

# Canton Herald.

CANTON (MONDAY), NOVEMBER 24, 1857. VOL. 3. NO. 27

room of their hotel, in the Rue de la...  
Cherbourg d'Antin, I found, as usual,  
my old friend surrounded by his family—  
a beautiful group for Madame St. Lazare,  
the not very young, possessed much freshness  
of looks, and all the liveliness of her country women.  
Her daughters were extremely pretty, with that animated expression  
you so much admire in the Parisians. The elder, Antoinette, was soft and fair,  
her eyes beautifully blue and her figure graceful as Hope's.  
Rosalie, the merry Rosalie, was a younger, a brunette, black hair, dark, piercing eyes, and petite figure. Alfred rose to meet me, and his fine manly person seemed displayed to advantage near his graceful sisters; his countenance was open, with an air of dignity; his forehead lofty and white, as yet unbroken by wrinkles and untraced by care. We had some music; the girls played and sang, after which it was proposed to go to the opera. "When?" I inquired. "To-night," "I do not like to go to-night," I said. "Why so?" "It is Sunday." The subject was dropped, and a visitor announced—"Le Comte, to call on M. Alfred." Le Comte, an officer in the Garde des Corps, was a young man of fashionable and prepossessing appearance; he was dressed with an exquisite taste; his person arranged according to the latest fashion, and every hair in his black mustache elaborately curled. His conversation, as might be expected, was on the light topics of the day; the arrivals of *genies comme il faut* and departures; the *jets* and new ballets. He rose after pouring forth an infinity of nothing, and Alfred accompanied him to the door. While descending, they appeared in earnest conversation; and, as if struck with a sudden thought, I said, "Girls put on your bonnets, and we'll go to the opera." They appeared rather surprised at my sudden change, and on their brother's re-entry, communicated to him my desire: he appeared a little embarrassed and said—"I regret, madame, you did not except my offer before, for I have now entered into an engagement to call on the comte this evening." I feared something of the sort, and regretted my seropolity. "I suppose you cannot accompany us?" "I regret much my engagement prevents me having the honor—but to-morrow." To-morrow! I did not then go. After chatting with us for about half an hour, lively as usual, I perceived Alfred getting impatient, casting hurried glances on the time-piece on the mantel-piece, and when but a few minutes after eight he rose to fulfil his engagement. "You are resolved to be punctual?" I said. He colored and muttered something about regularity. He kissed his sisters, and at parting, his mother said, "Now Alfred, dear you will not stay late?" He answered evasively, "have I ever been mother?" and bowing gracefully, he withdrew. His mother commenced at his departure praising him for his regularity and good conduct. I hoped she would always have the same story, but could not help observing there was something about the comte I did not like. "Oh, I assure," said Madame St. Lazare, "the comte is considered one of the nicest young men about town; his society is very much courted, and his invitations and connexions are of the first respectability. 'All doubtless very true,' I replied; 'but *non amie* I would like some steadier society for son than the nicest young man in town.'" "That would be very well," she answered somewhat smartly, "if he was intended for a priest or negotiant; but thank heaven! my son is independent, and can keep company with his equals." There were two things to hurt me in this speech. She appeared to speak derogatory of the profession which my son had chosen a mercantile, and also I conceived my Louis fully equal in point of companionship, to any comte in the service. I rose to take my leave. "May heaven grant Madame St. Lazare," I said, "that your son may always remain uncorrupted by the society of those you call his equals." I said this with feeling, and Madame felt I was displeased. "Monchere Antoinette," she uttered, throwing her arms round my neck, "I shall be well satisfied if Alfred follows the example set him by Louis—of virtue and probity. And believe me nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see them together, but believe me, you wrong the comte, for he has no interest in the breast of Alfred, save merely as an amusing companion." After the clock struck ten I took my departure. "Meanwhile, an hour nearly before the time appointed, Alfred knocked at

the door of the comte's hotel, Rue de Rivoli, and was admitted. The comte expressed his joy at his arrival, as he said it gave him the opportunity of introducing to his acquaintance some of the most delightful society in Paris. Alfred was not prepared for this; however, his polite conductor would admit of no excuse, and upstairs he went. In the comte's apartments, looking on the magnificent promenades of the Jan ducs Toileries, were six or eight gentlemen, if I may so call them, enjoying the most costly wines. They talked and joked with humor and gaiety. Young St. Lazare, was soon quite at home with them; and in the invitations to drink wine he wondered how quickly he finished a bottle of champagne. Each person in the company told a good story, or sang a gay song; and the comte himself seemed to have laid aside his dignity and mingled in the general merriment. The evening was beautiful—they could hear from the street beneath, the voices of the passengers, mingled with the tinkling of guitars, or the tones of itinerant organs—occasionally the words of a song soared upward, and the burden was taken up and chorused in the room. The gardens had not yet closed, and groups, composed of every nation sauntered along the orange bowers, or sought relief from the heat in the shade of larger trees. Gay ladies, and gallant men, excited a remark from the company, as, in their promenade, they passed in review before them. Between the street and the river was the palace of the Tuileries, the Place du Carrousel, and the magnificent Louvre. The setting sun was tinging the greenish waters of the Seine with a golden hue, by the powerful alchemy of his beams, and a pavilion of purple clouds hung from the sky above. Alfred, I am certain, would gladly have looked longer on this happy and lively scene, but it was shant from his view by the introduction of lights, and closing of the shutters. Liquors were also produced, and, as Alfred was a stranger to the comte's establishment, he had to express his opinion upon the *Coracoa Noyeau*, *Eau de vie d'Antin*, and various *cremes*, which tended not a little to disturb his head. As some of the guests wished to have a game at cards, the comte, "not keeping such articles," he said, sent his servant to borrow a few packs and, as the numbers were incomplete, Alfred was forced to play. He would fain be excused, but he made up the table, and as he might play for anything or nothing, he sat down. The stake was named—next to nothing—five francs. Alfred shuddered—they played *ecarte*—Alfred won; he played on and won; his companion cursed his ill luck, and to recover, insisted on redoubling the stakes; he did so, and lost—again he doubled, and Alfred won. In an hour he won fifty Napoleons. Eleven o'clock struck and he started; his mother had begged he would not be out late; and though he did not promise, he had satisfied her fears. She might be wanting for him, yet what could he do? he had won more money than he thought would be honest for him to retire with; he wished the owner laid it, but to offer to return it would only cause a suspicion of its not being fairly won, or at least, subject him to a duel. He consulted the comte. The comte was engaged at a small *scrutorie*, talking very earnestly with the person whom Alfred had won the money from. He started when he approached. "Why, M. Alfred," said the plausible noble, "you are the terror of the room; my friend, the Marquis Villemont, is bankrupt—do you wish to ruin me, too, that you approach me?" "No," he replied. "I was wishing to retire, as I promised my mother to be home early." "Retire! at this hour," said the other, with affected surprise, "why have you forgotten you are engaged to me?" "For the evening," said Alfred. "And this is but the evening, surely," replied the comte; "but come, most dutiful youth, to applaud your scruples. I will send my servant with directions that you will take a bed to-night at my apartments, and they need not expect you." Alfred stood for a moment irresolute, but the money he had won hung like a clog to keep him, and he consented; that moment decided his fate. At twelve o'clock a most luxurious supper was brought in, the viands sufficient to entice the most palid appetite; the wines were exhilarating, and in the intoxication of success, and the mirth of the company aided by large draughts of wine, Alfred quite forgot home. They sang and shouted, and voting the comte's apartments too dull, away they went

to the Palais Royal. Success seemed to attend him no longer—fortune seemed to have shaken hands with him at the comte's for at three o'clock Alfred not only lost back every one of the Napoleons he had won, in the preceding part of the evening, but all of the ready cash he had about him. The comte had lent him money, he did not know how much, and now with the determinations of a phrensiac being, he had laid himself open to ruin in the vain hope of recovering the sums he had lost. Unfortunately it happened, that the preceding day—or I should say the Saturday, for it was now Monday morning—Madame St. Lazare had entrusted her check book to him, and desired her banker to honor his checks as hers. She begged he would go round and pay her bills; he did so, but accidentally, or on purpose—let us hope the first—neglected to restore the book. With the property of his widowed mother he now made free.—The fortunes of his sisters were also in the bank, under the same control; their mother was their guardian.—Greedy as cormorants the needy gamblers flocked round the unwary young man. The comte took care to get a large order for the sums he pretended to have lent him; it was the first paid at the opening of the bank in the morning, and from the numbers pouring in during the day his losses were very great—amounting to little less than eight thousand pounds.

I looked in, *en passant*, at Madame St. Lazare on the morning of Tuesday, and found a sad and shuddering scene. The body of Alfred, taken from the Seine, had been recognized in the *Marque*—his sisters penniless through his means—his hapless mother—I can now weep for her. Years have passed, but the Palais Royal is still in vogue, and gambling dangerous as ever. I need say no more—Beware.

Volunteers Farewell.  
The banner bright  
Thine own fingers wove—  
In the morning light  
Thou men with armor bright  
Thou plumes a glorious sight;  
That standard move.  
In thy sunny clime  
Thy waves on high,  
As yet unstained by crime  
Thy name, our battle cry  
Thy way to victory,  
Thy foldings die.  
That stirring peal  
Which you shrink away,  
Through the warriors nerves of  
Whose arm the blows to deal  
Whose foes are doomed to feel  
That battle day.  
That drop that dims thine eye  
Which flows now—  
Tears for those that die  
For Liberty.  
Thy cheeks should not be dry  
Thy tears should flow.  
These eyes of mine  
Thy holy face again  
Thy star may brightly shine  
Not bowing at the shrine  
And her cause divine  
Thy plumes' plain.  
That sword! was made for war,  
Thy crimson tide  
Made shall flash afar  
Thy swords, and battles jar,  
Thy like of Trafalgar  
Thy vengeful pride.  
Farewell!—'tis sad to part  
Thy we meet no more—  
Freedom is our chart,  
Thy arm and wily art,  
Thy and their friends impart,  
Thy in their gore.  
A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.  
My dear young friend,  
De C, "go to the gum."  
Many a young man has  
By merely looking on to  
Others play; and if any person  
Wishes to show you the li-  
cious Royal, depend on it  
Your friend, and if you have  
Wish to lead you into mis-  
take know an amiable fami-  
ly with grief by an oc-  
casion sort. I well remem-  
ber a Sunday evening that  
A few hours at Madame  
De C's; she was my oldest  
And known her before her  
And my union with the  
Her husband drew tighter, if  
The bonds of intimacy. She  
Children—two lovely girls  
Lazare. On the death  
Lazare, he appeared to  
Wish to be the affec-  
tionate, for if it be in the hu-  
man to conceive a greater fond-  
ness for her boy. But though  
Who says it, I believe a  
Love does not exist; far,  
And all other endearments  
And many instances where  
And over peril, when dan-  
gerous, nor worthless  
Where even ingratitude  
And in the drawing

GEN. JACKSON BEHIND THE SCENES.—  
We are informed, by a gentleman of candor and truth, of the following expressions of opinion, by Gen. Jackson, in reference to three of our greatest public men.—Our informant states, that he has the story from high authority in Tennessee.  
A very intimate friend of Gen. Jackson was conversing with him one evening, very freely and confidentially, upon political subjects, and at last he asked him his opinion of Calhoun, Webster and Clay. The very words of the General's reply cannot of course be given, but the substance was to the following effect. He said, Calhoun was a man of great talents, but too ambitious, "he is very ambitious, he is the most ambitious man I ever saw" said he, and intimated that he thought Calhoun's object was more to promote his own honor and aggrandizement, than the good of the country.  
As to Webster, he spoke in the highest terms of his gigantic talents, his honesty and straightforwardness of purpose, and the excellence of his moral character.  
Well, said his friend, what is your real opinion of Clay? "As to Henry Clay," said the General, bringing down his hand with great violence, "between you and I, he is the GREATEST MAN GOD EVER MADE!"

PIRACY—SALE OF OYSTERS—LOSS OF LIVES.—  
A short time since, one of the most bold, fearful and unprecedented captures took place which has been known upon the American Coast since the days of the audacious Red Rover, Lafitt's grandest achievements were but boyish skirmishes, when compared with the bloody encounter of the Susquehanna and her piratical antagonist. On the fatal morning of Saturday the 21st of October ult. the Susquehanna left Philadelphia the city of brotherly love, for Liverpool with a large number of passengers, and when just out from the Capes of Delaware, was attacked by a low, black suspicious, piratical, unclean looking vessel, which (oh! oh! oh! how shall such a scene be described, and if described, who could read it, the very letters look like streams of blood)—sold to the Susquehanna TWENTY BUSHELS OF OYSTERS. Let us pause and breathe, for 'tis not often that we have any thing so horrible to describe. Such is the piracy about which so much has of late been said by the papers. How fashionable hoaxes have grown since the election of Mr. Vanburen—does it not arise from the fact that he is a hoax upon the people of the Nation.

Following in the footsteps.—  
Mr. Van Buren promised the people, that if elected he would do nothing original, but follow strictly in the footsteps of his predecessors. For once he has been consistent to prove which "let facts be submitted to a candid world."

Health of New Orleans.—  
The Mobile Chronicle of Thursday last, the 18th, says—"The last New Orleans papers contain no farther accounts of the fever. We presume by their silence on the subject, that the health of the city is improving."—*Lou. Jour.*

The New Orleans Bee says, that the interments in a single burying ground, the cemetery of the Bayou, from the 18th of August to the 3rd of September, was 1,111.  
Every man that pays his subscription promptly in advance is a gentleman and a scholar.—*Dedham Patriot.*

Mr. Van Buren's proclamation concerning the late session of Congress, has been greatly admired and much applauded in the public papers for its terseness and propriety. We insert, from the Albany Advertiser, the proclamation of Thomas Jefferson in 1807. The reader will be surprised to find that it is couched in precisely the same language as that used by Thomas Jefferson in 1807. The only difference is in the dates and names.  
By the President of the United States of America.  
A PROCLAMATION.  
Whereas great and weighty measures claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States form an extraordinary occasion for convening them I do by these presents appoint Monday the twenty-sixth day of October next, for their meeting at the city of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and to determine upon such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.  
In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.  
Done at the city of Washington, the thirteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven; and in the thirty second year of the independence of the United States.  
THOMAS JEFFERSON.  
By the President,  
JAMES MADISON,  
Secretary of State.  
By the President of the United States of America.  
A PROCLAMATION.  
Whereas great and weighty matters, claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States, form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do by these presents appoint the first Monday of September next, for their meeting at the City of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and to determine upon such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.  
In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.  
Done at the City of Washington, the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven; and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.  
M. VAN BUREN.  
By the President,  
JOHN FORSYTH,  
Secretary of State.  
FOR THE CANTON HERALD,  
Messrs Editors:  
Will you please to insert in your paper the following paragraphs commendatory of an example which is worthy of all imitation. Truly, if a minister of the Gospel is ever in the way of duty, it is when he is visiting the sick while the pestilence rages, and if he may ever rely upon the special Providence of God for protection, it is when he is going about like his Divine Master, administering consolation to the sick and the bereaved.  
A FRIEND.  
Rev. Mr. Page.—We take great pleasure in copying from the Natchez Courier of the 10th the following tribute to the Rev. Mr. Page formerly of this city. The christian firmness and the self-devotement of that minister of God, acting fearlessly in the discharge of his holy duties in the midst of pestilence and death, are what might have been expected from him by all who know his character.—*Lou. Jour.*  
The only clergyman we believe at present in the city is the Rev. Mr. Page, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who has won for himself, the respect and esteem of all who have witnessed his ind-fatigable labors in the sacred cause in which he is engaged. He has ever been ready to impart to the sick and the dying the comforts and the consolations to be derived from the words of revelation, and to point those who seemed only lingering on the confines of this earthly sphere to the joys and undying glories of the upper and better world.

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