

THE OXFORD INTELLIGENCER.

HOWARD FALCONER,

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

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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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, south side of the Public Square.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TERMS MAKE ONE SQUARE.

1 Square..... 3m 6m 12m

2 Squares..... 8 00 15 00 25 00

3 Squares..... 12 00 20 00 30 00

One-fourth column..... 15 00 25 00 35 00

Half column..... 25 00 35 00 45 00

Three-fourths column..... 35 00 45 00 55 00

One column..... 45 00 55 00 65 00

Advertisements may be renewed at any time by paying for composition, \$1 per thousand lines.

Displayed advertisements charged for the space occupied.

Special notices charged 15 cents a line.

Articles of a personal character only admitted at the option of the Proprietor, and charged 25 cents a line.

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

Transient advertisements payable in advance.

Announcing Candidates for City offices..... \$ 2 50

County offices..... 5 00

District Office..... 10 00

to be paid invariably in advance.

From the Waverly Magazine.

Retrospective Musings.

Tanqueray the groves of my own native hamlet to-day.

I have wandered while musing the lone hours away;

In a day-dream of youth I returned to the spot

Where the apple-boughs blush 'neath a neat little cot.

Where the bees kiss the sweetest and richest of flowers.

Where the red-breasted robin greets spring in the hedges;

And the same fragrant grove where was wooed childhood's heart.

Smiled as fair as when Cupid unquivered his dart.

There I saw her, sweet maiden! the pride of my youth.

In a plain rustic garb, fittest emblem of truth,

Sitting close by the river, her feet in the tide,

When I stole softly up and sat down 'neath her side.

Need I tell you, dear reader, what further took place.

Just imagine the charm of her sweet blushing face;

See those innocent eyes—sparkling gems of pure blue.

And those rubies of lips I must own I did kiss.

Up the bank, o'er the moss-covered hill-side we strayed.

Where the winter-green's breath scents the air for Queen Naaid.

Here we lingered to gather red berries awhile,

And to rest where the choicest of flowers smile.

Were those hours I there passed in her happy embrace.

Only moments, they say would thrice slacken their pace;

Such a charm had her loveliness cast o'er my heart

That I vowed ne'er to leave her 'till death bade us part.

But the sun-light began to grow pale in the east,

And the shadows to creep up the hill-side had ceased;

Yet, so strong were the ties that affection had woven,

We scarce noticed the twilight o'ershadow our grove.

Soon the stars from their ether-blue home in the sky,

One by one showered their gold through the leaves; and the sigh

Of the soft-pinioned zephyr, which played in the trees,

Thrilled our hearts with strange joy as it danced on the breeze.

The pearl dew-drop had seated itself on the grass

Ere we wended our way back the smooth flowery pass;

So we wished rosy dreams and exchanged each a kiss,

Praying Heaven to strew all our paths with such bliss.

What a blessing wake up the scenes of the past.

Though they often with shadows may seem overcast;

Yet, if virtue has e'er been our guide-star at night,

In the morning the sun shines more gloriously bright.

(WILLIAM T. PEABODY.)

Breckinridge and Lane.

UPON the banners to the air,

And raise the deafening shout,

We heard Douglas in his lair,

And put him to the rout;

Let's heal the Union where she bleeds—

Let Constitution reign,

And follow truth where'er it leads,

With Breckinridge and Lane.

Bring out the cannons—let them blaze

From every hill and glen,

And let them thunder forth the praise

Of principles—not men.

Then join the throng—the nation's throng.

Who will not fight in vain,

And swell the chorus of the song

For Breckinridge and Lane.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men

breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of

life, and are heard of no more. Why? None

were blessed by them; none could point to

themselves as the means of their redemption; not a

line they wrote not a word they spoke, could be

recalled, and so they perished; their light

went out in darkness, and they were not

remembered more than insects of yesterday.—

Will you thus live and die, O man immortal!

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind

you a monument of virtue, that the storms of

time can never destroy. Write your name by

kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of

thousands you come in contact with year by

year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your

name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts

you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the

evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth,

as the stars in heaven.—Chloe.

The Cadet's Baby.

I AM a military man—not a private in the

ranks, but an officer these many years. I

have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the

borders, and I bear of 'honorable scars,' a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at

West Point, I was on my way home for the

first time in three years. Early in the morning

I took my seat in the cars from New York

to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may

own up now) was not so unconscious or in-

different as I seemed, to the many admiring

glances young ladies bestowed upon it and

the embryonic colonel or general within. To-

ward the middle of the forenoon an Irish wo-

man got into the cars. They were crowded,

and she not having the respect for the mili-

tary which the others had had, took what was

almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my

side. The woman was well clad and clean,

so I kept my place. In her arms she had a

child—a young babe of some six or eight

months. It was a plump, beautiful happy lit-

tle thing. I had a very unmanly and cadet-

ish weakness for babies and children, and it

was so long since I had been so near to either

that I petted and noticed this little crea-

ture not a little.

At noon the train stopped for fifteen min-

utes. Most of the passengers got out. I

meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock

dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my

seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman bog-

ged to know if I would hold her baby for a

few moments while she got out. I assented.

She put the child in my arms and vanished.

The minutes passed away; one by one the

passengers returned; presently, when the bell

rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume

their former places, the locomotive started;

we were off; and where, oh, horror of horrors!

where was that woman? My hair began to

rise; and the sweat to start from every pore.

Still I waited, hoping that the woman was

trying to get through the other cars, and

would come finally to assume her responsi-

bility. A quarter of an hour elapsed, every-

body was quietly seated, and still I held that

child. People began to stare, young ladies

to titter. I felt myself as red as a lobster.—

The conductor passed through; I stopped

him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the

burden in my arms, and stammered out some-

thing about the mother having been left be-

hind.

'What the d—!' he exclaimed, as his eyes

fell on the child. 'Well you're in for it and

no mistake. I saw that woman after she got

out, streaking it like mad, away from the de-

pot, but I thought she had her young one

with her. You're nicely took in and done

for, that's a fact.'

'But what's to be done with this child?' I

asked.

'Don't know, I'm sure how far are you

going?'

'To Boston, to-night.'

'Then I guess you'll have to carry it along

as far as there. Then you can take it to one

of the hospitals or asylums where they attend

to this sort of business, and leave it. Per-

haps some of the ladies will help you take

care of it till we get to Boston; and the

conductor passed on. And as he went for-

ward, evidently he told the story, for heads

began to turn, and then men and boys came

sauntering in from the other cars to see the

fellow that had the child left with him. Plenty

of jokes were cracked at my expense, for

every now and then I heard a regular guffaw,

and some such phrases as 'Precious green,

eh? Such a go!' 'Looks fatherly!' &c., &c.

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously.

One moment I wanted to swear, and the

next to kick every person and everything in

the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the

poor little thing in my arms a grip, for she

uttered a quick, little cry. She stopped in a

moment, and I looked at her. She lay in

my arms so innocent and helpless and fair

and white, and looked at me with such com-

placent placidity, that somehow I felt my an-

ger dying out in spite of me—my embarrass-

ment too.

'I may as well be a man as such a con-

temptible sneak,' thought I. 'I was an in-

ferrible greeny to get saddled in this way, to

be sure, but that's my fault and not this poor

little pussy's, and I may as well brave it

though. As for those confounded fools just

let 'em laugh, that's all!'

So I settled myself coolly to the care of

my baby. People after a while grew accus-

tomed to see her in my arms and most of the

afternoon she slept soundly. But oh, how

heavy she grew. I seemed to have a leaden

weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me.

How on earth do women lag about children

day after day in the way they do! For me,

I'm certain, I'd rather not, though I never

tried it.

However, to my story. Toward night my

baby waked, and waked fretful and hungry.

I suppose. She began to cry; a long, des-

pairing, entirely uncompromising cry. Peo-

ple began to look angry, curious to see what

master nurse would do. I tried every possi-

ble means to pacify the child; my watch, my

candle buttons, held it up to the window, I

handed it, I nearly turned it upside down;

no use. Baby properly despised my misera-

ble efforts to make it forget its needed and

rightful consolation, and cried louder and

louder, till I at last seemed to hold nothing

in my arms but an immense squall. A man

could stand it no longer let alone a cadet,

and I arose desperately from my seat, deter-

mined to appeal to some lady or woman for

assistance. As I passed through the car,

some of the young ladies broke into their

senseless titter again, the older one looked

up from the windows, and the men eyed me

with a knowing sort of leer, that had not

my arms been occupied, they would have had

a lit straight out from the shoulder. 'One

motherly looking person whom I approach-

ed; hoping, transfixed me with a stony, vir-

tuous sort of glare, that made me shake in

my shoes as if I had committed the unpard-

onable offense. I gave up in despair, when

a gentleman at the extreme end of the car

beckoned me forward. It was a little family

party, the gentleman, his wife and a colored

girl with them, who held their babe in her

arms. The gentleman and his wife were both

young, and evidently Southerners.

'We have heard about this baby from the

conductor,' said the gentleman as I came

near. 'My wife has been filching her since

it began to cry. Can we do anything for

you?'

The lady leaned past him. 'Will you let

me look at your baby, sir, a moment,' she

asked in, it seemed to me then, the sweetest

tones I had ever heard. She held out her

arms, I laid the baby into them.

'Such a young child—and so pretty, too!

How it cries! What the matter with it?'

'I don't know, madam, unless its hungry,' I

answered. 'It has had nothing to eat since

that woman got in this morning. I don't

know what to do with it.'

'Poor little love!' exclaimed the lady, 'what

a shame—no wonder it cries!'

She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in

her servant's arms, then at her husband. Then,

blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid

my baby on her bosom, beneath her shawl,

and hushed its cries as if it had been her own

—of her own flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward

as if to protect her from the gaze of others,

made room for me on the seat with their