

Wilmington Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XXII.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1842.

No. 1114.

From the Youth's Athenaeum.
TRY AGAIN.
BY T. G. ARTHUR.
"George, have you finished your lesson?" said Mr. Prentiss to his son, a lad in his fourteenth year, who had laid aside his book, and was busily engaged in the manufacture of a large paper kite.
"No, sir," replied George, hanging his head.
"Why not, my son?"
"Because it is so difficult. I am sure, father, that I shall never learn to read Latin."
"And why not, George?"
"Because—because, I can't."
"Can't learn, George?"
"Indeed, father, I have tried my best," the boy replied, earnestly, the tears at the same time starting to his eyes—"but it is no use. Other boys can get their lessons without any trouble; but I try and try, but it is no use."
"You must try again, my son."
"But it is no use, father. I can't learn."
"I can't, is a word no boy should ever utter in reference to learning. You can learn any thing you please, George, if you only persevere."
"Not Latin, father."
"Yes, Latin."
"But haven't I tried, father?"
"Yes. But you must try again."
"And so I have, father."
"Well, try again, and again."
"But I can't remember the lesson after I have learned it. My memory is so bad," urged the lad.
"If I were to promise you a holiday on the thirtieth of the month after next, do you think that you would forget it?"
"No, I am—sure that I would not."
"And why?"
"I can't exactly tell the reason, but I know I should remember it."
"Well, I can tell you, George. The pleasure you would take in the idea of having a holiday, would keep the date of it fresh in your memory. Now, if you love to take the same delight in learning that you do in playing, you would find no difficulty. You play marbles well, I believe?"
"O yes. I can beat every boy at school."
"Few are more skillful in making and flying kites, I believe?"
"No. My kites always fly best."
"You skate well, too?"
"Yes, I can cut every figure, from one to nine, and form every letter in the alphabet."
"And you are very fond of skating, and flying your kite, and playing at ball, and marbles, &c.?"
"Yes, father, too fond, I believe, for a boy of my age."
"And yet you cannot learn your Latin lesson. My dear boy, you are deceiving yourself. You can learn as well as any one. Only try."
"But have I not tried, father?" urged George.
"Well, try again. Come, lay aside your kite for this afternoon, and make another effort to get your lesson. And to inspire you a little, I will tell you a true story. One of the dullest boys in a village school, some thirty years ago, came up to repeat his lesson the morning, and, as usual, was deficient. "Go to your seat, you stupid blockhead!" said the teacher, dealing him a severe blow along side of the head. "You will never be fit for any thing but a scavenger. I wonder what they send you here for, any how?"
"The poor, dispirited boy, stole off to his seat, and bent his eyes again towards his lesson."
"It is no use. I cannot learn," he said in a whisper to a companion who sat near him.
"You must try hard," said his sympathizing friend.
"I have tried, and it is no use. I might just as well give up at once."
"Try again, Henry," whispered his companion, encouragingly.
"These two little words, uttered so earnestly, gave him another impulse, and he bent his mind with a new effort to his task. That task was the simple memorizing of a grammar lesson—not difficult by any means. The concentration of his mind upon the subject before him was more earnest and fixed than usual; gradually he began to find the sentences lingering in his memory, and soon, to his surprise and pleasure, the whole lesson was as vividly apparent to his mental as his bodily eyes. With a livelier motion and a more confident manner than he had ever before exhibited in going up to say his lesson, did he rise from his seat, and proceeded to the teacher's desk.
"What do you want?" asked that individual, harshly.
"To say my lesson."
"Go off to your seat, sir. Didn't you try half an hour ago?"
"But I can say it now, sir," timidly urged the boy.
"Go on then. And if you miss a sentence, I will flog you within an inch of your life."
"Henry then proceeded, and said the whole lesson rapidly and without missing a word. The master cast on him a look of surprise, as he handed him back his

book, but said nothing. As Henry walked back to his seat, his step was lighter, for his heart beat with a new impulse.
"Did you say it?" whispered his friend, earnestly.
"Every word," replied the boy, proudly.
"Then you can learn!"
"Yes, but it is hard work."
"But there is nothing like trying."
"No. And from this hour, Henry replied, with the energy of confidence, "I will never say I can't."
"From that day forth," continued Mr. Prentiss, "there was no boy in the school who learned more rapidly than did Henry. It required thought and application, but these he gave in the just proportion that success required, and success crowned his efforts.
"And did he always continue thus to learn?" asked George, looking up earnestly into his father's face.
"From that day up to this time, George, he has been a student, and now urges you, in your despondency, to 'try again,' as he tried."
"And was it, indeed, your father?" George asked, eagerly looking up into the face of his kind adviser.
"Yes, my child. That dull boy was your own father in his younger years."
"Then I will try again," George said, in a decided tone, and flinging aside his half made kite, he turned and re-entered the house, and was soon bending in earnest attention over his Latin grammar.
"Well, what success, George?" asked Mr. Prentiss, as the family gathered round the tea-table.
"I've got the lesson, sir!" the boy replied, with a satisfied air.
"Perfectly!"
"I can say every word of it, sir."
"You found it pretty hard work, I suppose?"
"Not so very hard, after I had once made up my mind that I would learn it. Indeed, I never stopped to think, as I usually do, about its being difficult, or tiresome, but went right on until I had mastered every sentence."
"May you never forget this lesson, my son!" Mr. Prentiss said, feelingly.
"You possess now the secret of success. It lies in your never stopping to think about a task being difficult or tiresome, but in going on steadily in the performance of it, with a fixed determination to succeed. Notwithstanding your despondency, and doubt of your capacity to learn the lesson that had been assigned you, you have within an hour mastered a task that you despaired of accomplishing, at all. Never again, my boy, utter the words 'I can't.'"
The success that had crowned his own determined efforts—united with the impulse that the simple reference of his father to his own early difficulties gave to his mind, was sufficient to make George a rapid learner from that day. He gradually became interested in his studies, and his interest was in itself a new capacity for acquirement. When he left College at the age of eighteen, he bore with him the highest honors of the institution. He now entered the store of a merchant, to prepare for a business life. At first, his new occupation was by no means pleasant. The change from books and studies to busy life, and the dull details of trade, as he called them, was for a time exceedingly irksome.
"I will never make a merchant, I fear," he said to his father one evening, when he felt unusually wearied with his occupation, and dispirited.
"And why not?" asked Mr. Prentiss.
"I have no taste for it," the young man replied.
"Is it not 'rest'?"
"Certainly."
"And are you convinced that it is necessary for you to 'lose some occupation, energetically'?"
"O yes."
"I gave you a choice of the professions; but you preferred, you said, a mercantile life."
"Yes. And still, when I reflect on the subject, my preference is for a mercantile life, over the others."
"Then, George, compel yourself to be interested in your new pursuit."
"I have tried, father."
"Then, try again!"
The words, uttered with a peculiar emphasis, thrilled through the mind of George Prentiss. The past rose up before him, with its doubts, its difficulties, and its triumphs. Springing suddenly to his feet, he said with emphasis,
"I will try again."
"And you will succeed."
"Yes. I feel that I shall."
And he did succeed in obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of business; for he applied himself with patient determination, and soon became interested in his new pursuits.
At the age of twenty-five he entered into business for himself, with a small capital furnished him by his father, as his proportion. Little beyond this could he expect, as several younger brothers came in for a share of their father's property. It became necessary, therefore, to invest it with care and prudence. The house in which he had been employed, was engaged in the West India trade, and as his

familiarity with this trade of business was more intimate than with any other, he determined to turn his little capital in that direction. Accordingly, after renting a store on one of the principal wharves, he proceeded to freight a vessel with all the produce that an intimate knowledge of the West India markets afforded him. But, alas!—two days before his vessel arrived, the market had been over stocked by shipments from New York, and a large loss, instead of the anticipated profits, was the result.
For some days after this disheartening news reached him, he gave way to desponding thoughts. But soon he bent his mind to a new adventure. In this he was more successful, but, as the investment had been small, the profit was inconsiderable. His next shipment was large; involving, at least, two thirds of his capital. The policy of insurance safety in his fire closet, our young merchant deemed himself at least secure against total loss. But even the best laid schemes of success or security often fail. Two months from the day on which the vessel sailed, news arrived that she had been wrecked, and the whole cargo lost. Nor was this all, some informality or neglect of the captain, vitiated the insurance, and the underwriters refused to pay. A suit was commenced against them, which occupied from six to eight months, before a decision could be obtained.
Nearly a twelvemonth from the day his last most unfortunate adventure was made, George Prentiss sat musing in his counting room, his mind busy with many unpleasant thoughts. He had done little or no business since the news of his loss had reached him, for he had but a remnant of his capital to work upon, and no heart to risk that. He was "holding off," as they say, until some decision was made in the suit pending with the underwriters. While he thus sat musing, a letter from his agent in New York, where the insurance had been effected, was handed to him. He tore it open eagerly. The first brief sentence, "We have lost our suit," almost unmanned him.
"Ruined!—Ruined!" he mentally ejaculated, throwing the letter on his desk as he finished reading it. "What shall I do?"
"Try again," a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.
He started and looked around.
"Try again," and this time he perceived that the voice was within him. For a moment he paused, many thoughts passed rapidly through his mind.
"I will try again!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet.
And he did try. This time he examined the condition of the markets with the careful scrutiny. Ascertained the amount of shipments within the preceding four months from all the principal Atlantic cities, and then, by the aid of his correspondents, learned the expeditions that were getting up, and the articles, and quantities of each, composing the cargoes. Knowing the monthly consumption of the various foreign products at the port to which he proposed making a shipment, he was satisfied that a cargo of flour, if run in immediately, would pay a handsome profit. And he at once chartered a vessel, the captain of which he knew could be depended on for strict obedience to instructions, and freighted her with flour. The vessel sailed, and the young merchant awaited with almost trembling expectation the news of her arrival out. He had ventured his all, and the result must be success, or the utter prostration of his hopes.
In anxious expectation he waited week after week, until every day seemed to him prolonged to double its number of hours. At last a letter came from his consignee. He almost trembled as he broke the seal.
"Your flour has arrived at the very best time," it commenced. For a few moments he could read no further. He was compelled to pause lest the emotion he felt should be betrayed to those around him. Then he read the whole letter calmly through. It stated that the supply of flour was nearly exhausted when his cargo arrived, which had been promptly sold at three dollars a barrel above the last quotations.
"I shall clear three thousand dollars by my last shipment," he said to his father, who entered the counting room at the moment.
"Indeed! I am very glad to hear you say so, George. I hope after this you will be more successful."
"I feel that I shall."
"I had nearly given up in despair," the son remarked.
"But you thought you would 'gain,'" the old gentleman remarked, smiling.
"Exactly."
"That was right, George. Never despair. Let try again be your motto at all times, and success must ultimately crown your efforts."
His father was right. George Prentiss is now one of the most wealthy merchants in the city of—. He is somewhat advanced in years, and is accounted by some a little eccentric. One evidence of his eccentricity is the fact, that just over the range of desks in his counting room is painted in large letters, the words, "TRY AGAIN."

THE HONEST SON.
A LITTLE STORY OF SURREY.
A grocer of the city of Surrey had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of Naib, or deputy of the Cash; and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbors, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to remove his weights; but the old man, trusting to his relationship to the inspector, laughed at their advice. The Naib, on coming to his shop, coolly said to him, "good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer endeavored to evade the order with a large bill; but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by his ordering the officers to search his shop. The instruments of his fraud were soon discovered; and after an impartial examination, openly condemned and broken to pieces. He was also sentenced to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive the bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet.
After this had been effected on the spot, the Naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at the feet of his father, and watering them with his tears, thus addressed him: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign and my country, as well as to the standard I hold; permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a patient. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to the ties kindred. God and our neighbor's rights are above the ties of nature; you had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, but I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future; and instead of cursing me, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity."
So extraordinary an act of justice gained him the admiration and praise of the whole city; and a report of it being made to the Sublime Porte, the Sultan advanced the Naib to the post of Cash, and he soon after rose to the dignity of Mufti.
[From a late number of the Dublin Gentleman's Magazine.]
FUDGE!
MILITARY AND HEROIC FUDGE.
"My brave fellow-soldiers, we are now on the eve of encountering the enemy. See, there he stands in hostile array against you. He thinks to terrify you by his formidable appearance. But you regard him with a steady, a fearless eye. Soldiers! the world rings with the fame of your deeds. Your glory is imperishable—it will live forever. Regardless of wounds and death, you have ever been foremost where honor was to be won. Recollect, then, your ancient fame, and let your deeds this day show that you are still the same brave men who have so often chased your enemies from the field; the same brave men who have ever looked on death as a thing unworthy of a moment's consideration—on dishonor as the greatest of all evils. Band of heroes, advance!—On, on to victory, wounds, glory, honor, and immortality!" [Hurra, hurra, field-marshal Fudge forever! Lead us on, field-marshal, lead us on."]
"Lead ye on, my brave fellows! Would to heaven my duties would permit me the enviable honor! But it would be too much for one so unworthy. Alas! I dare not. My duties call me to another part of the field. I obey the call with reluctance. But my confidence in your courage, my brave fellows, enables me to trust you to advance yourselves. On, then, on, my band of heroes, and fear nothing!" The field-marshal raises his hat gracefully, bows politely to his "band of heroes," and retires off to a height at a safe distance, from which he views the battle comfortably through his telescope.
PATRIOTIC FUDGE.
"My country, oh my country! It is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee, my country, I will at any time cheerfully die. [Who's that calling out fudge?] Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so is my constant prayer. Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interests are as dust in the balance. [Who's that again calling out fudge? turn him out.] My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, oh! eternal shame to the wretched wretch, unworthy to live, who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandizement to his country's good. Perish his name, perish the name of the miserably selfish! Wealth!—what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness? Station! what is station, unless thou art advanced? Power! what is power, unless the power of doing thee good? Oh, my country! my country, oh!" [Oh! oh! oh!] from various parts of the house. The patriot sits down wiping his patriotic nose with a white handkerchief amidst thunders of applause.

Twenty-Seventh Congress.
SECOND SESSION.
Thursday, February 24, IN SENATE.
A message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of the Hon. Lewis Williams, of North Carolina; when
Mr. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, rose and addressed the Senate as follows:
Mr. PRESIDENT: I was a spectator of the melancholy event which is announced in the message from the House. It was the result of a sudden and violent attack of disease, which, defying all remedy, proved fatal in less than thirty-six hours from its commencement. On Monday Mr. Williams was in his seat until the close of session of the House. On Wednesday, within little more than an hour after the meeting of the House, he lay a lifeless corpse. Of the dreadful lesson which is taught by this most unexpected calamity, it is fitting that others should speak with more propriety than myself. But the occasion gives rise to a few reflections in which I hope to be indulged. A public servant has been struck down by the hand of death almost in the harness of his public labors—a man whose long life of near sixty years has been devoted to useful, honorable and patriotic service. The occurrence is well calculated to arrest the ordinary course of thought and action here, and to turn our minds to the contemplation of that awful change to which we are all ultimately destined. It reminds us, too, that the older men are passing away from the public councils, and naturally excites some inquiry as to the life and character of him who has so long shared in the deliberations of Congress, and in the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen.
Mr. Williams was a native of the county of Surry, North Carolina, in which he always resided. His education was liberal, having been graduated at the University of his native State, and having remained some time subsequently as a tutor in the same institution. Not very long afterwards he was chosen by the Legislature a member of the Board of Trustees of the University, of which he was ever one of the most vigilant, active, and faithful guardians. Anxious to be useful in the employment of the country, he seems early to have contemplated a public career. In the year 1814 he was returned from the county of Surry one of the members of the House of Commons in the General Assembly of the State; and, although a young man, he took a prominent part in the proceedings of the ensuing session. In 1815 he was elected the Representative in the Congress of the United States, of the 13th Congressional District, which embraces the county of his residence; and at every election since that time he has been returned by the same constituency to the same station. Of his talents and services as a member of Congress it would be superfluous to speak here, in the scene of his labors, and among his early and later associates. His legislative history is incorporated with the history of the country for more than a quarter of a century, in one continued series, and is found in the journals and documents of the House, the reports of its committees, and the register of its debates during that period. Few members of the House ever performed more useful and laborious service than did Mr. Williams for many years, while he acted as the chairman of the committee of claims, in adjusting the numerous demands on the Government which grew out of transactions connected with the late war with Great Britain. And none, it is believed, ever possessed the confidence of his associates in legislation in a greater degree. With a mind patient, laborious, and strictly impartial, he applied himself diligently to this branch of the business of Congress, and was found so generally accurate that his opinions acquired the greatest weight. His continuous service for so many years not only made him the Father of the House by seniority of membership, but his intimate acquaintance with public affairs, his enlightened views of the structure and policy of our Government, and his inflexible honesty and manliness of character, rendered him one of the most valuable of the public counsellors. But, sir, it is not so much his public action in the high places of the country, and his capacities to be serviceable there, that I wish particularly to mark. His character will bear closer examination and a severer scrutiny. I wish to bear my humble testimony to the eminent purity of his private life and moral integrity, and to speak what I believe is the common sentiment in his wide circle of acquaintance, that during his long public career, neither the angry contests of parties, the temptings of ambition, of avarice, or vice, have sullied his name with a single action which should cause one moment's regret to his friends. In his public conduct he was manly, frank, ingenuous, and devoted to his duties. It happened to me in my boyhood to have been sent to school in one of the counties of his district; and I well remember to have witnessed the feelings of gratitude, of kindness, and af-

fection, with which he was cherished by those who so early and constantly honored him with their confidence, and whom he repaid with such fidelity and disinterested service. Always moral, he became later in life a religious man, and uniformly regulated his conduct by the principles of virtue and a conscientious conviction of duty.
But it was in the charities and kind offices of private and domestic life that Mr. Williams was most favorably known and appreciated. Although he never contracted the relation of marriage, there are those by whom his demise will be as deeply deplored as would be that of their immediate parents. He was a member of a numerous family, the head of which acquired an honorable fame by his patriotism and service in the war of the Revolution, and by his public spirit and elevation of character in after life. A twin brother of my lamented colleague now presides as Judge in the courts of Tennessee. His elder brother, Colonel John Williams, was distinguished for his gallantry as an officer during the late war, and for his talents and character as a subsequent period, as a Senator in this body from the State of Tennessee, and in our diplomatic service abroad. A third brother was for a long period the Adjutant General of the State of North Carolina. The two latter, though deceased, have left children. Others of his brothers, and near relatives yet survive, and are among the most enlightened, hospitable, and liberal gentlemen, both in North Carolina and Tennessee. On the families of these the intelligence of their bereavement will fall as the thunder from a cloudless sky. To these, however, wherever situated, it will be consoling to know that, though the pangs of his dissolution were severe, they were of short duration, and that he met his fate with the calmness and resignation which arises from the consciousness of a well spent life, and the hope of an immortality beyond the grave.
In reference to the message of the House, I beg leave to present certain resolutions.
The resolutions having been sent to the Secretary's table, and read—
Mr. CLAY said: Prompted by a friendship which existed between the deceased and myself of upwards of a quarter of a century's duration, and by the feelings and sympathies which this melancholy occasion excites, will the Senate allow me to add a few words to those which have been so well and so appropriately expressed by my friend near me, (Mr. Graham,) in seconding the motion he has just made?
Already, during the present session, has Congress, and each House, paid the annual installment of the great debt of Nature. We could not have lost two more worthy and estimable men than those who have been taken from us. My acquaintance with the lamented Lewis Williams commenced in the fall of 1815, when he first took his seat as a member of the House of Representatives from the State of North Carolina, and I re-entered that House after my return from Europe. From that period until his death a cordial and unbroken friendship has subsisted between us; and similar ties were subsequently created with almost every member of his highly respectable family.
When a vacancy arose in the responsible and laborious office of chairman of the committee of claims, which had been previously filled by another distinguished and lamented son of North Carolina (the late Mr. Yancey,) in virtue of authority vested in me, as the presiding officer of the House, I appointed Mr. Williams to fill it. Always full of labor, and requiring unremitting industry, it was then, in consequence of claims originating in the late war, more than ever toilsome. He discharged its complicated duties with the greatest diligence, ability, impartiality and uprightness, and continued in the office until I left the House in the year 1825. He occasionally took part in the debates which sprung up on great measures brought forward for the advancement of the interests of the country, and was always heard with profound attention, and, I believe, with a thorough conviction of his perfect integrity. Inflexibly adhering always to what he believed to be right, if he ever displayed warmth or impatience, it was excited by what he thought was insincere, or base, or ignoble. In short, Lewis Williams was a true and faithful image of respectable State which he so long and so ably served in the National Councils—intelligent, quiet, unambitious, loyal to the Union, and uniformly patriotic.
We all feel and deplore with the greatest sensibility the heavy loss we have so suddenly sustained. May it impress us with a just sense of the frailty and uncertainty of human life! And, profiting by his example, may we all be fully prepared for that which is soon to follow!
The resolutions were then adopted in the following words:
Resolved, That the Senate has received with deep sensibility the communication from the House of Representatives announcing the death of the Hon. Lewis Williams, a representative from the State of North Carolina.
Resolved, That in token of sincere and