

CAMDEN COMMERCIAL COURIER.

L. M. JONES, & Co. PUBLISHERS.

"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

VOL. I.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY JUNE 17, 1837.

NO. 7.

TERMS

OF THE COMMERCIAL COURIER.

Published weekly every Saturday morning at \$3 per annum if paid in advance, or \$4 if not paid until the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cts. for every continuance.

Persons subscribing out of the State, are required to pay in advance.

Communications must be post paid.

From the New Orleans Commercial Herald.

POLICE:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
No charm can soothe her melancholy,
No charm can chase her guilty away.

"The only art her guilt to cover—
To hide her shame from every eye—
To give repentance to her lover—
And ring his bosom is—to die."

OWRE TRUE, BUT SAD A TALE.—For the last two days our police reports have teemed with descriptions of wars and rumors of wars made by unruly men, upon "weak woman." To-day we change the style, though not entirely the subject—we give one of those "short and simple annuals" that are but too common in every country, yet by a careful perusal of which "the heart may learn an useful lesson from the head." Your police-office is a great teacher of trite truths, and moral maxims; scarce a subject comes under examination than is not, to a certain extent, "a character;" and which, if rightly studied, would teach us something that is worth treasuring up, and which is to be found no where else. It is in the police office that "wise sayings and modern instances" are to be had for asking for—it is in the police office, too, that—but as we intend to write a scene of real life, and not an essay, we shall say no more in this strain.

Mary Graham was brought up to appear and answer—she scarce knew why, she cared not wherefore. She had indulged over night (among other pursuits and pleasures allowed to "lawless man," but forbidden to "lovely woman,") in drinking ardent spirits to excess, that to some seemed unseemingly; she was not intoxicated, nor was she sober, but she had reached that "happy medium," between reasoning and rioting that is supposed to be produced by an atmosphere similar to that of the seventh heaven, or the primum mobile itself. We said that Miss Mary had reached this station, but unfortunately she did not remain stationary, when she got elevated to it, she struck a "sister in sorrow," raised a row, and offered to fight any who should offend her; and for this offence Mary was brought to the bar of an earthly tribunal to answer for the same. How strangely is society constituted—the offence that is punished in the poor in one part of the world is winked at when perpetrated by the rich in another part.—We have seen a Dutchess in England, (the Dutchess of St. Albans) come out of Covent Garden Theatre so drunk that she could with difficulty ascend the steps of her carriage—on arriving at home this same Dutchess has knocked down her husband, and yet she was passed by unpunished, Mary Graham did no more, and was arrested as a delinquent.

We will not here attempt to discuss the propriety or impropriety of a young woman becoming addicted to drinking to excess whether it be cocoa or coffee, brandy or burgundy, claret or champagne, sherry or sherry, cordial or constantia, port, peppermint or porter, ale or anniseed, hock or heavy wet, juleps or j-hannishberg, Malmsey or Madeira! We say that we will not hold an argument upon this peculiar topic; we only know that a great many of the dear creatures does indulge in occasional draughts of the above beverages, and that once when they acquire a habit of liquorising, it plays the very mischief with their manners. Such was the sad situation of the subject of our story to-day.

Mary Graham was young—scarcely turned eighteen. She was still good looking, and had been handsome, innocent and happy. Born on the banks of Lake Erie, near the town of the same name, Mary grew up a goodly and good looking girl, in happy ignorance of the "poms and vanities of this wicked world," at once the pride and pleasure of her parents; she toiled for them by sun-light, and sang them to sleep by moonlight; laid herself down upon her humble bed, to awake on the morrow with the light heart and heels bright eyes and a blooming face.

Such was the simple Mary's sweet and simple situation, about the time she entered upon her "teens." From the first hour that she opened her hazle eyes to the light of heaven, until she could number sixteen summers, she had taken little thought "what she should eat, what she should drink, or wherewithal she should be clothed." Her russet robes contented her—her simple fare supported her—the comfortable cottage and its glowing garden wore at once her world and her home—her parents' precepts were her pride and pleasure—she lived but to enjoy their

love—to contribute to their comfort—life seemed to her little else than one "long, long summer's day;" she was supremely happy in her humble station, and never heaved a sigh for change.

She liv'd below'd—she knew no guile,
From her bright eye beam'd beauty's smile,
A simple wreath of roses rare
Bound up her flowing dark brown hair.
With soul serene and manners mild
Mary was Nature's favorite child.

Some may deem this picture overdrawn but let any such visit the villages of the North, and contemplate the happy faces of the females and the quiet lives of those who live there—let them trace back the early history of the veriest waotan that walks our streets, (most of whom owe their rum to their beauty) and they will find there was once a period when she was a happy innocent girl—when she—but we forget; we are moralizing, when we should be narrating.

The most important episode in Mary's life occurred in the fall of 1835, and was connected with the severe storm that swept over the Northern lakes during that season. Among other disasters, the Great Britain, or United Kingdom steam boat was wrecked on the pier at the entrance of the harbor of Erie. One of the passengers was a young Creole, from New Orleans, who had been making a northern tour during the summer, for the benefit of his health. Mary, ever active in doing good and relieving the distressed no sooner heard that a shipwreck had occurred, in the vicinity of the cottage, than she ran down to the scene of the disaster to render such assistance to the sufferers as was in her power. The young Creole was severely lacerated, and being insensible, was carried at Mary's request to her parents' place of abode. Once within these quiet walls, he was unceasingly attended by the artless girl. At once his nurse, physician, and companion, Mary was seldom absent from his side, save during the hours it was necessary she should devote to sleep. His recovery, though gradually, was never doubtful. All that the most dutiful daughter could do for an affectionate father was rendered by Mary to the young stranger.

Pleased with her power of conferring happiness, and over joyed to intoxication at the thanks and praises he poured into her ear, she little dreamed of the dilemma into which she was daily plunging, or how soon her happiness was to suffer as severe a wreck as the boat that brought the stranger to their shore. He talked of leaving for the south, and she then learned, too late, that she loved. From day to day she introduced some new device to delay his departure, until longer concealment being impossible, the smothered flame burst forth; she threw herself on his bosom, and weeping bitterly, confessed that his presence was indispensable to her happiness. Instead of valuing and properly appreciating an affection so free from artifice, he who had robbed her of her peace endeavored to despoil her of her only treasure—her honor. He proposed an elopement, promising marriage on arriving in New Orleans. She at first was appalled at his presumption, and shunned his society for a season; but aware of the power he possessed over her passions, he availed himself of an advantageous period, and repaid her sincerity and devotedness by first seducing and then deserting her. She followed him ultimately to New Orleans; but only to learn that he was lost to her forever—he had married immediately on returning home. Her subsequent career was short, swift and eventful. Her once happy home was home no more for her—personal pride, purity of mind and trust in the truth of others being blasted, she "let herself down the wind, a prey to fortune." A ban was placed upon her being; she was forever shut out from the society of the virtuous and spotless of her sex; she plunged into pollution with the fearful fury of a woman wronged beyond "redemption's skill,"—she drank to drown reason and reflection, and drive away despair; and under the influence of liquor, she struck a sister Cyprian for an imaginary insult. Under these circumstances she made her first entree into our police court; under what aspect her last appearance may be made there it is painful to contemplate.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

It was in the year 183—that a gentleman distinguished for his talents and intellectual abilities, suddenly resolved to abandon the habit of intemperance to which he had long been addicted. He was a remarkable and extraordinary man. His talents were of the first order, and his attainments were of the most extensive character. In person he was handsome, and possessed every exterior grace that could please or attract the eye. His manners were of the most pleasing and fascinating kind, and his conversation was of that varied and eloquent nature, that his company was in every condition of society desired. No man was more deeply versed in classical learning, and in the various branches of scholastic philosophy he was deeply profound. In the lighter branches of polite literature he had considerable acquirements, and indeed, in every branch of intellectual knowledge he was deeply read. He had been compared to Bolingbroke, who it was

well known by the profoundness of his philosophy and the elegance of his manners, could grace and give a charm to the drawing room, or teach lessons of wisdom in the Academy or Lyceum. At an early age he married a beautiful and charming woman, and from the union of two persons so well adapted to each other, it might readily be supposed that the stream of happiness would continue uninterruptedly to flow; but alas! it was soon discovered that the possession of the highest attainments, and the most exalted genius afforded no security against the encroachments of a vice, whose course is marked by misery, and whose end is death. For years he was a complete victim to this degraded and unhappy vice, and from a considerable loftiness of reputation, had sunk into the character of a common drunkard. Poverty had entered his domicile, and he was frequently the subject of the most pressing want. His wife's jewelry had disappeared at the pawnbroker's, and his own extensive and valuable library had met with the same fate. Article after article of furniture had disappeared, and nothing now remained but that which was secured by law. His wife, who in her person had presented all that ennobling point of appearance which marks health, had wasted away to a mere shadow. Her disposition, which had formerly been lively and vivacious, was now sorrowful and melancholy, and the children exhibited that raggedness of dress, which distinguished the offsprings of those who are interperate.

A more affecting scene can hardly be imagined, than that which occurred on a cold and bleak day in December, when the mother was seen pressing an infant to her breast, crowding to a few embers that still remained on the hearth. Several small children surrounded her, crying with the cold and begging their mother to give them some bread, but alas! she had none to give them. Along side in one corner, covered with a worn out rug, lay the husband in a beastly state of intoxication, with a jug of the fatal poison at his head—a more distressing and heart-rending scene cannot possibly be conceived—it was one calculated to draw tears from the most obdurate heart and soften the most adamant soul. There lay the man whose lofty intellect and splendid talents were well suited to adorn a senate or rule a nation, a victim to the intoxicating draught that has destroyed thousands.

What has just been described is no fiction. It is TRUTH, without the aid of imagination or the colorings of fancy. Twelve months from the period at which our story commences, on a cold winter evening, might be seen in a beautiful and snug little parlor, sitting on a sofa the same gentleman, dressed in a manner which indicated that he had not quite fallen a martyr to that poverty which is the inevitable result of that habit to which he had been addicted. His brow was thoughtful, and an acute observer might perceive a shade of melancholy pass over his countenance. In the same room, seated at a centre table, was his wife, attired in a neat and tasteful dress, reading one of those beautiful annuals of the season. Several beautiful children were playing in the room, and their cheerful looks and comfortable clothing indicated that poverty had no residence there. This little parlor displayed indeed no tokens of wealth, but evidently showed signs of comfortable enjoyments. Two beautiful vases adorned the mantle-piece, and underneath was seen the vivid light of an animating coal fire, before which, on a rug, lay a favorite dog, who seemed to participate in the happiness which appeared to pervade the apartment. The wife looked up, and casting a glance at her husband, observed a gloominess of countenance which at once riveted her attention. She closed the book which she had just been reading and going him, threw her arms around his neck, and tenderly inquired if any thing disturbed him. It was some moments before he made her any reply, and then he said, my dear, I must have half a pint of brandy.

The wife became immediately agitated and in solicitous accents, besought him not to send for that poison which had formerly been nearly his ruin. She who but a few moments before, had been realizing the feelings of perfect security, was now convulsed with sorrowful anticipations that a renewal of her husband's former pernicious habits was to take place. Her bosom heaved with alarm, and as the tears gushed from her eyes, she implored him whom she had loved and adhered to with a devoted fidelity, through good and evil report, in disgrace and poverty, that he would not again tempt, by a single indulgence, a recurrence to habits which must destroy their present felicity, and forever annihilate their future hopes. The children partook of the sorrow of their mother. They left their innocent amusements, and with tears in their little eyes, begged their papa not to get any more of that stuff which had made them poor, and their mamma cry. But the husband appeared to be insensible to the affectionate remonstrances of his wife, and the artless persuasions of his children. His eldest daughter, who on former occasions had gone on this errand, was now compelled to perform this; the brandy was obtained, and his wife looked with a fearful and painful forboding upon the decanter which contained the fatal poison. He looked upon the brandy, and approaching the table with a chair, he sat down and took the decanter in his hand;

he held it up to the light, and observed how beautiful its color. He then apostrophised thus: O how I loved thee, thou enticing and misery-dispensing spirit; thou hast been my bosom companion from morn till night, and from night till morning. I have loved thee with a love surpassing that of woman, and I have grieved as a mother grieves over the dead body of her child, when I found that the spirit of the bottle had departed; but I have found thee deceptive and ungrateful. Thou didst destroy my reputation, thou didst rob my pocket. You gave me disease instead of health, and made the heart of my wife pulsate with unhappiness. My children wept at the ruin you entailed, and my house you made desolate and sorrowful. Twelve months have I parted from you, and I now renounce you forever, thou agent of destruction! thou demon of destruction! thou accursed alluring poison! With that, he hoisted the window, threw the bottle into the street, and declared the victory was won. His wife rushed into his arms, joy beaming in her countenance. She could only utter, my husband! who tenderly embraced her, and sealed her forehead with a kiss. The children ran to their father, climbing his knees, and their cheerful prattling told how they partook of the sympathetic joy. Even Neptune, on the hearth rug, raised his head, gave an encouraging look to his master, and wagged his tail with evident delight.

DUTIES OF FEMALES.—So much has been written and said on the duties of wives that it were a sad pity indeed if the matrons of the present day had not reaped profit from the schoolings of the censorious or the admonitions of the experienced. Women are domestic creatures naturally, and there are but few, comparatively speaking, who feel pleasure abroad when there is the least attraction at home. A fondness for visiting appears to belong almost exclusively to spintars who have passed the meridian of life, or young misses who think that the world will not go right when they are not lending a hand to keep it in motion. But the female on whom has devolved all the sacred duties of a wife and a mother, holds a reverse opinion; she thinks that nothing will go right at home unless she is there. To her there is music in the clang of kitchen furniture, and what is erroneously, (in the opinion of editors and poets) called "setting to rights," becomes a duty from the force of habit and a desire to be considered nice. We think this same "setting to rights" an unlicensed privilege which housekeepers have taken upon themselves; neatness and cleanliness are always admired, but we do protest against the unceremonious amalgamation of our loose papers, the misplacing of our books, and the scattering of our ideas to the four winds of heaven, by the unpoetical clatter of the dusting brush. Married ladies are generally tenacious of their rights at home; and so they should be—within doors is their empire, and a good wife, while she gratifies a laudable pride in shewing off her household stock to advantage, will always be wary of the comfort of her lordly partner. At home a wife should always strive by kindness and good humor to keep the affections of her husband as warm as they were in the young days of their union, for experience tells that it is easier to win a man's affections than to keep them. Abroad she should assiduously study to retain the esteem and good will of others and avoid letting the world know how much she loves her husband, for it is generally believed that those who coo abroad are cats and dogs at home. The duties of a mother call forth her utmost energies; her patience and forbearance. On her devolves the high task of rearing her offspring from its tenderest age—to nurture it—to watch it with unceasing care—to cultivate its infant mind and train it in the way it should go. Many mothers we are sorry to say, trust this natural duty to nurses who cannot feel their spirit lean towards the innocent heir to a life of care and toil. We have even known the children of rich and influential parents nursed and even nurtured by negro nurses—and what was the consequence. As they grew up and began to speak, their words partook largely of the negro slang, their habits closely assimilated themselves to those of negroes—and for the want of a mother's tenderness, they were always attached to the nurse who in their infancy was the first to satisfy their wants and perforce treat them with kindness. Away with this unnatural custom—all mothers should exclaim with the Roman matron when she pointed to her children, "these are my jewels"—too precious to be trusted to other hands. Fashion may make imperious demands upon the time and inclination of mothers who have been accustomed to follow in her wake—but what are the calls of Fashion to those of Nature? which is the brightest ornament to domestic society, the glittering married belle or the tender mother whose entire heart and soul rest on the little cherub that lies smiling in her arms?

ACOUSTIC CHAIR.—This invention is of the size of a large library chair, with a high back to which are affixed two barrels for sound, and at the extremity of

each, is a perforated plate, that collects sound, into a paraboloid vase, from every part of the room and impresses it more sensibly on the ear, by giving it only a small quantity of air. The converse end of the vase serves to reflect the voice, and to render it more distinct. By means of sufficient tubes, this chair might be made to convey intelligence from St. James's to the house of lords and commons, and even from London to the King at Windsor. Marvellous as this may seem, the idea is not a novelty; it is but another confirmation of the saying of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. M. Itard, in his excellent work on the ear, tells us that Aristotle (who was physician to Alexander the great) invented a trumpet for his master which was capable of conveying orders to rather more than twelve miles. And I may remark, bearing in mind, too, that both Alcicon and Hippocrates are said to have invented ear trumpets, the ancients do not seem to have been so ignorant of acoustics as some in our day have represented them. Another invention of mine is a trumpet with two apertures, one to be inserted into the meatus, and the other into the mouth.—[Curtis on the ear.

WOODEN NUTMEGS.—A ternal clean trick was served upon a feller in Market street a day or two ago. A tall slabsided Yankee, as seen as a North West wind from the Green Mountains, who came all the way from Stonington by way of Sagadahock, in hunting up chaps to trade with, strayed into that 'ere long street with the sheep sheds in the middle on't. After parading up and down some time, with his eyes every which way, he entered one of them 'ere stores where they sell Jack knives, and fishing lines, and razors, and tooth brushes, and clothes brushes, and notions and nick nacks, and what not?—'Halloo, Mister,' said he to a feller behind the counter with a goose quill behind his ear; 'do you want to buy any tooth powder? I've got some that's clear grit; none of your counterfeit stuff, such as the regular 'pothecaries sell; none of your compounds of red oak saw dust and hemlock bark, with a little alum to make it pucker, like Aunt Nabby's apple sarce. Its real Myrrh, Peruvian, Soda and what not? All the gals in our town use it, and it makes their jaws look like a stone wall just white washed, and their breath like a heifers just out of clover. The feller behind the counter lightened up I tell ye! 'What's the price?' said he. 'Five dollars a gross, and here's a sample of the critter,' said the Yankee, pulling a box out of his pocket, nicely turned out of beech timber, with a label on the top printed on red paper, with a border of roses and chesnut burrs all round. Besides this, the box was wrapped in printed paper, containing directions for using the powder, and certificates and recommendations, as long as one of Parson Williams' fast day sermons. The feller opened the box in half a shake, and eyed the powder and smelt it, and read the directions, and certificates, and was convinced that it was ginocine, and offered to take ten gross, to be paid for in cash down. The customer took him right up, and agreed to deliver it in one hour. He then cut stick for his lodgings and in about an hour or so, returned full chisel, followed by a strapping nigger, trundling a wheelbarrow full of the real ginocine tooth powder, warranted sound, made by himself, no mistake. The ten gross were all counted out, cash paid and the bill receipted, in less than no time.

The feller soon advertised his new tooth powder, and the gals and young fellers, and some of the old ones too, were soon round him as thick as crows round a dead horse.—But in a few hours, things began to look a little blue. His customers came back in crowds, complaining that his boxes would not open. He took one, and pulled and tugged, and twisted and screwed it, but all to no purpose. The top and bottom stuck as tight to one another as Aunt Ruth's nut cakes stick to the teeth. At last, getting out of all patience, he laid it on the floor, took the store hatchet, and smashed into the top, full split. This soon let the cat out. All the boxes, excepting the sample, were made of one solid stick of beech wood, the top and bottom all in one, with no holler in the middle, and a small hair stroke of the chisel outside to look like a joint. As for tooth powder, as there was no place to put any, there wasn't any there. 'Darn the yankee tin pedlar,' says the feller, 'if I don't bet into him with a thousand of brick!' But the chap was among the missing. He had pulled foot for Baltimore, and sold the rest of his tooth powder there at ten dollars a gross: It was kinder slippery, and he ought to have been well lathered for it; but then the Market street feller was come over about the sleekest.

JUDICIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE.—The deceased Count Bid, one night at the rider celler, told a friend that he had intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bid good humoredly replied, "going to be sure, for when you return I shant be with you."