



POETRY.

From the Boston Gazette.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

How many lift their head, look gay, and smile

Against their consciences?—YOUNG.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,
We shrink, lest looks or words impart,
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile, when one could weep—
To speak when one could silent be—
To wake, when one would wish to sleep,
And wake to agony!

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,
Who wander in this world of care;
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And Time guides with unerring feet,
The weaved wand'ers home.

ON LEARNING.

BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ.

Ah, full of danger is the uphill road,
That leads the youth to learning's high
abode,

His way thick mists of vulgar error blind,
And sneering satire follows close behind,
Sour envy strews the rugged path with
thorns,

And lazy ignorance his labor scorns."

Miscellaneous.

The following interesting sketch of private character, highly honorable to our country, is extracted from Miss Watson's "View of Society and Manners in America."

ACCOUNT OF COL. HUGER.

NEW-JERSEY, APRIL, 1820.

My Dear Friend,

I am happy to have it in my power to reply to the question contained in the letter now before me, and this without any trouble, as I am so fortunate as to be intimately acquainted with some near relatives of the individual about whom you inquire.

Colonel Huger is a native of South Carolina, and the member of a family remarkable (so far at least as my acquaintance with it extends) for ardor of character and distinguished talents. He passed to London in his youth to complete his medical studies, and was thus engaged when the news reached him of the seizure and imprisonment of Gen. La Fayette, whom he had learned from his infancy to respect as the companion in arms of his father, and the champion of his country's liberties. He instantly conceived the project of devoting his time, and, if it should be necessary, his life, to effect the rescue of the illustrious captive. Having digested his scheme, and finding that a coadjutor would be necessary, he took into his confidence a young German, a companion of his studies, and embarked with him for Holland. The story of the attempted rescue, as commonly told, is pretty accurate; the best that I remember to have seen, was in a number of the Annual Register. I suppose you are acquainted with the incidents which defeated the scheme, and gave back the rescued La Fayette to his prison and made his generous deliverer also an inhabitant of the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz. The sufferings of the young American, after the failure of the attempt, were cruelly severe; alone, in a dark and stony cell, apprehensive for the safety, even for the life of La Fayette, uncertain as to the fate of his friend; now cursing his own rashness, which had perhaps doubled the sufferings of him he came to rescue, and now the untoward chances which had defeated his attempt when so near success;—this

fever of the Spirit soon fell on the blood, and, for three weeks, delirium rendered him insensible to the horrors of his dungeon. Without assistance of any kind as he can recollect, how the fever left him, he knows not; the damps and confinement ill forwarded the recovery of his strength; stretched on the stones, he sought to divert his mind by laying plans for his future life, if his prison-doors should ever open, but for his corpse. What is singular, he has followed out the mode of life he then amused himself with scheming.

The first human sound that reached him was the cry of a child (for the keeper who supplied him with bread and water, made neither query nor reply.) "A child! then there must be a woman, and where there is a woman, there may be compassion." So saying he crawled towards the wall, at the top of which was the grate that admitted light, air, and all the inclemencies of the seasons; often he listened, watched, and called, till at last a woman's face was stooped towards the gate; he tried French, which fortunately, she could reply to. "You are a mother;" such was the manner of his address, to remove her scruples; "I have a mother, for her sake have pity on her son!" After a good deal of pathetic entreaty, she promised to bring him back an answer to his inquiries, and to procure for him a German grammar.—He learned that his friend was in a dungeon in the same fortress and that La Fayette was in tolerable health, but in stricter confinement than ever. The grammar was squeezed through the bars, another book was afterwards procured, and thus he acquired a tolerable knowledge of German. After some time, he told his visitor, that his grammar had afforded him so much amusement, that if she could discover the grate of his friend's prison, he wished she would convey it to him. Having in vain tried to make intelligible marks upon the paper, he made some with a piece of mortar, scraped from the wall, upon a black silk handkerchief that he took from his neck, and in which he folded the grammar; this with a good deal of trouble, was squeezed again through the bars, and in a few days was returned, some words of English in reply having been scraped by his friend upon the cover, satisfying Huger as to his health. The grammar was his only amusement through the remaining months of his imprisonment, which were in all eight. The representations of Washington procured his release, after a trial where he pleaded his own cause in French: it was short and simple, but eloquently stated, that he and his friend had no accomplices, and no motives but those supplied by their own enthusiasm; that he had not sought to rescue a state-prisoner, but the friend of his father, of his country, and of mankind; to procure whose release, he would then willingly return to his dungeon, and to save whose life, he would joyfully give his own. Having concluded, the judge (whose German title I forget,) ordered him to leave the place within so many hours, and to be out of Germany in so many days; and, then, leaving his seat, and approaching him, he said—"Young man, you are chargeable with singular rashness, but I tell you, that had I to search the world for a friend, from what I have heard this day, I would seek him in America."

I may mention that the young prisoner came from his dungeon almost entirely bald, and that though the strength of his constitution soon removed all the other effects of his unwholesome confinement, he never recovered his hair; this contrasted with the youth and animation of his countenance, gave him for many years a very singular appearance. Return-

ing to his country, misfortune seemed to follow him; entering the house of his brother, a bow-window from the upper story fell on his head; for thirteen days he lay insensible, attended by his brother with agonized affection. What struck me as a fine instance of greatness of mind, when the surgeon, perceiving the skull to be injured, proposed trepanning, which he thought might save life, though without the hope of preserving the reason: "No," said his brother, "never shall he live to be so different from what he was. I know his soul, and choose for him in preferring death." He repaid his cares, however, by a perfect recovery, when his brother, who was possessed of a large property, entreated him to share his fortune; this, however, he strenuously refused, and settled in Charleston as a physician. Some time afterwards, he became attached to a young woman of a respectable family in that city. Though rising into eminence in his profession, his income was as yet small, and she had nothing. In this state of things, he determined not to venture on marriage, until his increasing practice should enable him to support a family. These circumstances coming to the knowledge of his brother, he instantly bestowed a fortune on the young woman; and obligation, thus delicately conferred, could not be objected to by her lover. They married, and Col. Huger then determined to carry into effect the dreams which had amused his prison. He took his wife to a farm beyond the mountains, where he settled, and was soon the father of a fine boy.

The child when two years of age, sickened, and his knowledge of physic satisfied him that he could not recover; he reasoned like a philosopher with the deating mother, prepared her by degrees for her loss, represented the duty she owed to him, which should strengthen her struggle with her grief, and submit to an irremediable evil. She listened, and had sufficient strength of mind to feel the weight of his words. She herself wrote the news of her loss to her father. "My husband has exhorted me to bear it as became your daughter and his wife, and he has imparted strength to me to do so; but, oh! what calamity is there for which his affection ought not to console me!" They were afterwards more fortunate parents. Col. Huger has been the tutor of his children, who obey his words as the young Spartans those of Lyncorgus. Trained to hardiness and independence, inspired by their father with sentiments of patriotism, and clad in garments woven by their own domestics, they exhibit, in their manners and character, that simplicity and ardour which form the true characteristics of the sons and daughters of a republic. Not is it only when excited by feelings of peculiar enthusiasm, when called upon to perform the duties of a husband, a father, and a citizen, that this distinguished individual has evinced the beauty of his character. He had an only sister, who some years after his marriage, fell into a pitiable state of health; change of air, and travelling were recommended as the last remedies; his brother found it impossible to move at the time, and there was no other friend or relative on whom could be devolved the care of the invalid. Col. Huger left his farm, came to Charleston, deposited his wife and infant children with his father-in-law became the travelling companion and physician of his sister, and, nearly a year after, brought her back in a state of recovery, joined his family, and returned to his estate.

During the war, when a descent of the enemy was expected on some of the great cities of the south, and then on Savannah rather than New-Orleans, Col. Huger repaired to the

former. Assembling his children around him in the presence of their mother, he explained the duty which called him from them. "My country and your country calls me to its defence. I go with a willing heart, commending you and your mother to it and to heaven. Let me see that you, on your side, yield your father with willing hearts. Now embrace me, all of you, without a fear."—He mounted his horse, and not a murmur was heard; even the youngest tried to smile as their beloved parent rode away; another proudly brushed the tear from his eye, and wished that he was old enough to defend his country. Are you not with the old Romans?

He that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion, he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calamity from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.



HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT,

AT THE SIGN OF THE EAGLE AND HARP,

West corner of Broad & King-Streets, and the door North of the Court-House, CAMDEN, S. C.

M. M. McCULLOCH, having recently established himself in the above line, in that elegant house formerly occupied by Col. F. A. DeLoach, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. The House is elegantly situated, large, airy and commodious; fitted for the immediate reception of families and travellers, who wish to be retired, particularly for families travelling for their health. His House, Bar and Stables, are always well supplied with the necessary comforts and refreshments for man and horse.

A few Boarders can be genteelly accommodated.

Camden, July 26, 1821.

The Editors of the Raleigh Register, Western Carolinian, Columbia Telescope and Georgia Advertiser, are requested to publish the above once a week, for three weeks, and forward their accounts to this Office for payment.

Notice.

WILL be offered for sale on Friday the 10th of August next, my lands lying on Beaver Creek, one lot of three hundred acres, on the same lot there is sixty or seventy acres of low ground, that by banking and ditching would produce equal to any lands on the Wateree river; and one other lot of two hundred acres, both said lots adjoining together—also, a likely stock of Cattle, Hogs and Plantation Tools, and on the day following, my Sand-hill place, containing twenty-five acres, lying on the great road leading from Camden to Lancaster, with a good comfortable Dwelling House, Kitchen, Smoke House, Stables and other necessary buildings, as healthy a situation as any in the State, and an excellent stand for a Public House; being twenty-one miles above Camden. The lands above described on Beaver Creek, are only four miles from the Sand-hill place, and a number of other articles too tedious to mention. Terms will be made known on the day of sale.

John Fletcher.

July 12.

TO RENT.

The HOUSE formerly occupied by Mrs. Ray—For terms apply to James Clark.