

Philadelphia Record.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXII.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1842.

No. 1147.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. STOWE.

It was splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in gracious folds half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors, that reflected all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around in every form of the most gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible too beautiful in its appearance, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to have been read—a Bible which every visitor should take up to exclaim, "what a splendid edition! what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house lounging on a sofa, looking over late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then as to reading the Bible!—that from, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature, an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin he had not exactly made up his mind,—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very thrilling to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing room table.

No much for one picture, now for another.

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carelessness, the room is bitter cold, cold even with these decaying brands, on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep the shawl close about you, you are cold, I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not very," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow, ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you ought to night," replies the mother,—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long street, now your shoes have grown so poor; I must go myself after this."

"Oh mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well, I have got used to the cold, now."

"But mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to night."

"Why can't you, mother?" there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put on one, an' let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I hav'nt any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at the mother. Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed and schooled without thought of hers. But husbandless and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resources of her needle, she has come rapidly from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to night. She knows full well that the pale, bright eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from being well. She knows that cold, and exposure of every kind, are daily and hourly wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fitful—and even when he ceases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reproach him. All this day she toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's patient attentions can

not always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already apportioned out in her mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet the woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a bible in that room as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much worn book.

Harken now while she says to her children, "Listen to me, my dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. Let not your heart be troubled, in my father's house are many mansions." So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there, all day?" says the little boy earnestly. "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child, says the mother, "listen to what the Bible says. 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says. 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be ye of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once, that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh! mother, what should we do with out the Bible!" says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine?

She does not believe these things, she knows them; and in like manner, with a deep heart consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is lying in its mother's arms and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity, until you can make him think that it is not his mother. Your reasons may be conclusive—your argument unanswerable—but after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief, on the subject, is precisely of the same kind which the child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and, and the reality of those blessed truths which he has told in his word.

Extract from the 60th anniversary sermon, preached by the Rev. Samuel Nott, of Franklin, Connecticut, on the 13th day of March, 1842.

The most of those present, no doubt, realize that this day is the anniversary of my ordination. Sixty years ago, I was solemnly consecrated to the work of the ministry in this place; and, though in feeble health when I entered the ministry, if my memory is correct, I have not, by indisposition, been kept from the house of God, during that long period, but eleven Sabbaths—six of them by the lung fever, in 1812, and five by breaking a little piece of skin upon the back of my right hand. My hand and life, for some time, were in great danger.

The Rev. William Woodbridge a class-mate and very particular friend, a boarder in my family, and very anxious about me, presented for me four Sabbaths, and on the fifth lay dead in my house, being suddenly called to give an account of his stewardship. "One was taken, and the other left." I would, therefore,

set up a stone, calling it Ebenezer, saying, hitherto hath the Lord, helped me." "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

I stand here to-day, as a monument of the mercy of God—spared, so far as I am acquainted, while every minister in New England, that began with me, is fallen! I am still in health and comfort, and able to blow the gospel trumpet with a degree of energy, and to perform steadily the common ministerial duties, "in season and out of season," by night or by day, at home or abroad, in fair weather or foul, with a good degree of comfort to myself. Upon this deeply interesting occasion, however, I make a solemn pause, and cast my eyes around to see the dear people and church of which I first took charge; but I see them not in their seats. No, they are nearly all gone to their long home! More than seven hundred, by me, have been entered on the bill of mortality! That is, probably, a larger number than is now living within the limits of the ecclesiastical society. All the members of the church are dead! All those who were legal voters in the society, and invited me to settle here in the ministry, are dead! There is a solitary instance of one whose age would have entitled him to a vote, but who held no personal estate distinct from his father's, and resided with his father, and did not vote. All, likewise, retaining the endearing relation of husband and wife in this place, are dead! I myself, one month and a day before my ordination, entered into this relation, and am now constrained to say, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee." For several years I have been marrying the third generation from those who settled me. I have, likewise, married four of my own children, and one of them twice; and what is more remarkable, I married my own father to his second wife. There are now living in the limits of this ecclesiastical society, so far as I know, but seventeen persons, of any age, that were in it at the time of my settlement; and one of these was an infant, nine months old, and is now the senior deacon of the church.

The preceding bill of mortality includes my immediate predecessor and his wife; the two deacons of the church, and their wives, and one deacon who is still living. It likewise includes five doctors, and two wives of one of them, and three of another. It also includes the justices of the peace and the warden, my own wife, and seven children, and a son-in-law, Rev. Barnabas Bruen; and, what rarely takes place, one person of the fifth generation in the same house. What a change! How gloomy the prospect!

"The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" "The voice said, Cry; and I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

This is a very comforting thought, well calculated to keep the mind from sinking while reviewing the desolations made by time.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The following interesting sketch of Yankee Thrift, is selected from Professor Colman's fourth Report upon the Agriculture of Massachusetts. It is valuable because it shows to what a degree of independence and comfort and respectability, indeed of happiness, can be produced by a well directed system of industry and frugality in union with temperance and a correct moral deportment. May it find many imitators in the sunny South.

It will not be without its use, if it does no more than present to the imagination a charming picture of rural comfort and independence, if I refer particularly to one instance which strongly attracted my attention. In one of those beautiful valleys in which the country abounds, where the surrounding hills in June are covered to their summits with the richest herbage and dotted over with the rejoicing herds, at the foot of the hills, near a small stream which here and there spreads itself like a clear mirror enameled in a frame of living green and then at other places forces its gurgling waters through some narrow passes of the rocks, you may find an humble unpainted cottage, with the various appurtenances of sheds and styes and barns around it. Three or four stately trees present themselves in front of it. The door yards filled with flowers and shrubs; and the buildings seem to stand in the midst of a flourishing and full bearing orchard, the trees of which are clothed with living green, with no suckers at their roots, unadorned with the nests of the caterpillar, unscathed by the blight of the canker worm, and with their bark clean and bright, indicating alike the health of the tree and the care of the proprietor. Every part of the premises exhibits the most exact order and carefulness. No battered axe lies at the woodpile; no rotten logs, no unhooped sled, no broken wheels, no rusted and pointless plough, encumber

the roadway; no growling sow, with her hungry and squealing litter, disputes your entrance into the gate; no snoring dog stands sentry at the door. The extended row of milk pails are glittering in the sun; and the churn and the pails are scrubbed to a whiteness absolutely without a stain.

The house is as neat within as without; for such results are not seen but where harmony reigns supreme, and a congeniality of taste and purpose and character exists among all partners in the firm. The kitchen, the dairy, the bed-rooms, the parlor, all exhibit the same neatness and order. The spinning wheel, with its crowded reels upon its bench, keeps silence in the corner for a little while during the presence of the guest. The kitchen walls are hung round with the rich ornaments of their industry—the long tresses and skeins of yarn, the substantial hosiery of the family, and the hump-spun linen, emulating the whiteness of the snow-drift. The floors are carpeted, and the beds are made comfortable, with the produce of their own flocks and fields, all wrought by their own hands. The golden products of the dairy; the transparent sweets of the hive, obtained without robbery or murder; the abundant contributions of the poultry-yard, the garden and the orchard, load the table with delicious luxuries. There are books for their leisure hours; and there stands too the revered Bible in the corner, constant like its owner to appear at church on Sundays, and kind always to assist in the chant of the daily morning and evening hymn. Better than all this, there are children trained in the good old school of respectful manners, where the words of age, and grey hairs, and superiority, still have a place; cured to early hours and habits of industry and with a curiosity and thirst of knowledge stimulated the more from a feeling of the restricted means of gratifying it.

There is another delightful feature in the picture; the aged grandmother in her chair of state, with a countenance as mild and benignant as a summer evening's twilight; happy in the conviction of duty successfully discharged by training her children in habits of temperance and industry; and receiving, as a kind of household deity, the cheerful tribute from all of love and reverence and affection.

Some may call this poetry; it is indeed the true poetry of humble rural life, but there is no fiction nor embellishment about it. The picture is only true; and if it were not a violation of the rules which I have prescribed to myself to mention names in such cases, and that I might offend a modesty which I highly respect, I would show my readers the path which leads to the house, and they should look at the original for themselves.

The owner, when I visited him, was forty five years old. At twenty-one years old, he was the possessor of only fourteen dollars, and with the blessing only of friends no richer than himself. His whole business has been farming and that only. He married early; though he did not get a fortune with a wife, he got a fortune in a wife. They have brought up three children; and with the co-labor of the children, they have given them a substantial education, so that each of them, now of sufficient age, is capable of keeping a good school, as they have done, with a view to assist their own education. He began with thirty five acres of land, but has recently added fifty-five more to his farm at an expense of nearly thirteen hundred dollars, for which there remained to be paid five hundred—a debt which, if health continued, he would be able to discharge in two years. The products of his farm are various. He raises some young stock; he fattens a considerable amount of pork for market, and occasionally a yoke of cattle. He sells, in a neighboring village annually, about one hundred dollars worth of fruit, principally apples and peaches. Such a situation may be considered, in the best sense of the term, as independent as that of any man in the country.

Now what are the causes of such success? Persevering industry; the strictest and most absolute temperance; the most particular frugality and always turning every thing to the best account; living within his own resources; and above all things, never in any case suffering himself to contract a debt; expecting in the purchase of land, which could be made immediately productive, and where of course the perfect security for the debt could neither be used up, nor wasted, nor squandered.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago, it was found necessary to besiege the Fort called Budge-Budge, some few miles from Calcutta down the river, which the natives had held in spite of our remonstrances, probably supported in their hostile obstinacy by the French and Dutch governments, who, as all the world knows, have several settlements in the East Indies. These settlements we could wrest from them in an instant, but, for some unaccountable reason or other, we allowed them to remain in their hands, to the no small hindrance of justice and equity, since it frequently happens that characters deserving punishment for their offences have accre-

ly to cross the river, and in ten minutes are beyond the pale of British law, having found refuge in Chinsurah, or some other foreign town. The existence of these little colonies have still a worse effect in case of disaffection among the Indians, inasmuch as they are ever ready to pour forth foreign emissaries, who urgently foment the feud, and mislead the poor natives, by holding out hopes of assistance from their respective countries.

Such had been the case with Budge-Budge, the aforesaid Fort, before which a couple of frigates and some armed boats were lying at the time of my sketch. The native garrison which amounted to about six hundred men, had vainly been summoned to surrender. For three days, long shots had been fired at them, but, as the fortress was built of mud, no sooner was the smallest breach made than it was instantly closed up and rebuilt stronger than ever. One of the commanders advised the adoption of a storming party; his brother officer, however, differed from him, urging that the place was too well garrisoned to be easily carried by assault. The opinions of the two leaders were forwarded to Calcutta, and the reply was expected to be returned on the morrow.

James Bunting (so we will call the old tar) heard all these palavers, as he styled them, and looked very knowing. He understood there was a chance of fighting, so he felt perfectly delighted. To his berth he descended, and as usual, when he was particularly happy, managed to get particularly drunk, and turned in evidently worse for liquor. Now, it so happened that in about an hour after he had thus settled himself in his hammock, he suddenly awoke. A burning fever, an agonizing thirst parched his mouth, so he arose and went to his locker; but, alas! he had drunk every drop of the liquid he possessed, and where to find more he knew not. Alas! the vessel he had no hopes; there was his only chance; so, unseen by any one he made his way into the water by lowering himself from the chains, or from the port hole, or some such place, and struck out for the beach, where he landed safely, in spite of alligators, sentinels, and all other similar oppositions.

When he had shaken the water from his hair and hitched up his trousers, he began to look around for a shop, where he could find some of that liquor, or some arack, to take the chill off the water he had swallowed; but alas! no building of the kind met his view, not a single habitation could he see. The Fort frowned gloomily over him in sullen grandeur; no other place where the spirits were likely to be found could he discover though he peered anxiously round on every side.

To lose time, to be laughed at by his comrades on his return for the wild goose chase he had undertaken, was by no means palatable to Bunting. To be balked is a maxim unknown to a sailor; so, rather than lose his grog, he determined to lose his life, or, at all events to risk it. Without further ado, he began scaling the walls of the Fort. This he easily managed, and in a few moments found himself at the top of the glacis. Elated at his success, he began shouting as loud as ever he could bawl, to the horror of the garrison, who instantly fancying themselves assailed, started up, and were about to run to the spot where they supposed the attacking party had made a good lodgment, when Jim, who had scampered round the defences, began to shout from the opposite side, and suddenly lowering himself into the town, commenced cheering as loud as he could, intermingling the vociferation with cries for liquor.

Assailed, as thus supposed, on both sides, the enemy actually in the fortress, surprised in the middle of the night, expecting nothing less than to be cut to pieces in the dark, what could they do? The bravest might well hesitate; unable to get their forces together, confused and astounded, they naturally supposed they had been betrayed. They had but one course left to pursue. They opened the gates and fled as fast as they could, and as far as their feet would carry them, leaving the town in the quiet possession of Jim Bunting, who, after shouting vainly for some time, fell down and slept for a couple of hours, when he awoke, perfectly sober, though about as much puzzled to find himself alone, and in the enemy's Fort, as the poor man was in the Arabian Nights, when he suddenly found himself transformed into an eagle.

Jim rubbed his eyes. He pinched his legs, and walking up to a tank actually drank three mouthfuls of water before he could believe that he was awake. He then struted up to the ramparts; and convincing himself he was in his proper senses, for there lay the two frigates and there floated the union jack, for which he had often risked his life. "Shiver my timbers! but this is a queer go!" said he, and with that he twitched up his trousers as usual, and shook the pistol—which then hung from every sailor's head.

The vessels perceiving a man thus expose himself, began to fire at him.

"A vast there!" shouted Jim; but, as they did not hear him, or attend to him, he ran to the principal battery, and climbing the flag staff, pulled down the Dutch colours, and hoisted up a ragged old turban he

found lying in one of the streets. The commanders of the vessels thought this extremely odd. Something strange had evidently happened; so they sent a boat on shore, bearing a flag of truce, carried by the first Lieutenant of one of the frigates. Unmolested they marched into it. Not a soul did they meet till Jim strutted up to them.

"Holloo, you sir, what's the meaning of this?" said the first lieutenant to Bunting, in voice of anger; for it was so very *infra dig.* for an officer of his rank to have been sent off to parley with a common sailor. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Please your honor, I hope you won't be angry, left-hand, but somehow or another, I've taken this place. The enemy have cut the painter, and sheered off."

"And, pray, who the devil gave you leave to do so, I should much like to know! Go on board, sir, directly."

In the mean time the Lieutenant went, and formally took possession of the place, by running up the British colours, then writing a most pompous despatch, in which he recommended the real captor to be tried for leaving his ship without permission; he sent it back by a young midshipman, remaining behind himself with half a dozen sailors, in order, as he expressed it, to garrison the fort.

Strange to say, his recommendation was attended to, and Jim Bunting brought to a court martial, who most reluctantly were compelled to find him guilty, adjudging him, however, to undergo the least possible punishment that could be inflicted for so glaring a breach of discipline. Jim highly indignant at the turn things had taken, could not help fancying himself if an ill used man, but he bore it stoically. When, however, he heard the verdict delivered; when he heard himself pronounced guilty; he once more hunched up his nether garments, and exclaimed in an audible voice as he left the cabin, "D—n my eyes, if ever I take another Fort as long as I live."

Need I add, though, to satisfy the strictness of the law, to which all in the navy must bow, the verdict of guilty was brought in, he was afterwards amply praised, and rewarded by his superiors!

LOXEVILLE.—A most remarkable case of longevity, in cold, rigid New England, that of John Gilley, of Augusta, Maine, who died a few years since at the venerable age of 124. He married at the age of eighty a girl of eighteen, by whom he had ten children—the youngest of whom, at his death, was more than one hundred years younger than his father. He was of Irish origin, but a native citizen of Maine. His hair was a pure silver white, a small lock of which was exhibited to us, a day or two since, by a gentleman of this city, who had it from his physician. A short time before his death it turned black. His teeth were perfect and sound to within a short period of his death. So remarkable a man was he in his day, that he was a subject of curiosity to all who visited that section of the country where he resided. The late Dr. Harris was of that number. The late Governor Gore, of this Commonwealth, while on a tour to Maine, paid him a visit, and gave him a dollar for every year of his life.

Boston Transcript.

Largest Vessel in the World.—The Great Britain steamship, which is in the course of construction by the Great Western Company, at Bristol, England, is said to be the largest vessel in the world. She will be ready for sea in the spring. She is 224 feet long; 51 feet in breadth; 32 feet in depth. Her tonnage is 3,200, which exceeds the registered tonnage of any two steamships in the world. She will accommodate 330 passengers, and have room for 1,000 tons of coal, and 1,200 tons of merchandise. She will have four engines, each of 252 horse power, in all 1,000 horse power, and three boilers containing 200 tons of water, and heated by 24 fires. She is to be propelled by the newly invented screw propeller.

A Singular Case.—The last Boston Medical and Surgical Journal contains a wonderful account of an examination of the heart of a living person, through the cavity in the chest, by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The subject was a young man of nineteen years of age, who, when a child, suffered from a fracture of the ribs, which ulcerated, and finally healed up, leaving the aperture open. Over the hole a small plate was worn to preserve the parts from injury. The heart and ventricles were handled by Harvey, and without pain to the subject, whence he concluded that the heart is deprived of the sense of feeling.

Gen. Cass.—The last Boston Post contains an extract from a letter to the editor, dated Paris, Sept. 17. It states the following:

"The settlement of our difficulties with France has taken from the government the motives which induced the President to advise Gen. Cass to remain in France, and he gladly embraces the occasion to return to his country and his friends. He will leave Paris for America, by the way of Liverpool and Boston, as soon as he can get formal permission."