# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors. FORWARD. $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 21. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1851. NUMBER 39.



## Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

Ten subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50
If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cards not exceeding 1 lines, one year. | $3,00 |
| One square, " " " | 10,00 |
| do. do. six months, | 6,00 |
| do. do. three months, | 3,00 |

Transient advertisements, 25 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 12½ cents for each subsequent insertion.
Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be counted to their immediate business.*
Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.



BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. HERON STUART.
Surgeon and Physician—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Moses Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, one door east of the old Apothecary Hall.

R. T. STERRETT,
Has constantly on hand a full supply of Groceries, Liquors, Ship Chandlery, Provisions, Produce, &c., &c.; and sells Wholesale or Retail as cheap as the cheapest. No. 119, Cheapside Erie.

WM. S. LANE.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
Revolutionary, army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and claims for extra-pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention.
Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's store. *Erie Oct. 19.*

LAIRD & RUST,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Liquors, Flour, Fish, Salt &c., corner of State street and the Public square, near the Court House.
WILSON LAIRD. LUCIAN RUST

GALEN B. KEENE,
Fashionable Tailor, between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel, upstairs CUTTING done on short notice 116

OLIVER SPAFFORD,
Bookseller and Stationer, and Manufacturer of Blank Books and Writing Ink, corner of the Diamond and Sixth street.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office on State Street, three doors north of Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

COMPTON & HAVERSTICK,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, and Foreign and Domestic Liquors, Distillers, and Manufacturers of Spiritus, No. 6, Reed House, and corner of French and Peach streets, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office No 2, Erie Hall, corner of Main & Lloyd streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. Durlin, Esq., Benjamin Grant, Esq.

J. B. NICKLIN,
Forwarding and general Agency, and Commission business, Erie, Pa.

RUFUS REED,
Dealer in English, German and American Hardware and Cutlery, Iron, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed House, Erie, Pa.

W. J. F. LIDDLE & Co.
Blacksmiths, Carriage and Wagon Builders, State Street, between Seventh & Eighth, Erie.

L. STRONG, M. D.
Office one door west of C. B. Wright's store, up stairs.

DOCT. J. L. STEWART,
Office with Doct. A. Burns, Seventh near Sassafras street. Residence, on Sassafras, one door north of Seventh st.

C. SIEGEL,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Fruit, &c., &c. Corner of French and Fifth Streets, opposite the Farmers' Hotel, Erie.

JOHN McCANN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron, Nails, &c., No. 2, Fleming Block, Erie, Pa.
☞ The highest price paid for Country Produce. ☜

J. GOALDING,
Merchant Tailor, and Habit Maker —Store, No. 5 Reed's Block, (opposite the Bonnell Block) State Street, Erie.

J. W. WETMORE,
*ATTORNEY AT LAW.*
In Walker's Office, on Seventh Street, Erie, Pa.

HENRY CADWELL,
Importer, Jobber, and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, &c. Empire Stores State Street, four doors, below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also—Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office, 3 doors west of Wrights store, Erie, Pa.

W. H. KNOWLTON & SON,
Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Looking-Glasses, Piano Fortes Lamps, Britannia Ware, Jewelry, and a variety of other Fancy Articles, Keystone Buildings, four doors below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
Formerly the Eagle, Corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candies, Fruit, &c., No 6, Post People's Row, State street, Erie.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office, 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
Attorney at Law, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141 Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 33 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

JOHN ZIMMERLY,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
Cabinet Maker Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
General Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
EDWIN J. KELSO, W. W. LOOMIS

WALKER & COOK,
General Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS. T. M. ARSTIN.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
Dealer in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. Park Row, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Fashionable Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 3, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
Physician and Surgeon—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 6, Reed House, Erie.


## Poetry and Miscellany.

### FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Like pillars tall and brown,
The old trees stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four, at noon,
On their mossy roots sat down
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free,
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were we.

Perchance old memories came
Through the silent shades and the breezeless day
That glorious then on the woodlands lay,
For all our thoughts and theme
Were friends; but each in that forest dell
Had a tale of his own heart's trust to tell,
And some were there who had loved well.

One said—"I will have friends,
For my home is rich in kindred now,
And they call me blithe of heart and brow
While favoring fortune lends
Her sunny smiles to yo uth's glad cheer,
And I know that such to men are dear,
For their love still flows where its course is clear."

"I have had friends," said one,
"But time tried some, and Fortune more,
And they that stood when the storm was sore
Fell off before the sun;
Yet some on my faith had a firmer hold—
The young, but now they are far and old—
Brave hearts, but their place is low and cold"

Then musingly one said,
"I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake
In a poor false world like this to make—
And how our friendship sped,
It matters not, but my days are done,
And weary the warning years have grown,
Since the vanity of that trust was known."

And one spake low but clear,
"I have a friend, though there long hath been
Much cause for doubt and change between;
Yet I will not strive or fear,
For the sowers' tools have a time of sheaves,
And the love in it sees yet not believes
Hath as sure return as the stars and leaves"

So freely spake each heart,
In its native language, the wisdom taught,
All this won from school of life and thought,
Wherein men learn apart:
And which came nearest to the way
Of the strong old truth, the sages say,
If they e'er take note of a disciple's lay.

## HENRY LISLE;

### A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common ground, lying about ten miles from Farringdon House, were all awake and up, and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small, long windows upon the black darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen at top of the windows, a small, finely formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stillness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and with the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was a second figure so like the first—but with every grace which time had nipped in the other, just blown; with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in the family picture gallery, where man in loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid servant, contrasting strongly in her slatterdly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe; let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A. D. 161—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds overhead, though not particular heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland, which, in the day time, stretched away for many a mile within view. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtain so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said in a low voice, "it is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but, clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes toward the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was very faint and distant—the dull, heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stonny road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are flying!" said the younger lady, "Oh my mother, they are flying! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those blood-thirsty fanatics.—They are flying; do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the roundheads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by there, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out; your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us good news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window: and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the mellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear, and, as they darted past the house, she exclaimed in a glad tone: "They are the rebels, they are the rebels flying for life! I see their great boots, and their monions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone, "they may be the followers, and not the flyers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are flying in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I wish that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer, and in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house, his horse started suddenly from some object left by the roadside plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound; but the moment after, the horse, which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting his head to where he lay, in a long, wild neigh, seemed at once to express its sorrow and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother: "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help from my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's boy Bridgett; open the door and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for, though brought low in her estate, the lady Herrick was not one to falter herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that if not killed he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of perpetual tho't remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak; which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustness of which had betrayed great symptoms of haste; and by his side he wore one of those long, heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expense of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those around him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favor.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back into his chair, exclaiming, "The Lord has smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here; wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay until you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do all who bear arms for godliness' sake or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady; "none sho'd dare by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say. That is right Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that; it will relieve you and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth man and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad; "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and the two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection.

"Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret," whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisted kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking toward the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name havewe here?" cried Sir George Herrick; "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promises they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect.

"Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of Heaven, I will hang this roundheads out to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen eye fixed upon the young cavalier, who strode on toward him. Margaret seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes upon Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak.

"What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honor, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady-mother promised this fellow safety to stay and go, and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared around, for a moment in moody silence, and then put up his sword.

"Well," said he at length, "if he stayed but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle; "I will see thee depart;" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fireplace, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he laid him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm, calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick, but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length he said in a low voice—

"Something I would fain say—though God knows we are blind creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that eternal safety which it may be doubted whether—"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging three with my own hands; and when we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian; "and I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle; and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise; "then thou doest the better deed in Israel; and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years past—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partizans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and under the name of Lord General, ruled with more power than a king. In the mean while, Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs; and their zeal, like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Among the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle and Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much desired.—Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was in the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to hear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself at once to her promised protector.—Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers; and ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying towards the tower of London.—His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed some time with equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which worn by toil and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her beloved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away and left the prison.

It was in that great unequalled hall, whose magnificient vault has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that with the clangor of trumpets and all the pomp and splendor both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne raised on some ornamental steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgements they pronounce; and officers dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the ragged form of war, moved the echoing pavement between the two ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout, broad built man, with a dingy weather beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose.—His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those who surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and station, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there forever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and turning round stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal standing on his right and left read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which, among other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath administered, and putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while all the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed: and then the great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession toward the door of the hall: scarcely had he proceeded one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past and cast herself at Cromwell's feet.

"An act of grace, Lord Protector!" she exclaimed—"An act of grace, to bring a much needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldst thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; "somewhere I have seen thy face before: what wouldst thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to those poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on the Farrington House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him—"and when Gen. Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Wareham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of the widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life, and was successful; otherwise, Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldst never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was dark, and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on toward that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendor in the midst of some heavy woe: and before she had threaded more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open: and unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which had never before seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride, but, strange to say, smiles were shining though those tears, and happiness, like the rain-bow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words; "joy, mother, joy!—Henry is pardoned!"

### Recreation.

Men need and will have some kind of recreation. The body was not made for constant toil—the mind was not formed for constant study. God has not ordained that life should be spent in one continued series of efforts to secure the things of this world. He has fitted man for enjoyment, as well as labor and made him susceptible of pleasant emotions. He did not design him for a slave, to dig the earth awhile and die—toil on until the hour of death comes to conduct a shattered system back to dust and ashes. On the other hand, He has given him a physical system which, like the harp it may be touched to any tune. He has made the eye, the ear, the mouth, all inlets of pleasure. He has constituted us that we may be wound up to the highest pitch of pleasure, and receive through the medium of the senses, a flood of happiness. Beside this he has arranged the outer world in such a manner as to give man the highest enjoyment. Had God designed man for ceaseless labor, he would not have given him such a body as he possesses: he would have darkened the eye, deadened the ear, and blunted all the nicer sensibilities, and made the hand as hard as iron, and the foot as insensible as brass. But, formed for enjoyment, we find him seeking after it. After the labor of the day is over, and the toil of life done, they turn to every quarter to find some source of recreation, some avenue of life which is fragrant with flowers, and which echoes with sweet music. Now, this desire for recreation, instead of being quenched, should be controlled and directed: instead of being totally discouraged, it should be turned into pure and holy channels, and made to result in good of man and the glory of God.

### A Droll Definition of a Yankee.

As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political and military world, we hope our definition of a genuine *male Yankee* may not be considered a *miss*.

A Yankee is a creature of animation, checked by moderation, guided by determination, and supported by education.

He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of self-approbation and emulation; and when reduced to the state of aggravation, can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation.

A real live Yankee, just captured, will be found no deficient in the following qualities:

He is a self-denying, self-relying, always trying and into everything prying.

He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society.

He is a dragging, gagging, bragging, striving, driving, swopping, jostling, bustling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical, and comical sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth, with an eye always on the look-out for the main chance.—*Rogersville (Tenn.) Times.*

### Description.

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who comes to his assistance; a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

### Caught at It.

The wife of a clergyman living not a thousand miles from Pontiac, was called to the door by a boy who presented her with two fine turkeys, saying that he was sent by Mr. ———. Ah! said the lady; we are very much obliged; I presume Mr. ———, gives them to my husband? "Oh no, ma'am" said the boy, "*your husband won them at the raffle!*" The boy had got the wrong house, *that was all.*

☞ "Not long since," writes an old friend and correspondent, "as I was returning from Buffalo, I was amused, while the cars made a momentary stop, at a demonstration made by a crazy man, on his way to the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica. He was standing on the track, in front of the 'iron horse.' 'You think you are something!' he said, looking wildly at the locomotive, and assuming a boxing attitude; 'but look a'here: I can whip you! I've flogged the fiery bulls of Basham, and broke their horns off! Say! don't stand there, whistling and smoking, like a blackguard in a bar-room; just jump to me, and I'll take the conceit out of you, yes d——d old *cooking-stove on wheels!*"

### QUAKER GIRLS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Who loves not Quaker girls?
I'm thinking of a fair one now,
With tresses dark and sunny brow—
All stately as a nun.
I heard her sing one summer eve;
That fairy voice can never leave
My heart till life is done;
Oh! bird ne'er blither sang in May,
Nor music made like Helen Ray—
The Queen of Quaker girls!

Who loves not Quaker girls?
There's something in the quiet air,
And modest look, the sisters wear—
The chaste and mild blue eye—
The pleasant smile, the artless feet,
And all the unseemes traits that grace—
The simple bonnet's tie—
That make me sigh in spirit, when
I bid adieu, oh! William Penn!
Thy city's peerless girls.

Who loves not Quaker girls?
I may not chance to stray again,
With my umbrella through the rain,
Up Arch or Chestnut street;
It ne'er again may be my lot,
In April showers, on either spot,
That dazzling form to meet—
But marked with white shall be the day,
I sheltered home young Helen Ray,
The Queen of Quaker girls!

### Education and Crime.

The philosophers of some European countries have seriously discussed the question, whether intelligence is favorable to morality—in other words, whether the diffusion of knowledge was not attended, as a consequence, by the increase of crime.

Were this so, the wisest man in the world would be the greatest scoundrel, and all men rascals in proportion to their knowledge. Now the rule is notoriously the reverse, whatever seeming exceptions there may be, and in this rule is the safety of society; for if man's disposition to commit crime increased with their capacity, there would be no safety.

The fact is, men are fools in proportion as they are knaves. Rascals are generally bunglers. Suppose all our smart lawyers should turn their energies and acuteness to schemes of fraud; suppose our capable merchants should turn systematic swindlers; suppose our most skillful machinists should take up the trade of burglars, society could not hold together a single year.

The general rule is, that the more capable a man is of committing crime successfully, the less disposition he has to do it. A skilful chemist could poison right and left, and make wholesale slaughter with little risk of detection, while the poisoner is almost sure to be detected and punished. A clever blacksmith could open half the stores in town, but a burglar is almost sure to be caught and sent to Sing Sing. One of the heaviest dealers in counterfeit money in this state, now is Auburn State Prison, cannot read nor write. Nearly all criminals are illiterate.

The best security society can have, is to give to every member a good education. It is the best as well as the cheapest inheritance a man can leave his children.—*Noah.*

### Doctor's Visits.

It is not only for the sick man, but the sick man's friends that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! What an emotion the thrill of his carriage wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! how we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get for a smile or two, if we can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten or darken! Who hasn't seen the mother prying in his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant that cannot speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes!—what thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain, if he casts them down, and dares not say "hope!" Or it is the house-father that is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, soothing her agonies, as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk! Over the patient in the fever, the few expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were fate, the dispenser of life and death; he must let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man: how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better; how harrassing the sympathy with survivers, if the case is unfortunate—how great the delight of victory.

### Best Kind of Reform.

The Boston *Traveler* tells of an occurrence which contains the best of lessons, and is worthy of the largest imitation:

"Some months ago, one of our city constables traced a large quantity of stolen goods to a young clerk in one of our large wholesale store in Milk street, where business to the amount, perhaps of a million or more, is carried on during the year. The officer in the first place informed the young man of his discovery, and he acknowledged his crime. He then went to a member of the firm, and informed him also of what had taken place. The merchant seemed troubled, said that the boy had for some time been with him, and, to all appearance, was a faithful clerk; that he had sole control of a room containing $100,000 worth of goods, with several lads under him, &c., and further stated that he paid him for his services $3 50 per week. The officer asked if the young man did not pay nearly that amount for board, washing, &c. The merchant acknowledged that he probably did. He then called the boy down, and asked him to confess the whole truth, which he did with tears in his eyes, and promises of reformation. The merchant then told the officer that he wished to consider as to his course. When the officer called again, the young man still continued at his old employment, with this difference, that he had increased his pay to $6 per week. The officer asked how the boy got along? To which his master replied, "Admirably, admirably; I have not a better servant in the store." Thus ended the matter, and the young man still continues, at his said stand, with a firm intention to deserve, by his future good conduct, the confidence, which, perhaps, he so little deserved by his previous course."

### A Chancery Victim.

It must not be supposed that Chancery never releases its victims. We must be just to the laws of "Equity." There is actually a man now in London whom they have positively let out of prison! They had, however, prolonged his agonies during seventeen years. He was committed for contempt in not paying certain costs, as he had been ordered. He appealed from the order; but, until his appeal was heard, he had to remain in durance vile. The Court of Chancery, like all dignified bodies, is never in a hurry; and, therefore, from having no great influence, and a very small stock of money, to forward his interest, the poor man could only get his cause finally heard and decided on in December, 1849—seventeen years from the date of his imprisonment