

# The Camden Journal.

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TERMS.  
THREE DOLLARS, payable in advance.  
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E. J. FORD,  
House, Sign and Furniture  
PAINTER.  
CAMDEN, S. C.  
Imitations of all kinds of Wood and Marble, Paper Hanging, China Glass &c., done in the best style. Prices will be in accordance with the times—Jan. 20—6m.

### VINEGAR BITTERS

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN ALL THE GREAT CITIES.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether young or old, arising from the state of womanhood or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

FOR Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Stomachic and Catarrhs of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Eructations, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the result of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the Liver and Gallbladder, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Itch, Humors, Blotches, Pimples, Freckles, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scabies, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally driven out, and cured out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One looks in their countenance will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitrated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when it causes indigestion and sluggishness in the bowels; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, and all the ailments of the system, arising from the impurities of the blood, these Bitters are the most reliable and most effectual remedy ever discovered.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Distributors, and Gen. S. San Francisco, Cal., and 31 and 33 Commerce Street, New York.

### DR. SHALLENBERGER'S

## Fever and Ague

### ANTIDOTE

Always Stops the Chills.

This medicine has been before the Public fifteen years, and is still ahead of all other known remedies. It does not purge, does not sicken the stomach, is perfectly safe in any dose and under all circumstances, and is the only medicine that will CURE IMMEDIATELY and permanently every form of Fever and Ague, because it is a perfect Antidote to Malaria.

Sold by all Druggists.

### THE UNRIVALLED

## JEFFERSON'S

### AMERICAN DOUBLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL

Mill Gearing, Shafting & Pulleys

### STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS.

POOLE & HUNT, BALTIMORE, MD.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

**REMOVAL.**  
On and after March the 1st, the undersigned can be found at his residence, on MONUMENTAL SQUARE. Patients waited upon at their residences at any time if solicited.

H. ALEXANDER, DENTIST.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness, often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair, with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

### HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,  
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,  
LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE \$1.00.  
Sold in Camden, by  
Nov. 3—1y. HODGSON & DUNLAP.

### GENERAL FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENCY,

#### CAMDEN, S. C.

Piedmont & Arlington  
Life Insurance Company,  
RICHMOND, Va.  
The most Successful and Wealthiest  
Insurance Company in the South.

ASSETS to 10th Sept., 1870, \$2,011,096.70  
ANNUAL INCOME 1,900,000.00  
NO. POLICIES ISSUED to 15th  
Dec., 1870, 13,211

**Fire Companies**  
Pacific Insurance Company of San Francisco, Atlantic Branch New York Capital One Million Dollars.

Policies Issued Payable in Gold or Currency.

Richmond Banking and Insurance Company, \$500,000.  
For every description of insurance apply to W. CLYBURN, Agent.

### Fisk's Patent

## OCTAGON ROSEWOOD FINISH

### Metallic Burial Cases.

AIR-TIGHT AND INDESTRUCTIBLE  
for PROTECTING AND PRESERVING THE  
DEAD.

The subscriber keeps the above celebrated CASES on hand, which, for durability, neatness and finish cannot be surpassed. These are air and water tight, therefore will preserve the body for a long time, which have been proven by a number of Undertakers North and South. They cost but little, if any more than well made Walnut or Mahogany Coffins.

On hand, a complete assortment of  
**WOODEN COFFINS,**  
Lined and Unlined, Stained and Varnished, or covered. Handles and Trimmings to suit and at prices to suit the circumstances of all.

R. J. MCBRIGHT,  
Undertaker.  
March 16, 12m.

### \$1000, REWARD.

For any case of Blind Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that De Bing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has cured cases of over 20 years standing. Sold by all Druggists.

### VIA FUGA.

DeBing's Via Fuga is the pure juices of Barks, Herbs, Roots, and Berries, for  
**CONSUMPTION.**

Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney, and Bladder diseases, organic Weakness Female Affections, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs in Male and Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Biliary, Glandular Secretory system; Corrects and Strengthens the nervous and Muscular forces; it acts like charm on weak nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere.

Laboratory—142 Franklin St. Balt., Md.  
Aug. 1—ly.

**Axle Grease,**  
By the Box of Keg. HODGSON & DUNLAP.

### THE PASSING CLOUD.

"Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

Andrew Thurston spoke very calmly, and a chance listener might have thought that he spoke very kindly. He certainly spoke deprecatingly; but his lips were compressed, and there were lines upon his brow which were not usual. Ordinarily he would have said, as he drew on his gloves, "Now, my love, what can I get for you in town?" and he would have spoken gayly and frankly, with sprightliness and sparkle; for they had been married not a year yet, and only the day before Andrew had declared that they would never outlive their honeymoon. "Ellie," he said with a kiss, "when we cease to love, we shall have ceased to live; for life could be nothing without love."

But now a cloud had come—very small at first—not bigger than a man's hand—but yet a cloud. Ellie had never complained of fatigue or weariness, and yet she was far from being robust. On this particular morning she had arisen with an aching head, but she did not mention it. She did not smile as was her wont, and her husband asked her what was the matter. His question seemed to imply that her manner had fretted him—there was almost an accusation in it—and she replied rather shortly, "Nothing."

"But there must be something," said he, "What is it?"

This to his wife, rendered over-susceptible by her headache, seemed a disputing of her word, and she answered, "I tell you—nothing."

"But, Ellie," he said, "you wouldn't act so if there was nothing the matter."

"Act how?" demanded his wife, flushing under this direct charge. "What have I done?"

What could her husband reply to this? What a single act of hers—what word, even, could be pointed out? Something in her manner had jarred upon the sensitive chords of his heart, and a cloud had come between them; but how could he tell it? How could he give to another, an idea of that which had no form nor substance, and which he had only perceived because it dropped a discord into the exquisite harmony of his jealous love? He could make no plausible answer, and this fretted him still more.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, drawing back. "If you don't choose to confide in me, all right."

His wife's eyes flashed now, and she spoke quickly—spoke so quickly and so feelingly that her husband was in turn offended; and with a hasty word upon his lips, he went out into the hall and made ready for the city, which was but a few miles distant from his suburban residence.

When Andrew Thurston re-entered the sitting room with his hat in his hand, he asked the question we have already heard, "Do you want me to get anything for you in town?"

How cold his voice sounded to his wife, who sat with bowed and aching head by the curtained window. It did not sound like the voice of her husband, and she did not look up. She would wait until he came to kiss her, as he always did before he went away, and then she might be able to speak—to speak upon his bosom, where she could hide her face, but she dared not trust her voice now. She knew she should cry if she spoke, and she would not have her husband see her do that if he was angry with her. But he did not come to her. He turned away without another word, and was gone.

Andrew Thurston knew that his wife must have heard his question, and as she did not immediately answer he allowed his anger to express itself in a slam of the door, as he went out. He pulled on his gloves very vigorously, and stepped off with measured strides, but not very long so. The fresh morning air fanned his brow with a cooling influence, and he began to think. He missed something. For the first time since his marriage he was going away from home without his wife's kiss. Surely a cloud had arisen upon the domestic horizon, and something very much like a storm had come upon their peace. He was unhappy; and the more he meditated the more unhappy he became.

"Ellie was to blame," he said to himself; but this did not heal his wound. "I may have been hasty," he acknowledged after a further reflection. "But still," he assured himself, "she irritated me."

Thus he reached a point very far from satisfactory or soothing in its influence. He was forced to acknowledge that he had allowed himself, in a moment of irritation, to speak hastily and unkindly. When he entered the train he took a seat in a corner and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He did not wish to converse. When he reached his office he was moody and taciturn—very unlike the Andrew Thurston whose custom it was to come with smiles and cheerful salutations.

A little thing it was, to be sure, but it gave him great pain. A mote is a tiny particle, but it becomes a thing of painful moment when it is lodged in the eye; and the heart that is made tender with a devoted, living love is as sensitive to motives as in the eye. Hitherto the current of Andrew's love had flowed on unbroken and untroubled, but this incoming of obstructions had produced a turbulence, as destructive of peace and happiness for the time as though the very fountain of love itself had been broken up. In short, he was brought to the self-confession that there could be no more joy for him until this cloud had passed away. And how should that be done?—How should the sunlight be let in again upon his hearthstone? He was proud, and did not like to make a confession of his fault. Would his wife make the first acknowledgment? He hoped so; for thus the evil might be put away.

As he sat alone in his office, he took up a paper, and sought to overcome his unhappy thoughts by reading. He could not fix his mind upon the thread of a long article, so he

read the short paragraphs; and at length he caught the following: "Where there has been misunderstanding between near and dear friends, resulting in mutual unhappiness and regret, the one who loves most, and whose sense of right and duty is strongest, will make the first advances towards reconciliation."

Andrew Thurston dropped the paper and rose to his feet. It was as though a voice from Heaven had spoken to him.

"I do not love the most," he soliloquized, but I am the strongest, and should show my love by my works."

He looked at his watch. It was almost noon. It was his custom not to return home till evening, but he could not remain and bear the burden through the other hours of the day. And he marvelled as he put on his hat and drew on his gloves how even the resolve to do this simple thing had let the sunlight into his soul.

Ellen Thurston, when she knew that her husband had gone—gone without a word or a kiss—had gone without giving her time to recover her stricken senses—sank down and wept, and it was a long time before she could think or reflect. She had been left alone with pain and sorrow, and she was utterly miserable. She blamed herself for not having called her husband to her; and she blamed him for not having come of his own accord. To her it seemed as though the death of joy had come. She had never known such misery before. By and by, when she could think, she wondered if her husband would smile upon her; if she should offer him the first kiss, and speak the first word of love. She would try it. It would be terrible if he should repulse her; but she could not live so.

The hours passed, and the young wife sat like one disconsolate. She thought not of dinner—she had no appetite. She only thought could the warm sunshine ever come again? Did her husband love her less than she had thought?

Thus she sat with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, when she heard the outer door opened, and a step in the hall. She started up to listen, thinking that her senses might have deceived her, when the door of the sitting room opened, and her husband entered. His eyes were filled with tears when he saw how pale and grief-stricken his wife looked, and with open arms he went towards her. "Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more!"

He had been thinking on his way home, what he should say when he met her; and he had framed in his mind a speech of confession which he would make; but he forgot it all when he saw her, and his heart spoke as it would. The words burst from his lips, lovingly, prayerfully, beseechingly, "Ellie, my darling, don't let us be unhappy any more!"

She came to his bosom; and with twined her arms about his neck; and for the kiss that was missed in the morning they took many now; and they wept no more apart, but wept together.

That was all. The cloud had passed; and they experienced the exquisite thrill which all true hearts feel when a wrong has been made right, and when the warm joy-beams drive away the dark shadows of sorrow and regret. It was a life-lesson to them both; and they promised themselves that they would never forget its teaching.

### The Darwinian Theory—The Monkeys

Hear of it, and are Much Agitated in Consequence.

Darwin's theory concerning the descent of man is creating a tremendous sensation among the monkeys. They have just heard of it, and are terribly exercised. They repudiate the whole theory. That man descended from them they consider a slur on the entire monkey race.

A cage of John Robinson's monkeys held an indignant meeting over the matter, the other day, after the performance. A venerable chimpanzee, whose gray hairs entitled him to the distinction, was made chairman; and, sitting in a swing, presided with the utmost dignity. He got a little excited in his speech as he took the chair, but this was pardonable under the circumstances.

"What!" exclaimed the venerable baboon, "Man descended from us! I repudiate the idea with scorn. True, we have our faults. We are accused of cutting up monkey shins sometimes, and not without cause; but this attempt to make us father the human race is altogether too much. Is it not enough that poverty requires us to travel around the country in this manner to make a livelihood; to exhibit ourselves to gaping men, woman and children, at so much a head, (when two-thirds of them haven't any head at all to speak of), without having it flung into our faces what we originated the pack of fools styled men?"

His remarks were received with every expression of possible delight to the monkey. Some stood on their pyramidal heads, others hung on by their tails, while others threw flip-flops from one end of the cage to the other.

A monkey who had traveled much, and seen a great deal, and who had probably used the cat's paw to pull more chestnuts out of the fire than any other monkey of his age, next addressed his fellow-monkeys.

Said he: "This darwin has inflicted a disgrace upon us that no monkey of self-respect will hesitate to resent. I fing his base insinuations back into his teeth! [A wild chatter of applause.] If man was indeed descended from us, what a fall was there, my countrymen! [Prolonged howls of derision.] If I had this base slanderer of our race—this Darwin, who dar't-ten fame by traducing us—I would r-r-r-rend him in pieces with these pentadactyls, with this prehensile tail!" [Immense cheering.]

The chairman interrupted the speaker to remind him that no puns would be allowed. Nobody but men perpetrated puns, and a pun was altogether beneath the dignity of any monkey who had the least respect for himself. The speaker promised to be more

guarded in the future, and proceeded with his remarks:

"Look at the follies men perpetrate every day. Did you ever know a monkey to make such a fool of himself as they do? Did you ever know a monkey to buy a ticket to a menagerie and go staring around and making remarks about better people than himself? Did a monkey ever get drunk, or talk about his neighbors, or wear a plug hat, (unless it was fastened on his head by a detestable ring-master), or sue for a divorce, or color his whiskers, or go into bankruptcy, or cheat a printer, or get elected councilman, or run for Congress? Never!" [Screams and screeches of assent.]

"Man descended from the monkey, indeed! If we were descended from man, it would be sufficiently disgraceful. I get ashamed when I think there is a possibility of a connecting link. Look at the most idiotic moments did we ever yell and howl as they do?"

"Look at them in Congress. A whole menagerie on a drunk couldn't behave worse. And where did they get it? They didn't get it from us, that is a sure thing. The key to their cursed nonsense is not the monkey. [An admonishing shake of the head from the President.] Mr. Darwin must seek for his ancestry elsewhere, and let monkeys alone. He might, perhaps, trace it to the beasts of the field or the birds of the air, or what is more likely, the jackass!"

Tremendous applause followed this speech. After some further remarks on the part of the distinguished monkeys, of like tenor, the meeting passed a series of resolutions utterly repudiating the Darwinian theory, and adjourned.

### The Boy of the Period.

Everybody has seen the boy of the Period. His face hangs on the show-board in front of the photographer's. He is on exhibition for awhile every fair evening on the corners of conspicuous streets. He is carefully and exquisitely dressed, wears delicate kids; twirls a light stick; puffs a fragrant cigar; eyes every young lady that may chance to pass, and gives his opinion of her at once while her ears are in reach. Having finished his treet performance, he lounges into a billiard saloon, flourishes his cue, drinks his drinks, pays for them with ostentatious parade of his indifference to money, and then sallies out in search of home or of some other place.

The boy of the Period is a great reader. He is familiar with "Our best Society," "The Days Doings" and all the pictorial literature which draws its embellishments from a low imagination. He detests reading of a solid kind as being unworthy the attention of a modern young gentleman. His taste is too fine and fanciful to be regaled with the vulgar food of useful knowledge. He glances his eyes now and then over the leading daily prints, but he fails to find in them some rousing sensational record of crime, he tosses them away in disdain. He has heard of the Library, but deems it of no use to him—it may serve plodding blockheads very well.

The Boy of the Period is a genius. He is above work, and has a clerkship; but he has no intention of passing his years in the dull routine of a profession, trade, or craft. He is too smart for all that. He needs money, for he has the habit of a spendthrift.

Chance is protean. Honesty is straightforward, and has a single eye. The Boy of the Period worships chance, and waits daily at her shrine. At length he sails in; makes a venture, in some form, and luck, the deceiver, at first is on his side. Suddenly luck has turned against him. He fights against his luck desperately; flounders into a crime; is detected, arrested, imprisoned, and punished. Then the Boy of the Period gets his face into the rogue's gallery, and himself among the criminal classes.

Such is a brief outline of the biography which very nearly describes the line of life along which a good many young men are traveling. A little reflection on their part, might induce them to choose a better and safer path.

**How to See Down a Well.**—It is not generally known, says the Lancaster (Penn.) Intelligencer, how easy a matter it is to explore the bottom of a well, cistern or pond of water, by the use of a common mirror. When the sun is shining brightly, hold a mirror so that reflected rays light will fall into the water. A bright spot will be seen at the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object plainly. By this means we have examined the bottoms of wells fifty feet deep when half full or more of water. The smallest bit of straw or other object can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine the bottoms of ponds and rivers, if the waters be somewhat clear and not agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be under cover, or shaded by a building so that the sunlight will not fall near the opening, it is only necessary to use two mirrors, using one to reflect the light for the opening, and the other to reflect down into the water. Light may be thrown fifty or a hundred yards to the precise spot desirable, and then downward. We have used the mirror with success to reflect light around a house to a shaded well, and also to carry it from a south window through two rooms and then to a cistern under the north side of the house. Half a dozen reflections of light may be made, though each mirror diminishes the brilliancy of the light. Let any one not familiar with the method, try it, and he will not only find it useful, but a very pleasant experiment. It will perhaps reveal a mass of sediment at the bottom of the well that has been little thought of, but which may have been a frightful source of disease by its decay in the water.

"Wife, do you know that I have got the pneumonia?" "New monia, indeed! Such extravagance! You're the spendthriftiest man I ever did see—to go and lay out your money for trash, when I do need a new bonnet so much!"

### NEWS ITEMS.

Paternal acres—The old man's corns.  
Stagnation—A nation inhabited mostly by men.

A stylish bonnet in California costs more than a male.  
Jackson county, Mississippi, has a seven-horned cow.  
The Mayor of Savannah denies that yellow fever exists there.

A Texas negro jury sentenced a man to be "hung by the head until dead."  
The Democrats of Indiana want Hendricks for President.

A Kansas man is in jail for letting a male follow him.  
An inch of rain falling upon an acre of land weighs about one hundred tons.

The census of Great Britain shows that out of about 31,500,000 people only 30,000 are landholders.

Why was Louis Napoleon's army like his moustache? Because it was waxed at both ends.  
A Jersey lady has sued a ferry boat for not stopping to pick up her bran new fifteen dollar hat.

Paper for revenue stamps is becoming scarce, owing to the difference between the heads of departments.

There is a town in Illinois called Marseilles. The men of that town are all Marseilles huns.  
Chief Justice Chase has greatly improved physically since his sojourn at the Magnetic Springs, Michigan.

There was a daring express robbery in Kentucky Monday. The thieves carried off \$20,000 by overpowering the messenger just as the cars were starting.

A man in Cleveland broke his thigh by kicking off his boot. It is not stated whether his wife was talking to him about coming home in that condition.

Two disguised men murdered a farmer named George Campbell in Thorndale, Canada, a few nights ago, and only obtained ten cents.

English ritualistic clergymen want to exclude female singers from the choirs of all churches. They are unwilling to give women any chance.

The steam power employed in the United States does the labor of 140,000,000 men, while that of Great Britain is equivalent to 400,000,000.

The yellow fever is doing terrible work in Brazil, and nearly all the foreigners at Apia have fallen victims to it, including the English Consul and wife.

As an argument in favor of polygamy, a Mormon father in Salt Lake City shows a child six months old weighing forty pounds and measuring twenty-six inches around the waist.

"Tea punch" is said to be a favorite with Bostonians. The ingredients are one bottle of champagne, one of whisky, one of rum, two of claret, a lemon and a tablespoonful of black tea.

Wilmer McLean, a real broker estate at Manassas Virginia, owned the farm on which the first battle of the war was fought at Bull Run, and that upon which the last was contested at Appomattox.

A singular but striking instance of the working of the law of compensation is afforded in the undoubted fact that although the Orangemen are all Protestants, a majority of the orange women are good Roman Catholics.

It is stated that Dr. Livingstone has not had any breeches to speak of for four years, the merchant tailors of Ujiji refusing to credit him. With a little paint, however, and a segment of lion skin around his loins, the Doctor has managed to keep the wolf from his door.

The theory that white men cannot endure the labor required to utilize the sugar and cotton crops bids fair to be exploded. Experiments made by Southern planters who have imported laborers from the cold regions of Sweden show that Swedes do more work and suffer less sickness than native born blacks under the same conditions.

Koopmanschap, the famous importer of heathen Chinese, has been to Tuscaloosa, Ala., to look after the interests of about 350 Chinamen who were taken there to work on a railroad and have received no pay. He found them living on blackberries and crawfish, and probably deemed the diet healthy for the Mongolian constitution, as he left them to continue the same regimen.

In Lancaster, Ohio, the people engaged in the celebration of our nation's independence were fortunate in the engagement of a colored chaplain who graduated from Oberlin College, and was progressive in his ideas, as may be judged from the concluding prayer which he vented on the occasion of a mixed assemblage of patriotic celebrants: "I pray the Lord I may live to see the day when the colored man may forget his prejudice so far as to be willing to receive all other races as his equals."

A farmer who went to Texas to buy a farm was greatly prejudiced against the country he thought to settle in from the fact that a doctor whom he called to attend him when he was seized with a fever began trying on his clothes immediately after writing a prescription. The fact that while the doctor was trying on his coat the chambermaid was examining his handkerchiefs and the porter was struggling with his boots last wings to his imagination, and doubtless had an influence in regard to his speedy exit from the State.