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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

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## TERMS

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## OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

The house adjoining ours on the left hand was uninhabited, and we had, therefore, plenty of leisure to observe our next-door neighbors on the other side.

The house without the knocker was in the occupation of a city clerk; and there was a neatly-written bill in the parlor window, intimating that lodgings for a single gentleman were to let within.

It was a neat little house on the shady side of the way, with new narrow floor cloth in the passage, and new narrow stair-carpets up to the first floor. The paper was new, and the paint was new, and the furniture was new; and all three, paper, paint and furniture bespoke the limited means of the tenant. There was a little red and black carpet in the drawing-room, with a border of flooring all the way round; a few stained chairs, and a pembroke table. A pink shell was displayed on each side of the little side-boards, which, with the addition of a tea-tray and caddy, a few more shells on the mantel-piece, and three peacock's feathers, tastefully arranged above them, completed the decorative furniture of the apartment. This was the room destined for the reception of the single gentleman during the day, and a little back room on the same floor was assigned as his sleeping apartment by night.

The bill had not been long in the window when a stout, good-humored looking gentleman of about five and thirty, appeared as a candidate for the tenancy. Terms were soon arranged, for the bill was taken down immediately after his visit. In a day or two the single gentleman came in, and shortly afterwards his real character came out.

First of all, he displayed a most extraordinary partiality for sitting up till three or four o'clock in the morning, drinking whiskey and water, and smoking cigars; then he invited friends home, who used to come at ten o'clock, and begin to get happy about the small hours, when they evinced their perfect contentment by singing songs with half a dozen verses of two lines each, and a chorus of ten, which chorus used to be shouted forth by the whole strength of the company, in a most enthusiastic and vociferous manner, to the great annoyance of the neighbors, and the special discomfort of another single gentleman over-head.

Now this was bad enough, occurring as it did three times a week on the average; nor was this all; for when the company did go away, instead of walking quietly down the street, as any body else's company would have done, they amused themselves by making alarming and frightful noises, and counterfeiting the shrieks of females in distress; and one night a red faced gentleman, in a white hat, knocked in a most urgent manner at the door of the powdered headed gentleman, at No. 3, and when the powdered headed old gentleman, who thought one of his married daughters must have taken ill prematurely, had groped down stairs, and after a great deal of unbolting and key-turning, opened the street door, the red faced man in the white hat said he hoped he'd excuse his giving him so much trouble, but he'd feel obliged if he'd favor him with a glass of cold spring water, and the loan of a shilling for a cab to take him home; on which the old gentleman slammed the door and went up stairs, and threw the contents of his water-jug out of the window—very bright, only it went over the wrong man; and the whole street was involved in confusion.

A joke's a joke; and even practical jests are very capital in their way, if you can only get the other party to see the fun of them; but the population of our street were so full of apprehension as to be quite lost to a sense of the drollery of this proceeding; and the consequence was, that our next door neighbor was obliged to tell the single gentleman, that, unless he gave up entertaining his friends at home, he really must be compelled to part with him. The single gentleman received the remonstrance with great good humor, and promised from that time forward to spend his evenings at a coffee-house—a determination which afforded general and unmixed satisfaction.

The next night passed off very well—every body was delighted with the change; but on the next, the noises were renewed with greater spirit than ever. The single gentleman's friends being unable to see him in his house every alternate night, had come to a determination of seeing him home one night; and what with the discordant

greeting of the friends at parting, and the noise created by the single gentleman in his passage up stairs, and his subsequent struggles to get his boots off, the evil was not to be borne. So our next door neighbor gave the single gentleman, who was a very good lodger in other respects, notice to quit; and the single gentleman went away, and entertained his friends in other lodgings.

The next applicant for the vacant first floor was a very different character from the troublesome single gentleman who had just quitted it. He was a tall, thin young gentleman, with a profusion of brown hair, reddish whiskers, and very slightly-developed mustachios. He wore a braided surtout, with frogs behind, light grey trousers, and wash leather gloves, and had altogether rather a military appearance. So unlike the roystering single gentleman! Such insinuating manners, and such a delightful address! So seriously disposed, too!

When he first came to look at the lodging he inquired most particularly whether he was sure to be able to get a seat in the parish church; and when he had agreed to take them, he requested to have a list of the different local charities, as he intended to subscribe his mite to the most deserving among them. Our next door neighbor was perfectly happy. He had got a lodger at last, of just his own way of thinking—a serious, well-disposed man, who abhorred gaiety, and loved retirement. He took down the bill with a light heart, and pictured in imagination a long series of quiet Sundays, on which he and his lodger would exchange mutual civilities and Sunday papers.

The serious man arrived, and his luggage was to arrive from the country next morning. He borrowed a clean shirt and a prayer-book from our next door neighbor, and retired to rest at an early hour, requesting that he might be called punctually at ten o'clock next morning—not before, as he was much fatigued.

He was called, but did not answer; he was called again, but there was no reply—Our next door neighbor became alarmed, and burst the door open. The serious man had left the house mysteriously, carrying with him the shirt, the prayer book, a tea-spoon, and the bed clothes.

Whether this occurrence, coupled with the irregularities of his former lodger, gave our next door neighbor an aversion to single gentlemen, we know not; we only know that the next bill which made its appearance in the parlor window intimated, generally, there were furnished apartments to let on the first floor. The bill was soon removed. The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest.

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pitance the boy earned by copying writings, and translating for the book-sellers. They had removed from some country place and settled in London; partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow and half-stilled cough, which indicated his being still at work; and day after day could we see more plainly that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face, which is the beacon of her worst disease.

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish first an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realized—the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer his labors were unceasingly prolonged; and the mother attempted to procure needle work, embroidery—any thing for bread. A few shillings now and then were all she could earn. The boy worked steadily on—dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

It was a beautiful autumn evening when we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

"I was telling William," she said, "that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately."

Poor thing! The tears that streamed through her fingers, as she turned aside as if to adjust her close widow's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself. The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her

cheek. There was a short pause. He sunk back on his pillow, and looked with appalling earnestness in his mother's face.

"William! William!" said the terrified parent, "don't look at me so—speak to me, dear!"

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze.

"William, dear William!" said the distracted mother, "rouse yourself, dear; don't look at me so, love—pray don't! Oh, my God! what shall I do?—my dear, dear boy!—he is dying!"

The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together.

"Mother, dear mother! bury me in the open fields, any where, but in these dreadful streets; they have killed me. Kiss me again, mother; put your arm around my neck—"

He fell back—a strange expression stole upon his features, not of pain or suffering, but an indelible fixing of every nerve and muscle—the boy was dead.

**EFFECTS OF SCOLDING CHILDREN.**—The philosopher Locke, in his "Thoughts concerning Education," endeavors to dissuade those who have the care of children from scolding them; especially in anger. It lessens, says he, the authority of the parents and the respect of children; for they distinguish easily between passion and reason; and as they cannot but have a reverence for what comes from the latter, so they quickly grow into a contempt of the former; or if it causes a present terror, yet it soon wears off, and natural inclination will easily learn to slight such scare-crows, which make a noise, but are not animated by reason.

Few of the errors of young children are regarded by the philosopher as really vicious; and it is only when they are vicious that they are to be restrained with so much pains. Even when they really do amiss voluntarily, a mere look or nod ought to correct them. Or if words are sometimes to be used in the management of the child, they ought, says he, to be grave, kind and sober, representing the ill or unbecomingness of the fruits, rather than a hasty rating of the child for it, which makes him not sufficiently distinguish, whether your dislike be not more directed to him than his fault. Passionate chiding usually carries rough all ill language with it, which has this further ill effect; that it teaches and justifies it in the children; and the names that their parents or preceptors give them they will not be ashamed or backward to bestow on others, having so good authority for the use of them.

There is so much of truth in these sayings of Mr. Locke, that I wish they could be fastened, like the words of the Jewish law, to the very door posts of some of our houses. Not that they would do much good where the habit of scolding forever is already fixed; but the disease is so dangerous, and a remedy is so much needed, that almost any expedient is worth proposing.

I am not ignorant that hundreds, during the last one hundred and fifty years, have tried to evade the force of Mr. L's reasoning, not by showing him to be in error but simply by ridicule. Locke, they say, was not a father; and "old bachelor's children are always well governed." Now we find many of the truths which Mr. L. teaches, and this among the rest, so stamped out in broad and plain characters, that it is impossible—borrowing the language of scripture—for him who runs, not to read.

Who has not observed that those parents who frown and scold much, are among the most unsuccessful in the art of governing their families? I believe it will be difficult to find an exception to this rule; or at least to find a single family in which there is much scolding, where any thing like good discipline is preserved.

## THE STORM.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

It was a balmy evening in June, when an anxious and devoted wife sat before an open window, which overlooked part of a beautiful bay that formed the harbor of the seaport, which she resided. Her eye never rested on a scene more lovely. The pure blue sky without a cloud, and the calm clear water sleeping beneath it in its loveliness like the baby boy that was pillowed on her own fair breast.

But it was not the beauty of the scene that made it so attractive to her. Hers was not the delighted gaze of one whose feelings are all absorbed in the loveliness of nature. On the contrary, her anxious eager eye told that she was not satisfied with the scene before her, though so fair but she was looking for an object of greater interest than any that appeared. But not a speck was to be seen on the silvery expanse before her, and she turned away with a disappointed and heart-sickened feeling.

Emma had looked forth many times in the day for several weeks on the same scene, sometimes fair as now, and sometimes deformed by storms, for the ship which contained her dearest treasure.

Still the husband and the father came not, and her thoughts grew troubled and her heart sad, and now the tears fell fast on the dear face of her sleeping infant. But Emma was a Christian, and the sweet promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," came over her spirit so soothingly, and with a power so divine, that her heart at once rested on the promise of her Almighty Father, and her perturbed and anxious feelings were hushed to repose.

While she still sat at the window, her little boy, of about ten years, ran into the room exclaiming, "O mother! dear mother! father is coming!" "What do you mean, my child?" said Emma, turning very pale. "Why look, mother! don't you see that pilot? Well, the men on board of her say that the ship Anne is in the offing, and will be in the harbor before morning." "O my dear boy," said Emma, tears of joy now filling her eyes, "what gratitude do we owe to our heavenly Parent! But are you sure, are you quite sure it was the vessel that contains your father?" "O yes, mother, the men said they could not be mistaken, and see, one of them is coming this way now, I do believe, to tell you about it himself." It was as William had conjectured; the man soon arrived with the blessed intelligence that the vessel would undoubtedly be in the harbor before next morning.

"What do you think father will say to you, little Charley," said William to his lovely little brother, as he opened his soft blue eyes and smiled upon him; "I am sure he will give you so many kisses as to make you cry, for I don't think you like to be kissed much. Don't you believe, said he, turning to his mother, "that father will think him the finest little fellow he ever saw? I expect he will love him even better than I do," added he, pressing his lips tenderly to his soft fair cheek.

The grateful mother smiled upon her precious boys, while her heart was lifted in adorning thankfulness to him who had bestowed these gifts, and was about restoring to them and to her the life of all their earthly joys.

William's exuberance of joy continued to overflow at his lips, while the mother's chastened, but far more deep, kept her silent and thoughtful, though she listened with complacency, and would now and then reply to the playful remarks of her child. They were sitting in this way, when a peal of thunder, loud and long, rolled over their heads, and in a moment Emma and her boy were at the window. Their eyes having been directed only towards the water, they had not observed the cloud which had arisen in the east, and which they now perceived had nearly covered the heavens. "God in mercy preserve the father!" exclaimed Emma, "for I fear a storm is close at hand." In one short hour how had the scene before her changed. Dark and heavy clouds were driven with frightful rapidity across the heavens, and the water was lashed to foaming fury by the violence of the wind. It seemed indeed impossible that a vessel could live for a moment on the heaving billows of that stormy sea. What a change, too, in the joyous feelings of William's little affectionate heart. The big tears chased each other down his sweet, pale cheeks, and all his childish prattle was forgotten.

It was now nearly bed time, but poor Emma thought not of retiring. Her unconscious baby laid to rest in its little cradle, was softly breathing and sweetly sleeping, and William, wearied with watching and weeping, sank beside him on the floor, and for a while forgot his sorrows in the profound slumbers of childhood. But not to the mother came this soothing balm. Her aching head pressed not that night the pillow of repose. How could she bear to recline on the bed where she had so often rested on the dear bosom of him who was now perhaps stretched on the rocky bed of the ocean, with the cold and stormy waves for his covering.

The sun which had so long gazed on the fairest scenes of earth, never looked forth on a lovelier morning than that which succeeded this night of storm and tempest. The balminess of the soft air, the serenity of the blue sky, and the beauty of the bright water, were never exceeded. But when the glad rays of that glorious morning penetrated the sad chamber of Emma, she covered her face and groaned in the bitterness of her heart; for where was he in whose arms at this very hour she hoped to have been enfolded? The mother's deep agonizing groan broke the slumbers of her boy, who, starting on his feet, exclaimed, "has father come?" "Oh! no! my child," answered Emma, bursting for the first time into a passionate fit of weeping, "nor will he," I fear, ever come again!"

Several weeks passed, and as nothing was heard of the ship which contained the husband of Emma, and as more than one vessel was known to have perished during the storm, the faint hopes that were entertained of her safety entirely vanished, and Emma felt that she indeed was a widow.

On such an evening as that which closed the fatal storm, she was sitting at the

window which overlooked the water, sad, very sad, but quiet and resigned, stricken to the dust with her earthly hopes, but sweetly resting on him who is the widow's God and Judge. Her eldest boy was pensively leaning his head on his mother's arm, while his baby brother was using it for a plaything, and twining his tiny fingers in the silken curls which adorned it, the only joyous one of the group, for William was still sorrowful when his thoughts turned as now to his lost father.

The mother's eye, as it was sadly bent on the water, rested on the group of men who are standing on its very edge, and at this moment one of them raised a spy glass to his face. Emma, shuddering, turned hastily away, and a sick faint feeling came over her, but she almost immediately compelled herself to look again, ashamed of the selfishness which would not permit her to rejoice in the happiness of others, while herself was bereaved and desolate. Some beating hearts, thought she, are waiting with tremulous joy the approach of the dear objects of their love. Shall I not rejoice with them? "Run, William, and see what vessel has arrived, for those men are watching, I am sure, the approach of one." William obeyed, tho' reluctantly, for his little heart was grieved whenever his eyes rested on the water. His mother watched his tardy footsteps as he approached the group, who at this moment spying, one of them went forward to meet him.

Scarcely had they come near enough to speak, when, as though words of a magical influence had been pronounced, William who before scarcely moved, now tossed his arm high in the air, and turning his face towards his mother's dwelling, seemed borne along by the wings of the wind. The man as he swiftly followed, and almost breathless they both entered at the same time the abode of Emma. "O mother! mother!" exclaimed William; "Stop, my boy," said his companion, "let me speak to your mother first," and turning to Emma, he added, "Be calm madam, for we have glorious news, wonderful news for you—the ship Anne is close at hand!" Emma spoke not, but her heaving bosom, and wildly rolling eye frightened her boy, who running to her and throwing himself on her neck, exclaimed, "Why, I thought you would be so glad mother, that father after all is alive, and coming to us, but you don't look so at all, what is the matter, why do you look so strangely? Emma buried her face in the bosom of her child and relieved her bursting heart by weeping aloud. Locked in each others arms they mingled their tears and their touching thanksgiving to God for his unspeakable mercy, while the man who stood by, though quiet, unused to the melting mood, himself wept like an infant.

"But how is it?" exclaimed Emma, her recollections returning as her agitation partly subsided, "has the ocean given up its dead?" "No doubt," replied the man, "they were driven out to sea, and have been detained at some port to repair damages."

Soon to the waiting eager eyes of the wife and child appeared that stately ship, the white sails filled by a gentle breeze, and bearing her majestically along over the soft ripple of the sparkling waves. Soon was she safely moored in the quiet harbor, and a familiar, beloved form seen to step from her decks and approach the house. Soon they folded to that heart, which but an hour or two before, they had thought no longer beat for them, and dear little Charley was praised and an hundred times kissed by those lips they had deemed cold in death.

**NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.**—FATAL EXPERIMENT.—A Man named Christopher Jones—South Boston bridge—rope round his neck—large stone at the end of it—dived to the bottom—experiment—meant to come up—spectators—long time—thought all was not right—found entangled—tried to resuscitate—unavailing, &c.—[Newspapers.]

Let us lay this example to heart. Was ever the case of a nation more capably represented by the catastrophe of an individual than in the above instance? How pat to the very purpose is the very title of the paragraph, "Fatal Experiment!" How exactly has Christopher Jones copied the example set him by the American People! They tied a rope round their neck, with the millstone of Jacksonism at the end of it, and then made a desperate plunge, by way of "experiment." There is no doubt that like Christopher Jones, they "meant to come up;" but the ocean of folly into which they have plunged has proved deeper than they suspected, and they are now floundering in the mud at the bottom, in all the agonies of suffocation—a subject of ridicule and commiseration to the spectators, who begin to be pretty certain, by this time, that "all is not right." Whether they will have presence of mind enough to cut the string and rise to the surface in time to be resuscitated, "time," as the newspaper wise-acs say, "only can determine."—BOST. COUR.

**REPARTEE.**—A beautiful and accomplished lady asked a gentleman how old he was.

"My age," said he, "is what you always do—EXCEL!" (XL.)  
He was forty, of course.