

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,

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BY HOWARD FALCONER,

OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

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OFFICE—In the Masonic Building, up stairs, south side of the Public Square.

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

Displayed advertisements charged for the space occupied.

Lead notices charged 15 cents a line.

Articles of a personal character only admitted at the option of the Proprietor, and charged 50 cents a line.

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

Transient advertisements payable in advance.

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

County offices... 5 00

District and State... 10 00

to be paid invariably in advance.

The Advertiser.

BY MRS. L. R. HIGGINS.

The world lay at his feet, a conquered thing;

Yet tears suffused his eye, and like a child

Who weeps for the moon, he hidly grieved

After another planet to subdue.

Unsatisfied ambition troubled him,—

That was his payment.

Hark! the mad carouse,

Where Phillip's son all majesty throws by,

All manhood, and ingloriously expires

In the wine-fever.

Why did ancient Rome

Listen and shudder, as the Alpine cliffs

Gave out strange thunder-echoes, with the tramp

Of hostile legions? From the cleaving cloud

The Carthaginian leaped, and at his feet

The humbled mistress of the world knelt down.

Power held its course, but ever at its side

Her sleepless hatred, eager to o'erthrow

What tower'd above it. Outcast and despised,

Wandering mid stranger-courts and foreign

climes,

Great Hannibal, erst lauded as a god,

Drank of the poison-cup, and reeling died.

A thousand cities shrank at Cesar's name;

And round a million graves the restless ghosts

Roaming, reproach'd him for the life he rent

Out of their throbbing hearts.

Yet was his breast

Not adamant, but amid its nerves

Entwin'd some cords of social sympathy,

Like dew-drops' plants beneath o'ershadowing oak.

He loved his friends, and by his friends he fell,

While "Et tu, Brute!" closed his epitaph.

No, for the Corsican! What step like his

Made mighty nations tremble? Self-endowed,

Self-reared upon earth's topmost round he stood,

Wealth, Fame, Art, Luxury, his liveried serfs

To do his bidding.

In the loneliest Isle

Of lone Atlantic, walks with measured step

A guarded prisoner, watching evermore

The rolling wave. Perchance, he spies afar

The flag of France, his Empire, gliding by,

But not to rescue or remember him.

So, the chafed lion pined away and died.

Who at the call of his young country roused,

When by the pillar of the cloud he trod

Reign by foes?

Who thro' her war-storm led,

Serene, as though a charmed life he bore?

Who when the long and arduous strife was o'er

Wore her chief honor, without thought of self,

And laid it down, and to his fields went forth

More happy there to muse at eventide,

Than hear the plaudits of a shouting world?

Who in that rural home, by gathering years

Still unaging, in perfect balance poised

Goodness with greatness, still revered by all,

But most by those who saw his inner life

Without a veil, in holy calmness met

His apotheosis, and heavenward went

A Christian hero, victor over death?

Oh new-found West! upon thy banner write

Mid clustering stars, the name of Washington;

Whom Earth accounts her greatest, and high

Heaven

Confirms the choice.

Hartford, Conn., April 26, 1860.

RESIGNMENT REQUIRED.

From the London Family Herald.

LILIAN BURLEIGH was fifteen years old

when she and her widowed mother left their

home, which had been sold under the sheriff

to pay a debt incurred during the long and

fatal illness of Mr. Burleigh. In hope of employment,

the mother and daughter moved to the metropolis.

Here they encountered the usual fate of the stranger-poor, alone and

helpless in the seething, selfish crowd—fought

the grim fight with the fiend of poverty—

til, in the weary struggle, Mrs. Burleigh sank

at last, the victim of hopeless illness, a new

burden upon Lilian's young shoulders.

Chance at last led the poor girl to the

house of Mrs. Vernon. The lady, attracted

first by the sorrowful beauty of the girl's

face, and her quiet demeanor, became inter-

ested in her story, accompanied her home to

verify it, and became from that day the best

and kindest of friends to the widow and her

child. Employment enough was obtained

among her friends to remove all sense of de-

pendence from Lilian's mind. Her charity

was bestowed in a manner not to wound the

sensitiveness that could not endure beggary.

Her own physician lent his skill to soothe

Mrs. Burleigh's departing days, and when

death had released Lilian from her charge,

this kind friend took the orphan to her home.

Lilian had lived with her friend two years

when Bernard Osborne, Mrs. Vernon's brother,

came home from India. To see the sweet,

graceful girl who instructed his sister's chil-

dran, and was his sister's friend, in simple

mourning, was to feel a strange, unwanted

interest in her. He was often at his sister's

house, often saw Lilian, and at length gave

evident signs of his admiration. That she

avoided him only incited him to a more de-

termined pursuit. He was the first man of

the world, fluent, accomplished, that Lilian

Burleigh had ever seen. How he impressed

her young heart! How plainly he wrote his

image upon her virgin pages! Ere she half

knew her danger he had become the light of

her eyes, almost the life of her soul. But

she did not yield readily. She resisted all

his protestations; all his offers; after putting

him to every test she could devise, until find-

ing his purpose still unaltered, and his love

even more ardent in expression, she at last

yielded to the wishes, the demands of her

own heart, no less than to his entreaties, and

promised to become his wife. Once betrothed

to him, she revelled in the sweet dream of

love, and cast all fears aside—the future no

more dreaded, the past forgotten.

Three months later came a strange, un-

expected summons to the death-bed of Walter

Burleigh, her uncle. This man had neglected

and despised his brother, had refused all

aid to the widow and orphan, and when Mrs.

Vernon, who had learned something of him

on inquiring of Lilian about her friends,

wrote to him during Mrs. Phillip Burleigh's

last days, his only response had been a pitiful

sum of money, extorted rather by the influ-

ence of Mrs. Vernon's name, than by any

kindly feeling. But when he was dying, he

bestowed him of his niece, the sole person

in whose veins his own blood was running,

and summoned her to his side. He died,

and Lilian found herself heiress of all his

wealth.

Something, perhaps the strange feeling of

pain that it brought her—perhaps the de-

sire to be received once more as she had ever

been—kept Lilian silent in regard to her

new wealth. She wrote to Mrs. Vernon that

her uncle had remembered her in his will,

but in a manner that conveyed no idea of the

truth. To Osborne she did not write at all;

for, strangely enough, his letters had ceased

about the period of her uncle's death, and

A Slight Drawback.

ENCHANTING girl! thy form to fair

In playful dreams around me dances;

Thy smile so bright, so free from care,

Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet black hair,

My heart entrance.

But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,

With joy and innocence still gleaming,

The winged light scarce ever flies

Than do the glances from those eyes,

With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not

That wooing thee might prove bewildering,

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not

For one slight thing—a wife I've got

And six small children!

Revenge.

"My sweet little Louise—my beloved

wife!"

These words were uttered by a young and

noble-looking man—evidently Spanish—

while he stood at the threshold of his rude

dwelling, and pressed to his bosom one of

the loveliest women whom it was ever my

lot to describe.

Her beauty was opposite to his own. He

was in complexion a brunette; she, as fair as

a lily, when the red sun of the early morning

gave it a rosy hue. His eyes were dark as

night, when no star can pierce the clouds;

hers, as blue as the spotless heavens in a win-

ter day; his hair, black as the raven's wing;

hers that of soft brown which melts away in-

to shadows when light and shade alternately

fall upon it.

In figure, almost as tall as he; form, per-

fect and voluptuous; features, regular and

classical; her face expressive—she was a

splendid specimen of Anglo-Saxon beauty.

In her countenance you could, at a glance,

read her character—even if you had not

studied the science of Lavater. She was in-

tellectual, gentle, full of natural affection,

enthusiastic, poetical, romantic. Had she not

been so, she would not have been there in

that wild gorge of the Sierras, where cloud-

clipped heights rose around her, and the

thunder of a hundred waterfalls came rum-

bling down from the distance on her ear.—

There, alone, with him of her heart's first

love, free choice—far from the sunny child-

hood's home—far from all her kindred.

The hunting equipments upon his person,

and the rifle leaned against the door-post,

showed that he was about starting upon a

hunting expedition; and to judge from the

long walls of his house, such expeditions

were frequent and successful with him.

Her great blue eyes were liquid with ri-

ng tears, which her strong will could scarce-

ly hold back; and she said, as she clung to

him, even as the flowering vine clings to the

oak:

"Do not go out to hunt to-day, dearest

Benedetto. My heart is almost wild with

the foreboding that some evil will fall upon

you—and, alas! not less upon me, because it

strikes you!"

"Dismiss fears so unworthy of your brave

heart. It is a favorable day for hunting, and

you know that now while I may I must lay

up our stores, for when the winter sets in,

I can do nothing that way. But, ah! how

happy then we will be with our music, our

songs of the past, our dreams of the future,

when another—"

"Hush," said she, blushing. "Yet, for the

sake of that other, stay at home this day!"

"For your own sake I would do so gladly,

dear one, had I not promised James Champe,

the miner, to meet him some miles from

here, to show him a new 'lead,' for which he

and his company promise to pay richly."

"I regret the promise all the more," she

sighed; "for that man, though I know that

Practical Jokes.

We remember of hearing a story of a fellow

who awoke a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock

one winter's night, and on his coming to the

door coolly inquired:

"Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?"

"No," growled the victim.

"Well, never mind," said the wag. "I thought

I'd just call and enquire, for I found one yester-

day."

We thought that very cool, but the following

story of Nell McKinnon, a New York wag, sur-

passes in impudence anything within our recol-

lection. Read and judge for yourself.

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was

British Minister in this country, he resided in

New York, and occupied a house on Broad-

way. One night, at a late hour, in company

with a party of rough riders, while passing the

house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and

that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hallo!" said the wag, "what's going on at

Jackson's?"

One of the company remarked that Jackson

had a party this evening.

"What!" exclaimed Nell; "Jackson have a

party, and I not invited! I must see to that."

So, stepping up to the door, he gave a ring

which soon brought out the servant.

"I want to see the British Minister on im-

portant business," said Nell.

"You must call some other time," said the

servant,