

"Wounds, your honour, you loves 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 good strong beam, or shall we leave 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 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 dead 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 wait any praying done, we'll call on yonder long-tongued, whining saint," cried Jeffreys, pointing to Hicks, who, with Nelthorpe at his side, and both closely bound together with ropes, and guarded on either side, was now brought forward.

Lest by appearing to recognize the Lady Alice they might increase her danger, the prisoners took no notice of her who for their stakes was now in such peril, and met her glance as they would that of a stranger. Nelthorpe, indeed, essayed once to speak, for the purpose of acquitting the Lady Alice of all knowledge of himself and complicity, 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 endeavoured to conceal themselves in some of the outbuildings; but vainly—they were soon dragged forth, and knew that from the jaws of the blood-hound 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 and 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 purest and noblest emotions of the heart. But Jeffreys was not to be so 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 support.

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 sought her protection, nor had she asked for what offence they were hunted down. "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 interrupted 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 tell them that if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the court, and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came only to say they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently, and after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of "Guilty!"

This was received with demoniac joy by Jeffreys, 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 moved 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 Charendon 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; though they shut her out from the world—from freedom—from friends—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, illuminated 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, Anno Domini, 1685.

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

YOUNG MEN.

The most anxious moment in the history of a young man, is that moment when he forsakes the parental roof, and goes forth into the wide world to seek a livelihood. The interests of life are crowded into that period. The tears of a mother, the counsels of a father consecrate that eventful moment. Away from old associates and settled in some new home, how apt the former restraints are to be thrown off! The trial of virtue now comes. The test of principle is now applied. If he hold fast his integrity the prayers of his father and mother, rising oft when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings, thick as the manna that fell round the camp of the elect nation, down upon his path. But if he prove faithless, then will memory embitter his life, then will his parents welcome the grave, that they may hide their dishonor in the dust.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsed agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that was in the day of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

THE MISERY OF UNBELIEF.

Let a man go and dwell one week in the house of a man whom he cannot trust. Let him know that he is confined and helpless in the power of that man in whom he has no confidence, and with whom he would not trust his life an hour. Would that be a happy week? Would it not be a week of excruciating agony?

Go then, unbeliever, and dwell eternally in the presence of God, in whom you do not trust. Feel every moment that you are in his hands—see which ever way you turn, the sword of his power confronting you—and yet you have no confidence in him. Would it not be an eternity of woe?

The Universe is God's house—you are in it—you cannot escape; no, not if you plunge the drawn dagger to your heart; for you must live forever in the presence and be grasped in the Almighty power of your Maker. Have you no confidence in him? The thought must make you tremble. Do not wonder then, that the Bible attaches so much importance to FAITH.

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.—*The Vegetable Kingdom.*—Flowers are very warlike in their dispositions, and well provided with pistols.

Trees are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring; most of them are extremely polite and full of bougns.

Grain and seeds are not considered dangerous except when about to shoot.

Some trees are like watch dogs, principally valuable on account of their bark.

A small quantity of bark will make a rope, but it requires a large pile of wood to make a cord.

Although there are no vegetable dandies, yet there are a great many spruce trees.

It is considered to be proper to ax trees before you fell them.

All fruit trees have military propensities. When young they are well trained; they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

Grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy it is cradled; and generally well threshed to render it fit for use.

Trees are found among the small grains only; which is the reason that they alone require sewing.—*Knickerbocker.*

MODE OF BURYING LAWYERS IN OLDEN TIME.—A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expense of a country funeral.

"Why," says Foote, "do you bury your attorneys here?" "Yes, to be sure we do. How else?"

"Oh! we never do that in London."

"No?" said the other. "How do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, open the sash, and in the morning he's entirely off!"

"Indeed!" said the other, in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"That we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

LINES ON A KITTEN.

Here lies, by death smitten,

A helpless young kitten,

To moulder away in the dust;

O, had it lived longer,

It might have been stronger,

And died somewhat older, we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,

Then many a rat would

Have mourned in the desert of woe;

Let the curtain be drawn too,

We hope it has gone to

The land to which other cats go.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

If any young woman waste in trivial amusements the prime seasons for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavours after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.—*Mrs. Chapone.*

MATRIMONY.

No Woman will be likely to dispute with us, when we assert that marriage is her destiny. A man may possibly fill up some sort of an existence without loving; but a woman with nothing to love, cherish, care for and minister to, is an anomaly in the universe, an existence without an object. It is as natural for a woman to have some one to look to for advice and assistance, as to breathe.—Without it no woman was or ever can be happy. It is the want of her nature, and nothing can satisfy her heart with such a void unfilled. Now, with the exception of some occasional irregularities in the relative proportions of the sexes, produced by settlement of new countries, there is no reason why every man should not have a wife, and every woman a husband.

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

To the youthful female we would say, that no individual of either sex can love with the affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless young daughters deceive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave for all their earthly happiness.—He who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself in that very deed unworthy of all your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will find you have exchanged a sympathizing friend, an able and judicious counsellor, and a kind and devoted nurse, for a selfish companion, ever seeking his own accommodations and pleasures; neglecting your health, and deserting you when you are sick. Who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of an undutiful daughter?

WOMAN.

When we see a neat, pretty girl, with free but innocent air—dressed tidily, yet simply—with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect security beneath their silken lashes, how can we help loving her? But when we see a woman whose looks seem to say that she is sojourning somewhere about the region of thirty-nine, dressed off in pink ribbons, mock gold chains, and pinch-beck breast-pins, and mincing her steps as if treading upon eggs, she reminds us of an old piece of furniture scoured up to sell.

A WIFE'S PRAYERS.

Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer of all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and chances of the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and very dear unto him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep from me all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, charitable and loving, patient and contented, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion of the love and service of God forever.

WIVES.

Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person. That modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for an affection of her husband and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

Women, in our opinion, possess a much greater degree of admiration for those who are endowed with talent than men, and take a great delight in bestowing favour and encouragement upon them. In private life how numerous are the instances in which they have fallen passionately in love with men of genius, merely because they were such; and, in spite of the greatest disparity of age, and other discrepancies, have become their wives and lived happily with them.