

## TERMS OF THE COMMERCIAL COURIER;

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### A FEMALE DUELLIST.

The Dutchess d'Abrantes is publishing in parts "The Lives and Portraits of celebrated Women," from which we make a selection never before seen in this country. It is an account of one *Doana Catalina de Erasno*, the Nun-Ensign—who seems rather a fiend than a "celebrated woman."—The adventures of the Nun-Ensign—called from her habiting herself in the military uniform—are so curious as to partake of the appearance of romance, though it is stated that the documents which prove her existence and extraordinary adventures, are numerous and authentic. This strange being, it appears, born at Sebastian, in 1586. She was compelled to take the veil, but made her escape from the convent, and having assumed male attire for the purpose of avoiding capture, her real sex was not discovered until the lapse of many years, during which she fought with great bravery as a soldier in the New World, and was promoted to the rank of Ensign. Her violent temper led her into many scrapes, and she committed several murders—but ultimately obtained her pardon both from King and Pope, and died in obscurity. From the history of this daring Amazon, we extract the following murder duet.

The Nun-ensign loved play with a sort of frenzy, and the violence of her temper rendered her disgusting to those who only sought amusement in it. She was therefore dreaded in the gauding house, which she always made a point of visiting whenever she arrived in a town in which any existed. One day, after her return to La Concepcion, she was losing—a dispute arose about a throw; the banker wanted to speak, but she ordered him to be silent. He replied in a word so insulting, that Catalina became frantic with rage. "Dare to repeat that word," said she. The unhappy man did so, and had scarcely uttered it ere Catalina's sword was buried in his heart. At this moment, a young and noble Castilian, Don Francisco Paraga, Auditor General of Chili, entered the room. With the authority of his rank and office, he ordered the ensign to leave the house. Catalina cast a glance of bitter contempt at him, and made no other reply than to draw her dagger—her sword still reeking with the blood of the unfortunate banker. Don Francisco repeated his order in a louder and more commanding voice, and at the same time seized Catalina by the upper part of her doublet, in order to enforce her obedience. As she felt his hand touch her bosom, she for a moment became an indignant woman; but the stern and cruel soldier soon avenged the outraged female.—Raising her left arm, she stabbed Don Francisco in the face, and her dagger penetrated through his two cheeks. Then brandishing her sword and dagger, and casting a terrible look around the room, she sprung upon the stairs, and appeared before the terrified spectators could summon resolution to stop her.

But though Catalina had succeeded in getting out of the house, she knew that the vengeance of the man she had wounded would be dreadful. She fully understood her situation, and the moment her fury was appeased, perceived the full extent of the danger she had brought upon herself. There was only one mode of averting it; that was to seek the sanctuary of the cathedral and thence retire to the adjoining convent of San Francisco. She had scarcely reached her asylum, when the Governor arrived, surrounded by his soldiers—and Catalina was blockaded six months. It seemed no doubt singular to her alone, who knew herself to be an apostate nun, that she should be thus besieged in a monastery, not for violation of her first vows, but for having killed two men with her woman's hand, and her tiger's heart.

She had a friend in her regiment. Don Juan de Silva, ensign of another company.—One day he came to her; she was walking alone and sad under the gloomy arcades of the church, uttering blasphemies against the seclusion which was becoming insupportable to her. Don Juan had just had a quarrel of so serious a nature, that the satisfaction he required could not be deferred till to-morrow, but was to have been given at eleven o'clock the same night, at the rising of the moon, the two adversaries were to meet in a wood at a short distance from the ramparts. "But I have no seconds," said Don Juan, "and I am come to request you will perform that office for me." The nun started at the appeal; this confidence in her courage sent a thrill through her heart.—But a cloud suddenly passed her brow—a thought had come between her and her friend—she frowned as she looked at Don Juan with suspicion—she thought he wanted to betray her.

"Why fight beyond the walls, and at such an hour?" said she fixing upon his countenance those eyes which always sparkle with a flame of the darkest ferocity. Don Juan made no reply. From her look, and tone of her voice, he had guessed her suspicions. "Alonzo!" he said at length, "since you refuse my services, I will go unattended, for I have confidence in no one but you!" "I will go; I will attend you!" cried Catalina.

The clock of the convent had just struck ten, when Don Juan came to fetch her.—Both were wrapt in large brown capas, under which they carried their swords, whilst the *sombrero* concealed their faces.

"These precautions would be more necessary at any other time," observed Catalina, as they both continually stumbled from the darkness of the night.

The moon had not yet risen; the sky was overcast, the weather stormy, and not a star to be seen. They found Don Juan's adversary, with his second, waiting for them. He who was to fight with Don Juan was a knight of St. Jago, named Don Francisco de Rojas. The moment he perceived them coming towards him, he advanced to the skirt of the wood, took off his cloak and *sombrero*, and addressing Don Juan, observed, that all reconciliation between them was impossible, they had better not waste in useless words, the time which might be more advantageously employed in the work of vengeance. Don Juan bowed in silent acquiescence, drew his sword and the combat began. Meanwhile the two seconds on the skirt of the wood, and close to the combatants, took care of the capas and *sombreros*, concealing, however, their faces, from each other, which Catalina seemed most anxious to do. They would, perhaps, have quitted each other without recognition, had not Catalina, on seeing Don Juan receive a wound and stagger, cried out, "That was the blow of a base and cowardly traitor!"

"Thou best!" replied the second of Don Francisco de Rojas. Catalina approached the stranger with her dagger in her hand—in an instant, two blades of steel sparkled in the shade; and the silence of the forest which had been interrupted by the strife of the two principals only, was broken in upon by a deadly combat, arising from no other cause than the insatiable thirst of a woman for blood. Scarcely were the hostile weapons opposed to each other ere Don Francisco's friend fell mortally wounded. He asked for a priest. On hearing the agonized cry of her victim, Catalina's heart became vulnerable for the first time. She thought she knew the voice; and leaning over the dying man, she recognized by the uncertain light of the moon, which had just risen, features which struck her with horror and remorse.

"Who are you then?" she asked as if reproaching her victim with the crime she had just committed. "Captain Michael de Erasno," replied the dying man. "The unhappy woman had killed her brother!"

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—BY CUMMING.

My feelings were very poetical, as I walked slowly towards the door of the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. I however, pressed up the aisle, until I had gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I soon perceived I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked seriously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in his discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his lofty flights were even sublime; but any thing was calculated to effect my mind then. The preacher spoke of heaven and its joys, and the blissful scenes with which we were surrounded on every side. The music of wood and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected one fair lass, with large black eyes, stealing several glances at me of most animated character. I need not describe the sensation experienced by a youth, when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for any length of time on his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart. I doubted not that this fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of everlasting inspiration. How could it be otherwise? She had been born and nurtured among the romantic scenes, and she was made up of romance, of poetry, of tenderness.

Then I thought of woman's love—her devotion—truth—I only prayed that I

might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. I thought of Werter and Charlotte, and could not doubt that the village maiden and myself were capable of enjoying equal transports in each other's society. Her glances continued: several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed girl set out for home, on foot. 'O that the customs of society would permit, for we are surely one in soul!! Cruel formality that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other!' Yet I determined to take the same path. I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought that she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as being the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, so as to let me come up with her.

"Noble creature!" thought I, "her heart is superior to the shackles of custom." At length I came within stones throw of her.

She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to overflowing, and my eyes filled with tears of rapture. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel. "Are you a pedlar?"

"My dear girl that is not my occupation." "Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly. "I thought when I saw you at the meeting house, that you looked like a pedlar who passed off a puter dollar on me about three weeks ago, so I determined to keep an eye upon you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he can catch the fellow, he'll wring his nose for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good for nothing fellow after all!"

The last words she uttered were at the very top of her voice. Reader did you ever take a shower bath?

QUEER ELOPEMENT.—Some foolish fellow started a paragraph a short time since from New York, announcing that Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Jones, Indian Missionary, had secretly left her husband, and returned to her friends in England. We have no means of knowing which suited the lady best, living in style in England, single, or as the wife of a good husband, in Western America. As to eloping it is all nonsense; as Mr. Jones accompanied his lady to this city, paid her passage on board ship Europe, and also the passage of an adopted daughter, a young Indian girl, named Catherine Sunnegoo, who went to Europe with the intention of returning with Mrs. Jones. The ship was delayed three days at quarantine, by contrary winds, and each and every day Mr. J. was on board, and remained with his family till the ship went to sea! Funny sort of elopement this!—EXPRESS.

THE YOUNG WIFE.—A woman runs a risk of being spoiled by the flattering period that precedes marriage. She is of necessity, then a first object; and custom has added to the homage which love would willingly render. An individual of a family, who may before have been but little considered, rises at once into importance; and the person she most values is ready to execute the slightest expression of her will.

The sooner a woman can divest herself of any unreasonable expectations which the devotion of her love may have excited the greater the probability of her securing permanent attachment. Courtship is a dream, from which it is better to awake voluntarily, than to be reluctantly roused. It is better to return to ordinary habits—to the sober and calm fulfilment of daily business, in the place assigned by duty; than to cherish an artificial excitement to cling to a false position.

It is proof of judgement in a woman, when she bestows attention on her husband's character, when she sets herself to study his peculiarities, and consults them to the uttermost of her power. This is the management which is not only allowable but praiseworthy; for its object is not the obtaining of a way, but the promotion of mutual felicity.

It is certainly much to be lamented, when a young wife yields to a timidity of listlessness, which prevents her from making independent efforts; when she nurses the nervousness which unfits her for all useful services; when whatever be the call upon her, she is herself in need of aid; and from never having thought of exerting herself is incapable of doing so when the emergency arrives—incidents daily occur which mark either the helplessness or capability of every woman. Sudden alarms, trifling incidents, throw one into uncontrollable agitation; whilst another calmly avoids or relieves the mischief; one is unable to put forth her hand to help herself the other without appearance of effort, is ready to help all beside; one cannot stir without support, the other is continually employed in some useful or benevolent purpose; one reclines upon a sofa, establishing no claim on others but her own incapacity; the other by her per-

petual good offices lays up a debt which is willingly paid on demand, and thus provides in the best way for her future exigencies.

It not unfrequently happens that a young married woman is oftener alone, than she has previously been accustomed to be; and that she misses the family circle with which she has hitherto been surrounded. Let not this however depress her spirits, nor render her too dependent on her husband for entertainment. Let it, at least of all, lead her to seek too frequently relief in company. One of the first things she should learn, is to be happy in solitude; to find there occupation for herself; and to prove to her husband that however much she may enjoy social intercourse and desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away.

### PETE WHETSTONE AGAIN.

Devil's Fork, (Ark.) May 15, 1837.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—We have had lun of the right sort; Jim Cole gave a fellow hell—I'll tell you how it was. Lawyer M'Campbell sent word to Little Rock that if they didn't do something for him, he was a gone 'coon. Soon as they got the letter, they writes to Fayetteville to lawyer M'K. Blue-belly, telling him he must bring in some fellows from Benton county. This being arranged, they sent over Coffee-vault to see how the thing was working. Well, now, last Saturday, at the muster, he and Jim Cole came together. Jim told him that the Devil Fork boys didn't want any chaps from Chapel Hill Township to come and tell them how to vote. Says he,—"I have heard tell of you fellows on Cravat Creek, and I know if Pete goes to the Rock, he won't steal checks from a faro bank." I guess Coffee-vault turned mighty pale, for he is the chap what brung in the "beef bones for the pure ivory" on old Asa last year, when the Legislature was in session. So says he, "Mr. Cole, if you mean me, you are a liar." The next minute Jim was on him like a duck on a June bug, and in less than no time made him sing out.

I just want to get hold of lawyer M'Campbell—I'll make him think a buffalo bull has horned him. He has put out a circular—I know it was made at the Rock—Thieving Talleyrand, preposterous Buck and Pukee, of cow-hided memory, wrote it for him. I aint time to show lawyer M'Campbell's circular.

Well, now, the lawyer beats hell amazingly. All that are stiff about the banks lies. Nobody won't take rail road money, and I saw right in the last paper where most every body in Orleans was broke. Now I have heard people from North Carolina say, that "Tom Benton learnt a curious fashion of wearing a stiff cravat while he was at college."

"I'll catch the lawyer at the doggerly next Saturday, and I'll try him on the stump. I have got three or four newspapers laid by, and I'll prove him a liar right before all the people. Now, I don't know much about banks, but I do know that these democrats are always mighty hungry after notes with Nick Biddle's name on them. In haste, ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

TOBACCO IN CHURCHES.—Having heard something of the good taste displayed by our brethren on the west circuit in the erection of their new church in Eighteenth st., I took occasion recently, on a lovely Sabbath morning, to visit this sacred spot, and could not but concur in the opinion expressed above. And what tended still more to inspire the devotions of the hearer, I remembered that it was there I entombed the remains of a lovely babe.

On entering this neat tho' plain temple, I was forcibly struck with the appropriateness of the following inscription in letters of guilt over each of the inner doors, "All gentlemen! are requested to refrain from spitting tobacco juice on the floor. N. B.—No smoking in front of the church allowed." And I was equally gratified (judging from the appearances of the floor) that this inscription was not without its desired effect.—Now, would not this plan be worthy of imitation by many of our sister Churches, especially those which are so often deluged with the juice of this fragrant weed? And to the disgrace of many who would fain pass themselves off for gentlemen in the world, yet when they get within the walls of a Methodist church, throw off all restraint, and think because these are free churches they are at perfect freedom to do as they please. Such persons would not hazard their reputation for good breeding by going into a gentleman's parlor and saturating the floor with their deposits, but still they would think it no indignity to the Majesty of heaven by polluting his consecrated sanctuary.

How preposterous must be that sense of honor which will pay greater respect to man than to the King of kings and Lord of lords!

What can be more revolting to the finer feelings of a gentleman, or the delicate sensibilities of a lady of refinement, than to see the sanctuary of the living God—that place which, above all others, should be held sacred to devotion, desecrated to such despicable purposes. Therefore whatever will correct this evil should be strictly observed; and should these few hints be instrumental to any degree in effecting so desirable an end I shall feel to rejoice.

LAW LATIN.—Somewhere in this state a few years since, a Constable was sent to arrest a person, but unfortunately failed to accomplish his task. He however having a great idea of the dignity of his thief-catching profession, was anxious to make his return to the Magistrate in Latin; and therefore wrote the following sentence on the back of the writ, "non est come-at-ebus, et railum swampo." The good Magistrate read it, scratched his head in perplexity, thought it meant one thing then another, but finally gave it up, and asked the Constable to explain the unintelligible sentence. "Why, may it please your honor," replied the Constable, "you know I went arter the rascal and could'nt catch him, because he run to a swamp and crossing it on a rail, got away from me; therefore, 'non est come-at-ebus' means I could not catch the scoundrel, and 'et railum swampo' means he crossed the swamp on a rail."

The Judge bowed profoundly, thanked him for his learned kindness, and promised, whenever there was a vacancy in the professorship of languages, to recommend him for the station.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothing—else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with beauty that is not of earth, and leave us to fade muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne' are set above our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our views and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands on the mighty ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, which stay in our presence forever.

RUNNING IN DEBT.—The following remarks upon this subject are extracted from D'Israeli's new work—"Henrietta Temple."

"If youth but knew the fatal misery that they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! how pale they would turn! how they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony at which they are disporting! Debt is the prolific mother of crime; it taints the course of life in all its streams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and venal politicians! It hath a small beginning, but a giants growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe, Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom so terrific."

AN OSSIFIED MAN.—In the museum at Dublin, there is a skeleton of one Clerk, a native of the city of Cork, whom they call the Ossified Man, one of the greatest curiosities of nature. It is the carcass of a man entirely ossified in his lifetime, living in that condition several years. Those that knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm he had been a young man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change sometime after he had lain all night in the fields, after a debauch, till by degrees every part grew into a bony substance, excepting his skin, eyes and intestines. His joints settled in such a manner, that no ligament had its proper operation; he could not lie down nor rise up without assistance. He had at last no bend in his body; yet when he was placed upright, like a statue of stone, he could stand, but could not move in the least. His teeth were joined and formed into one entire bone, therefore a hole was broken through them to convey liquid substance for his nourishment. The tongue lost its use, and his sight left him sometime before he expired.

ADVERTISING.—"Hard times now, can't advertise as much as usual," said a customer Quite the contrary, my friend; now is the very time to advertise; your store is full of goods, and you want customers; you must invite them through the medium of the newspapers. That's the advice we give to the Delavan's, and what's the consequence? their store is always crowded.—N. Y. Star.

The bedstead of Richard III, was a kind of travelling treasury—it was hollow and full of gold pieces, which was not discovered till 120 years after his time.

Louis Phillippe, King of France, and the richest man in the world, was once a schoolmaster in Philadelphia.