

THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

\$2 Per Annum in Advance, or \$2 50 at the end of the Year.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1.

OXFORD, MISS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.

NUMBER 5.

THE INTELLIGENCER,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

HOWARD FALCONER,
OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

Subscription price \$2 IN ADVANCE, or \$2 50 at the end of the year.
OFFICE—In the Masonic Building, up stairs, north side of the Public Square.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES MAKE ONE SQUARE.			
	2m	1m	12m
1 Square.....	\$ 4 00	\$ 6 00	\$12 00
1/2 Square.....	2 00	3 00	6 00
1/4 Square.....	1 00	1 50	3 00
One-fourth column.....	15 00	20 00	35 00
Half column.....	30 00	40 00	70 00
Three-fourth column.....	45 00	60 00	105 00
One column.....	60 00	80 00	140 00

Advertisements may be received at any time by paying for copy in advance, at per thousand lines.

Displayed advertisements charged for the space occupied.

Leaded notices charged 15 cents a line.

Articles of a personal character only admitted at the option of the Proprietor, and charged 20 cents a line.

The pay for yearly and half yearly advertisements made quarterly, and those inserted for less than three months, the day due when the advertisement is published.

Transient advertisements payable in advance.

Announcing Candidates for City offices, \$ 2 25 a week, 10 District and State, 10 00 to be paid invariably in advance.

The Ambassador's Ball.

Among the persons of distinction who composed the highest society of Paris in 1810, none were more conspicuous than the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Carl von Schwarzenberg, and his family. The prince himself, a handsome, stately man, dignified, yet popular in his bearing, distinguished both in the council-chamber and in the field, was a really imposing representative of his imperial majesty. Not less remarkable was his charming princess; a rare intelligence, grace, fascination, and sincere amiability, all combined to fit her for her brilliant position. The prince and princess held at their magnificent Hotel de Legation, Rue de Mont Fleury court—in all but its name and tedious ceremonies. Here French and Germans met on common ground, unfettered by the uneasiness, restraint and smothered suspicion which darkened the atmosphere of St. Cloud. Here, on the contrary, there seemed to be good-will and friendliness for all—a moral sunshine in which even strangers gladly came to bask. To those who were admitted to any degree of intimacy with the family, the source of the prevailing light and warmth remained a secret. Renewed the splendor of the Hotel de Legation there flourished all the simple virtues of household affections. Husband and wife loved each other tenderly, as it was not the fashion for French husbands and wives to love in those days; a charming family was growing up about them; they had a circle of valued household friends. Prince Joseph von Schwarzenberg, the ambassador's elder brother, had also taken up his residence in Paris. The brothers were deeply attached to each other; their children had the same masters, and lived like brothers and sisters together; each family shared and brightened the other's pleasures. No wonder that, amidst the false glitter of Empire, this home-happiness—quiet, pure and true—should have exercised a subtle charm on those who came within its influence.

Of all the festivities which had taken place in honor of the nuptials of Maria Louise, that of the Hotel de Legation was to be the crown. It was not considered simply as a ball given by the ambassador; it was the fête of Austria herself in honor of a daughter of the House of Hapsburg. Every Austrian in Paris felt himself personally compromised in the success of this entertainment, which was to be on a scale of far greater magnificence than any that had preceded it. If Austria had been forced to lay down her arms on the field of Wagram, here at least France should confess herself vanquished. The fête was to take place on the 1st of July, and for weeks beforehand, an army of workmen were employed in the necessary preparations. As the time drew near, they worked in relays night and day. Indeed, those whose turn fell in the night, were more fortunate than their brethren, for the heat by day was intense; the paint blistered the wood-work, the stone-blocks glowed under that burning sun. Scarcely a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the foliage withered in every direction, as if under the breath of a simoon; the turf and boughs required for decoration had to be kept fresh by artificial means. The hotel itself, it was thought, would not be large enough for the occasion, as the mansion next door to it was hired, and the two buildings thrown into one. But the grand ball-room, a palace in itself for size and magnificence, was erected of solid wood-work in the garden. Its roof and walls, covered on the outside with waxed-cloth, were decorated in the interior with tapestry, and all the resources of upholstery and taste expended in the arrangement of mirrors, chandeliers, colored lamps, and every kind of dazzling ornament.

The roof, which was dome-shaped, was supported by wooden pillars covered with white satin damask, striped in gold and silver, and festooned with muslin, gauze and other light fabrics, bound by wreaths of artificial flowers. Massive glass lustres swung on gold and silver chains from the roof, and were combined in one graceful and harmonious whole with the other decorations, by means of floating draperies, flowers and ribbons. At one end of this pavilion rose a dais, carpeted with cloth of gold, on which two throne chairs were placed for the Emperor and his bride; at the opposite end was a gallery for the orchestra. There were three entrances to the ball room besides that for

the musicians at the back of the orchestra; one behind the dais, communicating with the mansion; another into a wide, long gallery, temporary like the ball room, and decorated to match it; this gallery ran parallel with the hotel, and had several doors communicating with it and the gardens. But the principal entrance to the ball room was a magnificent portal, from which a flight of broad steps led down into the garden, where every arrangement had been made to facilitate the ingress and egress of the crowd of guests. Over the portal shone in illuminated letters the following inscription, in German, which some friend of Prince Schwarzenberg, inspired evidently by the muse who presides over mottoes for crackers and bouquets, improvised for the occasion:

With gentle Beauty's charms a glorious Valor blend;
All hail the golden age again so earth is found!
So rose the light, graceful structures, as by the wand of some architectural Ariel; it looked, with its gold-worked tapestries, the bridal whiteness of the diaphanous draperies, the lustre and color afforded by silver, gold, flowers, mirrors, chandeliers and costly ornaments of every description, as if it had been transplanted out of the Thousand and One Nights. There was only one salient to be dreaded: that long, low bank of cloud in which the sun had set on the last of June, looked ominous enough; what if the rain should pour down in torrents next day, as fete-givers and fete-goers know too well it seems to take a malicious pleasure in doing on such occasions! What would become of the ball room and all its magnificence then? Fortunately, the 1st of July set all fear of such a protoking catastrophe at rest; the sun blazed out of a sky without a cloud. Every preparation was happily complete, and with the comfortable certainty that not the smallest detail had been overlooked which would add distinction to so great a festivity, the ambassador, his family and friends betook themselves to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

It was still broad daylight when the Hotel de Legation was illuminated, and steadily in quick, and still quicker succession, the carriages of the guests rolled between the crowd which lined the streets. A grander detachment of the Imperial Guard had been ordered to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

It was still broad daylight when the Hotel de Legation was illuminated, and steadily in quick, and still quicker succession, the carriages of the guests rolled between the crowd which lined the streets. A grander detachment of the Imperial Guard had been ordered to the lighter cares of the toilet, not without congratulations among the younger Austrian officers on the superior brilliancy of their national uniform over that of their French rivals.

The feeling weighed upon the guests as they slowly followed the imperial couple through the illuminated gardens. What was lacking in mirth, however, music did her best to supply, for bands, both instrumental and vocal, were stationed at different spots, who burst into choral songs and symphonies at the approach of the Emperor. The Austrians had prepared a flattering surprise for Marie Louise. Seats placed upon a lawn invited Napoleon and herself to rest; and here an exact model of the familiar castle of Saxe-Weimar, brilliantly illuminated, presented itself to her eyes; while there emerged from the shrubberies a troop of opera-dancers in the costume of Austrian peasants, who went through the national dances of her country. Then followed a pantomime war and peace, where Mars displayed nothing more formidable than the honors of victory, and Peace came attended by every image of happiness and prosperity. This was hardly over when a great flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of a courier, who, booted, spurred and covered with dust, presented his dispatches to the Emperor. A murmur of some conquest in Spain ran through the assembly, but Napoleon, who was in the secret, proclaimed the correspondence to be from Vienna, and presented the Empress with a *bons fide* letter from her father, written purposely to grace this

occasion. After a display of fireworks, the company returned to the grand ball-room and the Emperor having paused at the portal to spell out the meaning of the German Alexandrines, took his place with his bride on the dais, and the orchestra struck up.

The ball was opened by the queen of Naples, with prince Esterhazy, and Eugene, viceroy of Italy, with the princess Schwarzenberg. While the dancing was going on, the imperial couple promenade the room in opposite directions, conversed lightly with different persons, and gave an opportunity for the presentation of strangers, and those younger members of French and Austrian nobility who made their debut into society at this grand fête. Marie Louise soon resumed her seat, but Napoleon remained at the other end of the pavilion, conversing first with one then with another. The princess Schwarzenberg presented her young daughters to him, and received his compliments on the magnificence of the arrangements. The princess felt while she listened to them that all anxieties and fears with regard to the entertainment might now be fairly laid aside; never could ball room present a more brilliant spectacle, never could fete promise a grander success. The hearts of both host and hostess grew light as they saw Napoleon in the best possible humor, evidently bent upon being polite after his own fashion. It was now past midnight, the revelry was at its height; the whirl of the dance had completely broken the *gene* of the great emperor's presence. Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses, kings and queens, were all enjoying themselves like ordinary mortals.

There were silvery laughter, sweet low voices, and glances still more sweet and eloquent; plenty of whispering and flirtation going on under cover of the music, especially in the less thronged galleries among the younger portion of the assembly. Tired ladies, and bestarved and licentious gentlemen, venging upon filly, but successfully got up to seem some twenty years younger, were looking forward with glee to the supper, lying in a state of gold and silver in a suite of banquetting-rooms. Some of the guests were proud of their jewels, their wit or their grace; some women were proud of their own beauty, others of the beauty of their daughters; but not an Austrian present was there who was not proud of the ball, and well they might be. Under those snowy draperies, the light fell full and brilliant on such an assembly as Paris has hardly gathered since; jewels flashed, plumes waved, decorations glittered, to be multiplied infinitely in countless mirrors—the magnificent pavilion shined like one vast sea of splendor. Vague forebodings are rift in the minds of men, but why should they enter here? What room here for a thought of broken faith—a sigh for the east old wife at Malanion—why should a dark fancy see in the cold shuddering girl on the dais an image of Iphigenia at the altar? Away with all ill-timed fancies! The orchestra strikes up a waltz, gay, tender in the music; quick, and still more quick the measure of the dance.

There is a slight stir at that end of the ball room where Napoleon is standing; the merest trill—the flames from one of the lamps has laid hold of a gauze festoon. The light, harmless-looking blaze has vanished instantly; a few flakes fall, which count Benches extinguishes with his hat. It is quite over now—no, not quite; that is the fire creeping through that drapery overhead. Quick as thought, Count Damiano, one who remarkably resembled his Princess—Hurry back in an agony, his daughter, frightfully burnt, was brought to him; the Princess had gained the garden in safety, but returned for her child; they were clasped together, when a mass of blazing wood fell, and separated them. This was all the poor child had to tell, at this moment, the torturing presentment which had laid hold of the unhappy husband passed through every degree, and certainty flashed upon his mind with a light more bright than that of the conflagration. As he approached the pavilion, his eye fell upon an ominous sight.—The Princess von Leyen, her rich dress hanging in fragments, the diadem she had worn burnt deeply into her forehead. She had only been rescued from the flames to linger a few days in suffering; and, alas! those who brought her out told that they had seen a figure in the midst of the fire whom it was impossible to save. On hearing these words Prince Joseph broke away from his friends and would have rushed up the burning steps, when floor and ceiling crashed into one ruin, volumes of raging fire and smoke poured forth, and—all was over!

No swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupefied before it, the Emperor, in his well known gray coat, suddenly re-appeared before them. Under his orders, the strangers present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive-room, on which the fire had seized were conveyed to a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwarzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smoldering ruins carefully searched.

the ball-room. Tolerable composure had been hitherto maintained, but the restraint of Napoleon's presence withdrawn, every consideration gave way, and in agony and violence the tumultuous multitude pressed towards the doors.

One of the German guests thus describes the scene. "I had heard," he says, "from the oppression and heat of the ball room into the gallery, which was less crowded. On a sudden, a wild shriek and a tumult rose. Rushing back to the pavilion, I saw the roof one mass of quivering flames, leaping and spreading in every direction. There was no time however to look on; a surging crowd drove me back into the hotel. I disengaged myself from them, and regained the scene of the accident through the gardens. The immense pavilion was now in a universal blaze; the flames actually seemed to pursue the stream of fugitives. Heavy lustres were falling; planks, boards and beams dashed being together. The wood-work, exposed as it had been to the sun, the paint and draperies, were burning like fire-works, and all the water poured on from the fire-engines seemed to have no effect upon the fury of the flames. While I stood looking on for a few seconds, they darted high above the roof of the gallery; heavy beams were falling close behind me, and I was obliged to escape, while there was yet time, into the gardens. Never can I forget the spectacle there presented, that dreadful confusion of personal danger, fear and agony. Some were rushing about, their light dresses on fire; others had been thrown down and trampled under foot. Husbands were seeking their wives, mothers crying frantically for their daughters; groans of suffering, shrieks of terror, the cries of those who threw themselves with passionate joy into each others arms, the wail of agony, the heart-rending appeals for help; all mingled in a horrible din!" Many persons were severely injured by the flight of steps from the principal entrance giving way suddenly, queens of Naples and Westphalia were both thrown down, and narrowly escaped being trampled to death. The Russian Ambassador, Prince Kurakin, was rescued with great difficulty by his friends, other heads less friendly to all the diamond buttons of his coat. Every distinction of rank was suddenly leveled in that assembly; stars, ribbons, may, even royalty itself, were jostled by sergents, soldiers and workmen; the freemen half intimate, pushed their way through the crowd; royal ladies were elbowed by unassuming and opera-dancers; and as a background to this scene, of confusion, rose light, or, fiercer, more general every moment, the terrible conflagration, paling and mocking the illuminations of the gardens. The hotel itself had caught fire; the alarm had spread everywhere; the streets were thronged with people crying out that half of Paris would be burnt down.

The oldest part of the story remains still to be told. When the fire broke out, Prince Joseph von Schwarzenberg was standing in conversation with the Empress. His first care was for his wife, the Princess Pauline, whom he had left only a few minutes before in another part of the room. He searched the ball-room for her in vain, and was assured by several persons that she was already in the garden; there many people declared they had seen her carried, fainting, indeed, but otherwise uninjured, into a hotel.—Prince Joseph eagerly replying (thing, but only to find a lady, a perfect stranger to him, who remarkably resembled his Princess.—Hurry back in an agony, his daughter, frightfully burnt, was brought to him; the Princess had gained the garden in safety, but returned for her child; they were clasped together, when a mass of blazing wood fell, and separated them. This was all the poor child had to tell, at this moment, the torturing presentment which had laid hold of the unhappy husband passed through every degree, and certainty flashed upon his mind with a light more bright than that of the conflagration. As he approached the pavilion, his eye fell upon an ominous sight.—The Princess von Leyen, her rich dress hanging in fragments, the diadem she had worn burnt deeply into her forehead. She had only been rescued from the flames to linger a few days in suffering; and, alas! those who brought her out told that they had seen a figure in the midst of the fire whom it was impossible to save. On hearing these words Prince Joseph broke away from his friends and would have rushed up the burning steps, when floor and ceiling crashed into one ruin, volumes of raging fire and smoke poured forth, and—all was over!

No swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupefied before it, the Emperor, in his well known gray coat, suddenly re-appeared before them. Under his orders, the strangers present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive-room, on which the fire had seized were conveyed to a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwarzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smoldering ruins carefully searched.

No swift had been the destroyer in its work, that hardly a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the accident, seemingly so slight, to the gauze festoon, and this final act of the tragedy. For one minute this awful spectacle suspended the restless agony of the crowd, and while they stood stupefied before it, the Emperor, in his well known gray coat, suddenly re-appeared before them. Under his orders, the strangers present withdrew without confusion; every entrance to the grounds was guarded by soldiers; the important contents of the archive-room, on which the fire had seized were conveyed to a place of safety. Napoleon himself directed the efforts made for extinguishing the fire, and the search for the missing Princess Pauline von Schwarzenberg. This was entirely unsuccessful; not a clue could be obtained to her fate, though every house in the vicinity and those of all her friends were visited, and the smoldering ruins carefully searched.

Prince Joseph hovered about, appearing now in the gardens, now in the different apartments, ready to sink into exhaustion yet roused into activity through his restless anguish. Even Napoleon found pity for the unhappy man; he joined his friends in trying to persuade him to withdraw, and addressed a few words of encouragement and hope to him from time to time. But the presence and words of the Emperor made no impression on his stubborn despair; he had no ear save for the death-cries in his heart, and for the reports—always the same—of the messengers sent hither and thither on their hopeless quest.

Not till the fire had been well got under did Napoleon return to St. Cloud. He left behind him a thousand soldiers of the imperial guard, who bronzed their faces for the night, and sat down at the sumptuous banquet prepared for very different guests. As if no element of horror were to be wanting, towards morning a fearful thunderstorm broke over the smoking ruins. The rain now fell in torrents, and served to extinguish the fire completely. Where the sun had set on that palace ball-room, he now rose over a hideous heap of ruins, charred beams, shattered masonry, broken furniture, mirrors, and porcelain; every chance hollow was a pool of stagnant water. Fragments of lustres, swords, bracelets, and other ornaments lay fused together in masses. Nor was this all; under a pile of half-burned wood work, a corpse was discovered, blackened and shriveled almost out of human form. It could only be identified as that of the missing princess by a jeweled necklace, on which the names of her eight children were engraved; a ninth, yet unborn, perished with the ill-fated wife and mother. At this saddest of all sights, every voice was hushed; tears stood in the eyes of all, even in those of the soldiers; and, at the moment, the last thunders of the storm, two heavy claps, rolled solemnly overhead.

Dismal days succeeded this catastrophe. A universal gloom overspread Paris. There were dark whispers of conspiracy, incendiarism—reports that the enemies of Napoleon had resolved, by one bold stroke to rid themselves of the obnoxious ruler, his family, and his devoted friends. The obsequies of the Princess Pauline von Schwarzenberg were followed by those of the Princess von Leyen, and of several ladies of high rank, who died in consequence of injuries received. More than twenty persons lost their lives; the number of those more or less hurt was upwards of sixty. The deep and unwholesome impression produced on the public mind was unmistakable, an impression which resisted every effort made in high quarters to suppress and divert it. To the bulk of the people, Napoleon's divorce and subsequent marriage had been extremely distasteful; and this not only because Josephine was universally beloved, but that a superstitious belief had arisen—shared in some degree by her husband himself—that her presence was the good genius of his fortune. Already there was vague but popular prediction extant, that the divorce of an Austrian archduchess would be bitter unfortunate for France and its chief; and now the memory of the terrible disaster attendant on the nuptials of Marie Antoinette, aunt to the Empress, with the Dauphin, was revived, and the present calamity considered a fresh proof that fate has a fearful warning in store for every alliance of France with the House of Hapsburg. When, within a few years the divorce of Josephine was discovered and forsaken, many prophets, wise after the event, beheld in this fatal festival, an omen of the downfall of the imperial fortunes.

WOMEN IN ADVERTISING.—Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, whose man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the homely through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, or ever foresees such calamity by suicide or desertion.—The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty galled, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want protectress. Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family, and retrieve his fortune. Women should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.

"Do you cast things here?" inquired a Yankee the other day, as he sauntered into a foundry and addressed the proprietor.
"We do."
"You cast all things in iron, eh?" was the next query.
"Certainly—don't you see that is our business?"
"Ah, well, cast a shadow, will you?"
He was cast out, and referred to a brass foundry.

CHIRPS FROM AN OLD BLOCK.

It is worth noticing as a curious circumstance when persons past forty before they were at all acquainted, form together a close intimacy of friendship. For grafts of old wood to take, there must be a wonderful congeniality between the trees.

A man of sense is not ashamed of poverty, or of deliberately confessing it; but he keeps the marks of it out of sight. "I, for my part," says one, "am poor, and I feel no shame at all at its being known. Why, this coat that I have on, I have had *termed*, because I could not well afford a new one; and I care not who knows it;" yet if there had been in his view nothing indecent in the display of poverty he would have worn the coat *without* turning.

Of persons who have led a temperate life, those will have the best chance of longevity who have done hardly anything else but live—that may be called the *neutral verb*—not active or passive, but only *being*; who has had little to do, little to suffer. One who is of the character of an active or passive verb, or still more, both combined, though he may be said to have lived long in everything but years, will hardly reach the age of the neutrals.

The occasional rush of a seditions rabble of doubts no more argues the want of habitual faith, than the variations of the compass argue the severance of the connection between the magnet and the pole; or, than the oscillations of the "rocking stone" argue that the solid mass can be heaved from its bed. A child may shake, but a giant cannot overturn it.

When the moon shines brightly, we are apt to say, "How beautiful is this moonlight!" but in the day-time, "How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!"—and, in short, all the objects that are illuminated; but we never speak of the sun that makes them so. Just in the same way, the really greatest orator shines like the sun, making you think much of the things he is speaking of; the second-best shines like the moon, making you think much of him and his eloquence.

There are many (otherwise) sensible people, who seek to cure a young person of shyness by exerting him not to be shy—telling him what an awkward appearance he has—and that it prevents his doing himself justice, etc. All which is manifestly pouring oil on the fire to quench it. For the very cause of shyness is an over-anxiety as to what people are thinking of you; a morbid attention to your own appearance.

Hardly any one ever laughs when he is quite alone; or if he does, he will find, on consideration, that it is from a conception of the presence of some companion whom he thinks likely to have been amused, had he been present, and to whom he thinks of describing, or repeating, what had diverted himself.

The sort of advantage which those of high moral principle possess, is analogous to that which man possesses over the brute. Man is an animal as well as the brute; but he is something more. He has, and therefore can understand, most of their appetites and propensities; but he has also faculties which they want, and of which they can form no notion.

OLD MAIDS.—Many of the satirical expressions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of "an old maid."

A very interesting scene took place near Santa Fe, N. M., a few days ago. PABLO FERNANDEZ OZUNA, an aged and venerable priest, whose functions in the Church of San Ildefonso, had been suspended for the last seven years, from total blindness from cataract—in both eyes—came riding into town from his home twenty miles distant, followed by two burros, laden with bags—his *entre* necessarily attracted attention, as his voice had been so long deferred, and the more so because the cause of his absence had been known to his friends—when, then, he was seen riding alone and without a guide, curiosity naturally followed him to his place of destination. He rode directly to the home of DR. SLOAN, Surgeon U. S. Army, and without ceremony unburdened his ass. The interest of the curious was soon satisfied.—The instant and warm embrace of the Doctor by the venerable father, followed by the immediate disengagement of a thousand Mexican dollars from the bags, at once evinced the cause of the visit, and the reality of his gratitude. The Doctor had cured him by two operations upon his eyes, and effectually restored the old man's sight. When this act of almost unparalleled skill was performed, it was prompted alone by the proverbial benevolence of the Doctor. And so long a time had elapsed that this one of his many charitable acts, had like the others, passed into forgetfulness. No man was more surprised, perhaps, than himself. Without doubt he had as little expected to see the aged padre as to receive a compensation for his services. The grateful remembrance of the service, however, had never been absent from the old man's mind, and he voluntarily and of his own accord, rendered in the manner above related, a compensation not more justly due for the benefit conferred, than consistent with his ability to pay. This was a noble exhibition of gratitude, as worthy to be recorded as the display of professional skill which caused its rendition.

FRAUDULENT MARRIAGE SET ASIDE.—The Supreme Court of New York on Monday last, confirmed the judgment of the referee in the case of Agnes Kidder vs. Walter Kidder, annulling the marriage of the parties upon the ground of fraud on the part of the defendant. It appeared that the parties were married in the month of July last, the girl being then just turned fourteen, and the defendant being about twenty-one. She was the daughter of a wealthy ship-owner, and the defendant a writer in a dining saloon. The parties became acquainted at a boarding-house, where she was temporarily staying with her mother and sister during the absence of her father. On the day of the marriage, a girl named Emma, residing in the house, induced plaintiff, with the consent of her mother, to visit New York, promising to return the same evening. Shortly after going out they met Kidder, who took the parties to a store in Cherry street, at which place he poured something, which she thought was cognac, on plaintiff's handkerchief, but it turned out to be a narcotic. The parties then went to a clergyman, who had been visited the day before by Kidder, and induced by his statements to agree to perform the marriage ceremony. The next day plaintiff acquainted her mother with the marriage, at the same time imploring forgiveness, as she did not know what she was about at the time. Defendant had tried to obtain a consent to the ratification of the marriage since, but plaintiff wholly refused to consent thereto, and instituted the proceedings which have resulted in restoring her to freedom from the claims of the shrewd but unscrupulous waiter.

FALLING OF A BALCONY LOADED WITH PEOPLE.—A frightful accident occurred at the West House, Sandusky, on Tuesday morning. The house was thronged at an early hour by people from the country, who had come in to witness the firemen's parade. As a large number were coming out of the dining hall after breakfast, a band of music passing the hotel struck up a lively tune, and the people rushed out upon a balcony attached to the second story, which was instantly crowded. The balcony was about forty feet long, supported by six cast-iron brackets, wholly inadequate for such a purpose. Of a sudden the brackets snapped like pipe stems, and the balcony, with its shrieking and terrified humanity, fell to the stone pavement below. For a moment the scene was terrific, the groans of the wounded and the frantic shrieks of the women and children appalling the stoutest hearts. Humane spectators came at once to the rescue, and the wounded were carried into the hotel and immediately cared for. It was providential that no one was crushed beneath the falling of the balcony, and almost a miracle that no lives were lost at once.

An exchange paper says: "If you would keep your children in health, give them plenty of fresh air." This is all well enough; but now-a-days children put on so many airs of their own, that it is almost impossible to give them a fresh one every day.

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same.—The postman.

A Welsh newspaper recently contained the following in its notices to correspondents: "Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."

Why are eyes so ill-treated? Because they are looked all day, and get a good *aiding* every night.

A young lady asks if we can throw any light upon kissing. We don't want it—the thing is done just as well in the dark.