

Carlisle Herald.

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CARLISLE, FEBRUARY 28, 1849.

NUM XXVI

VOLUME XLIX.

Cards.

Doctor Ad. Lippe,
HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office
in Main street, in the house formerly occu-
pied by Dr. F. Ehrman. ap 9 '48

Dr. J. C. Loomis,
WILL perform all
operations upon the
teeth that are requir-
ed for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing,
Plugging, &c., or will restore the loss of them,
by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth
to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few
doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is ab-
sent the last ten days of every month.

Dr. John J. Myers,
HAS REMOVED his Office and dwel-
ling to the house adjoining his Drug Store
on West High street.

Dr. Geo. Willis Foulke,
GRADUATE of the Jefferson Medical
College of Philadelphia, respectfully offers
his professional services in the practice of Medi-
cine, Surgery and Midwifery.
OFFICE at the residence of his father in S.
Hanover street, directly opposite to the Hotel
of the 2d Presbyterian church. ap 7 '47

Dr. W. L. Greigh,
(Successor of Dr. John Greigh, deceased.)
WILL attend all Medical calls in town or
country, by DAY or NIGHT, and will give
every attention to patients entrusted to his care.
OFFICE on East High street, opposite Ogil-
by's store. nov23-6m

J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D.
GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College,
respectfully offers his services to the pub-
lic. Dr. Rawlins having had eight years expe-
rience in the practice of his profession in Mary-
land and Pennsylvania, flatters himself that he
can give general satisfaction to those requiring
his aid. Office in Pitt street opposite the
Union Hotel and first door south of the
Methodist church. February 7th, 1849.

Wm. T. Brown,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice
in the several Courts of Cumberland county.
Office in Main street, nearly opposite the
county jail. Carlisle. Feb 9

James R. Smith,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with
S. D. Adair, Esq., in Graham's new build-
ing, opposite the Post Office. mar 31 '47

Carson C. Moore,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in
the room lately occupied by Dr. Fester,
opposite.

A. S. SEARF
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice
in the several Courts of Cumberland county.
Until April next may be consulted at the
office of F. W. Adair, Esq., in Valley
Carriage, Dec. 11th, 1848.—f

EDWARD CLARKSON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 80 1/2 Wal-
nut Street, Philadelphia.
Orders may be sent by mail.
Dec. 30 1848.—6m

Conveyancing,
DEEDS, BONDS, Mortgages, Agreements
and other instruments of writing neatly and
accurately drawn by the subscriber, who may be
found at the office of the Carlisle Bank.
dec20-1f A. HENDEL.

Plainfield Classical Academy,
(FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.)
FIFTH SESSION.
THE Fifth Session opens on MON-
DAY, Nov. 6th, 1848. The number of stu-
dents is limited, and they are carefully prepared
for College, country or business. Each
The situation precludes the possibility of stu-
dents associating with the vicious or depraved,
being remote from town or village, though easily
accessible by Stage, Boat or Canal and Valley
Railroad, both of which pass through land-
marked to the institution.

TERMS.
Boarding, washing, tuition, &c., (per ses.) \$50 00
Latin or Greek 5 00
Instrumental Music 10 00
French or German 5 00
Circulars with references, &c., furnished by
Oct. 11. R. K. MURN, Principal.

WRIGHT & SEXTON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOR-
EIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE.
Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nails
&c., &c. would invite the attention of persons want-
ing goods in their line, to our extensive assort-
ment they have just opened, and which they offer at
the very lowest cash prices. feb23.

John P. Lyons,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in
Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints,
Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c., at the old stand in N.
Hanover street, Carlisle, has just received from
New York and Philadelphia a large addition to
his former stock, to which the attention of buy-
ers is requested, as he is determined to sell
over than any other house in town. apr19

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.
THIS popular house has recently undergone
a thorough renovation, and is now furnished
with every new fixture of the best quality.
Members of the Legislature and others, visiting
the Seat of Government, will find it a very de-
sirable stopping place.
Charges moderate.
Wm. T. SANDERS, Agent.
Harrisburg, July 25, 1848.

New Lumber Yard.
THE subscriber has opened a new Lumber
Yard at the corner of West street and High
street, where he now has and will keep constantly
on hand a first-rate assortment of seasoned PINE
BOARDS and PLANK, and other kinds of
STUFF, all of which he will sell low for cash.
He respectfully solicits the public patronage.
mar 29-3y WM. H. HARN.

Dyeing and Stouring
WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louth Street,
near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentle-
men's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work
of satisfactory quality. Orders in his line respectfully
olicted. feb 24-6m

Rags Wanted.
THE highest price will be paid for clean or dirty
paper by the subscriber for good RAGS. The
rags may be delivered at the Faber Mill five
miles from Carlisle, or at the Warehouse of Mr.
Jacob Whelan, in Carlisle, in his line respectfully
olicted. feb 24-6m W. B. MULLEN.

Watts, Barlow,
Callases, for sale at the Warehouse of
J. D. BROWN, in
Dec. 18-1f

SENTINEL'S Marine and Cotton Shirts
Just received and for sale by
J. D. BROWN, in
Dec. 18-1f

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Dec. 18-1f

Poetry.

From the Providence Journal.
LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.
Love never sleeps! The mother's eye
Bend's o'er her dying infant's bed;
And she marks the moments fly,
When death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed she sits and weeps,
With beating heart: Love never sleeps.

Yet 'on that and fragile form,
Forgets the tumult of her breast,
Despite the horrors of the storm,
Or sudden nature sinks to rest.
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch: Love never sleeps.

Around—above—the Angel hands
Rings o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
They raise the sick to hope again.
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storm of Time! Love never sleeps.

Around—beneath—and over all,
O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
A higher bond of the slightest call
Is answered and relief is given,
In hours of woe, when sorrow seizes
The heart in pain: He never sleeps!

O God of Love, our eyes to Thee,
Tired of the world's false radiance turn;
And we feel Thy purity,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears;
Convinced that in the lowest depth
Of human ill, Love never sleeps.

Miscellaneous.

LAUGHABLE STORY OF A POT.

A Lanarkshire minister, who died within
the present century, was one of those un-
happy persons, who, to use the words of a
well known Scottish adage, "can never see
green chess but their own reels." He was
extremely covetous, and that not only of nice
articles of food, but of many other things
which do not generally excite the cupidity
of the human heart. Being on a visit one
day at the house of one of his parishioners,
a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland
part of the parish, he became fascinated with
the charms of a little cast iron pot, which
happened at the time to be lying on the
hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's
dinner, and that of her children. He had
never in his life seen such a nice little pot—
it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was
gem—not a pot on earth could match it in sym-
metry—it was an object altogether perfectly
lovely. "Dear sakes, minister," said the
widow, quite overpowered by the reverend
man's commendations of her pot: "if ye
like the pot see weel as a' that, I beg ye'll
let me send it to manse. It's a bigger o' ous
(superfluous) pot w' us; for we've a kind o'
that; we use for ordinar, and that's mair
convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just
tak a present o' it. I'll send it over the morn'
w' Jamie, when he gangs to schule."

"Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means
permit you to be at so much trouble. Since
you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll
just carry it home with me in my hand—
I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I
will really prefer carrying it myself!"
After much altercation between the minister
and widow on this delicate point of politeness,
it was agreed that he should carry home
the pot himself.

"Oh, then he trudged, bearing his curious
little ordinary article, alternately in his hand
and under his arm. Unfortunately, the day
was warm, the way long, and the minister
fat; so that he became heavily tired of his
burthen; before he got half way home. Un-
der those distressing circumstances, it struck
him; that if, instead of carrying the pot awk-
wardly at one side of his person, he would
carry it on his head, the burden would be
greatly lightened; the principles of natural
philosophy, which he had learned at college,
informing him; that when a load presses di-
rectly and immediately upon any object, it
is far less onerous than when it hangs at a re-
mote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing
his hat, which he resolved to carry home in
his hand, and having applied his handker-
chief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in-
verted fashion, upon his head, where, as the
result may suppose, it figured much like
Mambrino's helmet, upon upon the crown
of his head. He was, however, a great deal
more magnificent in shape and dimensions.
There was, at first, much relief and com-
fort in the new mode of carrying the pot; but
mark the result. The unfortunate minister
having taken a path, to escape observa-
tion, found himself, when still a good way
from his home, under the necessity of leaping
over a ditch, which interrupted his path, in-
stead of from field to field. He jumped, but
surely he jumped, was arrested completely.
He taken the pot at least into the ditch as this.
The conclusion given to his person in falling

caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot
slipped down over his face, and resting with
the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; en-
closing his whole head as completely as ever
that of a new born child was enclosed by
the filmy bag, with which nature, as an in-
dication of future good fortune, sometimes
invests the noddies of her favorite offspring.
What was worst of all, the nose, which had
permitted the pot to slip down over it, with-
stood every desperate attempt, on the part
of its proprietor, to make it slip back again;
the contracted part, or neck of the pot, be-
ing of such a peculiar formation as to cling
fast to the base of the nose, although it had
no difficulty in gliding along its hyponchaeus.
Was ever minister in a worse plight! Was
there ever contempts so unlucky? Did any
of our men—did ever any minister, so effec-
tually hook-wink himself, or so thoroughly
shut his eyes to the plain light of nature?
What was to be done? The place was lonely;
by the way difficult and dangerous; human
aid was remote, almost beyond reach. It
was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a
cry could be uttered, it might reach in deaf-
ening reverberations, the ear of the utterer,
but it would not go ten inches farther in any
direction. To add to the distresses of the
case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great
difficulty in breathing. What with the heat
occasioned by the beating of the sun on the
metal, and what with the frequent return of
the same heated air to his lungs, he was in
the utmost danger of suffocation. Every-
thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he
did not chance to be relieved by some ac-
cidental wayfarer, there would soon be death
in the pot.

The instinctive love of life, however, is
omni-prevalent; and even very stupid peo-
ple have been found, when put to the push
by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a
degree of presence of mind, and exert a de-
gree of energy, far above what might have
been expected from them, or what they
were ever known to exhibit or exert under
ordinary circumstances. So it was with the
pot-ensnared minister. Pressed by the ur-
gency of his distresses, he fortunately re-
collected that there was a smith's shop at
the distance of about a mile across the fields,
where if he could reach it before the period
of suffocation, he might possibly find relief.
Deduce of his eyesight, he acted only as a
man of feeling, and went on as cautiously
as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half
crawling, half slipping, over ridge and furrow
ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floun-
dering over chaos, the unhappy minister
travelled with all possible speed, as nearly
as he could guess, in the direction of the
place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to
conceive the surprise, the infinite amuse-
ment of the smith, and all the hangers on
of the smithy, when, in long, torn and worn,
faint and exhausted, blind and breathless,
the unfortunate man arrived at the place and
let them know (rather by signs than by
words) the circumstances of his case. In the
words of an old Scottish song,

"Out cam the gude man, and high he shouted;
"O' cam the gude wife, and low she louted;
"And o' the town neighbors were gathered about it;
"And there was he i' trow."

The merit of the company however,
soon gave way to considerations of human-
ity. Lendacious as was the minister, with
such an object where his head should have
been, and with the feet of the pot pointing
upwards, like the horns of the great enemy,
it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should
be speedily restored to his ordinary condi-
tion, if it were for no other reason than that
he might continue to live. He was, accord-
ingly, at his own request, led into the smithy,
multitudes flocking round to tender him
their kindest offices; or to witness the pro-
cess of release; and having laid down his
head upon the anvil, the smith took no time
in seizing and pointing his goodly foreham-
mer. "Will I come sair on, minister?"
exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in
at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like,"
was the minister's answer; "better a chap
lie o' the chair than lie for want of breath!"
Thus permitted the man let fall a blow,
which fortunately broke the pot in pieces,
without hurting the head which it enclosed,
as the cook-maids break the head of the
lobster without breaking the delicate food
within. A few minutes of the clear air,
and a glass from the gudewife's bottle re-
stored the unfortunate man of prayer; but
sadly, the incident is one which will long
live in the memory of the parishioners of
G.

I WANT TO GO HOME!
BY RICHARD COE, JR.
"I want to go home!" said a weary child
That lost its way in straying,
Ye may try in vain to calm its fears,
Or wipe from its eyes the blinding tears,
It looks in your face still saying
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" said a fair young bride
In anguish of spirit weeping,
Her chosen path broken the silver cord—
Hath spoken a harsh and cruel word—
And she, now, slams it saying
"I want to go home!"

"I want to go home!" said the weary soul
Ever earnest thus 'tis praying,
It weeps a tear—heaven a sigh—
And upward gleams with streaming eye
To its promised rest, still saying
"I want to go home!"

THE SECRET.

BY JAMES OSBORN, QUAY.
In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lying,
It tossed and it tumbled—'twas long to get out;
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and sighing,
But honor looked stern on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the Teeth, (so enchantingly white),
Should the captive attempt an escape, to save it
By giving the lips an admonishing bite!

"Was said, and 'twas settled, Sir Honor departed;
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dare not rebel,
When, right to its lip, Secret suddenly started,
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell:
Quoth the Teeth in a peep, "we'll be even for that!"
And they bit very hard, both above and beneath,
But the lips at that moment were filled with a fire,
And they popped out the Secret, in spite of their teeth!"

SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

A party were sitting over their wine and
desert. One peach and only one remains
upon the table: It is very rich, very ripe,
very luscious, very tempting. Everybody
has eyed it, and nobody has taken it. Every-
body has offered it to his neighbor, and
everybody's neighbor has politely declined it.
There appears to be something so greedy in
taking the last morsel on the table. Every-
body appears careless about that which
everybody is interested. Everybody is greedy
but nobody will own it. The peach is the
cause of all the white lies, the petty en-
vy, the paltry covetousness, which even
that respectable party—for they were all
respectable—and not one of them cared a
pin's head about a peach in the abstract—
could not help giving up a little corner of
their breasts to it as a passing place of shel-
ter.

Suddenly the lamp went out; and as the
room was left in darkness, six hands simulta-
neously stretched out encircled each other
in the dish; the whole party with one
united effort strove to appropriate the peach.
When the lamp was re-lighted they were
ashamed to look each other in the face—
They felt how paltry they were; with what
petty covardice—with what shabby cunning
—with what sneaking selfishness they had
acted. 'Twas only the burning of the lamp
which had kept them decent. They were
all slaves of the lamp.

And are we not all, more or less slaves of
the lamp?
Our neighbor's advantages are our peach-
es. Society and Society's laws ban the re-
fraining habit, and mankind in general are
the envious malcontents who insist that
the fruits while they long for it; whose tongue
refute the morsel, while their teeth are wa-
tering for its ripeness.

So many different men; so many different
peaches. Crime is the ruffian's forbidden
fruit; punishment the lamp which scares
him from it. But, altho, we hope we are
no ruffians, we have all of us our peaches.
The sparkle of a diamond, the texture of a
dress, may it not be a peach, which were the
lamp of conventional usage out, a lady might
not scruple to show she coveted? For mark
we do not speak of those who would actual-
ly snatch their fruit, were laws extinct, or
opportunity convenient, but those who are
ashamed by the conventional virtue; or, per-
haps, the decent hypocrisy, of society, from
preclaiming their longings; or speaking plain
truth in plain words; from saying they would
like to have the peach.

Jack and Gill are rival citizens of credit
and renown.—But Jack is rather more lucky
or more wise than Gill. He is made Lord
Mayor, and rises in his gilded coach, with
the same spoils of pleasure with which
thirty years before he devoured gilded gin-
gerbread. Well, is Gill envious? Not he.
When he says so, the eyes of society gleam
lampwise on him. He curses Jack in his
secret heart. Why? Because there is no
window in his breast, and the outside light
illuminates not the inner man.

Mrs. Thomas Trot, is a young wife, and
she has a young baby. You call, and a jewel
is produced from its cradle like a baby
from its locket. It screams and kicks, like
an obstreperous baby, as it is. You do not
want to be troubled with it. We will be
charitable and suppose you have the head-
ache. You would like to say out, "Con-
found the squalling brat, but you don't; you
murmur in fondling accents, "The delicious
baby." Again you decline the peach. At
length Mrs. Thomas Trot, walks out, baby
and all. Then do you indulge yourself
—stepped goose, thinking her gone away?
Coward! your hand is in the dish, but not
all the light in the person of Mrs. Trot has
left the room.

Alas, we are a terrible world of hypocrites.
The peach is before us, and the light above
us, and we rendered, to bring the homage
we feel not. We are eyes upon each other.
We bind ourselves ever to be of good be-
havior. We are afraid of each other. We
keep up mutual surveillance. Good and bad
results speak, from us. It keeps us out of
trouble, but it creates feigning mischief.

There are many times, when it would be
imply to take the peach out of the plate.
There is a lease as well as a true shame.
The light deludes as well as warns. I may
be a Jack of London, as well as a Pharaoh.
The lady in the play, on do nothing without
inquiring, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
There are plenty of Mrs. Grundys in the
world, and plenty of people who steer their
course precisely by the Grundy compass.
Yet the Grundy needle may not always point
due north.

Such cases are however, perhaps after all,
the exceptions. Society keeps society in order.
Society makes society polite. Society

preserves a decent forbearance in the dis-
posal of the peaches. "Everybody," says
Talleyrand, "is cleverer than anybody."—
Everybody is more mischievous than any-
body; or at least conflicting vices, neutral-
izing each other, extinguish and keep down
all irregularities. Everybody wishes for the
peach as well as anybody, and anybody is
prevented from rudely appropriating it, by
the very hypocrisy of everybody. We
are so many check strings; tugging each other
different ways but prevented by the very
multiplicity of pulling from being hauled as
a body in the wrong direction.

We are prevented in fine, from being
thieves in thought. We are a social, self
supporting constabulary body. Decorum
is the system to be enforced. The world's
peaches must be seen without being appropri-
ated. If they are to be envied it must
be in secret. If expression is to be given to
the envy, it must be when the lamp is out.
We are all "Slaves of the Lamp."

Humorous.

The following conversation took place
the other day between one of our best schol-
ars—a gentleman given a little to shooting—
and an apprentice in a gun-maker's shop,
the Boss being out:

Genl.—Is that air gun of mine mended yet?
Apprentice.—Which of 'em do you mean?
Genl.—I mean that air gun I left here to be
repaired the other day.
Apprentice.—So many are left here to be
repaired, that 'tard to say which is yours—
Can you point it out among them ere
guns in the case? Them's all topaz.

Genl.—I don't see any? Why, you must
be drunk or stupid. Those in the case are
all persuasion guns.
Apprentice.—Wall!
Genl.—Mine was discharged from the
compression of air in the chamber.
Apprentice.—Oh! you mean that ere air
gun in the corner—why didn't you say so at
first?

POETICAL.—In a city well known to every
body, (if they can find out the name), a
poetical genius was hailed up before a mag-
istrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a
dust, and the following dialogue ensued—
Magistrate.—Is your name John Jay?
Priester.—Yes, your honor, so the people
say.

M.—Was it you that kissed the girl and
raised the alarm?
P.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it was
no harm.
M.—You, rascal! did you come here to
make rhymes?
P.—No, your honor, but it will happen
sometimes.

M.—Be off, you scamp; get out of my
sight.
P.—Thank's, your honor, then I'll bid you
good night.—N. Y. Union.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BEECHER.—REV. Dr.
Lyman Beecher, as he was going one
night, carrying a volume of an encyclopedia
under his arm, he saw a small animal stand-
ing in his path. The doctor knew it was a
skunk, but very imprudently he took the
book at him. Whereupon the skunk, opened his
battery with a return fire so well directed
that the doctor was glad to retreat. When
he arrived home his friends could scarcely
come near him. His clothes were so in-
fected that he was obliged to bury them. Some
time after this, one of Dr. Beecher's enemies
published a pamphlet speaking very abur-
sively of him. "Why don't you publish a
book, and put him down at once?" said one
of his advisers. "I have learned better,"
said the doctor; "some years ago I issued a
whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I
got the worst of it. I never mean to try the
experiment again."

Pray, Doctor, what is a horoscope?
Why, mortal, you perceive, that when
the nocturnal hour has so far prostrated,
by a superabundant application of the ob-
scure, acridulous, peppery, mustardy
components of a quack'so, pleurotorous
solid, and its venous, and alcoholic ac-
cidents, that an undue expansion of the
stomach integuments ensues, which, in the
course of the compensating influences, sig-
nifies the cerebral functions, confuses the per-
ceptive system, and gives a scope to the
horors of the night.

We heard recently a good story of an
fishman who had never seen any of the
birds of America.
"The fish leaped forth," said he, "that I
ever saw when I came to America, was a
loquacious (pooping). I tried him under a
haystack, and shot him with a barn-hovel."
The first time I shot him I missed him; the
second time I shot him I bit him in the same
place where I missed him before.

Aunt Beaufort's story of one of her
neighbors, when she lived in the country,
was, "I never saw a parley." Why?
she says; "I never happened to get hold
of a half-dollar, he would give it such a
square, that the poor eagle would swoop
right and left, and he would not see it."

Altho the drunkard's daughter had proved
herself a good girl, she was not a good
wife. The home of the reformed man, her
father, was indeed a happy one. Paddy
showed his head and heels, and by
behaving from the face of his wife and child-
ren—where once should misery alone
be feared. The pledge had saved him
from his degradation, and restored him once
more to peace and happiness.

History.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PENN.

The Quakers had a powerful and zealous
advocate at court. Though, as a class, they
mixed little with the world, and shunned
politics, as a pursuit dangerous to their spir-
itual interests, one of them widely distin-
guished from the rest by station, and fortune
lived in the highest circles, and had constant
access to the royal ear. This was the cele-
brated William Penn. His father had held
great naval commands, had been a commis-
sioner of the Admiralty, had sat in Parliam-
ent, had received the honor of knighthood
and had been encouraged to expect a peer-
age. The son had been liberally educated,
and had been designed for the profession of
arms, but had, while still young, injured his
prospects and disgusted his friends by join-
ing what was generally considered as a gang
of crazy heretics. He had been sent some-
times to the Tower, and sometimes to New-
gate. He had been tried at the Old Bailey
for preaching in defiance of the law. After
a time, however, he had been reconciled to
his family, and had succeeded in obtaining
such powerful protection, that while all the
jails of England were filled with his broth-
ers, he was permitted, during many years,
to profess his opinions without molestation.
Towards the close of the late reign he had
obtained, in satisfaction of an old debt due
to him from the crown, the grant of an im-
mense region in North America. In this
tract, then peopled only by Indian hunters,
he invited his persecuted friends to settle—
His colony was still in its infancy when
James mounted the throne.

Between James and Penn there had long
been a familiar acquaintance. The Quaker
had now become a courtier, and almost a
favorite. He was every day summoned
from the gallery into the closet, and some-
times had long audiences while peers were
kept waiting in the ante-chambers. It was
noted about that he had more real power to
help and hurt than many nobles who filled
high offices. He was soon surrounded by
the flatterers and supplicants. His house at
Kenington was sometimes thronged, at his
hour of rising; by more than two hundred
suits. He paid dear, however, for this
seeming prosperity. Even his own sect
looked coldly on him, and required his ser-
vices with obliquity. He was loudly accused
of being a papist, nay, a Jesuit. Some affir-
med that he had been educated at St. Omer's
and others that he had been ordained at
Rome. These calumnies, indeed, could find
credit only with the undiscerning multitude;
but with these calumnies, were mingled ac-
cusations much better founded.

To speak the whole truth concerning
Penn is a task which requires some courage,
for he is rather a mythical than a historical
person. Rival nations and hostile sects have
agreed in canonizing him. England is proud
of his name. A great commonwealth be-
yond the Atlantic regards him with a rever-
ence similar to that which the Athenians felt
for Theseus, and the Romans for Quirinus.
The respectable society of which he was a
member honors him as an apostle. By
pious men of other persuasions he is gener-
ally regarded as a better pattern of christian
virtue. Meanwhile, admirers of a very dif-
ferent sort have sneered at his praises. The
French philosophers of the eighteenth cen-
tury pardoned what they regarded as his su-
perstitious fancies in consideration of his
contempt for priest, and of his cosmopolitan
benevolence, impartially extended to all
creeds. His name has thus become through-
out all civilized countries, a synonym for
probity and philanthropy.

No man of high reputation altogether un-
merited. Penn was without a doubt a man
of eminent virtues. He had a strong sense
of religious duty and fervent desire to pro-
mote the happiness of mankind. On one or
two points of high importance he had no-
tions more correct than were, in his day,
common even among men of enlarged
mind; and, as the proprietor and legislator
of a province which, being almost uninhab-
ited, when it came into his possession, afford-
ed a clear field for moral experiments, he
had the rare good fortune of being able to
carry his theories into practice without any
compromise, and yet without any shock to
existing institutions. He will always be
mentioned with honor as a founder of a col-
ony, who did not, in his dealings with a
savage people, abuse the strength derived
from civilization, and as a law-giver who,
in an age of persecution, made religious lib-
erty. But his writings and his life furnish
abundant proofs that he was not a man of
strangest ideas. He had no skill in reading
the character of others. His confidence in his
own less virtuous than himself, led him into
great errors and misfortunes. His enthusi-
asm for one great principle sometimes im-
pelled him to violate other great principles
which he ought to have held sacred. Nor
was integrity altogether proof against the
temptations to which he was exposed in that
splendid and polite, but deeply corrupted
society, with which he now mingled. The
whole court was in ferment with intrigues of
galantry and intrigues of ambition: The
trials in honor, places, and pardon, was
incessant. It was natural that a man who
was daily seen at the palace, and who was
known to have free access to Majesty, should
be frequently impelled to use his influ-
ence for purposes which would mortally
wound the integrity of the monarch.

The integrity of Penn had good things
against obloquy and persecution; but now,
attacked by royal smiles, by female blan-
dishments, by the unassuming elegance and
delicate flattery of veteran diplomats and
courtiers, his resolution began to give way.
Titles and phrases, against which he had
often borne his phisique, dropped occasion-
ally from his lips. It would be well if he
had been guilty of nothing worse than such
compliances with the fashions of the world.
Unhappily it cannot be concealed that he
bore a chief part in some transactions con-
demned, not merely by the rigid code of the
society to which he belonged, but by the
general sense of all honest men. He after-
wards solemnly protested that his hands
were pure from ill-gain, and that he had
never received any gratuity from those
whom he had obliged, though he might ac-
cuse, while his influence at court lasted, have
made a hundred, and twenty thousand
pounds. To this assertion full credit is due.
But bribes may be offered to vanity, as well
as to cupidity; and it is impossible to deny
that Penn was caught into bearing a part in
some unjustifiable transactions of which
others enjoyed the profits.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in
front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered
hat was in his hands, and the cool breeze
lifted the matted locks which covered his
noble brow. His countenance was bloated
and disfigured, but in his eye there was an
unwonted look—a mingled expression of
sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listless
to the melancholy voice of his patient
wife as she soothed the sick babe, on her
bosom; or perchance he was gazing on the
sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the
open window she pined her needle to obtain
for her mother and the poor children's sus-
tenance. Poor Mary! for herself she cared
not young as she was, her spirit was crush-
ed by poverty, unkindness and neglect.
As the inebriate thus stood, his eye wan-
dered over the miserable habitation before
him. The windows, yere broken and the
doors hingeless, scarce a vestige of comfort
remained. Yet memory bore him back to
the days of his youth, when it was the abode
of peace and happiness. In infancy he saw
again the old arm chair where sat his father
with the