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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

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From the Evenings with Cambaceres.

THE DOUBLE LADY—THE SELECTED CHATEAU
"I could relate," said the Duke of Otranto one evening, "a hundred extraordinary incidents which have come within my knowledge. What would you think of a beautiful young female appearing double?"

"Double, Monseigneur! Double in character you mean?"

"No, double in body? Two beings precisely similar were seen at the same time in different parts of her father's house, and in other places. The facts rests on the evidence of thirty individuals of unquestionable veracity, whose signatures are affixed to the inexplicable process verbal of the case. The emperor, after holding a long conference with Corvisart on the subject, desired that the phenomenon should be enveloped in the utmost possible secrecy. He presented, from his own private purse, a sum of money to the young lady, accompanied by the request that she would retire to an obscure convent. In that convent she died on the 1st of Jan. 1813. The optical illusion of which she was the subject existed for more than ten years."

At this we all laughed, declaring that the Duke was taxing our credulity too far.

"Well," resumed Fouche, "perhaps you will be less sceptic respecting the adventures of robbers. I will relate to you a history which, at least, has the merit of novelty, for I have never yet communicated it to any one."

"At the period to which it refers, the Reign of Terror was just at its close.—About midway between Berry and Sologne there was an old chateau, the owners of which had suffered severely in the revolution. Having saved from the wreck scarcely anything but their lives, they were endeavoring, by economical retirement, to recover from the difficulties in which they had been involved by the ravages committed upon their property.—The chateau was consequently visited by little company, and it never was the scene of those entertainments which too often serve only to allure a crowd of greedy parasites. On the other hand, hospitality was liberally dispensed to a few chosen friends; the family table was plentifully supplied, and what was wanting in ceremony was made up in abundance.

"One evening, on the approach of winter, a noise was heard at the outer gate of the castle. It was a general of the Republic, accompanied by his two aids-de-camp. He had been appointed to a command at Chateauroux, and night had overtaken him in the dreary plains of Sologne. He requested to be provided with a supper and a night's lodging.

"Show them in," said the master of the chateau, "they shall be made welcome."

The three travellers alighted; their horses were led to the stable, and they were ushered to the salon. Their manners and conversation denoted them to be persons of very low breeding; but this was not thought very extraordinary, considering the want of refinement which characterized Rosignol Ronsin, Santerre, Henriot and other officers of high rank in the revolutionary party. The mother of the master of the chateau, a venerable and pious matron, far advanced in years, conceived such a strong prejudice against them, that she immediately retired to her oratory, and fervently prayed that Heaven would not forsake a family which had always been distinguished for a devotion and attachment to the King.

"Prayer," pursued Fouche, "administers ease to certain minds. The lady returned to the drawing room more calm, and with a less degree of aversion to the new guests. She scrutinized their slovenly dress, their ferocious countenances; and when she heard their conversation, which was perfectly in harmony with their appearance, she thought it prudent to consign to their use the best chambers in the manor, lest they should imagine they were not treated with all the respect that was due to them. The visitors withdrew, and they had no sooner left the room than all the family agreed that their looks alone would afford evidence sufficient for hanging them.

The family in the chateau consisted of the grandmother, the father, the mother, a son about 18, two daughters, the one 14 and the other 16, an aunt, two maid servants and two lackeys,—in all, eleven individuals, but they were ill-armed, and incapable of any effectual resistance.

The officers were informed that supper was ready. They came and seated themselves at the table. They maintained an

arrogant tone of conversation, and were evidently seeking to pick a quarrel. The prudence of the father checked the impetuosity of the son, who on one occasion well nigh suffered his irritation to get the better of him. During supper, a ringing was heard at the gate.

The general and his aids-de-camp smiled, and exchanged significant looks, which were observed by some of the family. The master of the house ordered that no one should be admitted.

"Very likely," observed the general, "it may be two orderly officers, who I expect will be sent with a message to me. Possibly they may have found out where we are."

To this no answer could be made; but the suspicion of the family was aroused, the two men servants were sent to open the gate. They ushered in, not the two orderly officers who were expected, but a man of tall stature and dignified deportment, and whose countenance expressed a singular degree of mildness and benevolence. He was apparently about forty years of age, and his costume was thus worn by the pilgrims of Saint Jacques; he had the rocket and the staff, the gourds the cockle shells, and the large oil-skin hat; in short nothing was wanting. As soon as he entered the threshold of the room door he stopped short, crossed himself, and said in a firm and grave tone of voice—

"The grace of God be with you, and preserve you from the nocturnal ambush of the wicked!"

The solemnity of these words, and the singularity of a garb which, at that time could not be worn in France without considerable risk and peril, amazed the inmates of the chateau. The good old lady, delighted at the pious salutation, cordially welcomed the pilgrim, whilst the officers sneered at him, called him an impostor and a hypocrite, and said "remember the habit does not make the monk."

"True," replied the pilgrim, "nor does the uniform make the officer."

At these words the aids-de-camp rose angrily and were about to strike the pilgrim; but the others held them back, and he thus continued:

"Surely Gentlemen, it would be better if you would employ yourselves in scouring the country of the brigands who infest it, than for two of you to attack a poor wandering sinner. He who threatens with the sword will perish by the sword. Heaven is weary of crimes that are committed, and will speedily take vengeance on the offenders."

The remarkable expression with which he uttered these words, whilst it imparted confidence to the inhabitants of the chateau, seemed to intimidate the officers.—The general said, in a more subdued tone than he had hitherto maintained:

"My friend, that term gentleman, which you make use of, and which is so obnoxious to us, together with those emblems of superstition in which you have arrayed yourself—all augur ill. To-morrow it is very probable you may be called upon to account for your conduct before the municipality of this district."

"It is certain," said the pilgrim, "that to-morrow you will have to answer for yourself."

"Villain!" exclaimed the general; "I will run my sword through your body!"

The family succeeded in appeasing this angry ebullition, and supper proceeded.—The pilgrim ate only a crust of bread and a dried fig, and quenched his thirst with a glass of water. His conversation, which was serious and full of the most sublime sentiments, overawed the officers. They observed a gloomy silence, and retired when they saw the family preparing for prayers. They proceeded to their chamber, swearing, singing, and jesting.

The pilgrim uttered the pious exhortation to heaven. His improvised prayer was sublime. All the family expressed their admiration and gratitude, and the son obliged the holy man to accept his bed, instead of that which had been prepared for him in the servant's room.

The inhabitants of the chateau were all sound asleep, when, about one o'clock in the morning, the grandmother was awakened by the glare of a brilliant light, which dazzled her. She looked around, and on recovering from her surprise, she beheld, standing at the foot of her bed, the pilgrim, who by signs directed her to rise, dress herself and follow him. The good old lady, feeling herself, as she afterwards declared, urged by a supernatural power, immediately obeyed. At the same moment, and in the same manner, the pilgrim awoke the son of the master of the chateau, and conducted him to the corridor, where he was met by his grandmother.

For a moment the pilgrim appeared to them to assume a twofold form, but the effect was so instantaneous that they were unable to give any accurate account of it. The stranger, then, without uttering a word, conducted them to the chamber where the officers were reposing. He touched the door lightly with his staff; it flew open, he entered, and the old lady and her grandson followed him. On the

tables and chairs were lying rope ladders, poignards, pistols, keys, files, iron bars, and other things commonly used by robbers. The three pretended officers appeared to be in a profound sleep.

"They will sleep till to-morrow," said the pilgrim, "thanks to Heaven and to the piety of this excellent family."

Having uttered these words, he vanished—the light fled with him—the lady and her grandson found themselves enveloped in darkness, and in their respective apartments, instead of being, as they supposed, in the chamber allotted to their guests. The impression left on their minds was so vivid that they could not imagine it to be the mere effect of a dream. Being unable to fall asleep again, they were the first to rise in the morning. When they met, they related to each other their supposed dream or vision, and were mutually struck with the coincidence. The galloping of horses were heard approaching the gate of the chateau. A party of gendarmes were in pursuit of three leaders of a formidable troop of brigands.—A description of their persons was sent to the young gentleman, and on perusing it, he observed that it precisely corresponded with that of the three individuals who, on the previous evening, had solicited his father's hospitality. Having stated this circumstance, and mentioned the name which the pretended general assumed, the gendarmes felt assured that they were the men of whom they were in pursuit. Besides, the gendarmes had ascertained that, during the night, the chateau was surrounded by a party of robbers, apparently watching for a signal, which was given.

The gendarmes proceeded straight to the chamber occupied by the suspicious visitors. They found the door open, though on the preceding evening it was known to have been bolted, and the old lady and her grandson, to their great horror, beheld the rope ladder, pistols, and every thing just as it had been pictured in their dream. The three banditti being roused from a lethargic sleep, offered no resistance. They confessed all, and declared themselves unable to account for the heavy sleep which had overpowered them and diverted them from carrying their plan into execution.

The family surprised at not seeing the pilgrim, proceeded to his chamber. He was gone, and no trace was ever discovered. On the bed, on which he had evidently not reposed, was found an ivory crucifix of vast size and exquisite workmanship.

"Ah, Monseigneur!" when the Duke of Otranto had ended this strange story, "it is one of the results of the restoration that old convent chronicles are regaining credit."

"Gentlemen," replied Fouche, coolly "I have had submitted to my perusal the confession of the three robbers, the evidence of the whole family corroborated by the attestations of the gendarmes, and of the local and departmental authorities. It is certainly more easy to deny than to believe; but, if we are to withhold credit from facts supported on good evidence, it may as well be alleged that Tarquin drove Publicola from Rome, and that Cæsar killed Brutus in the Capitol." Observing that the Duke of Otranto was piqued, we made no further show of our incredulity.

There are acts of apparent concession which politeness imperatively demands.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

The restless spirit of gain and love of novelty, which characterises so many of their countrymen, had induced Josiah Eaton and Hannah his wife to migrate from the pleasant and fertile banks on the Connecticut, to one of the ridges on the Allegany mountains—a chain that has often been called the back bone of Uncle Sam's huge body.

Mistress Hannah Eaton was the party dominant in the small household of the honest and easy Josiah; and it had been through her faculties of argumentation that he had been induced (or rather forced) to "pull up stakes," leaving his comfortable homestead and paternal acres, to seek gain westward with the march of empire. The earthly tabernacle of Mrs. E's spirit, was of that kind with which we are apt to appreciate ideas of strength and the wearing of those mysterious insignia of matrimonial power, yclept 'breeches.' And in truth, ever since her husband won her, as a 'strapping gal,' in the land of pumpkins, she had made it her duty to 'see to things; or in other words, to be both master and mistress. She was not destitute of affection for what the world called her lord; and as his Rip Van Winkleish habits asked no more than to pursue the 'even tenor of their way,' kindness alone answered as good a purpose to him as the hottest love. Tall he was, and uncouth in his appearance, yet immense strength was stowed away amongst his great bones, and a warm heart beat in his big bosom.

Hannah had caused three large 'kivered' wagons and a score of 'critters,' biped and quadruped, to come to a halt at the foot of one of the finest summits of the above named ridge; and near the mouth of a ravine through which ran a small tributary to the Potomac. After preparations had been made to 'camp' for the night she called a divan of her 'followers,' to consider the propriety of a permanent location. I would

not have the reader to believe that it was any part of her intention to do as they might suggest; oh no. Like the Grand Sultan, she heard their opinions, to be sure, but had determined long before, what course should be pursued. Josiah had said 'jist so,' to all she had advanced, and two hired men and women, by way of amen, had also said 'jist so,' when she declared it to be the opinion of the whole council, 'to settle right down.' Accordingly, they settled right down, and commenced turning the wilderness into the ploughed field.

Our worthy couple had been man and wife seven long years, and yet no infant voice had cheered them with its music.—They were in effect 'alone.' The sun rose and set on as fertile fields as ever forwarded the labors of the husbandman; and heaven seemed to smile upon them. The breeze rippled the waters of the brook that ran before their door in 'quiet murmuring' the aroma of beautiful flowers scented the air, and the whole landscape seemed the picture of inert happiness; but still they were alone. They felt the need of some dear object on whom to place their best affections.

Mrs. E. with the piety of Connecticut, whose amiable daughters, when married, have caused so many to bless their 'home of gentle voices and kind eyes,' knelt to her God, like her namesake of old, and in bitterness of soul 'wept sore,' praying that she might not be childless. 'The Lord remember her.'

'Twas a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and petted child—his mother almost idolizing him. There he was, with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver—his mothers' bold eye gleaming out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength, tugging at the large stone in the bed stream. "Sammy, you'd better come in, hadst'nt ye?" said Hannah, in a tone half mother and half mate. "No-o-o, I giss not yet," said Sam.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and 'reckoned' in his mind there were more up the gully; and when his mother's back was turned, off he started after acorns. The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in, and walking on a narrow level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side to the height of an hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks, fruitless by decay and bestorn into fantastic shape and position. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above; and excepting their assistance and the uneven surface of the rock, this natural parapet seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist, in seeming guardian-hip of the spirit of the waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank cast a deep gloom upon the bed below; while so loftily was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky—blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy; but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, and Josiah nor any of his men knew where her son was, then the agitated mother exclaimed, "He's lost!—he's lost!—and my poor boy will starve and die in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned her family around her, and despatched them all but her husband, to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge." "He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah." "He would go any where." She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo with screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, raging on as if mockery of her woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me!" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height and peered through the mist till she could look no longer, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said her husband, as he rejoined her not far from the mouth of the gorge.

Who but a mother may tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brains of Hannah.—"Oh, my boy, my brave boy will die!" and writhing her hands in agony, she sunk at her husband's feet. The pain of 'hope deferred' had strained her heart strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair, had broken them all!

The terrified husband threw water upon

her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around and rose trembling to her feet. As thus she stood, like a heart broken Niobe, 'all tears,' a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up; a wild scream of joy burst from her lips. She was herself once more; for half way up the ascent stood her own dear boy!

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips it turned into a note of horror; "O God, mercy, mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet above the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among some low bushes crouched a panther!

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy at about the same time.—

He had rolled down the stone, in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained; and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing his arm back and looking at them, as if to ask whether he should throw at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense; but conscious of the great danger of her son if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with her hands and head that he should not throw. Yet with the feeling mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck him on one of his feet.—He gave a sullen growl, and lashed his tail with fury, seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah." The poor man stirred not; his glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from her stand, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulders, looked in his face, and cried "are you a man, Josiah Eaton; do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in coward fear, but an indefinite thought came across his mind that he must die. The panther was upon his feet; he stooped to spring. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up to the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of all danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not; the sharp crags tore her flesh, but she heeded it not. On, on, she struggled in her agony!

The ferocious creature paused for a moment when he heard the wretched mother's approach; true his nature he sprang at the boy, he barely touch the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"At!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it a gain before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part!" and sinking on her knees beside him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his former situation. This time he was more successful; his fore feet struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled closer to his mother's bosom.

The animal struggled to bring his body on the crag; his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away! go away!" shrieked Hannah, hoarse with horror. "You shan't have my child." Closer still closer he came; his red eyes flashing fury; and the thick pantings of his breath coming in her face!

She hears the faint report of firearms, from the gulf below. The panther's tooth-hold fails; his sharp claws loosen from the rock; and the baffled beast rolled howling down the precipice, stopping at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed brightly on a little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going up to the Guardian of all for his mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

NEW METHOD OF PROPAGATING APPLE TREES.—A new plan for increasing plantations of apple trees has been carried into extensive practice by the horticulturists of Bohemia. Neither seeds nor grafting is required. The process is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them in a potatoe, and plunge both into the ground, leaving but an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potatoe nourishes the shoot, while it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually grows up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit, without requiring to be grafted.

Whatever may be the success of the undertaking, its novelty at least is an inducement to give it a fair trial.—*Farmer & Gardener.*

DELAWARE CANA TOLLS.—The Collector at Easton, Penn. reports the whole amount collected since the 31st Oct. last, at \$13,774.