THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME X. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." NUMBER 24.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, January 23, 1850.

ALICE LISLE.

A SKETCH FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

There is, perhaps, no date in the annals of English History marked with a more bloody significance of the fearful extent which the evil passions of mankind will reach, when not held in check by religious or civil discipline, than that characterized as the "Bloody Assizes," in the reign of James the Second—1685—which, even from out the lapse of two centuries, still stands forth in loathsome and horrible distinctness. When the savage and bloody minded Jeffreys, empowered by a vindictive and arbitrary monarch, stalked like a demon through the land tracing his passage with blood and tears, while the music of his infernal march was the groans and death shrieks of his victims. And as he strode onward—behind him he left horrible, lasting, soul-harrowing proofs of his cruelty corpses swinging in the wind at the corners of the cross roads—gibbets stuck up in every market place—and blackening heads and limbs impaled, even before the windows of the holy house of God! Such was the more than brutal ferocity with which this fiend in human shape, George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, prosecuted his commission.

Through all those districts where the inhabitants had either taken up arms in the Monmouth Rebellion against the King, or who had been known within five years before to have received the unfortunate Duke with favor and homage, when assuming the mark of a rightful prince he passed with almost regal triumph through the land, did Jeffreys and his well picked myrmidons pursue their murderous work, sparing neither age nor sex—the death warrant descending alike upon the silver head of tottering age or lisping, helpless infancy. "And," says Macaulay, "his spirit rose higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked and swore in such a way that many thought him mad from morning till night, but in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by the passions, from the madness produced by brandy."

In such a frame of mind he entered Southampton and proceeded toward Winchester, which, although not the scene of warlike encounter with any rebel and royalist, had nevertheless been resorted to by many of the former as a place of safety, among whom was their unhappy leader, the infatuated Monmouth himself. It was here, near the borders of the New Forest, that the unfortunate man was taken prisoner. Worn out by fatigue—crushed by disappointment—his high hopes blasted by defeat, the ill-fated son of Charles was discovered concealed in a ditch, where all through a long, long day, and a weary night, without food or drink, the unhappy fugitive had vainly hoped to elude the search of his pursuers.

Hither, then, came, Jeffreys, tainting the air as a pestilence, and causing great terror and disgust particularly, among the peasantry, no one knowing who next might prove the victim of the insatiate thirst for blood.

He was now, however, in hot pursuit of two men—one a Nonconformist divine, named Hicks; the other a lawyer, Richard Nelthrop, an outlaw, who had made himself obnoxious by being concerned in the Rye House plot. These men, it is needless to say, Jeffreys was resolved to pursue to the death.

In a little old mansion, encompassed by a close-wooded park of a century's growth, dwelt the Lady Alice Lisle. She was the widow of John Lisle, who had held a commission under Cromwell, and had also sat in the Long Parliament.—He had been created a Lord by Cromwell, and the title of Lady was still courtesously assigned to his widow, for she was greatly beloved by all persons and parties both Whig and Tory, for her many excellent qualities and was also nearly allied to many noble families.

It was near the close of a beautiful autumnal evening that the Lady Alice, clad in deep mourning weeds, might be seen passing slowly beneath the arch shade of those venerable trees, stretching in their primeval grandeur far on either side her dwelling. The chastened radiance of the setting sun here and there burnished the almost motionless leaves with gold, or stealing athwart the mossy trunks, and over the deep green sward, mildly illumined the forest aisles, seeming thereby as paths angels might love to tread. The only companion of the lady was a child—a beautiful boy of perhaps six years old—an orphan, whom the kind Lady Alice had taken under her protection, and who now, far from taking in the seriousness of his benefactress, skipped and gamboled before her in wild and happy recklessness—now springing like a fawn into the path before her from behind some leafy screen, where for a moment he had laid concealed, or striving to attract attention by his childish prattle, as he bounded playfully at her side.

As heedless to the deepening twilight as she seemed to all else around her, the Lady Alice had proceeded further into the depths of the wood than was her usual custom, when she was suddenly roused to the lateness of the hour by a scream from little Edwin, who, burying his face in the folds of her mantle, cried,

"O run, dear lady, run—bad men—oh, they will kill us!"

"What are you talking of Edwin?" she answered, taking his hand—"who will kill us? We shall soon be at the Hall; fie, boy are you afraid because the sun has set and the old woods grown dark! Ah, is this my little hero?"

"But, lady, I see men—bad, wicked men; there, lady, there," pointing, as he spoke, to a clump of the oaks.

"Foolish boy, it is only an owl?" said the lady, now turning to retrace her steps.

At that moment two men sprung from out the thicket and stood in the path. Well might that lady tremble, alone and unprotected in the deep dark wood; yet in tones well belieing her fears she unfaltheringly bade them stand aside, and give passage to herself and the pale, timid child she led by the hand.

"We mean not to harm or frighten you, madam," said one of the men, lifting his goatskin cap, and stepping aside, "We seek at your hands shelter and food. For three days we have lain concealed within these woods, not daring to venture forth even to satisfy the cravings of hunger. We are neither thieves nor murderers, slight offences may be in these signal times of despotism and injustice—but men hunted down like wild beasts in the cause of civil and religious freedom. It is for our lives we implore your aid."

"Yea, for our lives—that we may be spared to trample the sons of Belial under our feet, and smite and slay and destroy the arch tools of oppression!" interrupted the other, with violent gesticulations; "and thou, woman, art the chosen vessel of the Lord to shield his servants from the man of blood against that dreadful day of retribution!"

"I ask not to know why are thus thrown with a peril of your lives," answered the Lady Alice, "it is enough for me that you are fellow beings in distress, and as such must claim my sympathy, and the shelter of my roof. God forbid the doors of Alice Lisle should be closed against misfortune.—Follow me, then, friends, and such food as my house affords, and such security as its walls can give, may the Lord bless unto you."

Confident in the attachment and fidelity of her domestics, the Lady Alice, in a few words, made known to them that the lives of these unfortunate men were in jeopardy, and that they sought from her kindness safety, and concealment, and sharing in the benevolence of their mistress, each one of that well tried household regarded the fugitives with generous sympathy.

An excellent supper such as their famishing natures required, and a bottle of old wine, was soon placed before the weary men. They were then conducted by the Lady Alice herself to a room on the ground floor.

"Observe," she said, "this oaken panel—press your finger thus; a door opens, leading into a secret passage connected with the vaults of the old chapel, where, in case of emergency, you will be perfectly secure from search. Sleep, then, my friends in peace, one of my most faithful servants will this night keep watch, and upon the least alarm, you will be notified in time to avail yourselves of the way of escape I have pointed out."

As she bade them good night, one of the men seizing the hem of her mantle, carried it to his lips with a grace not unfitting the presence of a queen while in th canting oratory of the day, his companion devoutly prayed the Most High to bless the woman, through whose assistance vengeance was yet to be heaped on the head of the scorner, and those who now sat in high places to be brought low.

And thus fortified and encouraged by the assurances of their noble benefactress, the fugitives took heart, and throwing themselves upon the bed, were soon soundly sleeping.

Not so the Lady Alice. True, these men had not revealed their names, neither had she sought to discover who they were, or for what crime they were driven to their present strait—yet that they fled the wrath of the cruel minded Jeffreys she felt persuaded, and fearful that with his myrmidons he might be close on the track of these unhappy men, she, too, sat watching all the night, or pacing with light footfall the long galleries, ever and anon stepping out upon the balcony and listening to every sound, her fears magnifying the whisper of the wind stealing through the branches of the old trees, into the suppressed murmurs of an armed force.—All, however, remained quiet. Just as the day began to dawn, she threw herself upon her couch—not meaning to sleep. But overcome with the fatigue of her lonely night watch and lulled perhaps by the security which almost always comes to the watcher with the dawn of day, she soon unconsciously sunk into a deep sleep, from which, alas! she was but too rudely aroused; for even in that brief half hour when tired nature claimed its own, the wily Jeffreys had surrounded the house with his no less brutal soldiers.

"Come, come, madam, bestir yourself—you are wanted," cried the leader, seizing the Lady Alice by the shoulder, and rudely shaking her; "methinks you sleep well this morning—long watching makes sound slumbers, eh? Come, up with you, woman, and tell us in what corner of this rebel's nest you have stowed away the Presbyterian knave and worthy friend."

In a moment the lady was fully awake, and comprehended at once her perilous situation. But her self-possession did not forsake her, and breathing an inward prayer for the two unhappy men so closely pursued she said, as she drew herself proudly up.

"What means this unmannerly intrusion? Off, sir! unhand me, or your audacity shall be punished as it deserves!"

"Ho, ho, my brave wench words are cheap!—you will find proofs not so easy! Know, mistress, yourself and your servants are my prisoners," replied Jeffreys.

"Your prisoners!" cried the lady, with cutting contempt; "and who are you, and by whose authority do you dare to lay hands on me or any beneath my roof!"

"Who am I? That you shall soon know to your cost," said Jeffreys, with a horrible oath. "George Jeffreys has a peculiar way of making himself known, my mistress. Now deliver up these two arch rebels—the canting, whining priest, and the traitor Nelthrope, into our hands, and maybap I'll not press my further acquaintance upon your ladyship, except to taste the quality of your wine, for I'll warrant you my dear, (turning to his followers) these old cellars are not dry."

"I know no such persons as those you seek," replied the Lady Alice; "and what reason have you to suppose they are within my house?"

"We know it, and that is enough," replied Jeffreys. "They are known to have laid hid within your neighborhood; and we know they have been secreted by you; and now, by G—d, madam, unless you lead us to their kennel, your body shall writhe in flames, or be hacked in pieces by my soldiers!"

"Infamous, cowardly wretch," replied Alice Lisle, undaunted; "think you your threats would induce me to betray, more especially into your blood-thirsty hands, any unhappy individual who had sought my protection! Know Alice Lisle better."

"Ho-ho, are we so brave! here, my men, take this boasting mistress, and give her a dance upon hot coals!" cried the ferocious Jeffreys.

At that instant little Edwin, still in his nightdress opened the door of his little bed-room, and ran terrified toward the Lady Alice; but he was not permitted to reach her; a soldier seized the poor boy by the shoulder, and notwithstanding his shrieks, held him with such a grip as left the print of his finger upon the tender flesh.

"Ruffain, unhand the child!" exclaimed the lady, attempting to rise, but held back by the iron hand of Jeffreys.

"*Hut!* a pretty hostage, truly!" he said. "Here, Ratcliffe, draw your dagger across his pretty white throat, unless this stubborn woman yields up our prey—do you hear that?" turning to the Lady Alice.

"O save me—save me! don't let them kill me!" screeched the poor fellow, striving to break away; then turning his beautiful eyes upon the stern features of the man who held him, he clung piteously around his knees, repeating his cry for mercy, his face uplifted, and his soft, golden curls falling over his white shoulders; from which the loose night-dress had slipped away.

Tears, which neither her own danger, or the insults heaped upon her could draw forth, now streamed down the pallid cheek of the Lady Alice.

"Are you men?" she cried, turning to the rude soldiers, "are you men, and can you stand by and see that innocent, helpless lamb inhumanly murdered before your eyes!"

"Ah!" cried Jeffreys, with a hideous leer, "we are used to butchering lambs, madam; bless you, we do it so easy the poor things don't have time to bleat! Strike, Ratcliffe!"

A scream—a wild scream of agony burst from the heart of Alice Lisle; then dashing off the arm of Jeffreys, in the strength of her despair, as but a feather's weight, she sprung to the boy, and threw her arms around him.

There was heard at the moment a loud shout from the court-yard, coupled with oaths and imprecations, and one of the troop burst in waving his cap.

"Hurra, your honor! they're caught, your worship; we've got the rascals—hurra!—hurra!"

"Now God help them!" murmured Alice.

"Your life shall answer for this, vile traitress!" murmured Jeffreys, in a voice hoarse with rage, and shaking his fist at the unshrinking heroine. "But where found you the knaves?" he added, turning to the bearer of such fiendish joy.

"Ha, ha, your worship—but I can't help laughing; we found his reverence, chindeep, in a malt-tub—ha, ha, ha! and the other rogue we hauled from the kitchen chimney, as black as his master, the Devil!"

"And to his master he shall soon be sent with a crack in his windpipe," said Jeffreys.

"Wounds, your honor, you love a joke!" said one, who might be called the Trois Eschelles of the company, edging up to Jeffreys with a horrid grin; "shall we string the rascals up below there—yonder is a strong beam; or shall we have their heads in the market place, as a kind of warning to all traitors!"

"Peace, knave!" replied Jeffreys, with a frown which made the villain turn pale; "attend to your duty, and see that the prisoners are well secured; these fellows are slippery rascals—and now madam," (turning to Alice Lisle,) "up with you, and prepare to follow either to the scaffold or the stake, as suits my pleasure." Then, with a brutal blow with the back of his sword, he rudely pushed his victim on before him.

Her weeping and terrified domestics would have approached their beloved mistress, but were thrust back by the drawn swords of the soldiers, and when the unfortunate lady crossed her threshold, it was over the body of her aged butler, brutally struck down before her.

"Farewell, my friends," said the Lady Alice, turning to her faithful attendants, "I look for no mercy at the hands of these cruel men, whose pastime is death; yet though they may torture the body, unto the mercy of my redeemer do I humbly commit my soul. May God forgive these my enemies, for in their blind rage they know not what they do; pray for them, my friends."

"Come, none of your cant here, if you please, madam; if we want any praying done, we'll call on yonder long-nosed, whining saint," cried Jeffreys, pointing to Hickes, who, with Nelthrope, at his side, and both closely bound together with ropes, and guarded together on either side, was brought forward.

Lest by appearing to recognize the Lady Alice they might increase her danger, the prisoners took no notice whatever of her who for their sakes was now in such peril, and met her glance as they would that of a stranger. Nelthrope, indeed, essayed once to speak, for the purpose of acquitting the Lady Alice of all knowledge of himself and companion, but his speech was cut short by vile taunts and curses.

These wretched men had slept soundly through the night, and with the stupor of heavy fatigue still hanging about them, heard too late the tramp of their pursuers, and forgetting in their sudden alarm the secret panel, sprung through a window, and endeavored to conceal themselves in some of the outbuildings; but vainly—they were soon dragged forth, and knew that from the jaws of the bloodhounds Jeffreys, *death* was to be their only release.

And now without any delay the prisoners were brought to trial, the Lady Alice being first placed at the bar charged with treason in concealing or harboring persons disaffected to the king, and known to have been concerned in the late insurrection.

Many of the jurors were of the most respectable men of Hampshire, and all shrunk from convicting an amiable and exemplary female, for a crime (if crime it could be called) which certainly arose from the noblest and purest emotions of the heart. But Jeffreys was not so easily to be robbed of his prey.

Witnesses, forestalled by his vindictive spirit, appeared against her, and those who would have testified in her favor, were so put down by the bold faced cunning of these hirelings, as to do more injury than good to the cause which they came to sustain.

The Lady Alice was then called upon for her defence. In a modest and dignified manner she addressed the Court. She began by saying that she knew not the men who had sought her protection, nor had she asked for what offence they were thus hunted down: it was enough that famished and weary they required her assistance, and that assistance she had freely rendered them; Yet for this, gentlemen," she continued, "I am arraigned for treason. Has charity, then, become a crime? Is it a capital offence to relieve the wants of our suffering fellow beings; and must the cold voice of prudence overcome the Divine precepts of Jesus? Now God forbid!"

She was here interruped by an insolent remark from the judge; and if allowed again to speak, it was only to draw upon herself his coarse, unfeeling ribaldry.

The jury retired, their sympathies more than ever excited for the unhappy lady.

Their consultation was too long for the patience of the judge. He grew furious at their delay—stamping and swearing like a madman. He sent a messenger to inform them that if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the court and lock them up all night. Thus put to torture, they came; but only to say that they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffrys expostulated with them vehemently, and after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of "Guilty!"*

This was received by demoniac joy by Jeffrys, who immediately proceeded to pass sentence, which was, that the most unfortunate Alice Lisle should that very afternoon *be burned alive*!

This dreadful sentence caused universal horror and moral the pity even of the most devoted supporters of the king. The judge was overwhelmed with petitions and prayers for mercy; but the only mercy he granted was a few days delay ere the dreadful sentence should be accomplished.

During that time the royal clemency was eagerly solicited, and many persons of the highest rank interceded with James for the release of Alice Lisle. Ladies of the Court entreated his mercy.—Feversham, flushed with recent victory, pleaded for her; and even Clarendon, the brother-in-law of the king, spoke in her behalf.

It was all in vain.

Scarcely less cruel than his cruel judge, James was inexorable, and only so far showed his clemency as to commute the sentence from *burning to beheading!*

But peace—peace, such as the world can neither give nor take away, went with Alice Lisle into that dark, cold prison, to which her enemies consigned her. Those damp walls, in whose crevices the slimy lizard made its bed; from friends—from freedom—they could not imprison her soul, nor crush the spirit of the martyred Alice, as it ascended in prayers to the Heavenly Throne. Divine love and holy trust in the promises of her Redeemer illumined her dark dungeon with the brightness of heaven; and when led forth to the scaffold—death was swallowed up in victory.

Alice Lisle was beheaded in the Market Place, at Winchester, A. D., 1685.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

*Macaulay.

There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life.—He disappeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying "it is not there."

"Oh," said she, in agony, "it must be there; I have the insurance it is there! Do look again!"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left to renew his search. After a long absence, he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed:—

"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it."

The woman upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

☞ A gentleman was boasting that in his travels he had been curtseied everywhere and that he had seen all the great in Europe. "Have you seen the Dardanelles?" said one of the company.—"Yes," replied he "I dined with them at Gibraltar and I found them to be excellent company."

☞ Every man has, in his own life, follies enough; in his own mind trouble enough; in the performance of his duties deficiences enough; in his own fortunes evils enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A waveret of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattering it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run.

Our Naval Power.

BY MAJOR NOAH.

The London Times says that, considering the vigilance with which the Americans have maintained the general effectiveness of their navy, it seems singular that they should have taken no particular pains to augment it, although remarkably attentive to armaments and docks. There never has been, at any period, a desire on the part of our people to increase the navy to any extent beyond what was necessary to protect the interests of commerce in various parts of the world. What have the 646 ships of war achieved for England. A heavy national debt, the title of "mistress of the seas," and a never failing desire for war and glory. But we have a substitute with more, and in fact more potent, than all the navy of England and that is our private armed marine. In the event of war, more than 500 swift sailing privateers will scour the ocean in every direction. Every large steamship, and every packet of 100 tons will have an armament. There will be no navy in the world to equal to it; but as such an armament could grow out of the contingency of war, there is no necessity to expend a dollar in anticipation of such an issue.

We are propably the most remarkable people on earth for promptness and preparation for war after it exists. A valuable corps of 200,000 men, armed, equipped and disciplined, can be ready for the field in thirty days after war is declared, and so it may be said of ships of war. We will state one fact illustrative of this position. During the war with England, and while stationed on the Barbary coast, we were surprised one day, while exploring the ruins of Carthage, to see a sharp clipper built schooner under full sail, with the American flag floating to a brisk breeze, doubling Cape Bon and making direct for the bay. We rode down to the fortress of Goletta, ordered a launch to be made ready, and found ourselves alongside the schooner just as she had cast anchor

"Where are you from sir?"

"From Boston," replied the captain, a smart dashing looking young fellow.

"In what passage?"

"Twenty-three days, sir."

We began to have our misgivings. Twenty-three days from Boston! We suspected she had been fitted out at Marseilles to cruise in the Mediterranean. It was the Abeleno, Capt. Wyer, of six guns and seventy-five men—a magnificent little craft. We went down into the trunk cabin.

"Nor, sir, said the captain, "I'll convince you that we we are from Boston, and will show you Boston notions of every kind, from pumpkins and smoked herrings down to wooden nutmegs." He soon filled the table with all the good cheer and solid comforts with which the Bostonians know so well to furnish a ship. "And here," said he, "is the Boston Sentinel, Major Russell's paper." All doubts were now at an end; and while we had been partaking of fare to which we had long been accustomed—homely fare, but more welcome on that account—the captain said:

"If you are surprised at our short passage so far up the Mediterranean, what will you say when I tell you it is just sixty days since the keel of this vessel was laid in Boston; yet here we are!" We could scarcely credit it.

"Nay, that's not all, sir," continued Captain Wyer. "On my way here, off Cagliari, I captured two large British ships filled with valuable cargoes, and ordered them for this port. They will be here to-morrow morning."

"What! in a neutral port, in which this British exercise unlimited influence! They will never permit us to sell the cargoes."

"Well, sir, we can only try."

Sure enough, next morning early, the ancient city of Tunis, honored once by the presence of Scipio Africanus Hannibal and other distinguished personages known to history, was thrown into the greatest comotion on seeing two large and deeply laden ships entering the port, the stars and stripes floating over the union jack. It startled the British consul and all the *corps diplomatique*, and we soon saw the whole bevy on horseback making for the palace.

"I smell sulphur," said the captain. "There's a storm brewing and we shall have it soon."

In an hour a message arrived by a mameluke that we were wanted at the palace. After making our toilette, Sidi Ambrosin, our chancellor, and Mustapha, the dragoman, were soon mounted, and off we paced at a moderate rate for Bardo.—The consular corps were all present when we entered the *salla*. The Bey, reclining as usual on his large crimson cushions, was busily engaged combing his long black beard with a tortoise shell comb studded with brilliants, and looking unusually grave.

"What does all this mean, consul—two British prizes entering our ports, and for what purpose?"

"To sell them, your highness!"

"What! against our treaty with England?"

"Certainly not, if there is such a prohibition in the treaty."

The British consul, a most excellent man, unrolled the parchment, to which a seal of wax was appended nearly as large as one of our western cheeses, and commenced reading as follows;

"It is further stipulated, and agreed upon that no European power at war with England shall be permitted to fit out privateers or other armed vessels to cruise against the commerce of Great Britain from, or bringing prizes into, the Tunisian ports."

"Well, sir," said the Bey, "what have you say to that? Is it not full and conclusive?"

"Entirely so; but it does not apply to us. We are not an European power."

"That sir," said the British consul, "is a mere evasion of the spirit of this section of our treaty.—It was intended to apply, and does apply, to all Christian powers."

"Very probably, sir; but we are not a Christian power!" The whole court looked amazed. The Bey raised himself up from his cushions, took a hearty pinch of snuff from a splendid diamond box, and gave us an anxious and inquiring look.

"How will you make that appear, sir?" said the British consul.

"Very easily, sir," We then read the following section from our treaty with Tripoli;

"As the United States is no manner a Christian Government, and entertains no hostility towards any denomination; it is hereby understood that no disturbance shall arise between the two powers on any religious question."

It was useless to argue the point further.—We did not in any shape come within the purview of that treaty, so permission was given to land the goods, and the ships and cargoes, consisting of every variety of merchandise, were sold in a single day. The consul sent for a British blockading squadron from Malta, but the privateer slipped out of the bay, ran up the Archipelago, destroyed nearly two millions of British property, was chased round the Mediterranean by two ships of the line and two frigates, escaped through the Got of Gibraltar and arrived home safely.

The commerce of any power would, by this private marine, be utterly destroyed in a war with the United States, and all the navy of Great Britain could not blockade ports so as to prevent privateers from escaping. We should find them on the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. They would be everywhere.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF TEA.—In the memoirs of the London Chemical Society, there is an interesting paper of Warrington, on the analysis of tea, in which he states that he has not only removed the whole of the coloring matter, or glazing, from tea, but he has been able to analize the matter removed, and prove it, by chemical evidence, to consist of Prussian blue and gypsum, principally. So that in fact the drinkers of many qualities of green tea, as it comes to the English market, indulge in a beverage of Chinese paint, and might imitate the mixture of dissolving Prussian blue and plaister of Paris in hot water. The Chinese do not *drink* this painted tea; they only *sell* it.

ACCOMMODATING ETHICS.—Benjamin Constant, an English Orator, had such a command of language, that when he chanced to displease his audience by an expression, he would go on substituting synonymes till he suited them. For example:

"I am anxious to spare the Crown"—a murmur! "the Monarch"—the murmurs continue; "the Constitutional King"—the murmurs are hushed.

THEY SLEEP IN JESUS.—How soft a name is given to the Christian's death; and how lovely a notion of the present state! "They sleep in Jesus."

"They sleep." Why do you mourn as if they were extinct; as if they were annihilated, and utterly lost!

"But they are lost to me?"

"Not forever; not for a very long time." "Yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and not tarry."

☞ Dey does say, that way down in Georgia, dey does make nigga work twenty-five hours to bery day. Now look'e hee, I'se been told that a day hasn't got no more nor twenty-four hours, and I want you, Mr. Johnsing, to 'splainly to de chair, how dey make 'em work twenty-five hours."

"Golly mighty, what ignorammuous nigga you is, Scipio; why way down there, they make dem nigga get up one hour *afore* day—doesn't that make up twenty five?"—Scipio was convinced.

MR. PARTINGTON expresses great apprehension that the people in California will bleed to death, as every paper she picks up announces "another vein opened."