

# Raffan's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPÉ.

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## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

Strive; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day  
Will not fall when you think to grasp it  
And melt in your hand away.  
But another and hotter treasure  
You now perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.  
Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow upon its brow.  
Yet far through the misty future  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not  
Is winking her silent light.  
Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears,  
An answer, not that you long for,  
But that which will come one day;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

[From Dixon's Life of Penn.]

## "THE MACAULAY CHARGES."

(CONSIDERED FROM LAST WEEK.)

III. Towards the close of his reign, when the churchmen openly repudiated their own doctrine of passive obedience, James became anxious to secure the adherence of his dissenting subjects, and among other leading men he selected Penn's old opponent, William Kiffin, the Baptist, for a city magistracy. But two of Kiffin's grandsons had been taken and executed in the Western rebellion, and it was doubted whether the old man would comply with the wishes of the court. At this point Mr. Macaulay introduces Penn. "The heartless and venal sycophants of Whitehall, judging by themselves, thought the old man would be easily propitiated by an alderman's gown, and by some compensation in money, for the property which his grandsons had forfeited. Penn was employed in the work of seduction, but to no purpose." Now, there is not the slightest foundation in history for this statement. Mr. Macaulay here asserts that Penn was "employed" by the "heartless and venal sycophants" of the court, to seduce Kiffin into an acceptance of the alderman's gown, and that he failed. The passage means this, or it means nothing. It will be allowed that on such a point Kiffin himself must be the best authority; in his autobiography, lately published from the original manuscript, he says, "In a little after, a great temptation attended me, which was a commission from the King, to be one of the aldermen of the city of London, which, as soon as I heard of it, I used all the diligence I could, to be excused, both by some lords near the King, and also by Sir Nicholas Butler and Mr. Penn. But it was all in vain." This is just the reverse of what Mr. Macaulay states. Penn did not go to Kiffin; Kiffin went to Penn. Instead of being employed in the work of seduction, he was engaged in the task of intercession. Mr. Macaulay makes Kiffin refuse the magistracy; Kiffin says he accepted it.—The next court-day I came to the court, and took upon me the office of alderman.

IV. A little attention to dates will soon dispose of the fourth charge against Penn. Mr. Macaulay writes—"All men were anxious to know what he [the Prince of Orange] thought of the Declaration of Indulgence. . . . Penn sent copious disquisitions to the Hague, and even went thither in the hope that his eloquence, of which he had a high opinion, would prove irresistible." Now, Penn returned from Germany in the autumn of 1688, and the Declaration was not issued until April, 1687. After 1686, he never went to the Dutch capital. There is no evidence, even, that Penn sent over "copious disquisitions." Burnett, Mr. Macaulay's authority, says not a word on such a subject. When Penn was at the Hague, in the summer of 1686, the subject that was under discussion related to the Tests, not the Indulgence. The Declaration was unthought of at that time.—Burnett is very clear on this point. But there is other proof that Mr. Macaulay's guess-work is wrong. In November, 1686, five months before the Declaration was issued, Van Citters reported to his correspondent, the substance of the conversation between Penn and the Prince, as it was then known in court circles in London; and in that report, no mention whatever is made of the Declaration.

V. I shall content myself with a special refutation of Mr. Macaulay's errors; first quoting his material passages, and numbering them for separate remark. 1. "Penn was at Chester, on a pastoral tour. His popularity and authority among his brethren had greatly declined, (2.) since he had become a tool of the King and the Jesuits." 2. "Perhaps the College might still be terrified, cajoled, or bribed, into submission. The agency of Penn was employed." 3. "The courtly Quaker, therefore, did his best to seduce the college from the path of right." 4. "To such a degree had his manners become corrupted by evil communications, and his understanding obscured by inordinate zeal for a single object, that he did not scruple to become a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind, and to use a bishopric to tempt a divine to perjury." These assertions may be looked at one by one, as they stand here.

1. Had Penn become in 1687—the date of Mr. Macaulay's authority—unpopular and pow-

erless with his brethren? There is, fortunately, better evidence than that of an agent of Louis Quatorze: the evidence of the "brethren" themselves. The Records at Devonshire House prove that his influence was high as ever in the society of Friends; he was elected to speak their sentiments; he served their most important offices; was in accord with Fox, Crisp, and the other leaders; and at the very moment when Mr. Macaulay introduces him with this disparaging comment, he was on a religious tour, one of the most popular and brilliant of his public ministry. To this may be added the testimony of Penn himself; in one of his letters he expressly says, that it is at the joint request of the Society of Friends, and of persons in authority, that he is engaged in the business of the nation. 2. Was he ever "a tool of the King and of the Jesuits?" No man, I venture to believe, will entertain a doubt on this point, after reading the ninth chapter of these memoirs, and the authorities there cited. Family experiences had given him an abhorrence of the persecuting spirit of the Roman Church. In his youth he had written against the errors of Popery, and in riper age had pointed many a sentence with honest indignation at Jesuit morals.

Now that the Jesuits had acquired power at court, he continually hazarded his influence by urging the King to banish them from the royal presence. Citters, Johnstone, and Cherdron, all testify clearly to this effect. The Dutch Diplomatist says, "Penn has had a long interview with the King, and has, he thinks shown to the King, that Parliament will not consent to a revocation of the Test and Penal Laws—and that he never will get a Parliament to his mind—so long as he will not adopt moderate councils, and drive away from his presence the immoderate Jesuits, and other Papists who surround him daily, and whose ultra councils he now follows." Johnstone says expressly, that Penn was against the order commanding the Declaration to be read in the churches. Cherdron says in his Diary that Penn "labored to thwart the Jesuitical influence that predominated." On what authority, then, does Mr. Macaulay make his assertion? Simply on his own! Was he a tool of the King? The idea is absurd. He never sacrificed a point to the humor of James; but he often crossed that humor, and his political action was always against the court. Not to go so far back as the days of Sidney, when, according to Barillon, he divided the leadership of the most advanced body of Reformers with that great Republican,—if his private friendship was given to Sunderland, Halifax, and Rochester, his political sympathy was always with the more liberal men of the opposition. The supporters of Monmouth looked to him and half a dozen others to bring over the American colonies to the cause of liberty and Protestantism. Though he was trusted by James, he was always an object of suspicion to his government. He plainly told the King of his errors; he advised him to expel the Jesuits from Whitehall; not to trust to his prerogative, but to meet his Parliament with wise and just proposals; not to insist on having the Declaration read by the clergy; not to commit the seven Prelates to the Tower. And when that impolitic act had been committed, he advised him to take the gracious opportunity afforded by the birth of a Prince of Wales to set them at liberty, and still further to signalize the occasion by a general amnesty to the exiles in Holland. He counseled him to submit to the will of the nation, and to be content with a simple toleration of his religion. Can this man be called the "tool" of the King? Let Mr. Macaulay show another man in that age with equal boldness and integrity. He braved the royal frowns again and again in the cause of mercy. He obtained a pardon for Locke, another for Trenchard, another for Aaron Smith—all of them men who had deeply offended James. He compelled him to listen to the councils of the leading Whigs; and in the Oxford affair told him he was in the wrong in plainer language than the usages of speech would permit to ordinary men. This man a tool!—3. Was the agency of Penn employed to terrify, cajole, or bribe the collegians into submission? There is not even a shadow of authority for this most uncharitable assertion. Penn was alarmed at the quarrel, fearing it might be lost, through the combined obstinacy of the King and Fellows, to a loss of the College Charter, and a transfer of its immense revenues to the Papists;—and he interposed his good offices to heal the wound. Instead of looking on him as a person "employed" to terrify, cajole, or bribe them into submission, we have the evidence of Dr. Bailey, one of the inculpated Fellows, and that of Thomas Creech, a student, that the collegians regarded him as a friend and mediator in their behalf.—4. Did he "do his best to seduce the college from the path of right?" Mr. Macaulay's knowledge of the proceeding appears to be derived from "Wilmore's Life of Hough"—though he does not quote it—and from the "State Trials." To these sources of information must be added the MS. letters of Dr. Sykes and Mr. Creech, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and the MS. papers of George Hunt, now in the possession of the President of Magdalen College. Hunt was one of the Fellows, and was present at the interview with Penn; Sykes and Mr. Creech were both of them well informed as to all the incidents which occurred; yet so far is either

he, or are they, from saying that he attempted to "seduce them from the path of right," that they agree exactly in the emphatic and conclusive statement, that, after hearing their reasons, he agreed with them that they were justified in their resistance. He even went further, he became their champion. In their presence he wrote a manly English letter to his sovereign, in which he told him in very plain terms—that their case was hard; that in their circumstances they could not yield without a breach of their oaths; and that such mandates were a force on conscience, and not agreeable to the Kings' other gracious indulgences." How singularly unfortunate is Mr. Macaulay in his authorities! "Penn," he says, "exhorted the Fellows not to rely on the goodness of their cause, but to submit, or at least to temporize." I defy Mr. Macaulay to give any trustworthy authority for this machivellian council. He wisely abstains from quoting his authority; but the curious reader will find it in the twelfth volume of the "State Trials," in the shape of an anonymous letter which was addressed by some unknown person, during the heat of the dispute, to Dr. Bailey, one of the Fellows. Bailey, from the charitable purposes of the letter, thought it might have come from Penn; and to ascertain the fact, wrote a reply to Penn without signing his name, saying, that if he were his anonymous correspondent, he would know how to address his answer. Of course no reply came. No man conversant with Penn's habit of writing could for an instant mistake it for his; it commences, "Sir," and the second person plural is used throughout. Nor is this all the evidence against its being written by Penn. The contemporary account of these proceedings has written, in Hunt's hand, on the margin of this letter, the words—"This letter Mr. Penn disowned."—Yet it is on the assumption that Penn actually wrote this thrice-proven spurious epistle, that Mr. Macaulay has built his most serious accusation! Let me say, to the credit of Macintosh, that he makes no charge against Penn in this Oxford business. Here Mr. Macaulay is perfectly original.—5. Did Penn deal "in simony of a particularly discreditable kind, and use a bishopric as a bait to tempt a divine to perjury?" Mr. Macaulay continues to represent him as employed by the court; and having, as he says, failed in his attempt to terrify the collegians into obedience, he "then tried a gentler tone. He had an interview with Hough, and with some of the Fellows, and after many professions of sympathy and friendship, began to hint at a compromise. . . . How should you like," said Penn, "to see Dr. Hough Bishop of Oxford?" Hereupon follows the indignation about simony and perjury.

Now let us see what is really known about this interview. Dr. Hough, its chief subject, wrote on the evening of the day on which it took place a letter to his cousin, in which he recited the principal heads of the discourse, and this account, from one too deeply interested to be impartial, and too much excited to remember anything but what especially concerned his own prospects and position, is unfortunately the only existing authority. Hunt was not present at this interview, and no account of it is preserved in the Magdalen College MSS. Holden's MS. letters in the same library commence posterior to the affair of Penn; and Baron Jenner's MS. account of the Visitation is not to be found. But let us take the authority we have, imperfect though it be, and see what matter can be drawn from it in support of the accusation. What says Hough? In the outset, instead of Penn being "employed," as Mr. Macaulay continues to misrepresent him, to solicit the Fellows, it appears that the Fellows had sent a deputation to him, consisting of Hough and the principal members of the college. Their conversation lasted three hours; Mr. Macaulay's version of it is in exact in all its essential particulars. "He then tried a gentler tone." The historian does not seem to know that two interviews took place, one at Oxford, the other at Windsor, with six weeks of an interval; there is no evidence except the spurious letter, that he ever used other than a gentle tone. He began to hint at a compromise; the words of Hough are—"I thank God he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation." How reconcile such statements! Now let us hear what Hough says of the simony and perjury. Penn, who, according to Swift, "spoke agreeably and with spirit," was always more or less facetious in conversation. Like his father, he was found of a joke, and had that delight in drollery which belongs to the highest natures. In this very conversation we see how he made his rhetoric dance.—"Christ Church is a noble structure, University is a pleasant place, and Magdalen is a comely building." Hough, though not the most quick-witted of men, saw that he "had a mind to drop upon us." Stolid and heavy, Hough no doubt reported the conversation honestly, so far as he could remember and understand it. To quote his words, "Once he said, smiling, If the Bishop of Oxford die, Dr. Hough may be made Bishop. What think you of that, gentlemen?" Cradock, one of the Fellows present, took up the tone of pleasantry, and replied, "they should be heartily glad of it—for it would do very well with the presidency." Does any one doubt that this was a mere pleasantry? Observe, Penn had no commission to treat with the Fellows,—that he met them at their own request, to consider how

he could serve their interests. That Cradock thought it a joke is evident from his remark.—Had the suggestion of the bishopric been in earnest, it must have been offered on condition of Hough giving up the presidency of his college—that being the point at issue. In such a case, to talk of the combination of the two offices would have been insulting and absurd.—Even Hough himself, the least jealous of men, understood this remark as a mere pleasantry, for he instantly adds,—"But, I told him, seriously, I had no ambition." And yet this innocent mirth, accepted and understood as such, by all the parties concerned, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, is revived and tortured into ground for one of the foulest accusations ever brought against an historical reputation! Is this English History?

[From the London Christian Times.]

## Persecution of Protestants.

The noble army of martyrs is not yet complete; they are still passing into the realms of glory. There they rest, while candidates for the same honor are here waiting for deliverance. The choir of St. Peter's enchants our sentimental travellers with its grand antiphonal—  
To martyrdom candidatus laudat exercitus:  
Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitemur ecclesia.  
The unflinching confession of the persecuted responds to the anthem of the martyrs—waiting from the dungeons answer bitterly to the litanies of the streets. Yet the depths of those dungeons none can fathom, nor can any human eye search into their horrors. Now and then, the cry of some desperate victim faintly escapes, but no sooner strikes the ear than it is hushed again, or it is drowned by drums of Tophet, lest the sympathy of the civilized world should be awakened if the moans were heard again. Even so, there is reason to fear, it will happen to poor John Evangelist Borzinsky, now immured at Prague; and to his brother Ubaldo, also incarcerated in Goritz. To these two names that of an older sufferer is added, Joachim Zezule, priest of the Order of Augustine, advancing towards threescore years of age. Borzinsky and Zezule—the former for about two months, and the latter for twenty years—have been shut up with the monks of the Monks of Meroy, whose very scientific discipline, it seems, ordinarily drives mankind to madness, or condemns them to languish in the dens of maniacs until themselves bereft of reason. Zezule, however, although reputed mad—because he would have been, if a very sturdy nature, of special defence of Providence, had not resisted the influences of the place—actually lives to tell his own tale, and startle Christendom by a disclosure of barbarities that commonly pass for fabulous. The Austrian imprisonments have the peculiar character of atrocity that they are in direct violation of the law of Austria.—That law permits any man to declare himself a Protestant, and being disposed to make such a declaration, instructs him what formalities to employ, and offer him protection in the exercise of religious liberty. But law is not law in Austria, as any one may see; and whoever poses for an instant to peruse the details of these persecutions, will be confirmed in a persuasion that it is not the intention of the Jesuits dominant over Austria, to grant a title of liberty to those who profess the Evangelical religion. Rather, they resolve to pour mockery and contempt upon us all until we thoroughly deserve it. In Austria, then, there is no justice for any Protestant who attempts to act upon his profession, nor is there even life for an ecclesiastic—perhaps hardly for a layman—of the Roman Church, if he ventures to assume the name. Not that the Brethren of Meroy, or any other such brethren, mean to kill him in open day, for their fashion is to catch the deserter, shut him up in a convent, a mad-house, or a pit, and there leave him to die of grief, or to run mad, always preferring a speedy death to madness for their prisoners, as the cheapest punishment of the two. Accordingly, one of the Prague fraternity did not blush to say to Ubaldo Borzinsky, speaking of his brother John Evangelist, "We will rather treat him so, that he must sink under it, than that he shall ever come out of the walls of the convent." The advocates of the tender charities of St. Vincent de Paul might have been seasonably requested to describe this Austrian treatment, the other day, when they were recounting their philanthropic labors to their English friends in Hanover-square Rooms. "A Protestant in Austria," Dr. Wiseman might have explained, "is placed by my brethren in these dominions beyond the verge of law even as I place myself beyond it here. As archbishop of Westminster, I laugh at law, so do my reverend brethren in Prague. If a man wishes to turn schismatic, he may say so, and report himself accordingly. If a Lutheran priest even in old Hussite Bohemia can dare to accept this proselyte, he may, but he will be sure to smart for it. Therefore their usual method is to slip away to Prussia, and there get privately admitted into the Lutheran sect. Some are wise enough never to venture back again; but others, foolishly trusting in the law, do go back to their country, and then my brethren, the worthy inquisitors of heretic pravity, catch them as quickly as convenient, and put them in prison. When the apostates are once lodged there, it is all over with them. Whips, kicks, short rations, solitary confinement,

and all those various contrivances which we know how to employ without incurring irregularity by breaking the skin, are brought to bear upon the culprit. Sooner or later we break his heart. Here and there a sturdy heretic may seem to baffle us, but no such thing; we send him to one of our mad-houses, to a department of an Austrian monastery that is not often vacant. Our holy Church, who adapts her agencies to time and place with exquisite precision, commissions Brothers of Mercy in Prague to turn the brain or break the heart of heretics. In England she employs Sisters of Charity and Brothers of St. Vincent to melt them down. Please remember the plates."

Nothing that we know needs prevent the "Archbishop of Westminster" from enlightening a West-end auditor, inasmuch as it now appears to be commonly understood that the heresy of Craumer is to be put down by fair means or foul. Our Queen had a treaty with Portugal confirming to us right of worship in that little nook of Europe, and promising protection in its exercise, but we have seen it quietly set aside, with scarcely a breath of remonstrance by the public, and without a word of protest from the Crown. The French Emperor promised our Brethren of Montauban favor, and assured the Protestants of France in general that they need not fear persecution in their reign; but at this moment, not a few of their congregations are dispersed, their churches shut up, and they, panic-struck, dare not complain for themselves, and are trembling lest others utter the least complaint for them. From Turkey, where we understood great things had been done for our Protestant brethren, converts from the Greek or Armenian churches, our correspondent writes that, after all, "native Protestants in several parts of the empire are deprived of their rights and maltreated, even by the Turkish officials themselves, notwithstanding the firman issued by the Sultan on their behalf; and when appeals are made by them to the Porte for redress, nothing effectual is done." It looks as if there were an understanding between the Porte and the Paschalies that the famous firmans given for Protestants, ten years ago, shall be treated with common contempt now that Protestantism spreads. Consequently, matters in Turkey are growing worse and worse every day, and there is reason to fear that the promises of the Sultan to England will soon vanish like "the early cloud and the morning dew."

The case of poor Cucchetti belongs to another class, indeed. No treaty, that we know of, can be pleaded on his behalf. He must be left to perish. He may starve or be driven mad, but the people of England, who were so earnest about the Madia, scarcely give his case any serious concern. He was not known in London as a courier, nor his wife as a lady's maid. There is, therefore, no link strong enough to bind poor Cucchetti to the heart of England! Gomez, too, has not yet been caged or thrown into a cell at Lisbon, but he is a prisoner at large, to be pounced upon the moment that he presumes to deliver a "prelection" on Christianity with open doors. No matter, our Government has long made up its mind to leave people to their fate; and we think we hear a Foreign Secretary say, that "if people have a calling to be apostles, they must be content to be made martyrs."

Protestants in this country are weary of putting their trust in princes' and find that partial and more defensive measures, however valuable in the conduct of the campaign, will never win a battle, much less make us respectable in the sight of the enemy. If our brethren could be suffered to die openly, and if the ashes of martyrdom were again visibly scattered over the church, our contest would be sublime and holy, but now it is really ignominious. Not the mob, nor the stake, nor even confiscation and banishment by Popish governments, are now the means employed for crushing Christianity. The whole mass of European and Colonial Protestantism is weighed down by the apathy of some and by the perfidy of others. We hope for good faith from allies, but outrage awaits us at Lisbon, disappointment at Paris, shame at Constantinople, and scorn almost everywhere else. We ask diplomatists for protection; they are silent; we think of Lord Howden as a model minister, restoring deserted churches in Spain, as one on whom a Protestant would have to rely in an emergency. But surely a remedy remains, that we may resort to, after prayer.—The Protestants of the world should now make common cause, and as the Americans have been forced into one kind of combination to protect themselves from aliens, the Protestants of every land should now combine to pursue the common object by right means, in defence from all enemies, *intramuros et extra*. The thought is not new. It has long been slumbering in many minds; and possibly the Protestant Alliance, of all Protestant unions the most catholic and the most efficient, might awaken it into action; and organize a calm, but honest, firm, and unwavering union of Protestants throughout the world.

GETTING DESPERATE.—"Do you love me, Simon? Do I love you—ax the sun if it loves the flowers—ax a cold kitten if she loves a warm brick! Love you—show me the man that says I don't and I'll cave his head in with a cistern pole!"

## A Sad Scene.

The following sketch is taken from the correspondence of the Boston Journal. No reflections of ours can add to its beauty and pathos, or deepen the force of its simple eloquence. The writer says:—

As painful a scene met my view in the cars from Philadelphia to New York, as I had ever seen in my journeys. A lady and her husband came into the cars at the former place, and were seated near us—very respectable in appearance, and the lady, in particular, uncommonly interesting. After a little while I noticed a strange manner in the gentleman, which seemed to indicate he was not in favor of the Maine Liquor Law. At every place the cars stopped he evidently replenished the vacuum in his throat by a new drink, until he could not sit without help in his seat. He then rose hastily and went and opened the car door, and seated himself in it, with his feet hanging outside. His wife was much distressed, and tried to prevail upon him to come in, and he gave her a push which almost sent her to the floor. Two gentlemen rose, and with the aid of the conductor, he was helped in and placed in a reclining position on one of the seats beneath a window. He soon apparently fell asleep—and it was enough to break one's heart to see the attention that that devoted wife lavished upon a senseless husband. She covered him up with her shawl, to keep the dust from making him uncomfortable; if his hands fell in an unpleasant position, she gently replaced them; and perhaps bedewed them with a tear.

Before arriving in New York she seemed anxious to have him waked, and asked one of the gentlemen to "please wake him as it was a strange city, and she did not know what to do." Two or three roused him a little, and then she went to him with a sweet smile, and said—"We have got almost to New York, and I am glad, you are so tired," and he struck her in the face! She had the sympathy of all in the car, I know; for there was many a moist eye among the ladies, and many a bitter look on manhood's cheek. Arrived in New York, he would not leave the cars till he was ordered off by the Conductor, and her attentions, in crossing the ferry were assiduous as ever, and met with pushes and blows from her brutal husband. The last I saw of her was in the station house on the New York side begging him to go and see to their baggage, and he answered her that she was a fool—to mind her own business, &c. My travelling companion remarked—"That is wondrous love, and when he speaks kindly to her again, she will forget it all."

[From the Boston Journal.]

## Sir Isaac Newton a Lover.

It appears from Sir David Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton, just published, that the great philosopher, at the ripe age of sixty, made proposals of marriage to a widow. The lady was the widow of Sir William Norris, who died in 1702. The following is Newton's philosophical way of popping the question:—"Madam—Your ladyship's grief at the loss of Sir William shows that if he had returned safe home, your ladyship would have been glad to have lived still with a husband, and therefore, your aversion at present for marrying again can proceed from nothing else than the memory of him whom you have lost. To be always thinking on the dead is to live a melancholy life among sepulchres, and how much grief is an enemy to your health is manifest by the sickness it brought when you received the first news of your widowhood. And can your ladyship resolve to spend the rest of your days in grief and sickness? Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually—a habit which is less acceptable to company—a habit which will be always putting you in mind of your lost husband, and thereby promote your grief and indisposition till you leave it off. The proper remedy for all these mischiefs is a new husband, and whether your ladyship should admit of a proper remedy for such mischiefs, is a question which I hope will not need much time to consider of. Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of the widow, or flourish once more among the ladies; whether you should spend the rest of your days cheerfully or in sadness, in health or sickness, are questions which need not much consideration to decide them. Besides that your ladyship will be better able to live according to your quality by the assistance of a husband, than upon your own estate alone; and therefore, since your ladyship likes the person proposed, I doubt not but that in a little time to have notice of your ladyship's inclination to marry,—at least that you will give him leave to discourse with you about it. I am, Madam, your ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant."

[From the Boston Journal.]

## Lighting the Lamp in Heaven.

I send you, says a correspondent of the Knicker, the following little incident for your "Table." It struck me as one of the most unique explanations of electrical phenomena I had ever heard of. A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window one evening during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:—"Oh, I know what makes the lightning: it's God lighting his lamps, and throwing the matches down here!"