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THE REVENGE.

By the Rev. A. A. Lipscomb.

If the malignity of the human heart be exhibited in one manner, more strikingly than in another, it is in the unhallowed resentment of injuries. Let us not be understood, as referring to the conduct of the individuals, who fly to the sanctuary of justice, for refuge from those who wantonly assail the purity of their intentions, and sully with their tarnishing breath, that richest of all property—reputation. We allude to the practice of duelling—a practice, which has torn from society, some of its brightest ornaments, and robbed many a family in the drapery of mourning; a practice that originated in unsound views of honor, and has been supported by false pride.

What can be offered to palliate so monstrous a crime? What principle of nature, what decision of correct reason, or what doctrine of revelation, can the duellist adduce, in extenuation of his guilt? If he appeal to the tribunal of nature, he will find, that her sentence is, that no passion should be indulged in, that has the suffering of others for its express object. If he listen to the voice, which sounds forth from the throne, which the Deity has erected within, he will hear his condemnation. If he consult the oracle of revelation, that "more sure word of prophecy," he will meet with a corroboration of this fact and be impelled to the conclusion, that resentment ill-becomes those who derive all present joys and all future hopes from mercy.

Must not the institutions of this law of honor, have had very imperfect ideas of true dignity? Did they not place too light a value on usefulness, relationship and life, when, in the sagacity of their determinations, they adopted such a regulation? We love honor. We believe, that it is not only a source of pleasure, to its possessor, but that it also diffuses around his character, an atmosphere, in which confidence may live and friendship "move and have its being," but that mistaken quality, which prompts to unholy deeds—which urges him, in whom it dwells, to repair to the duel ground and attempt to destroy his fellow's existence, we look upon, with disgust and horror.

In whatever light, we contemplate duelling, we perceive its absurdity. Let it be viewed, as the resort of an injured character to obtain reparation, and what importance or usefulness, can be attached to it? If neither the Sovereign of the Universe, nor the civil constitution has made provisions for the recovery of a wounded reputation, we contend, that no man has a right to fly to so shocking a custom for redress. Better far, would it be for himself, his family and his country if we would pass through life, with a settled disgrace upon his name, rather than murder his brother, to perpetuate his respectability. Where duelling kept up for good purposes, did it prevent any harm from resulting to the world or did it draw into exercise the manly and virtuous dispositions of the heart, we might be inclined to look upon it, with more favor, but believing, that depravity is its parent and sorrow and woe, its saddening consequences, we cannot but raise our voice in its opposition and pray Heaven, that ere long, this deep stain may be wiped away from the world.

These remarks have been made by way of introduction to the narrative, which I am now about to give. Should it be destitute of incident, we hope that it will not be, without moral power.

Many years have rolled away, since accident threw me, into one of those valleys, which are formed by the irregular ridges of the lofty Alleghany. During my transient stay in that region of fertility and beauty, I formed a considerable acquaintance with two young persons who were highly esteemed for the intelligence of their minds—the amiability of their hearts and the correctness of their deportment.

Robert and Gustavas were, certainly uncommon youths. Born in the vicinity of each other, they had early contracted an ardent attachment. Ere the corrutions of earth had stolen into their hearts they had given to one another, the uppermost seat in their affection. The highest bliss they knew, was to sport together, on the same spreading lawn, or roam together, over the same fields. Discovering their remarkable fondness for each other's society, the parents of Robert and Gustavas, did all in their power to continue and confirm their mutual regard.

When their boyhood had expanded into youth, they were placed in the same academy, where, after a quick passage through the preparatory studies, they were sent to one of our most respectable colleges. Amid so many other associates they here retained their deep love for each other, which had been their constant characteristic, in the hours of childhood. They drank from the same fountain of science. Led by the hands of their Parents, they wandered back into ages past and conversed with men and things of other days. They witnessed the brave exploits of ancient chivalry—heard the thundering eloquence of olden time, rousing the inactive and animating the noble to heroic effort, and listened with enraptured hearts, to the soft numbers of the lyric bards. Reaping here no small harvest of honor, they returned to their homes,—the delight of their parents and the pride of their friends.

They were now separated for a few months—few in reality, but many, seemingly to the parted friends. Upon the business of his father, Robert was sent away, but, transacting it as speedily as possible, he again enjoyed the company of Gustavas. If their love admitted of increase, it was surely augmented by their temporary disunion, for who does not know, that removal from a friend has an astonishing tendency to make the fibres of the heart draw still closer around him! When business has taken us from home for a time, have we not come back to its sweet bosom, with an enlarged affection for the mother, who illumined it, with her smile, and the fond father and sister, who gave it its magnetic power!

Verging rapidly towards manhood, the two associates began to think of their future course. With the approbation of their relatives, they determined to enter the Navy. Their uncurbed imaginations had often thrown the highest attractions around a sea-faring life, and hence, it is not strange that they made it their choice. Upon the arrival of the time for their departure, they went forth from the scenes of their life's happy innocence, and directed their course towards the distant seaport. Their moistened eyes and sad tones betokened, that to them, "there was no place like home." When the descending sun numbered the flight of the sixth day since their absence from home, the two friends came in sight of the place of their destination. In a short time, the gallant ship had unfurled her sails and turned her head towards the ocean.

If thou hast never, dear reader, been on a voyage to sea, thou little knowest the feelings, which arise in the heart of him, who, borne along by the swiftly sailing vessel, sees the hill-tops of his native land gradually sink from the vision and the wide waters open before him. When the heavy hand of Death presses on the eye-lids, is it painful to utter the last adieu? Not much less distressing are the emotions of the sailor, when he fixes his eye, in sad contemplation upon the diminishing spires of the forsaken harbor, for he has no assurance, that e'er again they shall greet his vision or cheer his spirit. The repose of sleep is not more like the repose of the grave than is the agony of a temporary, uncertain separation, to the emotions which are awakened by the utterance of the final farewell. So it was with Robert and Gustavas. In leaving their kindred and home, they felt as if they were removing from all that gave life its charms.

Their cruise continued several years.—Novel as it was to the two friends, they could not fail to derive some pleasure from it. During the whole voyage their mutual esteem flourished in undiminished vigor. They were seldom out of each other's sight. When the dark clouds taint held in their ample folds, the gathered tempest, spread their dun banners o'er the ship—when the waters above appeared to mingle with the waters beneath, they stood side by side, in all their native intrepidity, and looked unmoved upon the awful scene. And when nature's calm was restored and the sun looked down upon the placid waters, they would sit together and talk of the endearments of home. Upon the termination of their voyage, they visited their relatives, and in their pleasant society, forgot the dangers to which they had been exposed, and the trials through which they had passed.

And here, in the progress of our narration, it becomes our duty to mention an unhappy rupture, which took place between the two associates. What small causes produce mighty effects. Whether we look at natural or moral operations, we discover the truth of this fact. The towering oak, that wrestles with the sweeping hurricane was once, an insignificant shrub, that might easily have been destroyed. The little rill that murmurs along the mountain's base, becomes at a distance, a mighty river, bearing upon its broad surface, the contributions of commerce. And in the political world, how many kingdoms have had their glory extinguished—how many thrones have been made to crumble and how many sceptres have been wrested from the hands of monarchs, merely by the plaus of a single individual! But more

particularly, in matters of friendship, simple things produce vast consequences. How often has the silent expression of the eye or the tone of the voice, severed unions, hallowed by affection and rendered strong by time! How frequently has a peculiar look or word undone the work of years!

Will the reader believe me, when I inform him, that thus it was with these interesting companions! They had been present at a ball. Participating in the light dance and enjoying the gay amusements of the evening, they had pleasantly passed their time. Upon the close of the festivities, Robert in his usual gentlemanly manner, kindly offered to attend a certain lady home. This act was contrary to the wishes and request of Gustavas, who, blinded by false notions, imagined himself to be grievously insulted. Here was the beginning of their difference. Small indeed, it was, but, however, trifling, when a commencement of this character has been made, whose vision is so acute, as to foresee its termination?

Perceiving the change in the manners of Gustavas, Robert had an interview with him and in his amiable way, offered an apology. Upon the most ferocious tempers, mildness will have some influence. It exalts over the mind, the same power, that *sedatives* do over the body. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Although Gustavas appeared to forget the conduct of his friend, yet he did not do so, in reality. His countenance would sometimes wear its former smile, and his tongue would now and then profess some respect, but in his soul there was enmity. His passions only slept—they were not dead. The "roots of bitterness" were there, waiting for circumstances to give them, a development.

Unrivalled by Robert, Gustavas had hoped to secure the regard of Miss B. and consequently, when he understood, that she and his old companion had corresponded on the subject of matrimony, his unrestrained dispositions broke through all bounds, and manifested themselves in deep aversion to Robert. His anger grew fiercer and fiercer, until the report of Robert's intended marriage, raised it to its highest pitch. What an unfortunate quality is an irritable temper! How miserable does it make its possessor and what disorder and trouble does it introduce into families! Heedless of consequences and seeking, at every hazard, its own gratification, it rushes on, like the mountain torrent, impatient to reach its end.

Under the influence of this mental frenzy, Gustavas, losing sight of all the devotion of other years, determined on *revenge*, and hastily seizing a pen wrote Robert a challenge. When the note was received, who can portray the feelings, which it excited! Robert could not credit it. As he walked the floor and pondered the strange occurrence in his mind, he asked himself: "Can it be so. Is this menacing, insulting language from my former friend?"

He doubted for a moment, but drawing from his pocket-book, a friendly letter, which Gustavas had written, in happier days, he compared the hands and lo! they were the same. "Alas!" exclaimed he, "I can hesitate to believe no longer. This challenge is from him. Deluded man! Is he in his senses?"

Without the least delay, Robert repaired to the dwelling of Gustavas, and endeavored to expostulate with him. But all that he said and done, had but little effect upon him.

"And must we fight," asked Robert, as he turned to leave him. "Must we, who like two shrubs, twined around each other, must we engage in this horrid conflict?"

"We must," replied Gustavas, in a furious passion. "Why this reluctance on your part to settle a dispute in an honorable manner!"

"Honorable," exclaimed Robert, "Pray, where did you get so strange a definition of honor? Such a practice, comports not with my notions of honor."

"I will persist in my course. You have degraded me. Who does not taunt me, with their reproaches? The world laugh at me and call me a vanquished fool. I will be revenged!"

Withdrawing from the presence of the raging Gustavas, in a slow step and, meditating mood, Robert retired to his residence. The solemnity of the night and the sad scene which he had beheld, combined to make him feel, in a peculiar manner. "How can I fight!" asked he. "Was it not this last charge of my dying father that I should never fight?" Memory told him it was, and as she awakened the parting scene from the oblivion into which Time had plunged it, he fancied that he heard again the same low, tremulous voice whispering—"never fight a duel!"

But the world—the world—what would the world think of him! Engaged in these reflections, he reached his abode, and hastening to his chamber, flung himself upon his bed, not to rest but to think.

Unrefreshed, Robert rose early in the morning, with a clouded brow and heavy heart, and ere the arrival of the breakfast hour, his mind was made up; to fight. No way of relief presented itself, and hence, he formed the unwise conclusion to risk his existence for the gratification; not of himself, but of the evil wishes of his antagonist.

That night, Robert spent at the house of his betrothed. An engagement had taken place between Miss B. and himself, and the period fixed for their marriage was rapidly

approaching. Though he had a presentiment that he should fall, he exerted all his philosophy to divert himself of the gloom, which had crept over him. When he was about to go from her presence, he took from his bosom, a small gift and requested her to keep it for his sake. For the last time, he beheld her countenance—for the last time, he heard the mellow tones of her voice, and parting in the usual manner, he walked towards his mother's, almost oppressed to the earth on which he trod.

The afternoon for the duel arrived. At the appointed hour, the parties were on the ground. The distance was measured, and the preliminaries settled. The two young men stood up and at the word fired! Who fell? The accomplished, amiable Robert fell, another mournful victim to the horrible custom of authorized murder. Intelligence worth and virtue were offered up at the altar of this modern moloch, a rich sacrifice, that should have been given in a more useful and holy cause.

What pale and agitated form is that, which so hastily approaches the fatal spot? And what more slender and beautiful one is that following in his rear? They are the mother and sister of Robert. Why so much uneasiness and anxiety depicted in their countenances? They have heard that Robert was about to fight and they have come in pursuit of him. Hark! hearest thou that long deep wail of sorrow? See'st thou those passionate exhibitions of anguish? They had heard the woful tidings—they have seen the dreadful sight. Ah, mother! ah sister! you are too late. He has gone. Your prop, your comfort, your hope is no more. Bereft of your greatest earthly solace, you must go down to the tomb, with a heavy burden of distress, upon your hearts.

Most deeply, did the community sympathize with the mother and sister of the unfortunate youth. But they found that no consolation, no solace could restore their lost joys. Secluded from the world, they spent their few remaining days in the service of God, and when the last summons came, they without a regret, laid down their lives, in hopes of a blessed resurrection.

What became of Miss B.—? She did not long survive her friend and lover. With true female fortitude, she, for a while, supported herself, but her spirit, in the end, lost its elasticity and sunk beneath severe pressure.

In a conspicuous place, Robert was interred. A plain monument, erected by the inhabitants of the vicinity, told the stranger his name, character and family, while in the hearts of his numerous acquaintance, his memory was enshrined and his name written. Often did the aged lead the rising generation to the grave of Robert, and as their hands dressed the flowers that shed their fragrance around the spot, their voices would repeat and enforce the lesson of Robert's expiring father—"Never fight a duel!"

Years had fled since the untimely fall of the lamented Robert, when, called by business, I again visited the western part of Virginia.

Stopping for rest, in a small town, I was induced by curiosity to go to the court, then sitting in the place. I soon perceived that a case of unusual interest was under consideration. On turning my eyes towards the bar, what was my surprise, when I recognised in the prisoner, Gustavas! In the progress of the trial; I found that he had been arraigned for murder. Having lost all his property by gambling, he had committed murder, in order to replenish his exhausted means. Eloquent efforts were made to clear him but in vain. The verdict was "guilty."

Upon my return to the country, I learned that the time for Gustavas' execution was not far distant. Desirous to witness his last moments, I remained until the awful period came. I saw the massy gates of the prison yard open, and ere their grating sound had died away, I beheld the train proceeding toward the place of execution. The mournful procession reached the spot and Gustavas ascended the scaffold. His firm features were unrelaxed. There was not a quiver on his lip nor a tear in his eye. He spoke a few words to the assembly—reverting to his pious parentage—his early youth unstained by crime—unshaded by remorse, until his commission of that deed, which deprived Robert of life and himself from peace and virtue—a deed; that dethroned conscience and opened the flood-gate of profligacy and crime. As he drew near the close of his address, he manifested some feeling. His voice before full-toned, became feeble and indistinct. What was his last expression? "Never be a Duellist." When the world was fading in the dim distance and the solemnities of Eternity, in all their terrific reality, were rising before his vision, then, did he beseech listening thousands to discourage and put down the practice of duelling.—Death is the sure test of opinion, as well as principle and in this instance, it was very apparent, that a long cherished idea could not bear the touch stone. Gustavas—the once lofty unbending Gustavas underwent a change ere he stepped off the stage of existence.—His last feelings were feelings of repentance—his last breath, devoted to making the world acquainted with them.

When he had closed, the halter was placed around his neck, and in a few mo-

ments, his appearance told every spectator, that another soul had departed into the unseen world.

Will you, believe reader, remember the last advice of the unhappy Gustavas? If you would escape the untold horrors of self-reproach—if you would secure the favor of God, and the approval of the pious—"Never be a Duellist." If there be any thing dear in family connexions—if your soul entertains any regard for the mother, that hung over the cradle of your infancy—if you have a particle of regard for the father, who delighted to look upon you—if sisters and brothers be sweet—if love has any charms, or friendship any attractions—"Never be a Duellist." Believe me, you will not repent the pursuance of this direction, while you live, and when you stand before that Throne, which is begirt with the principalities of the Universe, you will not shed one tear—feel one regret or heave one sigh, for having taken your stand in favor of virtue—humanity and Heaven.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

You are starting on the journey of life full of buoyant hope and animation, and with high raised anticipation of a pleasant tour; far be it from us to deceive you or dampen your hopes by assuring you that you have a rough and thorny road before you.

"Where Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

But having had some experience ourselves, we may give you some hints, which, if attended to, may be of no little service to you.

We presume that you set out in life, expecting, if not determining to be rich—to be respected as a useful citizen—to marry some beautiful and intelligent lady, and in short, to enjoy life and make some noise in the world; if you have not some such ambition, we would not give a button for you, nor trouble ourselves to give you this word of advice—but how are you to accomplish your purpose, to reach the object of your hope and ambition? Do you expect them to come to you without any exertion on your part? If so, you will come far short of your expectations, nothing is to be gained in this life without labor and assiduity.

In the first place then, you should endeavor, whatever be the business or profession you have chosen, to acquire a thorough knowledge of it in all its branches, and details. Be not satisfied with merely doing, because you must do, what is expected of you, but do all you can, not only to please your employer, but to acquire a practical knowledge of the business; remember you are an apprentice and are acquiring the information which is to enable you to carry on the same business for yourself—this is the object of your labor; you should feel that you are at work for your own benefit and not for the benefit of others. Suppose you are to become a merchant, or a mechanic; you have leisure hours morning and evening, let them be devoted to reading, and let your books be selected in reference to your business; obtain those which give you information as well as amusement. If you are designed for a merchant you should acquire a knowledge of several modern languages, of the history and fundamental principles of commerce, of navigation, of political economy, and of geography. Endeavor also to inform yourself about the growth and production of the various articles and commodities in which you are likely to deal—where they are or may be produced; what their actual cost of production, &c. &c.

So much of an individual's success in life depends upon his manners and address that we would by all means advise the acquisition of graceful and courteous gentleman like address. But these cannot be attained without mixing in refined society and avoiding low vulgar company; he who chooses to associate with low bred and ill-mannered companions can never hope to gain admittance into refined and polished circles, for his very action and expression will betray the company he has been accustomed to keep; and every attempt to assume manners, which are not his every day wear, will show his company his own consciousness of his inferiority. He who would acquire easy and graceful manners; and refinement of mind, should, by all means seek the society of virtuous intelligent females; it is they; and they alone, that can smooth down the natural brusquerie of man; and give a high polish to his mind and manners. But while we advise young men to seek female society, we would also caution them against becoming that very contemptible thing, a lady's man, or a dandy;—an animal despised by every man and woman of sense, though sometimes tolerated by the latter, as they answer all the purposes of a pet poodle.

A LADY SAILOR.—Mrs. Holdridge, the wife of Capt. N. Holdridge of the packet ship United States, arrived at New York on Tuesday in that vessel—it being her thirteenth voyage across the Atlantic! We think she is fairly entitled to a commend, having in every instance sailed as the guest of Captain H.