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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

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## TERMS

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### THE BROKEN HEART.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard

Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt

With care, that like the caterpillar eats

The leaves of the spring's sweet bud and rose.

It is a common thing to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and has satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world and pleasures of society, there is still a warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to our own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow men. But woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her ardent seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her cause is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs, it wounds the feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge in the tide of pleasure; or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings, and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be woe and woe; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away in the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wing to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when unfortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it into the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace; with her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of her existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshments of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in the foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most

fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth; and have repeatedly fancied I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptoms of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me, the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom—and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish Barrester. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If then his fate could awaken even the sympathies of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her whose soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth, who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most loving had parted.

But then the horrors of such a grave so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the parting—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt the sorrow into blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to relieve the heart in the hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, they would have experienced no want of consolation for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depth of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow.

After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garnish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that it drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears. The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great sympathy in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of

a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her; and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He however persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her destitute and dependant situation, for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicily hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away into a slow but hopeless decline, and at length suny into the grave, the victim of a Broken Heart.

### A REMARKABLE STORY.

From a notice of Illustrations of Human Life, a new work by the author of Tremaine and De Vere, in the New Monthly Magazine for April.

The story to which we shall now advert has the double value of being told, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge, and of illustrating the extraordinary chances on which human life is sometimes suffered to depend. The circumstances occurred to the well known Sir Evan Nepean, when in the Home Department. The popular version of the story had been, that he was warned by a vision, to save the lives of three or four men condemned to die, but reprieved; and who, but for the vision would have perished, through the Under-Secretary's neglect in forwarding the reprieve. On Sir Evan's being subsequently asked how far this story was true, his answer was—"The narrative romances a little; but what it alludes to was the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts as told by himself, are these.

One night, during his office as Under-Secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early, and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still, he found all his attempts to sleep impossible, and from eleven till two in the morning, had never closed an eye. At length, weary of this struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the Park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in his walk, happening to pass the Home Office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing that he saw appalled him; "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution." The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the "minutes," he could not find it there. In alarm, he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief clerk "could not remember." "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "recollect yourself: it must have been sent."

The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan. "But have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No!"

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, its early." It is now four; and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery-lane. There is no hackney-coach to be seen; and they almost ran. They were just in time. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary of State, at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post office for the truest and swiftest express. The reprieve reached York next morning, just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart!

With Sir Evan Nepean, we fully agree in regarding this little narrative as one of the most extraordinary that we ever heard. We shall go further even than he acknowledged, and say, that, to us, it bears striking evidences of what we should conceive a superior interposition. It is true, that no ghost appears, nor is any prompting voice audible; yet the result depended upon so long a succession of what seemed chances, and each of these chances

was at once so improbable and so necessary, that we are almost compelled to regard the whole as matter of influence not to be attributed to a man. If the first link of the chain might pass for a common occurrence—as undoubtedly fits of wakefulness will happen without any discoverable ground in the state of either body or mind—still, what could be less in the common course of things than that a man thus waking should take it into his head to get up and take a walk in the Park at 2 o'clock in the morning? Yet if he had, like others, contented himself with taking a walk round his chamber, or enjoying the cool air at his window, not one of the succeeding events could have occurred, and the men must have sacrificed. Or, if, when he took this walk, he had been content with getting rid of the feverishness of the night and returned to his bed, the chain would have been broken; for, what was more out of the natural course of events, than that, at two in the morning, the idea should come into the head of any man to go to his office, and sit down in the rooms of his department, for no purpose of business or pleasure, but simply not knowing what to do with himself? Or, if, when he had let himself into those solitary rooms, the book of entries had not lain on the table; (and this we presume to have been among the chances, as we can scarcely suppose books of this official importance to be generally left to their fate among the servants and messengers of the office;) or, if the entry, instead of being on the first page that opened to his eye, had been on any other, even the second, as he never might have taken the trouble of turning the page; or if he and the chief clerk had been five minutes later at the Clerk of the Crown's house, and instead of finding him at the moment of getting into his carriage, had been compelled to incur the delay of bringing him back from the country, all the preceding events would have been useless. The people would have died at York, for even as it was, there was not a moment to spare; they were stopped on the very verge of execution.

The remarkable feature of the whole, is that the chain might have been snappd at every link, and that every link was equally important. In the calculation of the probability of any one of these occurrences, a mathematician would find the chances very hard against it; but the calculation would be prodigiously raised against the probability of the whole. If it be asked, whether a sufficient ground for this harsh interposition is to be discovered in saving the lives of a few wretched culprits, who, as is frequent in such cases, probably returned to their wicked trade as soon as escaped, and only plunged themselves into deeper iniquity—the answer is, that it is not for us, in our ignorance, to mete out the value of human life, however criminal in the eyes of Heaven. But there was another interest concerned, and one of evident value.

If those coiners had been hung, Sir Evan Nepean could scarcely have escaped utter ruin; popular wrath would have flared out against him from one end of the country to another; he would have been charged with their murder. No man under such circumstances could have retained office a week. We have seen a circumstance of the same nature, but of a much slighter color, drive a late chief Judicial officer of London from his office in a moment. No minister could have ventured to screen him; office in England would have been shut upon him for life. He would probably have been driven to hide his head in some foreign country, even if some Parliament rebuke, or Royal mark of displeasure, had not broke his heart. Yet thus, all who know the subsequent services of Sir Evan Nepean as Secretary to the Admiralty, during the long period of our naval glory in the revolutionary war, know that a humane, honest and intelligent man would have been lost to himself and his country. The actual neglect was the Town Clerk's; but it would have been thrown back from the inferior on the principal, according to the manner of popular justice; and, doubtless, if Sir Evan had made the enquiry the night before, which he made in his waking hour in the morning, the reprieve would not have suffered the hazards of delay. The adventure, slight as it was, would have been his ruin.

SUFFERING FROM THIRST.—Some 12 miles from Oran, we passed the spot where a year and a half ago, there had been hard fighting between the French and the natives. The French soldiers though an over match for the Arabs, suffered dreadfully from heat and thirst. Their store of water was exhausted; the breath of the simoon set in, the cavalry stood its shock, and by their elevation from the ground were able to respire, but the foot soldiers fell by companies, gasping for breath. A captain of the dragoons, who was in the scene, told me there was more than one instance of the infantry soldier, driven to madness by thirst and agony, putting his head to the mouth of his musket and his foot to the trigger, and committing suicide. Our infantry officer

alone gave way to despair; and though it is probable that he was in these circumstances no more a responsible agent than a man in the delirium of fever, yet it was better, perhaps, that he did not survive the occurrence. He pulled his purse from his pocket; he said to his men, 'I have led you into battle with courage, and I have always been a kind officer to you; the horror of my sufferings is now insupportable; let the man among you who is my best friend, now shoot me dead, and here are thirty louis d'ors for his legacy.' No man would comply with his request, but he had hardly uttered it when he fell down and expired.—[Campbell's Letters from the South.]

### A DISCOURSE ON IMPUDENCE.

FROM THE BOSTON MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

IMPUDENCE.—Modest merit was cherished by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. But the days of the Puritans are passed away, and impudence is now the only passport to the respect and confidence of the community, to fortune or distinction. Impudence is of various kinds: the kind we mean is an unbounded confidence in one's own powers, with but little reverence for the opinions or persons of others, united with a wish to gain their confidence and esteem, in order to promote one's own interest. With this powerful auxiliary a man will tread the paths of life without meeting with obstacles. The goal which he strives to reach will be unobstructed before him, and, with the help of a medium of industry, it may be easily obtained. His moral character if not decidedly bad, will present no obstacle to his progress; and as for his intellectual powers, they will be but little regarded in these days; if they are weak, impudence will nobly supply their place. Without an abundant stock of this highly-prized and necessary ingredient, a man, whatever may be his mental or moral qualifications, is destined to pass his life in obscurity—to be little known, and less respected—to meet with disappointment if he looks forward to that distinction which was once wont to attend a union of talent and worth.

If he is a mechanic, and destitute of fortune and friends, with a tolerable stock of impudence, he need not despair. This quality will find him friends, and procure him abundance of employment. If he is a trader, or a merchant, and relies principally upon modest merit for success, he will find many a lion in his path, his course through life will be all the way up-hill, and if success should at least crown his efforts, which can hardly be expected, it will be in consequence of a degree of perseverance and industry which is seldom exhibited. But if he is blessed with impudence, the work is easy; he finds this attribute the "open sesame" to credit and renown. With the professional man impudence is not only a powerful adjunct, but is absolutely necessary to success. No one can reasonably expect to take a high stand in his profession, whatever may be his learning, his judgment, or his virtues, if he is lacking in impudence; or, as a phrenologist would say, if there is a deficiency in self-esteem, and a large development of reverence. If a man seeks an eligible situation, either of profit or honor, in the gift of an individual, a corporation, or of Government, he is doomed to disappointment, unless impudence assists him, which he will often find a more valuable aid than the most zealous and powerful friends. And if he seeks an office from the People, without a good share of impudence, his lot must be disappointment. To strive to gain popular favor, without the aid of impudence, is indeed "kicking against the pricks."

We find in the present age that impudence will command success in every employment of life. If we look around us, and examine the workshop, the counting-room, the study, the studio, the bar, the pulpit, the rostrum, or offices of trust, honor, or profit, we shall at once be convinced of the wonderful influence which impudence exercises over the destinies of man. If we examine our friends, our acquaintances, our townsmen, we shall find that many who have figured largely in the busy world, and have been successful in achieving fortune or fame, are under infinitely greater obligations to impudence, which will never leave its votaries in the lurch, than to talent or intrinsic worth. A man destitute of credentials, cast among strangers, without a farthing in his pockets, if blessed with a respectable endowment of impudence, will seldom beat a loss; while, on the other hand, modesty is regarded, in such circumstances, as prima facie evidence of rascality; impudence, so far from being checked and restrained in early youth, should be encouraged, if we seek to promote the worldly welfare of our children. Self-esteem should be excited, and reverence, paralyzed, if possible, if we wish them to make their way through the world without difficulty; and doubtless those instructors of youth, who endeavor to impress upon the minds of their pupils the propriety of a modest demeanor, are deserving of severe reprehension. What man, who is