

withstanding the favorable decision of the ermine, Cuba had now become to the sailors what England became to the regicides of the seventeenth century — quite a warm place of residence, or to speak more plainly, ‘too hot to hold them.’

The regicides had beheaded a king of England, and they had only beheaded a king of the cock-pit; but the Cubans were as likely to avenge the one as the Stuarts had been to avenge the other, and therefore, like the man who was pitched out of a second-story window, they ‘concluded that it was time to leave.’

Not that the tars were really pitched out, however, for although pitch and tar are almost synonymous terms, yet there is a kind of American tar which does not get often pitched about by any body except old ‘Poseidon,’ the chap that carries a trident — an article, by the way, that reminds us either of a cow-stable or our grandmother’s toasting-fork. And to this class our sailors belonged.

Had a due sense of propriety governed their actions, it is probable that we should have now seen them

‘Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away:’

but they had kept quiet a marvellously long time for sailors; so waving their hats above their heads, they gave three tremendous cheers, which fairly shook the building, and then forming in line, marched out, straight through a crowd of men, who had collected at the door, as if for the purpose of impeding their exit, but who, when they found themselves in actual contact with the sturdy tars, concluded to let them strike a ‘bee line’ in any direction they preferred.

The officers soon followed the men, and in a few minutes the yawl was bounding over the water, flying back to the ship like a gull to its nest.

Many a bottle was cracked to the health of the American bird in the cabin of the Ohio that night, and it is supposed that ‘brandy-smashers,’ to a considerable amount, to say nothing of ‘gin cock-tails,’ were consumed in the forecabin at the same time, for the laudable purpose of assisting the sailors to sing the praises of their champion. History, with culpable negligence, has not transmitted to us the future fate of the bird; but if sailors ever die solvent, which is doubtful, or if they ever make wills, which is more so, depend upon it that as ‘Vogelweide, the Minnesinger,’ once did for the birds of Würzburg’s towers, they will leave a considerable sum to be invested in government securities for the maintenance of that gallant old eagle.

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WINTER: AN EXTRACT.

Lo! blighting frost encroaches  
On Autumn’s sad domain,  
And Winter wild approaches,  
To end his feeble reign:  
The birds of passage gather  
And fly across the wave,  
Their guide a Heavenly FATHER,  
Omnipotent to save.

But MAN, with reason gifted,  
Cannot the hour foreknow  
When, Hope’s bright curtain lifted,  
Reveals a waste of woe:  
When clouds send lightning-flashes  
Our idols to consume,  
And dreams, resolved to ashes,  
Are scattered on his tomb. HOMER.

## Lays of Quakerdom.

JAMES PARNELL,

THE QUAKER PROTO-MARTYR.

[JAMES PARNELL was born in Nottingham, England, of humble parents, but he possessed good abilities and a liberal education.

When GEORGE FOX was imprisoned in Carlisle, in 1653,\* PARNELL, then in his seventeenth year, was among those who visited the great Quaker in prison, and the result was the conversion of the young visitor to the faith of the Quakers, of which he afterward became an eminent expounder, and for which he was the first martyr.

PARNELL began to preach before he was seventeen years old, and, in pursuance of his mission, went to Cambridge about April, 1653, where he was challenged by the Baptists to public disputation: the fame of his eloquence and power had preceded him.

The meeting was held, but resulted in little discussion and much disturbance, chiefly (according to PARNELL) from 'british scholars who plotted against me, and from Baptists and Independents who, though bitter enemies to each other, were joined friends against me.'

He continued preaching, disputing, and exhorting during fourteen days, when he was committed to jail by WILLIAM PROKERING, Mayor of Cambridge, on a charge 'of issuing two papers, one against the corruptions of the ministry, and one against the corruptions of the magistracy.'

They kept him confined, and 'tossed from prison to dungeon,' during two whole sessions, when, a jury finding nothing against him, he was discharged, with a 'pass' under the title of 'Rogue,' and conducted three miles out of the city. Subsequently he returned to Cambridge, and continued in that vicinity for about six months, preaching to great assemblies of people, and, through opposition and persecution, establishing many in his faith.

From Cambridge he went to Essex, to be present at a 'public meeting and fast held at Great Coggeshall by order of the authorities, to counteract the wicked heresies of the Quakers.' There he preached and exhorted for about a week to many thousands of people who thronged to hear him, until he was arrested by Justice WAKERING, in the name of the Lord Protector, and committed to the common jail as a mover of seditions, and blasphemer, near the middle of July, 1653.

Here he was closely confined for some weeks, and denied all communication with his friends, until the next Chelmsford Assizes, when he was chained beside one suspected of murder, on a chain with five others, where he remained night and day, as they marched through the country to the court, about twenty miles distant.

The people were surprised at his treatment, and the Court, to prevent the expression of any sympathy for him, ordered the irons removed from his hands when he was brought to trial.

He was then arraigned, charged with blasphemy and sedition; and at the trial his old persecutors influenced the judge and jury by malicious statements, to which he was not allowed to reply, and upon his acquittal by the jury, Judge HILLS committed him for contempt of magistracy and priesthood, and fined him heavily.

He was then removed to Colchester Castle,† and subjected to systematic cruelty and outrage inconceivable to us at this day. Denied a bed, he was obliged to lie on the bare stones of the prison, where, in wet weather, the walls were dripping with water, and during the cold of winter he was almost deprived of clothing; frequently of food, beaten until he was nearly insensible by the jailor and keeper, all his friends denied access to him, and not permitted to relieve his sufferings. He was placed in a 'hole in the wall,' which was probably the recess of the window, quite deep, as the walls are nine feet thick. This 'recess' was so high from the stone floor, that he was obliged

\* SEE pages 126 and 141 of an excellent life of FOX, by SAMUEL M. JANNEY, of Virginia, published by LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY, Philadelphia.

† COLCHESTER CASTLE is a building of considerable antiquity and much historic interest. It is supposed to be of Roman origin, and it has been several times besieged. It was taken by FAIRFAX during the Commonwealth, although bravely defended by Lord LUCAS and Sir WILLIAM LLISLE, who were subsequently imprisoned and executed, by FAIRFAX's order, within the walls. It has occasionally been used as a prison, and was so appropriated in the time of PARNELL, in 1653. Its extensive rampart and moat have been converted into a most fertile garden, where, literally, 'children hide in flowers,' while its large demesne was directed to be 'ploughed and sowed down with grain for the king's use,' three centuries ago.