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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, Editor.

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TERMS

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THE YANKEE BALL.

A Revolutionary Story.

Holme's Hole is a harbor well known to all navigators of the coast of New England. During the year 1781, while the hopes and fears of the American patriots were alternating, a half dozen British frigates were lying snug in the Holme's Hole harbor. Time hung heavily on the hands of the officers on board these vessels, and they availed themselves of every opportunity of breaking in upon its tedium.

The project of a ball on shore was got up, and the hearts of the British officers bounded merrily at the prospect of the pleasure in store for them. The Yankee girls, though not remarkably disposed to smile on a British uniform, were nevertheless not adverse to indulging in a little flirtation with those who wore the red coats. Ladies wear the bump of flirtation on their heads the world over, and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that the girls in the neighborhood of Holme's Hole were willing to have a few hours gratification at the expense of their country. To bring the lion hearts of these officers to terms of capitulation, was an object not to be resisted, and accordingly these damsels arrayed themselves in their brightest smiles and repaired to the festive hall at the time appointed.

Brilliantly shown every thing on that evening. The officers were there, forgetful of the errand of butchery on which they were to come to the country, and intent only on winning honeyed looks and love-sick smiles from the breathing forms around them. The dance went on, and as fair and sylph-like forms wreathed gaily through its mazes, the proud Britons forgot their sweet-hearts at home, and yielded up their devotions to the fair strangers before them. Swiftly flew the winged hours away, and the solemn chime of midnight swelled on the air before the sounds of music ceased and the parties separated with promises of many such meetings in future.

It was too late to return to the ships that night, and the gallant officers, after discoursing on the comparative merits of the beauties by whom they had been entranced, drank a toast to woman's smile, and prepared to retire for the night. Pleasant dreams cheered their pillows—away their spirits bounded over the wide expanse of waters between them and their distant homes, and there revelled in half-awakened scenes of former bliss, and sleep was to them a repose and blessing. No thought, no suspicion had they of coming evil; but, busy with the past, all forgetful were they of the power of the future to bring a saddening change over their hearts, and they slept away with the smile of tranquility playing upon their sealed features.

But all were not asleep that night.—There were others counting on future gains and glories, whose wakeful enterprise banished slumber from their eyelids, and filled their hearts with those high sensations which deeds of chivalrous daring always foster. To these it is now our duty to turn.

The Vineyard sound is about five miles over. While the dance was in progress on the one shore, preparations of another kind were in progress on the opposite one. The tidings of the ball were spread throughout the vicinity, and eighteen brave fellows agreed to make that night replete with gloomy as well as brilliant recollections to the British officers.

The moon was in her last quarter, and as she sunk below the horizon and her girdling light vanished from the heavens, a company of resolute fellows descended the bank and made to the water's edge. A couple of boats were soon unmoored and launched on the unsteady element, filled with as gallant crews as ever started on an eventful enterprise. Every spirit swelled high as they cleared the foam of the breakers, and the crafts beneath them rode gracefully over the gentle billows.

'Now, my hearties,' said a voice from the bow of the larger boat, 'the thing I have to ask of you is, that you obey orders.'

'Aye, aye, captain,' responded the others.

'Then, boys, draw your pistols and prepare for a shot.'

Every fellow who owned a pistol—that is, a canteen or flask—drew it forth and uncocked it.

'All hands ready! Then, my hearties, twig this toast: Success to the Vineyarders, and a bad night's rest to the red coats!'

The toast was duly honored, and every

fellow took down his canteen and replaced it in his pocket.

'Now this is my first order: no word is to be spoken louder than a whisper, between this and the other shore. The success you have just drank to, depends on silence.'

'Aye, aye,' muttered all hands.

The oars were muffled to prevent a splash in the waters, and onward the boats went silently. Their heads were pointed directly towards the tavern where the ball had been, and each fellow mused on the scenes which would transpire on their arrival.

'I'll be shot if I can keep still, Joe,' said a youth by the name of Sam Dareall to his next neighbor, in a whisper, 'I can't help thinking that chiefest of witches, Sally Renham, is at that party.'

'Well, what harm if she is?'

'None, that I know of,' returned Sam, 'only I don't like the thought of her fair hand being touched by an arm that wears a red coat.'

'The girl, Sam, is a fair one, and she is as true as she's fair. Her heart never harbored love for a tory. You see it runs in all female flesh, to like to win a heart, if it be but to see with what kind of grace the owner will yield it up.'

'Truer words were never spoken, Joe; but why the deuce a girl, when she has got one heart safe, can't be satisfied with it, is something that I can't understand, Sam.'

'I guess there is more than that in female nature that you don't understand, Sam. Woman has a great many kinds that are perfect mysteries to me. But as to being uneasy about Miss Renham's hand, it is nothing more than sheer nonsense. Her eyes can blink kindly on his Majesty's epaulets, but it dwells, Sam, on the plain rigging of a lad we know pretty well.'

'Who's that?'

'Why, yourself, Sam—heavens! what blind folks love makes of you fellows.—All you have got to do is to capture the biggest officer in the gang to-night, and that act I tell you will not fail to take captive the fancy of the lady. She's fond of doing the like things herself.'

'Give us your hand, Joe, and I promise you that if the taking of the proudest officer at Dagget's to-night, will please Sally, she shall be pleased. The prisoner shall be mine.'

'Luck to you, Sam!' and thus their colloquy ended.

It was full two o'clock as our party hauled their keels on the sand. A few whispers passed around, and then they mounted the bank, and struck directly for Old Dagget's. As they drew nigh they separated, and in a minute a complete line was drawn around the house to prevent escape if any should be attempted.

A part of the force entered the house, and soon presented themselves at the door of the room in which their destined victims lay, dreaming of any thing rather than capture. The door turned on its hinges, and the loud voice of the leader of the invaders, commanded the sleepers to surrender. The room was soon a scene of confusion. The Britons were at first disposed to make resistance, but seeing no way to escape and knowing that their good treatment depended upon submission, they surrendered with as much grace as was desirable. Out of their beds they were forced, ten as sleepy looking fellows as one would wish to see. One of them corpulent, red faced, and larger than his companions, grumbled as he rose, but a hand was placed on his shoulder with an order to be as still and as brisk as possible, and he submitted.—'I've got him Joe,' said our lover, Sam, to his friend, who was assisting a reluctant leg on the other side of the room, to force itself through a pair of super-inexpressibles.

'Well, hang on to him.'

'Aye, that I will like death to a grim beggar.' Then turning to his prisoner, he added, 'come, my dear sir, I don't wish to be officious, but let me assist you in adjusting your wardrobe. While you are gartering that stocking, I'll just garter your neck with this cravat.'

'Take that d—n you for your impudence,' said the officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his clenched fist, which Sam parried.

'Tenderly, tenderly, my dear fellow,' said Sam, 'but if you want the use of your peepers by the time daylight comes, you will be sparing of your fists.'

'Who, and what are you,' asked the officer looking grimly up in Sam's face.

'My name is Sam Dareall, at your service which being interpreted means Sam Daredevil; and I'll promise you a touch of my nature and friendship, too, before we separate.'

'You are a devilish obliging fellow.'

'Thank you sir, it runs in the Dareall family to be obliging. Can I be of any service to you in putting on your coat—for I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of marching you off right away. What is this silly thing good for?' said Sam, at the same time pulling the epaulet from the officer's shoulders; 'it is only fit for a child's play thing!' and he put his foot on the toy.

The Briton's face grew very red, but he had to keep quiet, as Sam assured him he was going a long journey, it would only be an incumbrance to his shoulder, and he had done what he had from the kindest motives.

To the door Sam led his prisoner, and meeting his friend Joe at it, desired him to say if he had not captured the biggest game. Joe deliberately cast his eye about the officer's sturdy dimensions and replied affirmatively.

When they reached the outside of the house, a short parley ensued, in which it was determined that the enemy should be hurried by a forced march off to Boston. One officer who could neither be persuaded nor forced to put his regimentals on up stairs, and who had been brought down for the purpose of seeing what effect the chill air would have upon him, swore he would die before he would move a foot. One of the captors who had him in tow, now applied a switch to his bare feet and he moved them with much briskness to the delight of the joyous Americans, and the evident chagrin of his majesty's officers.

The poor fellow, at the earnest entreaty of his friends, after being dragged a few yards, reluctantly yielded up his resolution, and drew on his pantaloons.

The whole party soon got under way and made good haste to their boats and over the bay again. Many were the jokes which circulated among the merry fellows at the expense of their prisoners, who although in the midst of a superior force, could not altogether resist the spirit of insubordination.

The prisoners were got safe into quarters by daylight, and after breakfast was ordered to prepare for an over land journey to Boston, where deposited in safe keeping under the protection of John Hancock. They were soon after exchanged, and lived to relate in their homes to their anxious friends all the scenes which transpired between the ball room and Boston—the corpulent one, not forgetting to make affectionate mention of Sam Dareall, who, be it known, was shortly after married to Miss Sally Renham, and lived to tell his grandchildren the history of that night.

From the Boston Pearl and Galaxy.

POOL, THE BANDIT.

Hurrah! for the booty!—my steed hurrah! Through bush, through wake go we; And the coy moon shines on our merry way Like my own love—timidly.

Oh! there never life was like the Robber's So Jolly and bold, and free, And its end?—why a cheer from the crowd below, And leap from a leafless tree?

Paul Clifford's Song.

CHAPTER I.

FOOL'S HOLE.

No section of Great Britain is so rich in natural curiosities, as Derbyshire. The most striking objects that attract the traveller, are three caverns in the side of the mountain, the largest of which is distinguished by the name of "Pool's Hole," and is considered one of the seven wonders of the Peak.

Tradition tells us that this cave received its name from one Pool—a notorious freebooter, who, having been outlawed for his freedering and cruel robberies, secreted himself here from the pursuit of justice. It is situated at the base of a lofty mountain called Coitmoos, near Buxton, a village celebrated for its medicinal waters, and which has become a favorite place of resort for invalids.

The entrance into this cave is by a small and narrow arch—and so very low that such as venture into it, are forced to creep upon their hands and knees; but it gradually opens into a broad vault, more than a quarter of a mile long, and as many of the superstitious peasantry in the vicinity imagine, a quarter of a mile high. It is certainly very lofty and shaped not unlike the interior of a gothic edifice. The light of the torches, as it pierces the darkness, faintly reveals to the eye of the visitant, the strength and solidity of the roof, and grand proportions, of an ancient cathedral, and fancy can easily change the numberless glittering stalactites into the cornice and frieze and golden architrave.

A smaller cavern, which leads out on the right hand from the main one, is called Pool's chambers; which, story says, the robber inhabited. A fine, cool current of water passes through the centre of it, and the sound of the rushing waves is reverberated by the echoing walls. Water is perpetually distilling from the roof and sides of this vault, and the drops before they fall produce a very pleasing effect, by reflecting numberless rays from lights carried by the guides. They also from their peculiar quality, form crystallization of various figures, like those of fret-work; and in some places, having been long accumulating one upon another, bear a rude resemblance to different animals.

But legend has hung a charm round this room, which renders it an object of interest to the curious traveller. Here, he is told the robber convened his band to plot their schemes of rapine, or sheltered them from the just vengeance of the neighboring nobility. Here he had accumulated countless heaps of treasure wrung from the helpless cottager—the unarmed wayfaring man, and the timid baron who bought safety for him-

self and his dependents, by the payment of a heavy tribute. How with his favorite followers, he held his midnight orgies; and the cavern rung with his rude jest, the loud oath, and the bald song Pool was resolute to recklessness, ambitious of distinction, and possessed of a noble chivalrous nature. The many anecdotes that are told of him, exhibit traits of character which convince us, that if he had been born under happier auspices, he might have been a benefactor, instead of a scourge to his fellow men. Out of these anecdotes, I hope to glean material, if not to "point a moral," at least "adorn a tale."

CHAPTER II.

Pool—The Old Crone—The Storm—The Two Prisoners—The Carousal.

By the side of a long oaken table in the chamber of the cavern, to which we have alluded, sat a middle aged man. The light of a blazing torch, that burned near him, revealed features, which although hard and rugged, were at the same time intelligent and commanding. His hair, which was of the sablest hue, hung in dishevelled and wiry locks over a forehead, on which passion had written its character with an iron pen. The eyes, although partly shaded by thick brows, were large, stern and sparkling. The upper lip, which curled slightly, was covered with thick mustaches. His figure, which was tall, full and muscular, was clothed in a close doublet—and he wore upon his head a small cap, which was decorated with three eagle's plumes. The short two edged dagger, that was stuck in his girdle, the pistol that lay near him on the table, and the air of reckless daring that marked his attitude and bearing, showed him to be the *genius loci* of the grim cave, in which he was sitting.

In a remote part of the cavern was kindled a cheerful fire, the vivid flames of which, as it crackled and sparkled through the dry wood, played over the countless stalactites, that jewelled its sides and roof. Close to the fire on a low stool, sat an aged female, evidently luxuriating in the glowing warmth. Her long grey hair flowed negligently down her back, and her wild and glassy eyes, and sunken and haggard cheeks, were frightfully distorted by idiocy. A short crimson cloak, which was drawn closely around her, apparently the only garment, which was either clean or whole.

In a few moments she stretched out her long shrivelled arms, and after waving them slowly above her head, she broke forth in a wild solemn chant, as she rocked her body to and fro before the flame. The sound of her voice evidently interrupted the reverie of the man. Immediately from his stool, he sauntered to the mouth of the larger cavern, and kneeling down, he crept into the open air.

The wind swept in long and sullen gusts around the Peak, and in the clouds, which through the day had been gathering in dense masses, as night came on, poured fourth torrents of rain. The Thunder roared in quick and deafening peals, and at frequent intervals the livid and forked lightning, breaking from the almost palpable darkness, revealed for an instant the waves of the stream, that rushed from the mountain, and the tall and aged trees, that rocked and groaned with the storm.

Sheltering himself from the violence of the rain beneath a projecting cliff, the inmate of the cave evidently waited for the approach of some expected friends. In a few moments the distant steady tramp of an advancing party, was borne faintly on the wind. The sound of foot steps drew near, and the glare of the lightning soon revealed a band of armed men moving along a narrow path, seemed guiding their foot steps by trees and rocks, the location of which, was apparently familiar to them. They soon arrived at the mouth of the cavern. The watchword was passed and two of the band, disappearing in the cave, soon returned with torches. The company consisted of twenty tall, athletic, fellows, completely armed, and whose swarthy complexions showed that they had often-times been exposed to the sun and storm. With them, and evidently prisoners, were a male and female. The dark, coarse gown, a rosary of most wholly length, and the shaven head, showed that the former was a Catholic priest. The form of the latter was shrouded by a long and richly embroidered mantle, her features were concealed by a hood and veil.

'Whom have you here, good Robert?' asked the man whom we first saw in the cave.

'A jolly, fat friar, whom we found on a pious pilgrimage through the neighboring valley, praying with the mothers and making love to the daughters—and a bright eyed and rosy cheeked lassie, that we caught sauntering among the fields and whispering her lovers name doubtless, to the flowers and breeze. We thought it well to bring her to the Peak, and crown her queen of our merry men.'

'Enough, Robert,' replied the first speaker in an authoritative tone—'lead our boys and prisoners into the inner cave, and we will there talk over the doings of the day.'

Slowly the band crept one by one through the narrow aperture, and the priest and the lady followed in silence. On their entrance into the main cave, the soldiers threw off their arms and outer garments, and seated themselves on the long benches, that skirted its sides. The leader took his place again at the head of the table, and bid his two prisoners

be seated on stools which were placed for them in the centre of the ring.

'What brings you into our region, holy father?' enquired the chief of the monk.

'The spiritual welfare of the people, who inhabit it, requires my presence; and I now beg of you to permit me to pursue my way?'

'Have you either gold or silver to pay for your ransom?'

'Neither.'

'Are you a brother of some rich monastery that will open its coffers to gain freedom for you?'

'I am not. The stern laws have suppressed our order.'

'We have a law in our dominions, be it known unto you reverend father that requires of every man, that is brought into our cave, and cannot redeem himself with money, to gain his liberty by dancing.'

'Ungodly man! would you dare—'

'Aye! dare and will. Ho, John! down with your bag-pipes, and furnish him a merry tune to move his legs after. The instrument was produced, and the worthy father, making a virtue of necessity, although

—no rule of courtly grace,

To measured mood had trained his pace, gambled about with as agile a step, as the goat, a big belly, and the rough rock bottom of the cave would permit. His momentum was occasionally accelerated by the process of waking him up" as his entertainers termed it, with their sharp pointed dirks. After the band had made merry for some time at his expense, and the worthy friar was entirely exhausted, he was permitted to retire to a corner of the cave, and rest his limbs, tell his beads, and console himself with the comforting reflection; that exercise is one of the best preservatives of health.

The lady still remained veiled. The chief turned to her and said, 'Fair lady, (I take it for granted, you are fair, your veil prevents my seeing,) pardon my inquisitiveness, but I would fain know whom I have the honor to entertain?'

'The daughter of Sir William Temple—a man who never forgets a favor or forgives an injury or an insult.'

'Humph.'

'And who are you bold man, that dares to have me taken from my own hands, and dragged into this den, to be made the sport of your brutal followers?'

'I am John Pool, the outlaw—a name at the mention of which, bolder hearts than that of Sir William Temple quake—and by whose command stronger holds, than he inhabits, have been leveled with the dust.'

'Am I to judge of the ability of your men to perform such an achievement, by the prowess that they have displayed in capturing a defenceless female?'

'Your taunt is just.' I regret that you were brought here; but know that Pool the bandit can be generous at times. Altho' outlawed by your kin, and hunted and hounded like a wolf by the leagued barons of whom your father is the chief, to-morrow morning you shall be safely restored to your castle. I would fain apologise for the rude treatment you may have received from my followers, but I never learned to sue for pardon. I fear my tongue would fail me.'

The old Crone had now arranged her coarse but plenteous meal, and the banditti gathering round the table, prepared to spend the night in gay carousal. The lady was shown to a remote recess of the cave, curtained off from the common room, and fitted up with a good deal of attention to convenience and comfort. The hanging matings rendered it completely dry. It was evidently, from the arms that garnished the walls, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the chief.

SHOCKING GOOD HAT.—We are informed that the hatters of New York have commenced manufacturing the newly invented Parisian hat. It is thus described by the Post:—

'The rim is of the usual shape; the crown is also attached to the rim in the usual way; but it is capable of assuming two forms. When pushed out or expanded, it is precisely like the crown of an ordinary hat; but when not in use, it can be contracted, 'y a peculiar mechanism, into a depth of one inch. This constitutes its peculiar advantage. In travelling it can be put into a trunk, and will not occupy a greater space than a shirt; and at a theatre, concert, or assembly, the wearer may place it under his arm, or even stow it between his coat and waistcoat, and pass through the densest crowd without exposing it to the smallest injury. The crown is made very thin, and when pushed out or expanded exhibits no crumples but it is in all respects like the crown of an ordinary hat. Its interior frame-work consists of two steel rings, connected by four slender steel rods, which are joined on one another like a St. Andrew's cross. One ring is attached to the rim, and encompasses the wearer's head; the other is attached to the top of the crown, which it keeps distended like the end of a drum. When the hat is in its flat or compressed state, a push of the fingers makes the joints rods open; the crown instantly assumes its full size, and the hat is ready to receive the head. This is done in one second, and occasions no trouble. The crown is again brought down with the same ease, by pulling a part of the lining.'