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From the Ladies' Companion for June. THE UNLUCKY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
[Concluded.]
"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, after Mrs. Howland had gone, "that I shall sound Mrs. Mansfield to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings, and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Mansfield the next morning at the breakfast table, "I understand that one of the richest men in the State resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suspect."

"Yes."

"Do pray tell us what you know about the family, and whether you ever happened to see any of them?" said Melissa.

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being very intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at the hotel last evening was—"

"She had proceeded thus far when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her."

"Now I have commenced asked questions," said Mrs. Harden, "I should like to inquire if you know any thing about the rich Mrs. Sinclair who resides in H—, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Melissa.

"Is she, aunt?" inquired Florence.

"Some have thought so—the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always expect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune has exalted above them, either to love or admire."

"You never saw any thing so elegant as a collar suit is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal, first and last, for her."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings?" said Melissa.

"I believe she does—or rather I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said Melissa.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother.

"I am sure father said that you might read for her, if you thought best," said Florence.

"But it so happened that I did not think best. I think my stars I have a little sense of propriety, and am not like him so immersed in business, as not to consider that a seamstress or washer-woman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy and the refined."

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and the color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was, at the moment, sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no cause for alarm," thought she—"arrows cannot penetrate marble;" and from that moment ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath.

It was Saturday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes, when Florence having rapped for admission, entered with a flushed and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent, I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, almost hourly wounded and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have said or done."

"For certain reasons, my feelings may have been less injured than you imagine, so my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter, were at the hotel, and that her mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted, and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she would be obliged to remain at home, or sit with the help."

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair, with a smile—"I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit from the religious services, in a plain, humble pew, as in one ever so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I would not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, "as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was a black silk, a little rusty—as my garments are rather homely, I should, as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird beside your mother and sister, and the Everings. I think, therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed, was a handsome woman, and the next morning when all were ready for church, it is probable that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady thro' her humble apparel, as readily as though the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Melissa, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to appear in a ball room. Florence, partly from the influence of a just awe, which made ornaments appear to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been quietly seated in the pew assigned them, about fifteen minutes, when her mother and Melissa, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had produced mind not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though his good qualities, in a particular manner, had been the almost constant theme of Melissa's conversation whenever they had been alone; being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had innocently caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of the son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence. She did not obtain a sight of Mrs. Evering's face, but the daughter she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastening forward, they greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Melissa, with a scornful toss of the head, "how respectable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt." It they had seen her in their own town, they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they had wished her to do some sewing for them, but because they have happened to meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady, by their appearance."

"I must certainly introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite in inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive such attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Sinclair, who did not feel quite ready for the introduction which the proposed introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and instead, take the present opportunity to introduce to you my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might inadvertently have misread her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Melissa closeted together, endeavoring to decide what it would be best to do to three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale and invite all the elite of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it, that they summoned Phebe, a very staid and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is done in a hurry, is seldom done well," said she, in winding up her remarks, and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small, select party. But what was to be done with Aunt Mansfield, was a question more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it is true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phebe and Matty and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do, but they did not like to propose to her either of those methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering greeted her, it was, Mrs. Harden said, nothing at all, and she doubted not but that they would be highly offended should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in

honor of themselves. Accordingly, at the dinner table, by way of experiment, the subject of the party was introduced, and the impropriety of persons in the humbler walks of life seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest, however, appeared to be uncommonly obtuse, and their minds remained unrelieved by any intimation on her part, that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting Phebe and Matty.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by candle light, and her dark, glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style and beauty. Mrs. Harden bit her lips, and exchanged a menacing glance with Melissa, but they felt constrained to bear the intrusion, as they considered it, in silence.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the maid of the raven lock, we met yesterday, will be at the party."

"I hope she will," he replied. "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Mother thinks, by the description I gave her, that she must be the young lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair whom she introduced as Miss Florence Harden. If so, she is doubtless a connexion of Mrs. Harden's and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother, to superintend a variety of arrangements to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilette, till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her station in the obscure corner, which Melissa had very adroitly contrived to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position. The screen, both the inanimate and animate part, was adjusted just in time, the Everings being immediately announced. The bustle occasioned by their arrival, had pretty well subsided, when Florence, simply, yet elegantly attired entered the apartment. The expedition she had been obliged to use in arranging her dress, had given a fine glow to her cheeks, and made her dark eyes appear more lustrous.

"How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation of Willard Evering. Having exchanged salutations with those near her, she contrived to accomplish the somewhat difficult passage between the chair of the corpulent gentleman and the vacant seat. The eyes of Willard Evering and his sister, followed her, and they then perceived Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Harden, who perceived that Melissa's care had been in vain, approached Eliza Evering for the purpose of apologizing.

"I can assure you," said she, "that I never had any thing occasion me more mortification and chagrin, than being obliged to permit a person of her standing to mingle upon terms of equality with persons whose presence I esteem an honor."

"Do you allude to that beautiful girl?" said Mrs. Evering, looking at Florence.

"I allude to the Widow Mansfield," she replied, "who lives in H—, and whom Mrs. Sinclair, whose late husband was Mr. Harden's half brother, employs as her seamstress."

"I know Mrs. Mansfield perfectly well, and should feel gratified to meet her on the present occasion. You must pardon me, however, at being unable to discover her among your guests."

"But you can certainly see the woman who sits behind Mr. Quimby, that large gentleman."

"Yes, I can partly see her."

"Well, then, you see the Widow Mansfield, do you not?"

"No, indeed, it is Mrs. Sinclair, the same lady my father and mother met with, last Sabbath, soon after leaving church. Had you been as familiarly acquainted with her as I am, you could not have mistaken her for Mrs. Mansfield."

"What you say is impossible," said Mrs. Harden, turning pale.

"By no means, and to convince you that I am not laboring under hallucination, will appeal to my mother, who, very opportunely, is coming this way. Is not that Mrs. Sinclair, mother, whose face is just perceptible above the shoulder of your fat gentleman?"

"Certainly; do you doubt the evidence of your own eyes? I am on my way to speak to her, to persuade her and that charming Miss Harden—who is, I presume, a connexion of yours, Mrs. Harden—to emerge from that obscure corner, where it appears as if they had gone on purpose to hide themselves."

"Mrs. Harden waited to hear no more, but going up to Melissa, and taking her by the arm, they left the apartment together. In a few minutes a note was handed to Mrs. Sinclair from Mrs. Harden, requesting an interview.

"Extra-me for a short time," said she to Mrs. Evering, "and if you please, introduce my young friend to your son and daughter, who are coming this way, I dare say, to request the favor of me."

It would require too much space to relate all the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Harden and Melissa. She, however, voluntarily promised not to expose the manner in which they had treated her to the Everings.

"I have accomplished my object," said she, "and I have no feelings of revenge to gratify. You have all of you appeared in your true characters, and I am so well pleased with that of Florence, that with the concurrence of her father, I shall adopt her as my daughter. You, perhaps, may have learnt a lesson, which will profit you more than wealth. On your account, more than on my own, we will now, if you please, rejoin the company."

As may be imagined, the desire of Mrs. Sinclair to adopt Florence as her daughter, was readily conceded by her father. Florence accompanied her when she returned to H—, when they found Mrs. Mansfield entirely recovered from the effects of her accident. It was Mrs. Sinclair's first care to settle upon her an income which would make her easy for life.

Willard Evering did not fail to cultivate the acquaintance with Florence already commenced, and finding her as rich in moral and mental endowments, as in personal beauty, soon yielded to her his heart, which was speedily followed by the offer of his hand.

The splendid bridal celebrated a few months afterwards, at the mansion of Mrs. Sinclair, showed that the offer was not rejected.

PANTISOCRACY. A good Exit from the National Intelligencer.

It is admitted on all hands, Messrs. Editors, that the being or becoming a citizen of the United States—whether naturally or by adoption—constitutes a man at once (even though unable, perhaps, to govern his wife or children or self,) a complete politician, and able to decide not only what, in the matters that he knows least of, is best for his country, but for all others. Nay, so clear is the fact that even European nations are forced to acknowledge it. They see what an enormous growth of wisdom America has, far beyond our own prodigious consumption; and instead of being offended at our meddling with their affairs, are delighted to get the fruits of our over-production, of our superfluity of political sagacity. It is manifest, indeed, that the civilized earth is falling into a state of pupillage to us, and that after a while Providence itself will be able to shut up shop, or, at most, only look at us, while we regulate all the rest of the world, and deal out the duties and the fate of nations as Heaven's viceregerents.

Of this expansive state of things Gen. Washington was too short sighted, far too little the great political philosopher to have had any conception; for in that famous Farewell Address (his last great legacy of wisdom and patriotism) he inculcates it as the leading, the supreme rule of our foreign policy, that we were to shun mixing ourselves with the affairs of other nations, maintain friendship with all, but have entanglements with none. Of course, then, all these narrow notions of his are to go for nothing. It is our business to thrust ourselves into the internal affairs of all countries; they all desire, nay, expect it of us, and will take it most unkindly if we allow them to regulate their own matters in their own way.

It is evident that we are here to keep the earth in order, and are God's delegates for that purpose; we to look after the rest of the world; and in return for our taking so much trouble of Providence's hands it will of course take such excellent care of ours that we need pay no attention to them. Nature, it is well known, does nothing in vain, and the enormous surplus of public discretion which has been bestowed upon us, so far beyond what we ever make use of at home, can only have been intended for exportation to other countries.

For some time human affairs have gone rather ill. To go back no further than to the time of Nebuchadnezzar, that potentate treated the Jews very foully; and the matter ought to be set right. By Seneca, by Alexander the Great and finally by Titus, the Arabs and many more these poor Hebrews have been kicked and cuffed and buffeted without end. We ought if there is any sympathy, and brotherhood, any are in us for the cause of human rights, to go and restore them to their sacred city—a thing that calls to us with the most sacred intonation; for (as every body knows) as soon as we shall have done that, the millennium is to commence.

Didn't Cyrus enslave Lydia and our republican brothers, the Ionians! And shall we suffer that wrong to freedom to remain unredressed, down to the present day? It is time to bestir ourselves, and take Asia Minor out of the hands of those barbarous Turks.

What right had the French to Gaul? Why, they seized it from us can't exactly say whom, that had half expelled the Romans, who had taken it from the Gauls,

who had wrested it from nobody precisely knows what people, who had got it none can say how. This is all the title that Jonny Crapaud has. We should at once declare it void. Let an ejectment be set on foot against Jonny Crapaud in the District Court of New York, Major Daverac and the Hon. John McKoon well need to enforce it with their utmost jurisdictional skill, and we warrant Jonny Crapaud dished and ousted.

Then those poor fellows, the Italians; why will not Austria let them eat their macaroni and play the fiddle in peace?—The mighty genius of America—a freedom should assert her insulted principles every where—in Italy, and by the Ganges—where Poland bleeds beneath the knout, and in farthest Siberia—on the Danube, by the creeping Don, where Meander winds on the Amazon, and from the Yang-tze Krang to the St. Lawrence.

From the Boston Daily Advocate. ROGER WILLIAMS.

From the last number of a series of letters addressed by an English traveller in this country to the Liverpool Albion, we take the following passage, which will be of interest to our readers:

There were giants in those days, and Providence was founded by one who surpassed nearly all his fellow men, and asserted through a long career, busy as a active without a parallel, the great principle of which he was the true apostle—religious freedom. At the hour when the spirit of enterprise, which burst into existence at the discovery of the New World, was kindled in our own land, and sent forth a phalanx of wise, erudite, and wealthy men to the new colonies, there landed at Boston a young minister, one Roger Williams. That city, and the settled portions of the interior, were in possession of the Puritans, who revived, in their new home, the spirit and the temper of which they had been the victims in the old. For in respect to true freedom of mind, there was as yet, but a dawning of true light, and there existed no sect of professing Christians that did not merely require the powers, as they had already the inclination, to control the minds of others. It was an age of strong feelings with dull perceptions of right. And who shall say that those heavy clouds have yet cleared away, that it is yet noon-day; that the great principle which this man asserted in its broad and extreme truth, that the civil ruler has no concern with religious belief, that religion has no temporal kingdom, and the State no creed, is yet acknowledged in our land? He had scarcely landed at Boston when he rang out in fearless tones, these great truths. There the union of church and state was absolutely perfect; the ministry was political and religious at once, and half the statute-book was the Bible, as they translated it. Amidst a storm of polemical wrath, he was banished from Massachusetts; but the flame of love from his great heart had kindled the hearts of others beyond this barrier, and had penetrated to the souls of the red men, who loved him as their best friend, and were attached to him with a regard as interesting and peculiar, as it was lasting and full of good fruits.

During his wanderings through the colony, he acquired their language, and you can scarcely light upon any of the stirring times in the history of New England, during his life, without meeting him as an active, kind negotiator, and a wise peace maker. His interest was almost inexplicable, for, by an effort of his will, he more than once, when a war between two hostile tribes had been determined upon in the most solemn manner, interposed with the most perfect and rapid success. Banished from Massachusetts, he sought the banks of Providence river, and was received with open arms by Canonius, chief of the Narragansetts, who possessed the whole of the right bank. With a faithful band of followers, he chose the present site of the city: "I called it," says he, "Providence, that it might be a refuge for persons distressed for conscience sake." Combining the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, he early procured from the first Charles, with the assistance of the noble Vane, a charter, whose wise provisions have not been changed for two hundred years.

It is pleasant to dwell upon the lives of such men, so happy in their deeds, so wise in their mind, and so noble in their hearts. To this man no lengthened biography has done justice, but the age will yet witness a fervent revival of his doctrines, and place among its household words the name of Roger Williams.

Twenty two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars have been awarded, by the Court of General Sessions of Philadelphia, to the proprietors of Pennsylvania Hall, which was destroyed by a mob some years ago.

A bill to secure to married women their separate right to their own property, and to enable them to make wills in certain cases, independent of their husbands, is before the General Assembly of Rhode Island.

From the Raleigh Register. No. III. TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY PROPER, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Causton, June, 1843.

Fellow-Citizens:—In my last, I drew your attention to our Democratic Candidates for Congress, and showed you how little we had to expect from that quarter. I will now draw your attention to the Democratic papers, and show you the blackest treachery, the grossest ingratitude and the most impudent trickery that was ever practised upon any party by their supposed friends and allies. I could cite other quotations from the various Democratic papers of the State, but I will confine myself to a few from the Standard itself, to which I invite your attention:

From the Standard of Feb. 8, 1843.

"Speaking of the Washington Republican, the Editor says—'He, with others of his clique, must be greatly at a loss for matter to vindicate the cause of Nullification, when he resorts to gross perversion and falsehoods in his attacks on the Editor of the Standard.'"

"How dare the Editor of the Republican charge the Editor of the Standard with injustice and treachery to Judge Saunders? Does the Editor of the Republican expect to break down the Standard by declamatory falsehoods?"

Speaking of Mr. Calhoun, the Standard says—'But we are not willing to have him, or any one else, crammed down our throats. We shall not truckle to Nullification, any way you can fix it gentlemen.'"

"And those precious sprigs of Nullification chivalry, the Jeffersonian and Washington Republican, threaten to bestow us by a deed of gift to the Whigs. This will be a rather more honorable position than you occupied, gentlemen, who went of your own accord to the Whiggery and broke down your old friends. And the position will be even more honorable than the one you occupy at present, while secretly stabbing the Democracy under the fifth rib, you affectionately enquire—'Art thou in health, my brother?'"

"What does all this disclose? The Editor is unwilling to have Mr. Calhoun crammed down his throat, or to truckle to Nullification, but for base lucre, he transfers us, with the Standard, by deed of bargain and sale, to the Calhoun party. We are to have him crammed down our throats by the Nullifiers, and this treacherous ally, the former Editor of the Standard, holds us fast for the Nullifiers to perform the operation, and aid them to make us truckle to Nullification. My Democratic colleagues, have we lost the breed of noble bloods? Will we submit, like lambs, to be thus slaughtered and sold in the shambles! By the Eternal, there is one bosom in which glows pure Democracy, that will never yield its stubborn independence."

And this same Standard is now leagued with the Republican and Jeffersonian, and "coolly stabbing the Democracy under the fifth rib, and enquiring affectionately—'Art thou in health my brother?'" To show that the design to get possession of this paper, is no new thing with the Nullifiers, I give you from the same article in the Standard the subjoined quotation:

"There has been a design for several years, to get the Editor of the Standard out of the way, to make room for one who might be found more devoted to the Nullification wing of the Democratic party."

So you see this transfer is no new thought. They have been bidding for several years, and the Editor, with his Yankee cunning, has kept serving them up; but they would not go high enough, and he then commenced "whipping the boys," and jerking it into the leaders, which brought down the money pretty quick.

Take the Standard of February 15th, 1843, where speaking of the very party to whom the establishment was subsequently transferred, the Editor says—'We have no idea that Mr. Calhoun approves the acts of certain political raggamuffins, who have not sense enough to discern a proper course, nor principle enough to pursue it'—and yet to these very political raggamuffins, without sense and without principle, the Editor of the Standard transfers us and our paper.

Again he says, speaking of, and praising, his own honesty—"Those who know us best, know that we are one of the last men in the world, to be moved from the course, we believe right, by the prospects of pecuniary loss or gain, or the favors or frowns of any man. Certain leading politicians know this, and hence we do not always suit their purposes. Certain leading politicians, with federalism in their hearts, and democracy on their lips, know that there is no chance for us to assist them in palming a lie upon the people, to get them elected to office." What extraordinary honesty is here professed! Can't be moved from his course by the prospect of loss or gain—can't assist in palming a lie upon the people! But let us quote again—

"Is there no Press to be found, independent enough to tell them the truth,