

# 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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HOWARD FALCONER,  
OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

Subscription price \$2 IN ADVANCE, or \$2 50 at the end of the year.  
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### Master, Whither Goest Thou?

BY P. S. WOODLEY.

There stands in the old Appian way,  
Two miles without the Roman wall,  
A little ancient church, and grey;  
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!

There hangs a legend on the shrine  
One reverential thought may claim.

'Tis written of that fiery time,  
When all the angelic evil powers  
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,  
How Peter left the accursed towers,  
Passing from out the guilty street,  
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,  
Suddenly he was ware of one  
Who loitered beneath a weary load,  
Barbed in the beating sun,  
Pale with long watches, and forewent  
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross his weak limbs bow;  
Scarcely his sinking strength avail;  
A crown of thorns is on his brow,  
And in his hands the print of nails.  
So friendless and alone in shame,  
One like the Man of Sorrow came.

Read in her eyes who gave birth,  
That loving, tender, sad rebuke;  
Then learn no mother on this earth,  
How dear soever, slipped a lock.  
So sweet, so sad, so pure, so now  
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced,  
Once had he seen that look before;  
And even now, at the first,  
It touched, it smote him to the core.  
Bowing his head, no word save three  
He spoke—"Quo vadis, Domine?"

Then as he looked up from the ground,  
His Saviour made him answer due—  
"My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned—  
There to be crucified again."  
Since he, to whom I gave my sheep,  
Leaves them for other men to keep.

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears,  
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss—  
"I rexed my heart with faithless fears,  
Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this."  
Then rising up—but none was there—  
No voice, no sound, in earth or air.

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,  
As one who hath a work to do;  
Back through the gates he passed with haste,  
Silent, alone and full in view;  
And lay forsaken, save of One,  
In dungeon dead, ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,  
Nor sought the depth of human tears,  
Girded himself and walked at will,  
As one rejoicing in the years,  
Girded of others, scorned and slain,  
Passed heavenward through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,  
Well may these walls be more than stone,  
And breathe of peace and pardoned sin  
To him who giveth all alone.  
Return, faint heart, and strive thy life;  
Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

The veteran counsellor, Calbeck, one day  
cross-examining a country fellow as a witness,  
asked him in several ways what he thought a particular person to be, from his own knowledge, hearsay, or belief; but could extract no other answer than that "he did not know and could not tell." "Come, fellow," said the counsellor, "answer me on your oath; what would you take me to be, if you did not actually know my person, and should meet me in the street?" "Why, then," says the fellow, "if you had not that wig and gown upon you, I should take you for a little old pedlar." The learned counsellor was silenced.

NEAT REPERT.—An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera, with a French physician, was much troubled with *causis*, and happened to gasp.

"Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork!"

Ma. Cater, the money-lender, once speaking about drunkenness, instead of enlarging on the common topics, its obscuring men's faculties, producing quarrels, &c., observed that it was a most injurious practice, and might be attended with very bad effects, for no man who goes into company, and indulges in wine, can know when he is wry he called out to make a bargain!

### From the New York "Spirit of the Times." A Trout-Fishing Excursion.

The morning star, the queen among her sister stars, was shining brightly, as attended by my servant, we started for a pond a few miles distant, in anticipation of a trout-fish. Bait and kettle, rods, lines, knife, scissors, file, wax, spare hooks, net, gaff, snook, a bottle of anti-snake-bite, pipe, matches, a couple of bundles of fodder, and a gallon of corn, all being snugly stowed away, we mounted the buggy, and taking the ribbons in Woodruff style, off at the word dashed our old bay. The iron-shod hoofs clattered merrily on the plank road as we rode through the village. All was still. The cock had not yet crowed his matin. We saw nothing save a solitary light. It might be the vigil lamp of the sick room, or the "dip" tallow candle of one intent on early trade, sleepless for the yearning want of one more dime. But we pass it ere the thought is formed. Clatter—clatter—away we go. The old horse bears hard on his bit, and willing hands yield freely, but judiciously. And now old Sol, a race between us as to which shall rest on the pond first, your glorious beams or our anxious eyes. Away we go, like the King of France, up the hill and down again; now on the level, and now on the bridge. Steadily, old fellow! Hold in for a mile or two, and then we will give you your head. The blue and black bird, the first of the morning, are twittering gladly to their mates. Too-too-too-hoo, goes the owl. "Take care, master," as over a cow's tail went the near wheels, "close driving, dat, for fore day." Six miles are past. Four more, with good luck, and the race will be won—Phaeton himself, with his fiery coursers on mad career, can no more win us now than Ten Broeck could win the Goodwood with Prioresse. Glang—we are pushing 8:10 now, old man. Why, what's the matter with the old horse? It is the cool luxurious bracing breeze, the careful grooming, the bird's sweet carol, the easy plank track, my old man's inspiring song, that enlivens my pet steed. He knows, too, that after the morning's fish is over, sweet water and tender grass, and a little negro boy attentive to a fault (for a time) awaits his coming. Glang—down the hill we go, the landing—the pond—is reached. The eastern streaks tell that old Sol is coming, but our glad eyes, eager with hope, have rested on the pond, and have seen two breaks, and his beams are not yet on its mirror bosom, with its lily-pads, and green moss locks waving gently and slightly, heaving up a little dew and flower. The race is won. Out from the hills come the old horse, but not before he bows his head to the crest of our old servant. Firmness of a bucket of water from the gushing spring hard by, corn and fodder given, and our gallant old steed is left to himself. Lines and bait out—came stowed snugly; we at the bow, and the old man at the stern with the paddle. One push from shore, and softly as the foil of the fern, we glided noiselessly along toward a fallen mossy log. We pass a little green bough growing out from an old stump. A grasshopper, which might have sought shelter there from some enemy, leaps off as we approach, and takes the wrong direction. He had scarcely gone twenty feet, when, from some cause, he settles on the water. Ere he could spread his wing again a splash is heard, and the silvery green sides of a trout appear for an instant, and the poor little insect is seen no more. Our old servant had seen it. What on water escapes the eye of a piscator? Back stroke and the boat is still. He points to the bob, to which we had just extended our hand. It is ready in a moment, and dancing merrily in its gaily colors on the surface. The boat just moves. But a yard is between us and the spot where the poor grasshopper left our view. Ah! the wave is coming: one quick deep breath. I can see the dorsal fin cutting the surface. Splash. The rod quivers, a heavy jar runs to the elbow, and down goes the rod to its very middle.

"Pull straight—straight to yer, master."

"Back the boat, he's trying to get under the log."

Two minutes, and a "six-pounder," with the full round eye of the buck, lies at the bottom of the boat. His fins are full extended. His beautiful silver sides, with their dark green and gold glisten in the rays of the now risen sun. His gilt-covers heave, and the deep red shows brightly beneath. A few convulsive heaves, and the grasshopper and his foe are dead together. The basket receives him. The bob is laid aside, and we are about to rise, my servant bids me be still. While I was admiring my prize, he had thrown out his line with minor bait. I glanced towards the log just in time to see the cork disappear with telegraphic rapidity. The old man sits like a statue, yet his eye glitters with pleasurable excitement. A quick jerk, and now commences the contest of skill and terror. The snags were many, and moss surrounded the log; but skill, experience and coolness had given perfect confidence to the old man, and he managed his fish with the adroitness of "gentle Isaac." Now down would go the trout, but just so far as the old man would allow, and not an inch farther. The poor fish, game as a Nash county cock, would dash right and left, then to the surface; up would go the tip of the rod, now for the logs, then for the moss, now for the boat—but it was all the same; the same master hand; there was no attempt to pull out the fish. No, not he; he knew better—he knew that a few more dashes and he would all be over—one more and it is the last. It was a fierce pull; the rod bends, the butt is yielded, and rolling over from side to side the trout rises to the surface. I extend my hand, and taking him in, I admire his form and size, and think of supper. I place him carefully by the side of his dead companion. There they lie, a lovely pair of twins.

The old man quietly smiles; takes a large chew of tobacco; says "Oter-slide!" I nod assent, and the boat glides along. Few are the words of the old man when fishing, garrulous as is his old age, and the old man seems to have a double portion of garrulity. Yet, when rod is in hand, he is as still as the Indian crouching for his victim. The other slide is some little distance, and as we skim along, scarcely touching the aquatic plants, a feeling of calmness and happiness steals over us. The call of the hog-driver and the milkmaid, the liquid carol of the

birds, the hum of the early busy bee, the distant cock-crow, the pleasant air laden with the perfume of the honeysuckle, the glad water, the bright sunbeam, the gentle motion of the boat, full health, the pleasant eyes of my trusty old servant and friend beaming with delight, the quick yelp of the schoolboy's rabbit dog, the lowing cattle, the green moss, the dark foliage, the skin and dip of the quick-winged swallow, the straight flying crow, the screaming fish-bait poised high in the air, the mournful but sweet sound from the lofty pine yielding her sigh to the breeze, the happy little green frog sitting cunningly on his tussock, all and everything around conspire to render me happy, and to thank a kind Providence for the angler's pleasure and contentment.

A man once said that an angler was a rod with a foot at one end and a worm at the other. Had that man been with me, with heart to be thankful for the good gifts of God to us, and the eye to admire Nature's beauty, and an ear to appreciate its music, he never could have uttered a sentiment like Cotton, Wilson, Wilson, Davy, Webster, and ten thousand others have given the lie. The tiny sparrows can see no pleasure in the upward soar of the king eagle, who bathes his plumes in sunbeams—away up above and beyond the vision of earth. The heavy plodding matter-of-fact man, with the soul of a picaresque, sneers at the poet's glance "from earth to Heaven," or goes to sleep under the eloquence of the orator, whose soul-straining eloquence and enthusiasm stirs, enchants, enchains, and convinces. The best man is he who can see, and hear, and feel the beauties of Nature, and who sincerely thanks his God that he has given his kind mercies, and with them a capacity to perceive and enjoy them. Bah! ye creeping, crawling pestilences!

But slowly we make headway. It is our plan in angling to take all things quietly, gently, and without noise. We pass by a tall stump—the remnant of a lolly cypress—reposing with its moss-green covering on the water, and which some rude blast had, years ago, blown down. We remember some two years ago a little incident connected with it.

It was on a Saturday. Business had called us to the neighborhood of the pond, and by way of "killing two birds with one stone," we took our servant and rod to fish as soon as we had completed our business. We had "poor luck." The pond was filled with school-boys, factory hands, laborers, and free negroes, for Saturday in the South, is a sort of a little day. We were just behind a boat in which were three boys, one of whom had a gun. On the top of this stump was a male blackbird, with shining dark plumage and red epaulettes, colling out in his peculiar note when wanting his mate. The gun is raised, and at the report the bird lies dead upon the water. The echo of the report had scarcely died away, before the mate, with an insect in her beak, perched on the same stump, and in a moment she too was in the stillness of death. The two barrels had left the little ones to perish. The boys pulled up, took their birds, and gleefully left the pond. Curiosity induced me to go to the stump, and there we found two little fellows with open mouths, but sang and comforted, awaiting their parents' tender care. Now, what shall we do with them? If we leave them here they will perish. If we try to take them home they will die, they are so young, and how, if we could, shall we miss them? Let us see. Poor little ones, you have to die anyhow. So we, to relieve their sufferings quickly, took one of the little orphans, and somehow, almost without thought, and we know without precedent, tied him on our hook, his wings, scarcely pin-feathered, expanded on the wavelets rising to a gentle breeze. A jack of good size happened to be sauntering along, and being ended with the murderous sport of the school-boys, took it into his head to take into his mouth the orphan bird. Whereupon, after a pretty smart resistance on his part, we, by way of releasing him from the pain of the work, took him into the boat, from thence into the basket, from whence he was taken into the frying-pan.

Feeling it would be an act of cruelty to let the other little fellow remain without father, mother, sister, or brother, with "none to ply or to care," we placed him tenderly in the same situation as that of his little brother. It is true we tell the fact, his little chirp, as with outstretched wings he attempted to avoid his fate, was fast going to my heart, and one more moment would have found him in my bosom to warm of the chill he must have received from the water, when the well-known wave, the quick plunger, and the electric jar stirred up the anger's mettle for a conflict of skill and fight of plume.

It is done in an instant. The fish struggles, and pulls, and lashes the water. The scales and drops of water that fall glisten like diamonds in a sunbeam. He can get no relief. He fights gallantly for his life, so gallantly, that if we could have found it in our heart to do so, we would have rejoiced in his escape; and now, without effort, the tip is raised, and on the surface floats a glorious sight—a fish that an angler glazes over—plump, fat, beautiful, strong, and large—large!—a nine-pounder. A joyful monosyllable escapes my good old servant, as with the same care that he would the infant smiling in innocent dreaming, he lays him down in the boat by the side of the jack.

These things bring a warning to all, that retributive justice follows those who cruelly use and abuse the orphan. And see, too, what a train follows one rash act. Two blackbirds, husband and wife, their two little ones, a duck and a trout, follow the first discharge of the schoolboy's gun. But along we glide. The "Oter-slide" is a large log—so called from its once having been the favorite play-log of a very large oter, and where he often sat his prey, as the bones and remains of fish attest. It, too, has its little reminiscence. A long time ago—when deer were plenty, and before the country, as now, was thickly settled—a hunter was standing on a sand-hill overlooking the pond, uncertain on which side the deer, gallantly leading

the pack, would take water. He knew that his dogs were staunch, and that the summer's heat would soon drive the buck to the water. A weary time he waited, and as he was about to shoulder his gun, the distant cry of his pack caught his practiced ear. He instantly cocked his gun, for he well knew that often when deer make for the water, they attain a good lead to avoid the danger of a straight run. The crack of dry sticks, and the rustling leaves, turns the quick eye of the hunter. The gun is levelled, and belches forth its leaden slugs. The buck falls, but is instantly up, with the pack hard on him, and pell-mell they dash into the pond. "A new comer," in the person of a raw Scotchman, is fishing near the slide. He is alone, save a long bob-tailed oar, who looks with wonder at the encounter of dogs and deer, who are madly plunging and throwing up the water for life or victory. Sawney in a moment throws off his clothes, and in he plunges. The oar jumps and runs upon the slide, and as his master races he jumps from the end, alighting upon his master's back, raking his naked shoulders down to the waist, and inflicting six long deep furrows, from which spouts the blood in profusion. "Get awn, you down scoundrel," says Sawney; "the dell's in the dog, sure enow!" But on he goes, and with some little trouble brings ashore the now dead buck. Poor Sawney never heard the last of it; and what was strange, from every furrow, after healing, grew hair to the length of six or eight inches, like the mane of a horse. And thus from core to core, and head and deep lake, near the shore and well out, by the side of lily-pads, under dark overhanging trees, by slabs, and in every nook, we fish until a well-filled basket and coming eye warn us that the "old folks at home" and loved ones "wait our coming," and so gearing up and stowing all things snug, the old horse gets the word, and nightfall finds where we started. So good-bye to all the good "Spirits" *Adieu.*

### Baron Cressens.

### John Bell and the People.

Gov. Johnson in his speech on Tuesday evening truthfully remarked that John Bell was the recipient of a fame not deserved, and honors never won. He said that his name was not identified with any great achievement, and asked if he had any hold on the affections of the people. Several effeminate voices responded "yes," but when Gov. Johnson asked what Bell had done to give him a hold upon the popular heart, no response could be given—his friends were mute.

The truth is, we have never seen a man of any party that cherished an admiration for John Bell. Jackson had the peculiar faculty of infusing himself into his friends. Clay had enthusiastic admirers. The world never produced a civilian that had such control over the popular heart. In my own country, one blast from his "bugle horn" would rally to his standard thousands of true men ready to follow his lead. Douglas can inspire his friends with enthusiasm. Frank Pierce, short and brilliant as has been his career, made a host of friends who will cling to him in his seclusion. But John Bell never had a friend in his life. He is the impersonation of selfish greed and frozen humanity. He has no more sympathy with the masses than an iceberg has of the arctic of the tropics. Cold, isolated and repulsive to the approach of an equal companion, and an agreeable intercourse, he stoops only to court the immense of popular applause, and mingle with men for the exclusive purpose of using them. There is an inflexible rigidity of manner, an air of restraint and condescension in his intercourse with the crowd, and an ill-concealed expression of contempt for the populace, which repel even the sympathies of his political associates. He seems to think that the affections of the masses in a thing to be courted or despised, to be received or rejected, at the caprice of politicians, and hence he is deficient in every element of popularity. As Dickens said of a similar character, he is "a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone—a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner." Had and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck a generous spark, secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his features, nipped his nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red and his thin lips blue. He carried his own frozen temperature about him: he leech his office in dog days, and didn't thaw it a single degree at Christmas. No heat could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No word that blew was bitter than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. No children asked him what it was o'clock. But he edged his way along the crowded path of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance."—*Memphis Avalanche.*

A SNEER AND A TRUTH.—It was a coarse, cruel sneer—unworthy of one of England's greatest artists—whom he said that "a woman had rather be courted and jilted, than never to be courted at all." Another, whom the alchemy of sorrow had tested and purified, has brought out from this rough stone the lustrous of a truth, as universal as beautiful: "Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."—*MARSH HALLMAN.*

The King of Naples still grasps at the shadow of sovereignty, though the substance has departed. He has ordered a state of siege in all the provinces where revolutionary struggles exist. Think of a proclamation declaring Naples in a state of Siege, and signed, Francis II, King of Naples.

### From the New York Day Book. To the Friends of Mr. Bell in the Southern States.

DEAR SIR:—The course of the present canvass, we have been repeatedly requested to publish the political record and antecedents of Messrs. Bell and Everett, the so-called Union candidates for President and Vice-President. This we have not thought it necessary to do, mainly for the reason that we felt almost sure that, before November, almost every patriotic man, who is not firmly wedded to party ties, would see that duty called upon him to vote for Breckinridge and Lane. We have nothing to say against Mr. Bell, except that he represents no principles, lays down no policy upon which he intends, if elected, to administer the government. He says Lincoln, and the real issue is, what does Mr. Bell hold that the Constitution means, especially upon the paramount issue now before the people—the right to protection of the property of all citizens alike, by the federal government? When asked this question, Mr. Bell referred his interrogator to his record in Congress, embracing a period of some twenty or thirty years, contained in some forty odd volumes of Congressional reports! Now, Mr. Bell could have answered the question propounded to him in a five line paragraph, costing him about five minutes of very easy labor, whereas it would take us some days, perhaps weeks, to investigate his Congressional record, and even then we might not be able to find anything upon the exact point now under discussion. Mr. Breckinridge, on the contrary, in his letter accepting the Baltimore nomination, replied frankly and boldly, and assumed the responsibility of standing or falling by an open and brave communication of what we believe, and what all true Southerners must regard as only their fair and just constitutional rights. The simple fact that Mr. Breckinridge has risked all, by standing squarely upon the true platform, while Mr. Bell, to say the least, has evaded the direct issue, ought, as we conceive, to command him to the gratitude and earnest support of every Southern man: it really seems to us that there is a question of honor involved, which the sons of the South, noted as they have been for their chivalrous conduct upon all memorable occasions, cannot ignore without a blot upon their fair fame.

We do not doubt that many patriotic people at the South, when the Democratic party split at Baltimore, did really feel that perhaps the only way left to defeat Lincoln was to vote for Mr. Bell. The election in Kentucky increased this impression, but we feel convinced that subsequent events must have convinced them that this idea is wholly erroneous. The elections in Arkansas and Texas were unmistakable indications of the popular current. Mr. Bell's warmest supporters cannot seriously believe that he stands any chance for these two States.—Florida and Delaware are much stronger arguments against Mr. Bell's chances of the South. These two States were claimed, with some plausibility, for him. If Mr. Douglas possessed any strength, surely he ought to divert votes enough in two such States as these to give them to Bell. But the result is before us. The Democracy is triumphant in both. The people have adhered to principles, to the Constitution, and the Supreme Court.

We have always believed that, as soon as Southern men saw that it was necessary to concentrate their votes upon Mr. Breckinridge to defeat Mr. Lincoln, they would do it with a unanimity never before known. And our reason for this belief was this: The Democratic platform now expressly concedes to the South what men of all parties there have ever claimed as their constitutional rights. Can it be possible that they are now going to vote against the recognition of these rights, when there is every chance to elect a President who is pledged to administer the government upon them? We shall never believe until we see it. No matter what votes for Mr. Bell will be understood at the North to say that the South does not demand protection for her property in the Territories. It will do more to weaken and break down northern men, who stand up boldly for Southern rights, than all else combined, and if the entire South could by any possibility be carried for Mr. Bell, it would encourage and keep alive in national abolitionism. Not that we mean to insinuate by this that Mr. Bell favors anti-slavery, but it would be considered an acknowledgment, on the part of the South, that her institutions were unworthy of protection, and it would invite further aggressions upon her rights. Any yielding to fanaticism only inflames its spirit and adds fuel to the flame.

Are Southern men prepared, at this crisis, to recede, to retreat from their enemy? Will they throw a tub to appease the Northern wails of abolitionism, instead of striking him with the harpoon, when they have the opportunity presented? Have they not been tormented enough yet with this monster to show it no quarter? The election of Breckinridge and Lane would break the back of anti-slavery. If followed up, as it could be, by a general assault upon it at the North, in four years we could restore Democratic ascendancy in nearly every Northern State. Notwithstanding all Pennsylvania and New Jersey may bestow down as reasonably sure for the Democratic or Union electoral ticket, which, in both States, is pledged to vote for Breckinridge and Lane, if we elect them? Their votes amount to thirty-four. We want one hundred and eighteen more. Where can we get them? Let us see: Cannot the following States be regarded as sure for Breckinridge and Lane, and if not all positively sure, can they not be made so by the proper exertion before the 6th of November?—Alabama, 9; Arkansas, 4; California, 4; Delaware, 3; Florida, 3; Georgia, 10; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 9; North Carolina, 10; Oregon, 3; South Carolina, 8; Texas, 4; Virginia, 15; Tennessee, 12. Total, 119. Add 34, and it makes 153, one more than is necessary to elect Mr. Breckinridge. Mr. Buchanan carried every one of these States on a platform that did not distinctly recognize the constitutional rights of the South, or at least was open to different constructions, and hence why should not Mr. Breckinridge carry them when there is no doubt about the platform upon which he stands?

### We leave Maryland and New York out of the calculation; the former surely will be against Lincoln, and the latter, now that all parties here are united upon one electoral ticket, we have every reason to hope will be also.

But we will not allow ourselves to doubt the result in November. Men of the South: we tell you an immense responsibility now rests upon you. The world will judge of you, and respect you in accordance with the report you give of yourselves. Disguise the issue, torture it, or turn it as you may, it is no more nor less than this: Do you consider the institutions under which you live wrong? Do you think they should be outlawed by government, and declared unworthy of its protection? Are you willing to write yourselves down before the entire world as living in the daily practice of a sin and a crime? If to all these questions you reply "NO," then, to be consistent, and to convince the world of it, you must vote for Breckinridge and Lane—for they alone fully recognize this issue, as all must acknowledge. The defense of negro "slavery" is far above all mere parties or party interests. Before it, Breckinridge, or Bell, or Douglas, are as nothing, for it is not simply even the material interests of the South that are at stake, for, as far as that is concerned, even we of the North are perhaps as deeply interested as they—and to the country at large it is the solemn alternative of the overthrow of republican institutions.

Men of the South: you have heretofore saved our country in times of the greatest peril. Your Jeffersons, your Jacksons, your Polks have brought us safely through terrible struggles in the cabinet and in the field. The minority of the North, who are still faithful, look to you now with confidence and with hope. You believe you will still sustain the gallant leaders, who recognize not only your rights, but the great interests of human freedom and true Republicanism. These precious gifts are in your keeping. See to it that in November next they receive no harm.

### Judge Douglas out Elm-Footed for Squatter Sovereignty.

At Clifton Springs, New York, on the 16th, this question was put to Douglas, and his answer was as follows:

This question was—"Have the people of a Territory the right, according to the doctrine of non-intervention, to abolish or exclude slavery from a Territory while in a Territorial condition?"

In answer to the cries of "Who wrote that question?" it was stated that it was put by H. C. Hutchison. [Laughter.]

Mr. Douglas then said—I have only a word to say in reply. If that gentleman had read any one speech that I have made on the subject in the last five years, he would have found an unambiguous answer to that question. I have made more than fifty speeches this year in which I have answered that question, and yet political opponents insist on putting it to me for the purpose of creating doubt on the subject. "I cannot believe there is a man in America of ordinary intelligence who does not know that I hold that the people of a Territory while a Territory, and during a Territorial condition, may justly exclude, abolish or regulate slavery just as they please." When I have seen newspapers and small politicians renewing that question, it has excited in my bosom no other feeling than that of unmitigated contempt that they should pretend to have doubts on the subject. [Loud applause followed this interlude.]

### A WHALE ATTACKED BY A SWORDFISH.

A remarkable scene was witnessed by a boat's crew belonging to the island of Westray, about a fortnight ago. As Gavin Mowat, and his boat's crew, were engaged fishing for cod, about six miles from land, to the Eastward of Noup Head, they observed a large whale of the sort commonly known to fishermen as the herring log manning rapidly toward their boat. In a little time there was a violent commotion. The whale leaped about six feet clear out of the water, when they observed that a swordfish had struck its lethal weapon into its body just behind the large fin. The huge animal continued in the greatest distress, leaping out of the water, but obviously getting more feeble, while the swordfish clung closely in spite of all its contortions. During all this time, a thresher continued to strike the whale on both sides near its middle, and the wounded animal continued to bleed profusely. The three creatures passed at some little distance from the boat, but the eddies were so considerable as to make it sway not a little, though the sea was otherwise perfectly calm. When it passed, the whale was puffing so feebly that he seemed literally gasping for breath, and the men felt certain that it must have died in a short time.—*Orkney Herald.*

### BOSTON AND ITS SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

"How the world has turned about to be sure!" said Mrs. Partington, "it's nothing but change, change. Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country smelling the odious flowers-to-day I am in Boston, my oil factories breathing the impure exhalations of coal smoke, that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds, the hand-buss almost deprive me of consciousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the most turpentine of the city is fragrant, but it isn't any use to participate trouble beforehand; I'll escape all harmonious influences that would have an harmonious influence upon me, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful member to society. But he has genius looking at him; 'it comes natural to him; like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more.'"

### Cannibalism in New Zealand.

The customs connected with cooking and eating human flesh were these:—After a battle, the enemy's dead were collected, and their bodies cut into pieces. One corpse was set aside as a trophy sacred to the god of war, and his hair and right ear were kept for the purpose of removing the tapu from the war party. Cooking ovens were now dug in the earth in two long rows, and flesh in one oven was set apart for the gods. This sacred oven had a wreath of fern around its edge, and two pointed sticks stuck on the top, upon one of which there was a potato and on the other a lock of human hair. The flesh was often kept in the ovens for twenty-four hours. The chief commenced the feast, and this was occasionally done by swallowing the uncooked brains and eyes of some fallen warrior.

If the chief's sons were present, they partook next, and then the whole army, with bloody hands and passions maddened by fighting, singing and dancing, gorge themselves like hogs. The whole body was devoured with the exception of the lungs, stomach, intestines, and other parts. When the warriors were satisfied, the remains were collected and packed in baskets. Portions were then sent around to tribes not actually engaged, to ascertain their feelings. Should those presents be received and eaten, the conquerors might depend on the support of those who did this, in resisting further attacks from the vanquished. Should the son of a chief engaged in war not be present at a feast, a basket of human flesh was sent expressly to him.

The Rev. A. N. Brown visited a battle field two days after the conflict, and saw quantities of human bones picked clean of flesh, long bones broken as if to extract the marrow, and bloody heads stuck about on poles. Should the war party reach home before the flesh is eaten, the remnant was thrown away, and not brought into the village, as such proceedings would have rendered the habitations sacred. Women were not permitted to eat human flesh. They did, however, do so by stealth, but human flesh was forbidden food to females. Women were, however, allowed to become cannibals when the chief had no male issue, in which case the flesh sent from the battle field was eaten by his eldest daughter, or by his nearest relative, male or female. This custom was dictated by the law of primogeniture, and was done to transmit, in an unbroken line, the honors of chiefs to their descendants.—*Dr. Thomson's Story of New Zealand, Past and Present.*

### A HERO.

Mr. John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, who has returned to the United States from a visit to his native England related in one of his recent speeches the following anecdote:

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried hosts. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the Captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson soon came, with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire on ship-board!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" Seven miles. "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here; see the smoke ascending out! Go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the Captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir." "Head her south-east and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the Captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel; he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship. Every man, woman, and