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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

OR,

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE,

CHAPTER XX.—*Kentuck.*

Our readers may not be unwilling to glance back for a brief interval at Uncle Tom's Cabin on the Kentucky farm, and see what has been transpiring among those whom he had left behind.

It was late in the summer afternoon, and the doors and windows of the large parlor all stood open to invite any stray brave that might feel in a good humor to enter. Mr. Shelby sat in a large hall opening into the room, and running through the whole length of the house to a balcony on either end. Leisurely tipped back in one chair, with his heels in another, he was enjoying his after-dinner cigar. Mrs. Shelby sat in the door, busy about some fine sewing; she seemed like one who had something on her mind, which she was seeking an opportunity to introduce.

"Do you know," she said, "that Chloe has had a letter from Tom?"

"Ah! has she? Tom's got some friend there, it seems. How is the old boy?"

"He has been bought by a very fine family, I should think," said Mrs. Shelby—"is kindly treated, and has not much to do."

"Ah! well, I'm glad of it—very glad," said Mr. Shelby, heartily. "Tom, I suppose, will get reconciled to a Southern residence—hardly want to come up here again."

"On the contrary, he inquires very anxiously," said Mrs. Shelby, "when the money for his redemption is to be raised."

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said Mr. Shelby. Once get business running wrong, there does seem to be no end to it—it's like jumping from one bog to another all through a swamp—borrow of one to pay another, and then borrow of another to pay one—and these confounded notes falling due before a man has time to smoke a cigar, and turn round—dunning letters and dunning messages—all scamper and hurry-scurry."

"It does seem to me, my dear, that something might be done to straighten matters. Suppose we sell off all the horses, and sell one of your farms, and pay up square?"

"Oh, ridiculous, Emily! You are the finest woman in Kentucky, but still you haven't sense to know that you don't understand business—women never do, and never can."

"But, at least," said Mrs. Shelby, "could not you give me some little insight into yours—a list of all your debts at least, and of all that is owed to you—and let me try and see if I can't help you to economize."

"Oh, bother! don't plague me, Emily—I can't tell exactly. I know somewhere about what things are likely to be, but there's no trimming and squaring my affairs, as Chloe trims crust off her pies. You don't know anything about business, I tell you."

And Mr. Shelby, not knowing any other way of enforcing his ideas, raised his voice—a mode of arguing very convenient and convincing, when a gentleman is discussing matters of business with his wife.

Mrs. Shelby ceased talking, with something of a sigh. The fact was, that though her husband had stated she was a woman, she had a clear, energetic, practical mind, and a force of character every way superior to that of her husband's; so that it would not have been so very absurd a supposition to have allowed her capable of managing as Mr. Shelby supposed. Her heart was set on performing her promise to Tom and Aunt Chloe, and she sighed as discouragements thickened around her.

"Don't you think we might in some way contrive to raise that money? Poor Aunt Chloe, her heart is so set on it."

"I'm sorry if it is. I think I was premature in promising. I'm not sure now but it's the best way to tell Chloe, and let her make up her mind to it. Tom'll have another wife in a year or two, and she had better take up with somebody else."

"Mr. Shelby, I have taught my people that their marriages are as sacred as ours. I never could think of giving Chloe such advice."

"It's a pity, wife, that you have burdened them with a morality above their condition and prospects. I always thought so."

"It's only the morality of the Bible, Mr. Shelby."

"Well, well, Emily, I don't pretend to interfere with your religious notions, only they seem extremely unfitted for people in that condition."

"They are indeed," said Mrs. Shelby, and that is why from my soul I hate the whole thing. I tell you, my dear, *I* cannot absolve myself from the promises I make to these helpless creatures. If I can get the money no other way, I will take music scholars—I could get enough, I know—and earn the money myself."

"You wouldn't degrade yourself that way, Emily? I never could consent to it."

"Degrade! would it degrade me as much as to break my faith with the helpless? No, indeed."

"Well, you are always heroic and transcendental," said Mr. Shelby, "but I think you had better think before you undertake such a piece of Quixotism."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Aunt Chloe at the end of the verandah.

"If you please, missis," said she.

"Well, Chloe, what is it?" said her mistress, rising, and going to the end of the balcony.

"If missis would come and look at dis yer lot o' poetry."

Chloe had a particular fancy for calling poultry poetry—an application of language in which she always persisted, notwithstanding frequent corrections and advisings from the younger members of the family.

"La sakes," she would say, "I can't see—one jis good as turry—poetry, suthin good anyhow;" and so poetry Chloe continued to call it.

Mrs. Shelby smiled as she saw a prostrate lot of chickens and ducks, over which Chloe stood with a very grave face of consideration.

"I'm a-thinkin whether missis would be a-havin a chicken pie o' dese yer."

"Really, Aunt Chloe, I don't much care—serve them any way you like."

Chloe stood handling them over abstractedly; it was quite evident that the chickens were not what she was thinking of. At last, with the short laugh with which her tribe often introduce a doubtful proposal, she said—

"Laws me, missis, what should mass'r and missis be a troublin theirselves bout de money, and not a usin what's right in der hands;" and Chloe laughed again.

"I don't understand you, Chloe," said Mrs. Shelby, nothing doubting, from her knowledge of Chloe's manner, that she had heard every word of the conversation that had passed between her and her husband.

"Why, laws me, missis," said Chloe, laughing again, "other folks hires out der niggers and makes money on 'em—don't keep sich a tribe eatin 'em out of house and home."

"Well, Chloe, who do you propose that we should hire out?"

"Laws! I aint a proposin nothin; only Sam he said der was one of dese yer *perfectioners*, dey calls 'em in Louisville, said he wanted a good hand at cake and pastry, and said he'd give four dollars a week to one, he did."

"Well, Chloe."

"Well, laws, I's a thinkin, missis, it's time Sally was put along to be doin something. Sally's been under my care, now, dis some time, and she does most as well as me, considerin; and if missis would only let me go, I would help fetch up the money. I aint afraid to put my cake, nor pies nother, 'long side no *perfectioner's*."

"Confectioner's, Chloe."

"Law sakes, missis, taint no odds—words is so curis, can't never get 'em right!"

"But, Chloe, do you want to leave your children?"

"Laws, missis, de boys is big enough to do days works—dey does well enough—and Sally, she'll take de baby—she's such a peart young un, she won't take no lookin arter."

"Louisville is a good way off."

"Law sakes, who's afeard—its down river somer near my old man, perhaps?" said Chloe, speaking the last in the tone of a question, and looking at Mrs. Shelby.

"No, Chloe, its many a thousand miles off," said Mrs. Shelby.

Chloe's countenance fell.

"Never mind, your going there shall bring you nearer, Chloe. Yes, you may go, and your wages shall every cent of them be laid aside for your husband's redemption."

As when a bright sunbeam turns a dark cloud to silver, so Chloe's dark face brightened immediately—it really shone.

"Laws, if missis isn't too good. I was thinking of dat ar very thing; cause I shouldn't need no clothes, nor shoes, nor nothin—I could save every cent. How many weeks is der in a year, missis?"

"Fifty-two," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Laws, now, dere is? and four dollars for each on 'em. Why, how much'd dat ar be?"

"Two hundred and eight dollars," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Whye!" said Chloe, with an accent of surprise and delight; "and how long would it take me to work it out, missis?"

"Some four or five years, Chloe; but, then, you needn't do it all; I shall add something to it."

"I wouldn't hear to missis' givin lessons nor nothin—massr's quite right in dat ar—'twouldn't do, no ways. I hope none our family ever be brought to dat ar while I's got hands."

"Don't fear, Chloe, I'll take care of the honor of the family," said Mrs. Shelby, smiling. "But when do you expect to go?"

"Well, I want spectin nothin; only Sam, he's agwine to de river with some colts, and he said I could go long with him; so I jes put my things together. If missis was willin, I'd go with Sam to-morrow mornin, if missis would write my pass, and write me a commendation."

"Well, Chloe, I'll attend to it, if Mr. Shelby has no objections. I must speak to him."

Mrs. Shelby went up stairs, and Aunt Chloe, delighted, went out to her cabin to make her preparation.

"Law sakes, mass'r George, ye didn't know I's a gwine to Louisville to-morrow," she said to George, as entering her cabin he found her busy in sorting over her baby's clothes. "I thought I'd jis look over sis's things and get 'em straitened up. But I'm gwine, mass'r George, gwine to have four dollars a week, and missis is gwine to lay it all up to buy back my old man agin!"

"Whew!" said George, "here's a stroke of business, to be sure. How are you going?"

"To-morrow, wid Sam. And now, mass'r George, I knows you'll jis sit down and write to my old man, and tell him all about it, won't ye?"

"To be sure," said George; "Uncle Tom'll be right glad to hear from us. I'll go right in the house for paper and ink; and then, you know, Aunt Chloe, I can tell about the new colts and all."

"Sartin, sartin, mass'r George; you go 'long, and I'll get ye up a bit o' chicken, or some sich; ye won't have many more suppers wid yer poor old aunty."

CHAPTER XXI.

"The grass withereth—the flower fadeth."

Life passes with us all a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, and though often yearning for what lay behind, still was he never positively and consciously miserable; for so well is the harp of human feeling strung, that nothing but a crash that breaks every string can wholly mar its harmony; and on looking back to seasons which in review appear to us as those of deprivation and trial, we can remember that each hour, as it glided, brought its diversions and alleviations, so that, though not happy wholly, we were not either wholly miserable.

Tom read, in his only literary cabinet, of one who had "learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of that same book.

His letter homeward, as we related in the last chapter, was in due time answered by master George, in a good, round, school-boy hand, that Tom said might be read "most acrost the room." It contained various refreshing items of home intelligence with which our reader is fully acquainted—stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption money—Mose and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally.

Tom's cabin was shut up for the present, but George expatiated brilliantly on ornaments and additions to be made to it when Tom came back.

The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also told the names of four new colts that appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated in the same connection that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse, but Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. He was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would show at once stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship between Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth. It would be hard to say what place she held in the soft, impressible heart of her faithful attendant. He loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshipped her as something heavenly and divine. He gazed on her as the Italian sailor gazes on his image of the child Jesus—with a mixture of reverence and tenderness; and to humor her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a many-colored rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market at morning his eyes were always on the flower stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out the gate for his distant approach, and her childish question—"Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader—a fine musical ear, a quick poetic fancy, and an instinctive sympathy with what is grand and noble, made her such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first she read to please her humble friend, but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the mystic book—and Eva loved it because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong, dim emotions, such as impassioned imaginative children love to feel.

The parts that pleased her most, were the Revelations and the Prophecies—parts, whose dim and wondrous imagery and fervent language impressed her the more, that she questioned vainly of their meaning—and she and her simple friend, the old child and the young one, felt just alike about it. All that they knew was, that they spoke of a glory to be revealed—a wondrous something yet to come, wherein their soul rejoiced, yet knew not why—and though it be not so in the physical, yet in moral science that which cannot be understood is not always profitless. For the soul awakes, a trembling stranger, between two dim eternities—the eternal past—the eternal future. The light shines only on a small space around her—therefore she needs must yearn towards the unknown, and the voices and shadowy movings which come to her from out the cloudy pillar of inspiration have each one echoes and answers in her own expecting nature—its mystic imagery are so many talismans and gems inscribed with unknown hieroglyphics—she folds them in her bosom, and expects to read them when she passes beyond the veil.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city, to seek the shores of the lake and its cool sea breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East Indian cottage, surrounded by light verandahs of bamboo work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams—a picture never for an honr the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat in an arbor at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read—"And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping and pointing to the lake, "there 'tis."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see—there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glows of the sky. "There's a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sung—

"Oh, had I the wings of the morning,
I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;
Bright angels should convey me home,
To the new Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn—

"I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep—those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice—

"They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going before long.*"

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed within six months that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough, that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been, but their names are always on grave-stones, and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who *is not*. It is as if heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye, when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children, hope not to retain that child, for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes.

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away, but they that love thee dearest know it not.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva—Eva—why, child, the dew is falling; you musn't be out there."

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old, and skilled in the tactics of nursing. She was from New England, and knew well the first guileful footsteps of that soft, insidious disease which sweeps away so many of the fairest and loveliest, and before one fibre of life seems broken, seals them irrevocably for death.

She had noted the slight, dry cough, the daily brightening cheek—nor could the lustre of the eye, and the airy buoyancy born of fever, deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare, but he threw back her suggestions with a restless petulance unlike his usual careless good humor.

"Don't be croaking, Cousin, I hate it," he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing. Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh! nonsense of that cough! it is not anything. She has taken a little cold, perhaps."

"Well, that was just the way Eliza Jane was taken, and Ellen and Maria Sanders."

"Oh! stop these hobgoblin nurse legends. You old hands get so wise, that a child cannot cough, or sneeze, but you see desperation and ruin at hand. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that "the child was quite well"—that there wasn't anything in that cough—it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had." But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some receipt or strengthening mixture, "not," he said, "that the child *needed* it, but then, it would not do her any harm."

If it must be told, the thing that struck a deeper pang to his heart than anything else, was the daily increasing maturity of the child's mind and feelings. While still retaining all a child's fanciful graces, yet she often dropped, unconsciously, words of such a reach of thought, and strange unworldly wisdom, that they seemed to be an inspiration. At such times St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. Impulsively generous she had always been, but there was a touching and womanly thoughtfulness about her now, that every one noticed. She still loved to play with Topsy and the various colored children, but she now seemed rather a spectator than an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time, laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy—and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her thoughts were afar.

"Mamma," she said suddenly to her mother, one day, "why don't we teach our servants to read?"

"What a question, child! people never do."

"Why don't they?" said Eva.

"Because it is of no use for them to read. It don't help them to work any better, and they are not made for anything else."

"But they ought to read the Bible, mamma, to learn God's will."

"Then can get that read to them all *they need.*"

"It seems to me, mamma, the Bible is for every one to read themselves. They need it a great many times when there is nobody to read it."

"Eva, you are an odd child," said her mother.

"Miss Ophelia has taught Topsy to read," continued Eva.

"Yes, and you see how much good it does. Topsy is the worst creature I ever saw."

"Here's poor Mammy!" said Eva. "She does love the Bible so much, and wishes so she could read. And what will she do when I can't read to her?"

Marie was busy, turning over the contents of a drawer, as she answered—

"Well, of course, by and by, Eva, you will have other things to think of, besides reading the Bible round to servants. Not but that is very proper; I've done it myself when I had health. But when you come to be dressing and going into company, you won't have time. See here!" she added, "these jewels I'm going to give you when you come out. I wore them to my first ball. I can tell you, Eva, I made a sensation!"

Eva took the jewel case, and lifted from it a diamond necklace. Her large, thoughtful eyes rested on them, but it was plain her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How sober you look, child!" said Marie.

"Are these worth a great deal of money, mamma?"

"To be sure they are. Father sent to France for them. They are worth a small fortune."

"I wish I had them," said Eva, "to do what I please with."

"What would you do with them?"

"I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free States, and take all our people there, and hire teachers, to teach them to read and write."

Eva was cut short by her mother's laughing.

"Set up a boarding-school! Wouldn't you teach them to play on the piano, and paint on velvet?"

"I'd teach them to read their own Bible, and write their own letters, and read letters that are written to them," said Eva, steadily. "I know, mamma, it does come very hard on them, that they can't do these things. Tom feels it—Mammy does—a great many of them do. I think it's wrong."

"Come! come! Eva, you are only a child! You don't know anything about these things," said Marie; "besides, your talking makes my head ache."

Marie always had a head-ache on hand for any conversation that did not exactly suit her.

Eva stole away; but after that, she assiduously gave Mammy reading lessons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Are sisters, Sal and Nance, *resources*, pa?"

"No, my son. Why do you ask that question?"

"Because I heard uncle John say if you would only husband your resources, that you would get along a great deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men here for supper every Sunday night—that's all, pa."

"I say, old woman, come and put this child to bed."

AFRICAN ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

Travellers in Africa all coincide in one important particular, namely, that the natives of that continent exhibit a remarkable degree of genius, and display in their numerous manufactured articles such a knowledge of mechanics as to agreeably surprise all who have heard of or been privileged to behold their handiwork.

Iron ore of superior quality is found in immense quantities, and from it are made, by the untaught natives, ornamental and useful articles, such as spears, arrows, rings, chains, hoes, bracelets, &c. A small but regular amount of this material, made into a peculiar shape, is called a "bar," and appears to be the standard of value by which their currency is regulated.

They are exceedingly skilful in the tanning and manufacture of leather. Their amulet cases, spear and dagger sheaths, whips, bridles, pouches, powder-flasks, sandals, boots, &c., are made with remarkable neatness.

In addition to these may be named, their war-horns made from the tusks of elephants and other animals; their musical instruments—the strings of the "banjo" being formed from fibres of trees. Their bags for carrying materials, and baskets of all sizes and descriptions, are wrought with great symmetry and beauty from sea-grass and the leaves of their innumerable and useful trees, plants, &c. The palm tree, says a traveller, "is applied by them to three hundred and sixty-five uses. Huts are thatched with palm leaves; its fibres are used for fishing tackle, ropes, sieves, twine, &c.; a rough cloth is made from the inner bark; the fruit is roasted, and is excellent; the oil serves for butter; and the wine is a favorite drink.

In some portions of Africa, they are exceedingly skilful in making canoes. These are dug out of trees, and are amazingly large. Some are capable of carrying from fifty to one hundred and fifty persons, besides ten or twelve hands to pull. Mats in abundance, of all kinds, sizes, and qualities, are manufactured, chiefly by the women. These mats are used for many purposes—to sleep on, partition off rooms, for bed-curtains, bags, carpets, &c.; the fine ones make nice table-covers, and are used for clothing. They look as if they were woven—are sometimes eight feet wide, and fifteen or twenty feet long.

Clothes are made in abundance; they are spun (without any wheel) from the native cotton, and woven in a strip from five to ten inches wide, then cut to the length they want the cloth, and sewed together. Various figures are made in weaving. The colors are handsome and permanent. Pottery made of clay is very common, and stands the fire as well as any other; the vessels are of all sizes, from a quart to twenty gallons. Hats, similar to the American palm-leaf summer hats, are made in various styles, and are much superior to the American article—more durable and fine.

In making clothes, the Mandingoes are very expert to cut and sew shirts and other kinds of garments, and in making their caps and robes.

Wooden spoons, of a neat, fine quality, are also produced; and bowls, fine and superior, from a pint to a half-barrel, neat and cheap. Wooden fish-hooks are made, and much used; large fish-baskets, also, for catching fish. Many of their gree-grees display much skill in their manufacture. Soap, good and cheap, is abundant. Jugs, bottles, bowls, are made, (earthen,) and a multitude of other little things we cannot now mention, very ingenious and skillful.

The native African, it is to be understood, is naturally indolent; and although the various articles of labor here mentioned would perhaps convey the impression that they are an industrious people, yet the contrary is the fact.

What a market is here opened for the sale of our manufactures? Who can rightly calculate the amount of employment it would afford the operatives and workmen of our land to clothe her unnumbered millions, and the enormous trade which she could afford us in the luxuries, and what we consider the necessities, of life, from her prolific tropical soil?

Well might the poet, speaking of Africa, exclaim:

"Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendors of the solar zone:
A world of wonders—where creation seems
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams."

Christian Statesman.

For the National Era.

GONE!

A FRAGMENT OF SORROW.

Gone!
Like a meteoric fire that is fled,
And the darkness is intenser than before.
I am drooping as a willow o'er the dead,
For the idols of my bosom are no more!
They are gone!
Bright the youthful hopes I've cherished—
They are fled;
In adversity they perished—
They are dead.

What a melancholy pilgrimage is life!
With misfortune we have such a bitter strife!
From the sickly infant's cradle to the tomb,
We have very little sunlight through the gloom.
Our passage from the cradle to the bier,
Can be compassed by the sorrow of a tear.
Golden visions flit before us in the sun,
And, like schoolboys after butterflies, we run.
Till the better part of life is nearly past,
Then they vanish, and we perish, all aghast!
As experience and existence whirl us on,
We perceive the golden phantom hopes are gone—
Gone!

I once saw a loving mother clasping hands
With her son, who went away to other lands,
And I know they did not tear the twain apart,
Till the agony had rent the mother's heart.
O, how wildly was her bosom throbbing then!
Would there never were such misery again!
All the night the mother dreams about her son;
In the morning she awakes, but he is gone—
Gone!

How unhappy, how embittered, is my soul;
How dejected, how deserted, in my grief—
No such anguish can a mortal one control,
Its expression gives my bosom slight relief,
For no sympathy has bidden it to heave
With emotions loving, passionately true,
But in loneliness 'tis left alone to grieve,
That Affection's purest touch it never knew.

There are many wretched creatures that I know,
Who do wander with their faces to the ground—
Stalking only in the pestilence of woe,
They are never in a happy feeling found—
Flowers they had planted,
Withered all away;
Fabrics they had builded,
Went into decay;
Syrens they had followed,
Vanished with the day.
First they lived in gladness,
Trusting, hoping on—
Alas! they woke in sadness—
Everything was gone—
Gone!

Yesternight I cheated sorrow,
With the promise of to-morrow;
But to-morrow now is here—
Ah! the future is as drear
As it ever was before—
And my castles in the air,
That I piled up everywhere,
Are no more!

JOHN F. WEISCHAMPEL, Jr.

Baltimore, Md., November 1851.

From the Panama Herald of October 16.

DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP BY A WHALE.

Thrilling account of the destruction of a whale ship by a sperm whale—Sinking of the ship—Loss of two boats, and miraculous escape of the crew.

We have just received the following thrilling account of the destruction of the whale ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, of New Bedford, by a large sperm whale, from the lips of the captain himself, who arrived in this city from Paita, on Sunday last, in the schooner Providence. A similar circumstance has never been known to occur but once in the whole history of whale fishing, and that was the destruction of the ship Essex, some twenty or twenty-five years ago, and which many of our readers fully remember. We proceed to the narrative as furnished us by Captain Deblois, and which is fully authenticated by nine of the crew in a protest under the seal of the U. S. Consul, Alex. Ruden, Jr., at Paita.

The ship Ann Alexander, Captain S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale. Having taken about 500 barrels of oil in the Atlantic, the ship proceeded on her voyage to the Pacific. Nothing of unusual interest occurred until, when passing Cape Horn, one of the men, named Jackson Walker, of Newport, N. H., was lost overboard in a storm. Reaching the Pacific, she came up the coast, and stopped Valdivia, coast of Chili, for fresh provisions, and on the 31st of May last she called at Paita, for the purpose of shipping a man. The vessel proceeded on her voyage to the South Pacific.

On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known to all whalers as the "Off-Shore Ground," in lat. 5 deg. 50 min. south, lon. 102 deg. west. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon the same day they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and the starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded, against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat, nine in number.

There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Captain Deblois, again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and the all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship, a boat was dispatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled on the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After had fairly passed, they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and, as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

Captain Deblois was at this time standing in the night-heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots, when, looking on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! *In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern!* She quivered under the violence of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors, and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He then came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat. The ship was on her beam-ends, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each—were leaky, and night coming on, they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking.

Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail on their boats and left her.

On the 22d of August, at about 5 o'clock P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered; and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the generous hospitality

On the succeeding day, Captain Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated Ann Alexander, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her; but, as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th of September, and where she landed Captain Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita by Captain Bathurst, an English gentlemen residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schooner Providence, Captain Starbuck, for this port, arriving here on Sunnay last, the 12th instant.

At Paita, Captain Deblois entered his protest at the United States Consulate, which was authenticated by the following officers and seamen on board at the time of the disaster, the two officers and rest of the crew having shipped on board other vessels: Joseph K. Green, first mate; James Smith, third mate; John Morgan, carpenter; James Riley, cooper; James McRoberts, John Smith, Wm. Smith, Henry Reid, and Charles F. Booth, seamen.

THE WIDOW OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1641 there lived in a narrow, obscure street of Cologne a poor woman named Marie Marianni, with an old female servant for her sole companion. She inhabited a small, tumble-down, two-storied house, which had but two windows in front. Nothing could well be more miserable than the furniture of this dark dwelling. Two worm-eaten four-post bedsteads, a large deal-press, two rickety tables, three or four old wooden chairs, and a few rusty kitchen utensils, formed the whole of its domestic inventory.

Marie Marianni, despite the wrinkles which nearly seventy years had left on her face, still preserved the trace of former beauty. There was a grace in her appearance, and a dignity in her manner, which prepossessed strangers in her favor whenever they happened to meet her, but this was rarely. Living in the strictest retirement, and avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with her neighbors, she seldom went out except for the purpose of buying provisions. Her income consisted of a small pension, which she received every six months. In the street where she lived, she was known by the name of 'The Old Nun,' and was regarded with considerable respect.

Marie Marianni usually lived in the room on the ground floor, where she spent her time in needlework; and her old servant Bridget occupied the upper room, which served as a kitchen, and employed herself in spinning.

Thus lived these two old women in a state of complete isolation. In winter, however, in order to avoid the expense of keeping up two fires, Marie Marianni used to call down her domestic, and cause her to place her wheel in the chimney-corner, while she herself occupied a large old easy-chair at the opposite side. They would sometimes sit thus, evening after evening, without exchanging a single word.

One night, however, the mistress happened to be in a more communicative temper than usual, and addressing her servant, she said: "Well, Bridget, have you heard from your son?"

"No, madame, although the Frankfort post has come in."

"You see, Bridget, it is folly to reckon on the affection of one's children; you are not the only mother who has to complain of their ingratitude."

"But, madame, my Joseph is not ungrateful; he loves me, and if he has not written now, I am certain it is only because he has nothing to say. One must not be too hard upon young people."

"Not too hard, certainly; but we have a right to their submission and respect."

"For my part, dear lady, I am satisfied with possessing, as I do, my son's affection."

"I congratulate you, Bridget," said her mistress, with a deep sigh. "Alas! I am also a mother, and I ought to be a happy one. Three sons, possessing rank, fortune, glory; yet here I am, forgotten by them, in poverty, and considered importunate if I appeal to them for help. You are happy, Bridget, in having an obedient son—mine are hard and thankless!"

"Poor dear lady, my Joseph loves me so fondly!"

"You cut me to the heart, Bridget; you little know what I have suffered. An unhappy mother, I have also been a wretched wife. After having lived unhappily together during several years, my husband died, the victim of an assassin. And whom, think you, did they accuse of instigating his murder? Me! In the presence of my children—ay, at the instance of my eldest son—I was prosecuted for this crime!"

"But, doubtless, madame, you were acquitted?"

"Yes; and had I been a poor woman, without power, rank or influence, my innocence would have been publicly declared. But having all these advantages, it suited my enem