

spared to reproach me!" was his mad shout. What pen can ever picture the terrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which spilled the blood of a hundred thousand Frenchmen! The world was struck with horror. Geneva, to this day commemorates it with fasting and prayer. Elizabeth hung her court in mourning. The pulpits of Scotland rang with the tale. John Knox declared, "Sentence has gone forth against that murderer, the King of France, and the vengeance of God will never be withdrawn from his house."

And the day of retribution did speedily come. The echo of the world's indignation was in the heart of Charles. He, who had, with sublime hypocrisy, told Admiral Coligny, when suffering from an assassin's wound: "Father, you received the wounds, but I the sorrow;" and yet who had seen that venerable body dragged through the streets three nights after, and hacked to pieces in his very presence, was overcome now—not by the fear of man, but with a frightful, indescribable, nervous horror. Everywhere around him he saw the spectres of the gory slain, showing their gaping wounds and attended by threatening demons. He became morose, gloomy, and finally, completely silent. He left all society, and month after month the scorpion fangs of remorse gnawed his heart. Finally, his very bedclothes were crimsoned with a sweat of mortal agony. His aspect of profound misery drove off all human companionship. He groaned and wept and forever cried, "Oh, what blood!" He is deserted by all but his nurse, and he calls out with despairing cries, "What blood have I shed?" and dies—cut off at twenty-four. The very courtiers turn away from a corpse so accursed, and but three gentlemen in all France are found to accompany the body to its tomb in the vaults of St. Denis.

The history of royalty is full of proof that the brain whereon the crown rests is often no more fit for royal cares, than that which the plaited straw surrounds in yonder poor maniac's dream.

Thus read a page or two of the life of Frederick the Second of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great. For a dozen years before

his death, and after long and repeated seasons of the extremest debauch, the King's health gave way; what the world recognizes as hypochondria, set in; a state of profound despondency and bodily suffering. He became as austere in religious observance as before he had been wild in excess. All conversation in the royal family was forbidden, except upon religious topics; he compelled all its members daily to read sermons and sing hymns. He obliged the prince and his sister to eat most nauseous dishes—would even spit in their food—addressed them always in severe language, and struck at them with his crutch. His disease was plainly exhibited when he tried to strangle himself; but his life was saved by the Queen.

Having beaten Prince Frederick more than once to the point of exhaustion, he seized him finally by the hair and threw him to the ground (for his physical strength was great), beat him as long as it gave him satisfaction, when he dragged him to the window in maniacal fury to throw him headlong, but was happily prevented by those who came to the rescue. Failing in the effort to secure a renunciation from the Prince of his right of succession, he allowed him to attempt to escape, in order that he might obtain sentence of death upon him, by a court-martial; and that he tried to anticipate by an attempt to run him through with his own sword. Failing in the sentence of death, he condemns both the Prince and his sister, his child and tender daughter, to the cold cell of a prison, and begins a course to convert them to Christianity.

Writing a letter to the prisoner's chaplain, he betrays the long cherished delusion that had mastered his brain. He knew, he said, that his son had a heart of iron, and was a puppet in the fangs of Satan. All this was to drive out the demon and convert his unhappy boy to a reasonable being. The Prince was confined in a miserable room, and on the very edge of starvation for a great length of time. The King never recovered his reason; yet such was the ignorance of that day and the sacredness of power, that he grasped the crown to the very last. It may even be doubtful if the child of so much persecution, the great Frederick, did