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A Selected Tale.

THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Mr. Harcourt sat alone in his study. The walls were crowded with book cases, filled with the massy tomes of the law; his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid by a client, lay close at his elbow. The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its full light on the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out into bold relief, and giving additional sternness to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is master James arrived?" he said, abruptly, when the servant entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him in then."

In a few minutes the door of the study opened again, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of about seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with that look of dissipation in his countenance which mars even the noblest beauty. An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud and self-willing glance of his dark eye. He seemed, indeed, to judge from his looks, to be wholly a creature of impulse.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir," said the old man, harshly.

The youth bowed his head and bit his lip.

"It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horses foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered irresolutely around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply.

"How long is this to last?" said his parent, in a more angry tone. "I will not tell you again and again, that I would disown you if these things went on? You are a disgrace, sir, to me—a blot on my name. Thank God, your mother did not live to see you grow up!"

The youth had been evidently nerving himself to bear his father's rebukes with as much indifference and coolness as possible; but at the mention of his mother's name, his lip quivered, and he turned away his head to hide the tears gathered in his eyes. Had the stern, irritable old man known how to follow up the chord he had struck, his son might yet have been saved; but he was a hard, and correct man, unaccustomed to make allowances for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh you rascal, do you?" said he, enraged. "You believe, because you are my only child, I will not disinherited you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my only son; and I made up my mind, to-day, to tell you, at once to go. There is a parcel of notes, five hundred dollars, I believe; take it; and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you depart. But remember, this is the last night you shall spend under my roof—the last cent of my money you shall ever touch."

When the mother was alluded to, the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for his evil course, and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety; but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation, and the words of banishment with which it closed, tended to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and parted his lips as if about to speak; then he clasped his hands half in supplication; but the cold contemptuous look of his father checked him, and he remained silent. The angry flush however rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word, sir," said the father, "it is too late pleading now. Don't be both a blockhead and a coward. I told you if you ever got into such a discreditable difficulty I would disown you. But the warning did no good. You must reap as you have sown. Will you go?"

The youth seemed again about to speak; but his words choked him. The spirit of the son, as well as that of the father, was roused. He felt the punishment was disproportionate to his offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and flinging them scornfully back, turned and left the room. The next instant, the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone, surely?" said the father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yes let him go; the graceless villain; he is hereafter no son of mine. Better die childless than have an heir who is a curse and a disgrace to your name.—Did I not do my duty to him?"

Ay! old man, that is the question. Did you do your duty to him? Were you not harsh when you should have been lenient—did you not neglect your son for years after his mother's death, careless of what kind of associates he consorted with—and when he had been led astray, did you not in total disregard of his willful character, the result of your own indulgence, did you not, we say, attempt to coerce him by threats when you should have drawn him by the gentle cords of love? Look into your own heart, and see if you are not just as unreasonable as your son. Can a character be reformed in a day? Your profession should have taught you better, old man. But the boy has gone from your roof forever, for well he knows how inflexible is your stern, self-righteous heart; and indeed with a portion of your own pride he would sooner cut off his right arm than solicit your aid. Yes! take up that mass of complicated paper and en-

deavor to forget the past scenes in their absorbing details, but yours must be a heart of adamant, if in despite of your oft-repeated reasonings, you can justify your harshness to him.—Remember the words you have uttered. They may apply to more than one. "As you have sown, so you shall reap!"

James Harcourt went from his father's house in utter despair. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance, but when the door had closed upon him, and he turned to take a last look up at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face in his hands, he sat down on a neighboring step and sobbed convulsively.

"Oh! if she had been living," he said, "it would have never come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern, and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my home, with no place whither to go, and temptations around me on every side. Oh! my mother," he said, casting his eyes to Heaven, "look down on and pity your poor boy!"

At that instant the door of his father's house opened, as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to close the shutters. Ashamed to be recognized, the youth hastily arose, and turned a corner and disappeared. Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely on him; he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily to bear him to and from Court. An invitation to his dinners was received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been reader, but for one thing. He had no one to love. He felt that people courted him only from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

"Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer he might have reformed," he said with a sigh. "He always had a great heart, and his poor mother used to say he was so obedient.—But he got led away!"

At this instant a servant cautiously opened his library door.

"It is almost ten o'clock, your honor," he said, "and the carriage is at the door."

"Ay, ay," said the Judge, rising, as the servant disappeared. "I have forgot myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried for the mail robbery?"

Many an obsequious bow greeted the Judge, as the officers of his Court made way for him, through the crowd, for the trial was of universal interest, and had collected together large numbers. He smiled affably to all, and taking his seat ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine-looking man, but the Judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal, or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through, and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard. Then the Judge for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner.

"Surely, I have seen that face before," he said. But he could not remember where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury-box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly, and drew himself up to his full height. Before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone that the Judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous should stoop to beg for his life.

"I acknowledge my crime," said the prisoner, "nor do I seek to palliate it. But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death as I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the cause that brought me to this place." Every neck was stretched forward to catch the words of the speaker; even the Judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

"I was born of reputable, nay, distinguished parents," said the man, "and one at least was an angel. But she died early, and my father, immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associates, which therefore were naturally not all of the most respectable kind. By and by my irregularities began to attract the notice of my father. He reprimanded me too harshly. Recollect, I was spoiled by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment this time was more severe and quite as ill-advised as before. I was a creature of impulse, pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive me, when he should have persuaded me with kindness. The fact is, neither of us understood each other. Well, I was extravagant, rebellious, and dissipated; my parent was hard and un-forgiving."

"At length," continued the speaker, turning full on the Judge, until their eyes met, "at length one evening, my parent sent for me in his study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me about a fortnight before with disinheritance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I could be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God that my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he given me a chance I might have reformed; but he irritated me with harsh words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour," continued the prisoner, speaking harshly and with great emotion, "I was desperate. I went out from his door a homeless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk

from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means which this miserable outcast must resort to for a livelihood! But enough. From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out from my father's house, my fate was inevitable, leading me by slowly descending steps, until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day, ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future as I have been reckless of the past."

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained the eyes of the spectators toward him, the Judge to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it that no one had looked before, else that proud man had sunk covering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale; how his whole face, at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he recognized his only son! He thought then of the words he had once used, "as you sown, so you shall reap." But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then feeling as if every eye was upon him penetrating his terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the Court House when it was found that the Judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence, and before the next session of the Court, the culprit had received a conditional pardon, the result it was said of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial. The terms on which a large portion of citizens petitioned for his pardon required that he should forever after reside abroad. It was said that the Judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview the night before he sailed to Europe.

About a year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill health, and having settled his affairs, embarked for the old world, where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grandchildren around him, the happy father could say in the language of the Scriptures, "this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

Miscellaneous.

No Sabbath and the Working Classes.

In the first of the "Prize Essays on the Sabbath," which was written by a journey man printer, of Scotland, occurs this singularly beautiful passage:

Yoketowns! I think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would helplessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified.—Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle—finds forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the joints forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think—as your imagination beholds the unvarying wheel of work, the treadmill of labor, thus going round, and round, without a change, without pause, from morn to night, from noon, to noon, and from year to year—think, if you can, of the desolations that must follow this absolute reign of labor over the whole realm of time. Think of the beauty it would extinguish; of the giant strengths that it would exhaust; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspirations it would crush; of the sicknesses that it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans that it would extort; of the lives that it would immolate; and of the cheerless graves that it would prematurely dig! See them, tolling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and heaving, weaving and spinning, stewing and gathering, sowing and reaping, razing and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling;—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth, in days of brightness, and days of gloom, in hours of sun and seasons of storm, in times of trouble and times of peace, in the heights of day and depths of night, through the savageness of winter and thro' the gentleness of spring, in the energy of youth and in the impotence of age, when health is merrily dancing in the blood, and when disease is eating up the strength when death is in the lonely home, and when happy hearts;—thus the wheel of labor would go round with the earth, and the children of industry, chained to its surface, must follow its ruinous circumvolutions, till exhausted by natural efforts, they relax their hold, drop off, and suddenly disappear!

ABSTEMIOUS DIET.—Many cases of illness, both in adults and children, may be readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headache, disordered stomachs, and many other attacks, are often caused by violating the rules of health, and in consequence, some parts of the system are overloaded, or some of the organs are clogged. Omitting one, two or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest and allow the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to clear out the stomach, though it may afford the needed temporary relief, always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner in Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you do for yourself when you have a turn of the headache, or slight attacks?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply. "And if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my supper." "But if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that abstinence is better; but we cannot make our patients believe it."

Many cases of slight indigestion are cured by a change of diet. Thus, if a person suffers from constipation, has a headache, slight attacks of fever or dyspepsia, the cause may often be removed by eating rye mush and molasses, baked, apples and other fruits.

A Thrilling Scene.

The Ship Trade Wind, which took fire on her passage from New York to San Francisco, had among her passengers eight missionaries and their families, sent out to California and Oregon by the Home Missionary Society.—One of them writes home the following description of the scene of board.

The morning of the twenty-first day of our passage, when in latitude 1 deg. 14 min., and longitude 32 degs. 38 mins. one of the sailors came running to the officer on the quarter-deck crying out, "The ship is on fire!" This officer went forward and saw the smoke coming out of the chain lockers and crevices of the deck. He ordered the force pump to be manned, and went back to the cabin where Captain W. and the passengers were at breakfast. He communicated the fact to the captain and they both left without any suspicious being excited as to the cause. After breakfast I went upon the deck, and the unusual stir on the forecastle my attracted attention, I went forward and soon learned the cause.

The ship was on fire in the cargo, some where, it was supposed. Between the second and the third decks, but how extensive the fire was could not be immediately ascertained. A hole was cut in the deck, and a stream of water from the force-pump which would throw about five barrels per minute, was thrown in upon the burning mass. Several other places were cut, and lines for passing buckets were formed by the passengers. We toiled on in this way for some three hours, but could see no indication that we were getting the fire under. The ventilators seemed rather to show that it was spreading aft under the cabin, which was then beginning to be filled with gas and smoke.

The ship was then turned head to the land; we were four hundred and fifty miles from it.—The magazine was hoisted upon the upper deck and placed where it could be easily thrown overboard, the life boats got out, and provisions and water, and the clothing which we would need till we could reach the land made ready. At this time another large opening was made and a box on fire, was broken to pieces; and its contents passed upon the deck. Another and another was broken up in the same manner, till a piece was made large enough to admit one of the sailors, who boldly went down with the hose in his hand. He directed it against the burning mass, till he fell exhausted on the floor. He was dragged out and another as bold as he, came to his place. In a moment or two he fell, like his companion, and was dragged out insensible, and carried upon the deck. Another and another took his place and shared his fate.

Thus it went on, till every one of our sixty sailors had taken his turn. At one time I counted sixteen of these generous fellows lying together on the deck. The ladies came from the cabin and bathed their hands with camphor which would, in most cases, bring them to in a short time. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to walk he would go back and offer his services again. Several of the men were brought up out of this place as many as eight times. On the most of them the gas which they inhaled seemed to have an effect something like that of laughing gas particularly when they were partially resuscitated. It was no easy matter to restrain those powerful men when they endeavored to throw themselves overboard, or do themselves or us some bodily harm.

For four hours we labored in this way and you may imagine the terrors of our position. We could but fear that the strength of the men, self-sacrificing as they were, would not hold on till the flames were extinguished. Some of them could do no more, and these the luckiest of them all. We toiled on, however—the passengers, gentlemen and ladies working the pumps;—for another hour, when the joyful news came that the fire was out. No more flames—could be seen, no more smoke arose. We began to breathe freely, and hope that that deliverance had been sent to us. After the rest of an hour an examination was made but no signs of fire discovered. We all lay down upon the deck (it was very warm) and passed the night. The next day the Sabbath, and never did a more grateful, a more devout assembly come together for the worship of God.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—"Philo Jackson," writes to the Savannah Journal an interesting account of a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage in 1832, from which we extract the following:

"I longed to hear him speak of his great battle, and one of the greatest battles, too, of modern history, the crowning exploit of his military life, the battle of the 8th of January, before New Orleans. He had just returned from his last visit to that city, and lamented the decrease of most of his old companions since that battle. All the officers except Col. Tielant, he observed, were dead. He then graphically described the field, the fortifications, as he laughingly called them, and the victory in a manner I shall never forget.—"Mr. Eaton," (said General Jackson) "has greatly erred in his description of the American works. He says I had a 'strong breast work of cotton bags.' There was not a bag of cotton in the field, sir! I had some stone boxes and sand bags, or bags filled with sand, and these were extended along the lines; but they were so low, that at the close of the action, when the British surviving General in command came riding up on an elegant horse to surrender his sword, when he got near me I heard him ex-

claim, with mortified surprise, 'Barriades! by —, I could leap them with my horse!' I laughed heartily at his astonishment, for so he could, and besides, on one wing the works were not completed; I had nothing there but a corn field fence, if the British had only known, to turn it. But by keeping my men constantly throwing over fences and ladders on the works the British were effectually deceived. But," (continued Gen. J.) "I never had so grand and awful an idea of the Resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat (our men were in hot pursuit of the flying enemy) then I saw, in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain—rising up and more distinctly visible, as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire on them, without having received a scratch and lay prostrate, as if dead until the close of the action."

General Jackson regarded this action, justly, as the most glorious achievement of his life. That victory was as glorious to his country as to the hero of New Orleans, yet the strategy of the General in this mastery battle has never been duly appreciated in any history of it I have read.

FAMILY HARMONY.—I. We may be quite sure that our will is like to be crossed in the day; so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are so suffering and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to the servants, and commend them for little things when they deserve it.

12. In all the little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.

13. To try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind or deed, to ask ourselves,—"Have I not often done the same, and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves, but bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the younger ones, treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.

17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.

18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of life.

19. To read the scriptures every morning and ask God's blessing to attend each member of the family through the day.

Live not to Yourself.

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Ask why it hangs there? "I hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my heart, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who penciled each leaf and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same—I live not to myself."

Beside yonder highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it; and you say, surely, that must stand for itself alone. "No," answers the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns which I have matured from year to year have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top, or the humming bird that has panned and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark; and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean; and to his dwelling to warm his hearth and cheer his home—I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling the ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Ask the leaper what it is doing. "I was born," sings the brook, "high up the mountain, but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must; but hastening down to water the sweet valley; where the thirsty cattle may drink where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back again in the cloud to my own native mountain, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel, in whose bright face you may not read, 'None of us liveth to himself.'"

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the rains that swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of

moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that tosses its spray in useful industry, not in idle sport, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all has he written, "None of us liveth to himself!"

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—In my boyhood, but old enough to consider and remember, I saw George Washington; in his coach going to church, and at other times when drawn by six horses, with several servants in showy liveries; in his graceful and commanding seat on horseback; in a court dress, small sword, and hair in a bag, delivering his farewell address to Congress; in his drawing-room, with all his secretaries; Pickens, Hamilton and Knox, smoking the pipe of peace with a tribe of Indians, all solemn as he was; and once, as schoolfellow and playmate of his wife's grandson, Mr. Custis, I had the casual honor of dining with him in the grave and nearly taciturn dignity of his family circle, with several servants in attendance, and a secretary, Mr. Dandridge, officiating as carver. General Washington's Revolution comparable chest presented to Congress on the eighteenth of April, 1844, as a relic to be preserved, is one of the many proofs that he not only loved good cheer but, as governor or manager of men, promoted conviviality as an affair of state and convenience for business. Almost all accounts represent him as grave and stately. But I have known, intimately, ladies who danced with him; have heard companions of his pastime hours describe his enjoyment of not only the pleasures of the table, but those songs of merriment then so common a part of such pleasures. I heard an officer of his military family entertain Lafayette with a recital of some of the expressions which General Washington uttered with passionate outbreak, when disobeyed and disappointed in battle. I have seen his minute, written directions for the liveries of his servants, and concerning the choice and rent of a house; and have been assured, by a gentleman who spent some days with him at Mount Vernon, when no longer on his guard, that the once reserved and solemn statesman chatted freely on all subjects.

Ingwersoll's History.

Some weeks since, the Florence Gazette published an account of the capture of a wild man, who was found in a cave near the Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee river. The same paper, in making allusion to its former article gives the sequel of the story as follows:

We gave the name of the unfortunate individual as Goring. Our article attracted the attention of Mr. Goring, the father of the poor outcast, who resides in Knox county, Tenn.—From the description, as well as from information received through a letter, the old man was satisfied that it was his son who had been absent nearly seven years, and when last heard of was in this vicinity; and although poor, feeble and bent beneath the weight of sixty years, he set out for the purpose of finding and reclaiming him if possible. He arrived in Florence on Wednesday morning last, nearly exhausted from fatigue and excitement. We were present when the old man was told of the finding and capture of his son; and the recital caused him to weep like a child. We voluntarily offered him our aid, and in company with him and two others we set out for Bainbridge, at the foot of Muscle Shoals, where young Goring was stationed. On arriving, the old man hastened to where his son was standing. He offered him his hand and asked him if he knew him. The son gazed at him and answered he did, and called him father, while the old man again wept as if his heart would break. They then had a long private conversation, and after some persuasion the poor unfortunate man agreed to return home with his father. We came to town in company with the father and son, and the young man gave a very interesting history of his life and the cause which induced him to withdraw from the world and seek the seclusion of the woods. (He said that those he worked for would not pay him, and the world generally had treated him badly, and being naturally melancholy and retiring, had concluded to shut himself out from the world. He regretted his conduct, and said he would have come in long before he was caught, but was ashamed of the tattered garments he was clad in. He says his mind was never impaired, but he always shunned society and had an involuntary shrinking at the approach of man, and this feeling had grown on him during his wild adventures in the woods. In company with his father he left for home yesterday morning, and we trust he will soon see his aged mother and other relations who are now anxiously looking for his arrival.)

THE PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.—In the beautiful language of the eminent writer—"When once a concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day—confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this? and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind. Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes. With partners in trade, with partners in life—with friends, with lovers, how important is confidence? How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties? How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarications and deceit? "Any vice," said a parent in our hearing, a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a maiden character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure, may come."

Next to my friend I love my enemies, for from them I first hear of my faults.