As, when the East is grey,
The lull'd and dreaming West remains
Its memory of the day.

Across the air the hasty brooks
Seem babbling of the past,
Saying, "How tender sweet the looks
That are no made to last!"

The mid breath of the waning year
Comes up from holt and lea,
And over distant downs I hear
The ringing of the sea.

Anecdote.

The Rev. Solomon Soddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Soddards—and a troop they are, worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of table-land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Soddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill that he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across the lots, was up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's horse. He told the boys to be ready, as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into line they cried "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, ahead of all the rest, he went like wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sang out, "I know you'd beat, massa! I know you'd beat!"

A WAR OF VENGEANCE.—The London correspondent of the New York Times warns those whom it may concern, to be prepared for a war of vengeance on the part of the South. No town, he writes, on the frontier or seaboard will be safe which is not well defended. The Southerners, from motives of policy, have up to this time refrained from retaliation. They have no longer this motive. So many of their own towns have been destroyed, and such efforts made to burn Charleston, that they will consider themselves justified in the eyes of the world, in carrying out the *lex talionis*. Morgan, Mosby and a dozen other moss-ramblers and guerrillas on land and fleet steamers at sea, will do what they can to plunder and destroy. It must be expected, and guarded against as far as may be.

It is to be wished that the war might be fought out on civilized principles, as it might be if such were the desire at Washington; but it is a "Greek fire for the masses" of the South, that must be expected that some kind of fire will be returned to the masses of the North, who may be within reach of Southern vengeance.

War is a game that two can play at and it is not always one-sided, as parasites wish it to be. It is my deliberate conviction, from everything I see and hear, that the destructive force of the war during the present year will exceed all that has gone before it.

As editor of a paper in Cairo, the other day met a woman twenty-one years old who was the mother of eleven children. She was a refugee from Tennessee, married when she was fifteen years old, and in nine months after was the mother of five healthy children. In the next twelve months she was the mother of triplets again two boys and a girl; then after a pause of eighteen months she presented her husband with another round of triplets, two boys and a girl. Her husband lost his life at the battle of Stone River.

Merry Jack Hale has offered a resolution, to suppress the rebellion by act of Congress! That will be right. Mr. Lincoln has suppressed it half a dozen times by proclamation. Now let Congress follow up his wisdom by statute, by all means.

In bull fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all fours to imitate the pup. The canine pup pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the parental roars, exclaimed, "Hold him Growler boy, hold him! Bear it father, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

The merriest people in the world are the Germans; they have always piping times.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

The 14th of July will ever be a memorable day in French history, as having witnessed, in 1789, the demolition by the Paris populace, of the grim old fortress identified with the despotism and cruelty of the last monarchy. It was a typical incident, representing, as it were, the end of a wicked system, but unfortunately not inaugurating the beginning of one milder and better. Much heroism was shown by the multitude in their attack upon the Bastille, for the defenders did not readily submit, and had a great advantage behind their lofty walls. But their triumph was sadly stained by the massacre of the Governor, Delaunay and many of his corps.

"It was now," says Lamartine, "that the mysteries of this State prison were unveiled—its bolts broken—its iron doors burst open—its dungeons and subterranean cells penetrated—from the gates of the towers to their very deepest foundations and their summits. The iron rings and the chains, rusting in their strong masonry, were pointed out from which the victims were never released, except to be tortured, to be executed, or to die. On those walls they read the names of prisoners, the dates of their confinement, their griefs and their prayers—miserable men, who had left behind only those poor memorials in their dungeons to attest their prolonged existence and their innocence! It was surprising to find almost all these dungeons empty. The people ran from one to the other; they penetrated into the most secret recesses and caverns, to carry thither the word of release, and to bring a ray of the free light of heaven to eyes long lost to it; they tore the locks from the heavy doors, and those heavy doors from the hinges; they carried off the heavy keys; all these things were displayed in triumph in the open court. They then broke into the archives, and read the entries of committals. These papers, then ignominiously scattered were afterwards collected. They were the annals of arbitrary times, the records of the fears or vengeance of ministers, or the meaner intrigues of their favorites, here faithfully kept to justify a late exposure and reproach. The people expected to see a spectre come forth from these ruins, to testify against these iniquities of Kings. The Bastille, however, long cleared of all guilt by the gentle spirit of Louis XVI, and by the humane disposition of his ministers, disappointed these gloomy expectations. The dungeons, the cells, the iron collars, the chains, were only worn-out symbols of unique secret incarcerations, tortures, and banishments. They now represented only recollections of old horrors. These vaults restored to light by 7 prisoners—3 of whom gray-headed men, were shut up legitimately, and whom family motives had withdrawn from the judgments of the ordinary courts of law. Tavernier and With, two of them, had become insane. They saw the light of the sun with surprise; and their incurable insanity caused them to be sent to the mad-house of Charenton, a few days after they had enjoyed fresh air and freedom. The third was the Count de Solages, thirty-two years before sent to this prison at his father's request. When restored free to Toulouse, his home, he was recognized by none, and died in poverty. Whether he had been guilty of some crime, or was the victim of oppression, was an inexplicable enigma. The other four prisoners had been confined four years, and on purely civil grounds. They had forged bills of exchange, and were arrested in Holland on the requisition of the bankers they had defrauded. A royal commission had reported on their cases; but nothing was now listened to against them. Whatever had been branded by absolute authority, must be innocent in the eyes of the prejudiced people. These seven prisoners of the Bastille victims—released, caressed, even crowned with laurels, carried in triumph by their liberators like living spoils snatched from the hands of tyranny, they were paraded about the streets, and their sufferings avenged by the people's shouts and tears. The intoxication of the victors broke out against the very stones of the palace, and the embrasures, torn from the towers, were soon hurled with indignation into the ditches."

It was asserted at the time, and long afterwards believed—though there was no foundation for the assertion—that the wasteful body of the famous State prisoner, called the Man in the Iron Mask, had been found chained in a lower dungeon, with the awful mask still upon the skull!

Speculations had long been rife among French historians, all tending to elucidate the mystery connected with that celebrated prisoner. By some, it was hinted that he was the twin brother of Louis XVI, thus frightfully sacrificed to make his senior safe on his throne; others affirmed him to be the English Duke of Monmouth; others a son of Oliver Cromwell; many, with more reason, inclining to think him a State prisoner of France, such as the Duke de Beauport, or the Count de Vermandois. It was reserved for M. Delort, at a comparatively recent period, to penetrate the mystery, and enable the late Lord Dover to compile and publish, in 1825, his True History of this unfortunate man; the facts being gathered from the State archives of France, and documentary evidence of conclusive authority.

It appears that this mysterious prisoner was Count Anthony Matthioli, Secretary of

State to Charles III, Duke of Mantua, and afterwards to his son Ferdinand, whose debauched habits and consequent need, laid him open to a bribe from Louis XIV., for permission to place an army of occupation in his territory, with a view to establish French influence in Italy. Matthioli had expressed his readiness to aid the plot; had visited Paris, and had a secret interview with the King, who presented him with a valuable ring and a considerable sum of money; but when the time came for vigorous action, Matthioli, who appears to have been intriguing with the Spanish court for a better bribe, placed all obstacles and delays in the way of France envoy, the Baron Asfeld, was arrested by the Spanish Governor of the Milanese, and the French court found that their diplomacy was betrayed. Louis determined to satisfy his wounded pride and frustrated ambition by taking the most signal vengeance on Matthioli. The unfortunate Secretary was entrapped, at a secret interview on the frontier, an carried to the French garrison at Figierol, afterwards to the Fortress of Exilles; when his jailer, St. Mars was appointed Governor of the island of St. Marguerite (opposite Cannes), he was immured in the fortress there, and so remained for eleven years. In the autumn of 1698, St. Marguerite (opposite Cannes), he was immured in the fortress there, and to remain for eleven years. In the autumn of 1698, St. Mars was made Governor of the Bastille, and thither Matthioli was conveyed, lying within its gloomy walls on the 19th of November, 1703. He had then been twenty-four years in this rigorous confinement, and had reached the age of sixty-three.

Throughout this long captivity, Louis never showed him any clemency. The extraordinary precautions against this discovery and the one which appears to have been afterwards resorted to, of obliging him to wear a mask during his jurnies, or when he saw any one, are not wonderful, when we reflect upon the violent breach of the law of nations which had been committed by his imprisonment. Matthioli, at the time of his arrest, was actually the plenipotentiary of the Duke of Mantua for concluding a treaty with the King of France; and for that very sovereign to kidnap him, and confine him, in a dungeon, was one of the most flagrant acts of violence that could be committed; one which, if known, would have had the most injurious effects upon the negotiations of Louis with other sovereigns; may, with treating at all with him. The confinement of Matthioli is decidedly one of the deadliest stains that blot the character of Louis XIV.

The prison of Matthioli, in the fortress of St. Marguerite, is now, for the first time, engraved from an original sketch. It is one of a series of five, built in a row on the scarp of the rocky cliff. The walls are fourteen feet thick; there are three rows of strong iron gratings placed equidistant within the arched window of Matthioli's room, a large apartment with vaulted roof, and no feature to break its monotony, except a small fire-place beside the window, and a few shelves above it. The Bay of Cannes, and the beautiful range of the Esteral mountains, may be seen from the window; a lovely view, that must have given but a maddening sense of confinement to the solitary prisoner. It is on record, that his mind was seriously deranged during the early part of his imprisonment; what he became ultimately, when all hope failed, and a long succession of years deadened his senses, none can know—the secret died with his jailers.

There is a tradition that he attempted to make his captivity known, by scratching his melancholy tale on the metal dish and casting it from the window; that it was found by a fisherman of Cannes, who brought it to the Governor, St. Mars, thereby jeopardizing his own life or liberty, for he was at once imprisoned, and only liberated on incontestable proof being given of his inability to read. After this all fishermen were prohibited from casting their nets within a mile of the island. Matthioli was debarred on pain of death, from speaking to any but his jailer; he was conveyed from one dungeon to the other in a sekan chair, closely covered with oil-cloth, into which he entered in his cell, were it was fastened so that no one should see him; his jailer nearly smothered him on his journey to St. Marguerite; and afterwards the black mask seems to have been adopted on all occasions of the kind. Lord Dover assures us that it has been a popular mistake to affirm this famed mask was of iron; that in reality, it was formed of velvet, strengthened by bands of whalebone, and secured by a padlock behind the head.

The same extraordinary precautions for concealment followed his death that had awaited him in life. The walls of his dungeon were scraped to the stone, and the doors and windows burned, lest any inscription should betray the secret. His bedding and all the furniture of the room, were also burned to cinders, then reduced to powder, and thrown into the drains; and all articles of metal melted into an indistinguishable mass. By this means it was hoped that oblivion might surely follow one of the grossest acts of political cruelty in the dark record of history.

Pence says:—"Mrs. Parlington wants to know why the Americans cannot imitate the French in the last move as in every thing else. Why not submit the quarrel to arbitration? She is sure Mr. Lincoln is arbitrary enough for anything."