

CANTON HERALD.

"NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR—BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME."

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1837.

VOL. 2.—NO. 13.

ROLLINS & T. C. TUPPER, EDITORS.

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Catalo.—Shame to the Spanish generals for it! Nothing can excuse them for having allowed Don Carlos and Don Sebastian to have progressed so far. However, what can you expect where treachery and incapacity are the sole attributes that guide their conduct?
After all, I should not be surprised to see Don Carlos on the throne of Madrid, not that I think he has the slightest chance of remaining there, thanks to the republicans for it, not the constitutional army and the queen's government.
Liverpool, Saturday, June 17.—Cotton, our cotton market has been very steady to-day, and in some instances higher prices have been obtained. The sales amount to 4000 bags, of which about 1000 American and 200 Surats were taken for export. There has been little inquiry for speculation.
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Among the victims are a young collegian and the wife of a rich merchant recently retired from business. Three of the deceased belonged to one family.
Of the wounded 14 had since died, (up to the 16) making the whole number of lives lost by this extraordinary accident 33. Some others were in a dangerous condition.
The Madrid Gazette of June 3th contains Gen. Oza's official report of the engagement before Barbastro, in which the Carlists lost more than 600 men, and their cavalry in particular suffered severely. The loss of the queen's troops is stated at 76 killed and 609 wounded. Among the killed was Col. Conrad, commander of the foreign legion, and Capt. Harra, aide-de-camp of Gen. Oza. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.
The Female.—The following natural and true description of the parental comfort derived from female children is from a speech of Burrows, an Irish lawyer: "The love of offspring the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so; it is more required.—There is no pillow, on which the head of the parent, anguished by sickness or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unceasing.—She is utterly incapable of inactivity.—The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family; they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisition—but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child.—She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage, her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and her heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and her attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy, or distrust for him. He only looks on them, as the assured pledges of her fidelity and the unerring evidence of a good disposition."
An elegant compliment touching and graceful, was recently paid to Lectia Elizabeth Landon, (L. E. L.) A specimen of the curious hundred leaved Michigan Rose was sent to her from the banks of the Ohio, accompanied by a request that she would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans.
Boston Transcript.
Yellow Fever.—Is prevailing in Havana, and some of the New Orleans prints say it is raging in that city—the Picayune denies it.—**Gran Gulf Advertiser.**
As an old woman was lately walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "Who's there?" "It is I, patrol; don't be afraid."

Beauty.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:
"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said with a sigh—"Well, philosophers may argue, and plain men may fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart." And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful objects which he may contemplate and admire.—Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied in form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal like the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendour of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw so abundant a course."
The following is from the N. York Express, is spirited and spicy, though singular. It is like Bacon, its gifted author:
THE INCOMPETENCY OF OUR RULERS.
If our rulers, (servants, as they ought to be—we are done calling the petty tyrants of chance-created majorities in the States) were wise as well as bad, we might mingle a respect of their wisdom with the horror of their wickedness—but ignorance is their characteristic as well as crime. They all know nothing but what is bad, and never stumble into the right by chance.—This is severe language, if we cannot maintain its justice, and if we can, it is but facts. Hear then what we have to prove.
In 1820-'29, they began an experiment upon the currency, promising us a better one, when we had the best in the world. Forewarned of the riotous triumph which Usur was to abate—foretold of the multiplicity of banks to be created—with wisdom upon the lips of the eloquent Whig statesmen of the day, predicting every thing that history now converts into fact, they went on, and on—running the merchants at first, yet mocking at their calamity—laughingly and triumphant in their own strength, yet prostrate at themselves bankrupt—the pity and scorn of even the beggars in the streets.
In March, we told the Globe there was a pressure in this city. The Globe answered there was none, and if there were any, it was not such as any honest man should regret. It added then, if there were any starving, it was only such as deserved to starve. The malignant organ of the government actually seemed to chuckle over the ruins of credit. The Times here said, it was all got up for effect, the election was coming on, and when this was over Biddle, the monster would loose his screws. "Good News" was the head which the New Hampshire organ of the government, the Patriot; paraded when it announced the crash of the mercantile credit in New York. It will be worse, said the Globe, in another chuckle, in July and October! The government is going to set to work the three branch mints! Gold will anon be in every man's pocket!—What, cried the Globe again, the Aristocratic merchants of New York dictate to the Government? It is not for their audacity, they might have our pity, broken down as they are! &c. &c.—with the like in every day's Globe.
The merchants of this city, far-sighted men, did assemble in Masonic Hall, and appointed a committee to visit Washington. They requested the repeal of the Treasury Circular, the assembling of Congress, and relief as to payment upon bonds. The Government's official organ treated them with scorn and contempt.—The President, with a new air, unknown to the gen...

us of our Government, refused to communicate with them but in writing; and then at last the Government refused every one of their requests! The merchants came home in despair; the great city of New York was in despair. All was disastrous from Europe, and every door of hope was closed in Washington. The merchants again assembled in New-York. Their time, spiritless proceeding, at the time, condemned; and their address was one of the most objectionable documents we ever knew go forth from so intelligent an assembly in New-York.
The Government never dreamed of what was to happen—of what every intelligent man must have known would happen—when despair seized a great community like this, and when affright was beginning to be the order of the day. We hinted in our journal to the Government, that the suspension of specie payments must take place; and our "audacity." "Whig wickedness," the Globe could not find words fustling enough to sound.—The dreadful alternative came at last.—While the bankers of New-York were deliberating in the State Bank in Wall street, we waited in our office till midnight to record the alarming conclusion, which, if the bankers did not arrive that night, a terrified people would bring about the very next day. Now of this the "Great Financiers" in Washington never dreamed! Blind to history and the times, they actually believed that, in raising a storm to prostrate the merchants of the seaboard, they would ride in triumph upon the whirlwind they let loose.
Where are they now—this Government but ten days ago so insulting and so proud? Bankrupt from New Orleans to Maine—with infinite responsibilities upon it, and yet with utter inability to comply with the laws they have made, or to meet their own engagements with any one of their creditors. Technically speaking they have not a single cent upon earth! The absurdity of the most singular law house in New Orleans or New York, is but a petty bankruptcy when compared with the gigantic failure of the government. It owes its army of office holders, and it has nothing but rags to pay. Anon it will owe Congress, it will have nothing but rags to pay. The humbug Benton must take his pay in rags! The President has \$25,000 salary in rags. Of "the constitutional currency" it has not a cent of mint—and this Government, which as Benton has told us its framers intended for a hard money Government, is not a Government of Rags!
The Government, thus prostrated by the storm of its own creation, attempted to set up a two-penny bank or two in the District of Columbia to brave it. At a puff blow them over, and the Government, which boasted of what the "Bank of the Metropolis" was going to do, but shows its ignorance again. The Government, thus prostrated—thus flat upon its back, to use an expressive if not an elegant phrase, at last is willing to grant the request of the merchants of New York! When bankrupted itself, it has a heart least—themselves bankrupt—the pity and scorn of even the beggars in the streets.
Now tell us, ye who can, what of foresight or of wisdom, this ignorant and blundering Administration has exhibited in any thing it has done! Its better currency is all rags! Its better times are universal bankruptcy! Aye, more, it has thrown itself into a ditch, from which a National Bank alone can rescue it! There, if we have ought of influence in the country, it shall stay. A National Bank we will not ask for. A National Bank we hope no Whig statesman will attempt to create.
Without the concurrence of the party in power, a National Bank cannot be created, and a Whig attempt to create one will be in vain, and worse than vain. Let Mr. Van Buren and his party then flounder in the ditch where they have tumbled themselves. To get out of it is impossible, unless the Government co-operates with, and give, the use of the public deposits to a National Bank, in order to induce it to make the sacrifices necessary to resume specie payments; and there in that ditch let the Whigs in triumph witness the contortions it makes when at last, in despair, it will come to us and cry "help, O help!" The ignorant and imbecile government must come to this home sident and melancholy, deeply impressed with the danger of curio...

Benton may save in the next Congress, by Rives may huddle, and the nameless unknown great men of the party in the party in the House of Representatives, may devise ways and means—but as Webster, Clay and Calhoun, will only sit quiet, and ask the government "why have you brought us here?" the very first response will be "help—O help!" The administration is ignorant, imbecile and incompetent, and cannot govern the country if Whig Statesmen will but wait for the "help, O help!"
THE RECLUSE.
A TALE, FOURTEEN BOOKS.
It was one of those bleak, chilly evenings in the latter part of September, when the summer can scarcely be said to have set in, that a solitary foot passenger was seen winding his devious way along the rugged side of a steep mountain, in the western section of the State of Maryland. The stranger was enveloped in a large cloak, in the ample folds of which his figure was screened from all observation, his slouched hat concealed the upper part of his face, and effectually baffled the enquiring eye of curiosity. He struck off from the main road which ran directly over the summit of the mountain, and entered a narrow path which wound round its sides. This path was so narrow and so uncertain, and in its course dangerous, that never did man traverse it, except now and then some bold adventurous youth from the neighboring village, would fearlessly gain the summit, and then return in triumph, to boast that he had "went around the sheep path."
A large stream of water, which at this season was much swollen, rushed over a rocky precipice, and fell with a tremendous roar into the foaming bed beneath, and leaving the side of the mountain, rolled away, till its violence was lost in the more powerful current of the Potomac. From the apex of the mountain could be seen a miserable hut, partially surrounded by stunted pine trees, without any windows, and apparently without even a door, which, together with the loneliness of its situation, might convey any idea but that of being inhabited by a human being.
But not even its romantic and almost inaccessible situation could secure it from the insatiable curiosity of the inhabitants of the village. The only tenant of this cabin had first appeared in the village about five years before the date of my story. He then visited it merely to buy provisions, and was not seen more than once a month. Each visit he made, the wonder increased as to who he was; and at length rose to such a height, that a party was made up of men and boys, to follow the mysterious stranger and discover his residence.
According to arrangement, the party held themselves in readiness to set out at a moment's warning, when the wondrous man should next appear in the town. Various were the opinions concerning him; various were the fears that he might be a supernatural spirit, and at once this apprehension became so predominant, that the expedition was nearly abandoned; but one or two more courageous than the rest, ridiculed the idea, and re-assured the confidants of the party.
The stranger at length appeared, and his entry was hailed by the throwing up of ashes, and the intense gaze of men, women and children. Having supplied himself with his accustomed stock of provisions he departed towards his home.—The junto followed at a short distance; the stranger disregarding them, pursued his way with speed, & at length turned off into the narrow path which I have attempted to describe. The party were somewhat intimidated, but each was ashamed to be first to stop. They entered the path—confusion as to precedence ensued—a young man wishing to show a bold example by taking the lead, endeavored to do so by passing the man who stood before him—the path was not wide enough for both—the youth lost his footing, and was precipitated into the yawning gulf beneath. A cry of horror induced the recluse to look around. He discovered the unhappy son of mortality, just as his body was plunging into the foaming surge. He calmly folded his arms, gazed on the abyss for a moment, then pursued his course in a manner which indicated that his breast was callous to the feelings of humanity, or that his own great misfortune had taught him to look upon death as an inferior evil. The party returned home silent and melancholy, deeply impressed with the danger of curio...

From that fatal day an attempt has never been made to approach the hut of the recluse, but by myself, and whenever afterwards he appeared in the village, the inhabitants viewed him as an evil spirit, who had wrecked his vengeance on the unfortunate youth attempting to discover his haunt.
We shall now return to where we left him—traversing the sides of the mountain towards his hovel. The shades of evening had by this time enveloped the summit of the mountain in darkness, when the sound of a horse's hoofs arrested the attention of the Recluse. He paused, astonished at such an unusual tread, as he had never seen any animal larger than a sheep on that part of the mountain. In a moment a horse and rider appeared, and the animal not less than the rider, seemed unconscious of the danger of their situation—his nostrils were distended, and his head erected; while each step he took seemed to threaten instant destruction.
"Hold!" cried the Recluse, "what seek here?" The horseman reined in his steed, and answered—"I am a benighted traveller, have wandered from the road thro' the darkness of the night, and would hold myself obliged to you, if you extricate me from this hazardous situation." "You may save yourself by retracing your steps," said the Recluse, "but your horse must be lost, as it is impossible for him to proceed." "Tis hard I should lose so valuable an animal," muttered the stranger, as he cautiously dismounted and advancing to the Recluse, said, "as you seem to be acquainted with this place, sir, I should be thankful if you would conduct me to the main road." On his voice sounding more distinctly and catching a nearer view of his person the Recluse started as if surprised by the sudden recognition of the traveller, and hastily demanded, "your name, sir?" "Tao," answered the stranger, "I am a travelling merchant, and God I thank thee! exclaimed the recluse; and throwing off his cloak and slouched hat, discovered to the guilt struck Wilkinson, the now distorted features of his former friend, and in an agony of terror, he exclaimed—"Melville!" "Ah! villain! dost thou know me?" thunder the Recluse; "thou who hast seduced my wife, and driven me to madness, now meet an injured husband's vengeance."
The last of these words were scarcely uttered, when the frantic Melville sprang at the throat of his adversary, and held him with the iron grasp of a maniac. The mortal strife could not continue long. A few struggles, and both precipitated from their giddy height into the yawning chasm below.
The bodies dashed from rock to rock in their descent, and plunged into the foaming flood, never to rise more, until the last trump shall call them from their dreadful embrace to that dread bar, where awful vengeance shall be dealt on the seducer.
New England girls and young men.
One of the most interesting places in New England for the beauty of its scenery, the extent of its manufactures and the industry of its inhabitants is the town of Haverhill, Mass. At Haverhill more shoes are made, Lynn excepted, than at any other place in the country. Ninetenths of the mechanics, not long since, in consequence of the hard times, were thrown out of employ.—They assembled together, laughed at their misfortunes, marched through the street, played ball for a day, and as soon after as possible exchanged the shoe-shop for the farmhouse, and the lapstone and hammer for the hoe and plough. The Haverhill girls have taken into consideration the good examples of their husbands' brothers and beaux, and have, as we learn, found peace and contentment in playing upon a new kind of music, that will improve their usefulness, beauty and insure their good health. "A young lady," says the Haverhill Gazette, "of high accomplishments (and no pride,) in absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, "I thought I heard music—on which instrument were you performing, miss?" "On the gridiron, sir, with the accompaniment of the frying pan!" replied she; "my mother is without help, and she says that I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons."