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

—BY—

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.

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TEN LINES MAKE ONE SQUARE.

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3 Squares	12 00	15 00	20 00
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Half column	25 00	35 00	50 00
Three-fourths column	35 00	50 00	65 00
One column	45 00	60 00	80 00

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Announcing Candidates for City offices	$ 2 50
" " County offices	5 00
" " District and State	10 00

to be paid invariably in advance.

A Score of Years Ago.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore;
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
And bid with friendly roar
The faltering words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless?
Was it her voice, or some fair wave-
For, sooth, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carlessly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sun set, and the fishing-boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I.
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four-and-twenty *then*,
And *now* I'm forty four

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care:
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkening land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand-in-hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says. "You should know;
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

PROTESTANT CLERGY IN AUSTRIA.—The poverty of the Protestant clergy in Bohemia and Moravia, says a correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector*, is such that I think it will do our poor ministers in America good to know something of it—it will make some feel rich who now feel very poor. There are but three or four Protestant pastors in Bohemia who get as high as 400 florins ($200) a year. The most of them receive but 200 florins. These are nominal amounts, and in many instances they do not receive the half of it. Many congregations are without pastors, and are unable to procure them. The Reformed Church in Prague, is, or at least has been within the present year, in this condition. Both the Lutheran and Reformed churches have established small funds for the widows and orphans of their clergy, but the State does nothing for this purpose.

WELLINGTON NEVER LOST A GUN.—It is a singular fact in this man's history, that he never lost gun to the enemy. "Returning with him one day from the hunting field," says Lord Ellesmere, "I asked him if he could form any calculation of the guns he had taken in the course of his career?" "No," he replied, "not with any accuracy—somewhere about 3,000, I should guess. At Oporto, after the passage of Douro, I took the entire siege train of the enemy; at Vittoria and Waterloo, I took every gun the enemy had in the field; and what, however, is more extraordinary, I don't think I ever lost a gun in the field. After the battle of Salamanca," he went on to explain, "three of my guns, attached to some Portuguese cavalry, were captured in a trifling affair near Madrid, but they were recovered the next day. In the Pyrenees Lord Hill found himself obliged to throw eight or nine guns over a precipice, but these were all recovered, and none fell into the enemy's hands at all."—*Brialmont's Life of Wellington.*

M. SPIQUEL, a French chemist, gives the following recipe for silvering spoons and forks of German silver, when somewhat the worse for wear: Dissolves two grammes of nitrate of silver in forty grammes of distilled water; add six grammes of pure cyanide of potassium, which will immediately cause a precipitate of cyanide of silver glistening like snow; but on stirring with a glass tube, the liquid will immediately become limpid again. Dip a linen rag into this liquid, and rub the articles to be silvered over with it; its surface will immediately be covered with a film of silver. Rinse in clean water, and then wipe with a towel.

POPULATION OF OHIO.—The returns of the marshal for the northern district give 1,085,000; an increase, in ten years, in the counties that now compose this district, of about 166,000.

The returns of the marshal for the southern district give the population at 1,474,187. This shows an increase of 200,000 in that district.

The population of Ohio in 1850 was 1,980,329; in 1860 2,556,187; increase, 575,858.

Important Letter from Charles O'Conor on Secession.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1860.

DEAR SIR—Your invitation to address a Union meeting at New Rochelle, on the 2d of November, is acknowledged as a personal compliment, and it would be accepted with great pleasure but for the pressure of other occupations. All time and effort at my disposal for public purposes are faithfully so devoted in this city, where, in my own judgment, I can serve most efficiently.—This consideration alone compels me to decline.

Our system of government is the best human skill has ever framed; but it was accepted by wise and reflecting men with more of humble hope that, under Divine protection, it might long endure and bless our people, than of absolute confidence that it must necessarily hold them together in unity and amity throughout all time. It was foreseen by Washington himself that attempts might be made to alienate portions of our country from the rest by enfeebling "the sacred ties which link together the various parts;" nor did he deem it unfit to admonish us that, however strongly patriotic emotions might influence us to "frown upon" all such attempts, the considerations springing from that source were "greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to our interest." "Here," says he, "every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole." To this aspect of affairs I would invite attention.

It is now too near the ordeal of November for effectual argument or adequate reflection upon any of the religious, moral, political or economical questions connected with negro slavery.—The various opinions which now exist amongst our people as to the justice or injustice of that institution—the necessity of continuing it, or the duty of suppressing it—widely as they conflict, are nevertheless too fixed, too deeply seated, for any change in individual belief within the brief space that lies between the stream of political events now flowing by our doors, and the brink towards which it may be tending.

The interests of the South are considered to be interwoven with the continuance of negro slavery. Whether it be a wise or an unwise view of the subject, such is the prevailing opinion in that section of our country.

There has arisen in the North a party avowedly hostile to that institution, and pledged to discourage it and to labor for its extinction by all peaceful means which the constitution does not positively forbid—as that instrument is understood and interpreted by the party and its leaders. This is the mildest shape in which the moral war now raging against the social arrangements of the South has ever been expressed by any one. If, as Washington asserts, the promptings of self-interest be more commanding motives on such occasions than even patriotism, what may we apprehend when, in defiance and contempt of all opposition and remonstrance from the South, the united North shall have spoken as one man, thrown its irresistible weight in favor of that sectional party, and invested it with the supreme power? There can be but one answer to this question. Sooner or later "the sacred ties which now link together" the North and the South must be sundered. How closely the inevitable effect will follow the cause may be a matter of speculation, but it can only be a question of time. When those shall govern the confederacy who pronounce Southern life utter "barbarism," and denounce as "the sum of all villainies" a practice on which that whole section sustains itself, the South must secede, if secession be practicable. It is practicable. It is capable of accomplishment with the utmost facility; and it is the extreme of folly in Northern men, who either from patriotism or self-interest are averse to it, to deem it a distant or improbable evil.

Where no complete and independent power of local government exists in the discontented sections, revolutions are fraught with extreme immediate danger to the actors, and demand much skill and capacity as well as courage in conducting the preparatory and initiatory steps. A small band of individuals are obliged to conspire, as it were with halters around their necks, in some secret place, without color of right in their first plottings or subsequent action. Their proceedings are, throughout, in plain violation of all law, and in opposition to all the existing constituted authorities. Men of any prudence will long endure great evils before involving themselves in the perils attendent on such enterprises. But the case is far different when, in a confederation like ours, the desire to secede animates an effective majority in a particular State. No secret conspiracy is there needed. Treason—if treason it may be called—needs no mask to conceal its features, or secret hiding place in which to perfect its designs. The traitors—if traitors they may be called—have a regularly and lawfully constituted government already in their hands, and subject to their direction. They have an executive, a Legislature, and a judiciary; they have an army, arsenals and arms; they have a complete corps of administrative officers, filling every department, in due subordination to their accustomed chief, the Governor. He, too, holds his office under State authority alone. The seal of the United Confederacy is not found upon his commission. He wears no badge of official subordination to any power. His official responsibility is only to the people of his own State in their court of impeachments. Internal order will exist pursuant to the legislative will, and external defence, pursuant to the executive command, may be arranged at the very instant a legislative act declares the secession. The few officials of the central or federative government to be found within the State must go with their fellow-citizens, or go instantly into a State prison. The federative voice, which an hour before was "the supreme law of the land," can no longer command within the State the means of issuing or serving a legal process. It is only known as a foreign and hostile power, which may probably send an assailing military force against the State, and which, in that event, is to be treated and resisted as any other public enemy. Until that foreign enemy shall assail her borders, peace, law and order reign in every portion of the State, precisely as if no change had occurred.

It would seem to have been a part of our divinely wise scheme of government, that no State should ever be treated unjustly by the central power. Indeed, I think such action impossible. When the terms of the federative compact are violated the State has but to secede, and the central government must recede from its course of oppression.

This is manifest. No State, with the facilities for protection thus designedly afforded by our system, will ever long submit to absolute injustice. No other States in the Union will ever consent to hold a reluctant State in subjection by the constant employment within its borders of a hostile military force. A Union held together by force is utterly repugnant to our conceptions of polity; it would violate a cardinal rule in that great unwritten code of political ethics from which our existing federation sprang. A people cannot rightfully be governed against their will. It never was intended that one portion of our country should be forcibly held within the Union by the armed power of the rest.—The "sacred links" of union referred to by Washington were not formed of vulcanian metal, nor were they designed to be held in their place by martial force. Mutual affection, cemented by mutual interest, is the only power that can keep us united.

I do not pretend that a State may remain in the Union and disobey its authority; nor do I imagine that a State can ever secede without just cause. In this respect I look upon our admirable federative government as a theocracy. In the right, it is invincible; to work injustice, it has no function; when wrong, it is absolutely powerless.

The South has sent forth its warning that it will treat Lincoln's election as conclusive evidence that there exists at the North a fixed and unalterable popular hostility to Southern interests; that it will not await the perpetration of an overt act. This is called a threat, and is treated with derision. Herein is a misconception of which I would disabuse the Northern mind.

I believe that the Republican party is composed of two classes. First, the ambitious leaders, who, without faith in their own doctrines, have counted upon attaining power through disturbing appeals to a misled public conscience. Secondly, the honest and conscientious opponents of negro slavery. The former have incited a moral war against our brethren of the South, intending that its flame shall be quenched the instant the incendiaries shall have attained power. They intend to deceive their honest followers, and no doubt would seek to enjoy their power and pelf in peace and security by a course of policy which, under the circumstances, might well be pronounced treacherous. I believe that within six months after his election, Lincoln would be more hated by every honest abolitionist than any other President ever was hated, or than any of his present competitors ever would be if elected. But the South does not entertain this opinion; the South would recognize, in a preference for Lincoln, that Northern sentiment is hostile to Southern interests, and determined sooner or later to sacrifice these interests to a remorseless and destructive propagandism.

In another aspect the restiveness of the South is unwisely treated as insignificant and inconsequential. It is said that our physical force is vastly greater than theirs; that our courage and resolution are equal to theirs, and that an armed collision would be brief—would be fatal to the South. For the sake of the argument I will admit all this; but what would be the result?—Who will depict it?

Would our Northern warriors, after bathing their swords in fraternal blood, turn them into implements of husbandry—settle in their newly acquired territory, and employ themselves in agriculture on cotton and rice plantations? Would they be willing, in their new condition, to support by poor rates 4,000,000 of their newly emancipated and invincibly indolent negro fellow citizens? If not, what else would they do with the desolated homes of the subjugated South?

I will not follow out the considerations connected with this fearful topic. The man who believes that an armed collision of this sort can ever arise between the military force of the Union and the seceding South does not understand the fundamental principles of our Union, and fails to appreciate the virtue of our people. The American citizen who would willingly witness its occurrence, even to prevent secession, is a traitor to those fundamental principles.

I have said that in its political aspect, and in its immediate practical bearings as it relates to governmental action, secession is a measure easily executed. Let us look for a moment to its ulterior results. If inveterate hostility to its social arrangements pervades the North, why should not the South secede? No very controlling reasons can be found in support of a negative conclusion to this question. Next, I think it plain that we can never make war upon the South to force that section back into the Union. Let us see what is the next chapter in the natural course of events.

As an independent republic, perfectly armed and equipped with all the formal and substantial elements of order and good government in full action, what shall prevent the United States of Southern America from being immediately admitted into the great family of civilized nations, and afforded every facility for a direct trade with Europe?

All monarchical Christendom would hail the birth of this new empire with delight, and would hasten to afford it every needful commercial privilege. The manufactures of Europe would be admitted into its ports without duties, or at low rates. The manufactures of hated New England and the hated North would, of course, be excluded. The financial and commercial intercourse now existing between New York and the transatlantic nations, in connection with Southern productions and Southern consumption, would be transferred to a direct correspondence between New Orleans and Charleston, and the very same foreign houses which now conduct the business. Thus a severance of the happy commercial and industrial interchanges now existing between the North and the South would promptly follow the severance of our political ties. The villages planted along our New England rivers, and now filled with operatives in the manufacture of cotton, would soon feel the effect of this sad change in our condition. The factories in which the villagers labor, and honestly secure the means of subsistence, would soon be deserted. New York, in the shrinkage of her real estate to one-half of its present value, would feel it. Ought we to provoke these consequences? I think not.

I am satisfied that if negro slavery be a sin no honest man can sanction or tolerate it. I am satisfied that if it be a sin, the republican party is right. We ought to concur with them and to extirpate it. We ought not to wait for the South to secede, if we cannot persuide them to abandon it. If negro slavery is the unmitigated crime the republican party represent it to be, we should purge our country of it, either by suppressing it or cutting off from our communion, even though it be our right hand, the member that adheres to it.

But I am satisfied that the question whether it be a sin or not has never been fairly considered by the people of the North, or even argued before them. They have never heard or deliberated upon any argument concerning it; and before finally deciding its character and proper destiny, they ought, in common prudence, to give this much censured practice a fair hearing.

On the whole, therefore, I am most anxious that the question of negro slavery should not be decided at this election—that a respite of four years should be allowed to our Northern people, during which the subject may be fairly discussed and deliberately determined.

If three years hence there should be found in office a single Senator who dare in his place assail the South, on moral grounds, as Mr. Sumner and many eminent and influential politicians are constantly assailing that section, I, as a Northern man, would assent to a peaceful dissolution. Distinct States, with conceptions of social morality so widely variant as those now existing between the republicans of the North and the people of the South, are unfit to associate under a common government, if the moral odium in which either holds the other is allowed any play or operation in political affairs.

This is all I ask of American conservatives at the North, who conscientiously believe in republican doctrines, or any portion of them—a brief term of deliberation before striking the irrevocable blow and bringing to its climax the irrepressible conflict. If after such deliberation the sentiment of the North should be unchanged, perceful separation by mutual assent would be the duty of both sections. Such a mode of separation would greatly mitigate the evils resulting from that event. Every man of common prudence, every lover of his species, should prefer a peaceful dissolution to a violent and revolutionary disruption.

If the Southern States should secede, no overt act of treason will be committed by any person during the official term of Mr. Buchanan. (Constitution United States, Art. 3, sec. 3, subd 1) Nor indeed will any crime whatever be committed in violation of the laws of the Union. Mr. Buchanan's administration will have no power to aid in suppressing "the wrath to come." The coming evil will be announced by sovereign legislative acts to take effect on the inauguration of Lincoln and not before. Mr. Buchanan can do nothing in the premises except to issue his proclamation summoning the new Congress to assemble on the 4th of March, 1861. This would enable Mr. Lincoln, after being elected by a section, and inducted into office as the President of a section, to demand immediately from Congress of that section war measures and war supplies for the purpose of reducing to obedience or subjection the revolted South, if indeed, as the foes of the South believe, coercive measures are adapted to such an exigency, or at all practicable.

I pray that the impending evil may be averted; my faith in Divine Providence gives me confidence that it will be averted. On the vote of New York depends the result.

I am, dear sir,
Yours truly,
CHARLES O'CONOR.

GEORGE W. LOYD, Esq., Corresponding Sec'y.

The Prince's Sailor Brother.

SCIENCE has pronounced the edict that the *second-born*, in human, as well as all other animals, is the best—superior, that is to say, to the successive members of the family, as well as to the first-born. Admiring Prince Albert as much as we are all doing, at present, we cannot but watch the second-born, Prince Alfred, with great (scientific) interest; and we see that the honors paid to this sailor-Prince express even more homage than we are paying to his elder brother. At Graham's Town, (where he lately arrived in the course of his ship's cruise,) his body-guard, while on shore, was composed of ladies!!! The Boston *Post* says: "Prince Alfred had as a body-guard *seventeen ladies*, well mounted, well equipped, and first-rate horsewomen, each wearing blue rosettes, with silver anchors, and the corps was named 'Prince Alfred's Own Body-Guards.' A retired cavalry man took the command, practised them in forming threes and wheeling into line, and found them a most willing and obedient escort. They escorted him to the quarters provided for him at the Lieutenant-Governor's private residence; there they were presented and received his most gracious acknowledgments. There was a grand rural *fete* given at Oatlands, and his Royal Highness requested the lady guard to escort him to the *fetes*, which they did in the most orderly and uniform style."—*Home Journal.*

A writer in the Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector describes a visit which he paid, last month, to a lady at Toledo, Ohio, who takes six live frogs as a remedy for consumption. She was recommended to do it by an Englishman, who said he was cured in that way. In six weeks this singular medicine has restored her from a state of great weakness to strength. The visitor saw the lady take a live frog from a jar, and swallow it whole, without chewing. Her daughter also did the same.

ONE thousand men are employed in the United States in the manufacture of sewing machine needles, and the profits on them amount to nearly $300,000 a year. Since the introduction of sewing machines, the sale of spool cotton has increased to the extent of more than a million and a half annually.

The Brave Boy.

A FAITHFUL STORY FOR THE BOYS.

I SHALL never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at the Academy in B. Among my schoolfellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to Jemson I looked up as a sort of leader in matters of opinion, as well as of sport. He was not at heart malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty, and he made himself feared by the habit of turning things into ridicule, and being ever on the lookout for matter of derision.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him amongst the boys. One morning, as we were on the way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was one not to be lost by Jemson. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots."

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the inclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of B. Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "keow," after the manner of some country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. (Good!)

"I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson one day, "your daddy means to make a milkman of you."

"Why not?" asked Hartley.

"Oh, nothing; only don't leave much water in the milk cans after you rinse them, that's all!"

The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied:

"Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure, and good milk, too."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of HEROISM. The last boy who received one, was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued a blind girl from drowning. The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story:

"Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was on his back, helpless.

"'Never mind, good woman,' said the scholar, 'I can drive your cow!'

"With blessings and thanks, the old woman accepted his offer. But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for a while.'

"'O, no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that, but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely.'

"The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right; caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not hide out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule; you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartley, and let us see your honest face!"

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood up on benches, and waved their handkerchiefs.—The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes, and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson, before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartley, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartley, "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods, before we break up for the vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example, and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Boys and girls, never despise another who may be more plainly clad than yourselves.—There is many a noble heart under a well-patched garment. Whenever you are tempted to look scornfully upon one in a poor or plain dress, think of Edward James Hartley, the brave boy, and his gold medal.

Race With a Bull.

SOME forty years ago, the members of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "free for anything with four legs and hair on."

A man in the neighborhood named Hays had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times on several moon-light nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horse-back—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judge's stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered by the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given, they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and if it had not been for Hays' horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring on the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses anyhow, and if they would put up one hundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave the tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS SPREEING IRISHMAN.—Sir Walter Scott once had an Irishman working for him, who was a great drunkard, and who often neglected the work that Sir Walter set him to do. One morning, while engaged in his library labor, word was brought him that his man had returned, after a two days' spree. Sir Walter dashed his pen down on his desk, and in great anger ordered the son of Erin to be sent to him immediately. Pat entered, like humbleness personified, and Sir Walter poured out the vials of his wrath: "You unthankful dog," said he, "here I have been putting up with with your misdoings, and forgiving you from time to time, but you are no sooner in my graces, than you take advantage of me. But this is the last time, sir; we must part!" "Well," said the gentleman from Ireland, "if we must part, I'm sorry, and I hope that no ill will happen ye; but I ask, where are you going to?" He had no other trial.

By a strange vicissitude, General Canas, who was shot for invading Costa Rica, suffered his execution at the foot of the very monument erected to his honor, in the plaza at Punta Arenas, for his services to his country.

A Picture of Garibaldi.

WE find in a Naples correspondence of continental journal the following sketch of Garibaldi:

"I have heard him speak; I have been near him; he is wonderful. He has a lion's nature. His voice is resolute and decided; his hand large and body thick-set. In his moments of anger he must be formidable. In repose his eye is placid and his smile pleasant. He is not a man of genius but an apostle. He walks in his faith, without weakness and without fear; he performs miracles. In the tempest he is the man to step from his boat and walk upon the water. He believes in his mission, as others believe in their star; and he goes straight forward, sure of his destiny, like all conquerors. The other evening, during the fight at Carmina, when the soldiers fired upon the people with guns and cannon, he was unmoved. He offered cigars to the National Guards that surrounded him, and said, "Let us smoke while we are waiting for them." But he feels danger, and whenever he sees it he cries '*Ci vido io!*'—thither I go. A singular trait of his character is its perfect simplicity. He is the only great man of my acquaintance who does not attitudinize. A little grandiloquent in his speeches—like all true believers—he is so in good faith, and not for the sake of grandiloquence. But in his private intercourse he is the most familiar man in the world. He receives all importunates with a martyr's patience; he does not keep them at a distance, nor speak to them like an oracle. He is simple and good. One trait among a thousand: I take the most common, because it is the most striking. At Messina, I believe, one of the fomer companions of Garibaldi came and threw himself upon his knees before him, asking, he said, an immense favor. It required great effort to make the man explain himself. At last, when he had exhausted his excuses, he said to the Dictator, 'I would like one of your buttons; I would wear it suspended from my neck as an amulet, and be sure I shall live forever.' Garibaldi tore off one of his buttons, and gave it to the man. As he has said himself, he is the child of the people, and he is adored by them. To the Lazzaroni he is a saint. God has sent him to save the country. Many call him Jesus Christ, and his officers apostles. Alas are asked in the name of Garibaldi; here everything is translated into religion."

New York Post-Office Defalcation.

THE Government seems to be in a fair way to lose the entire amount ($105,000) of the defalcation of the late Postmaster at the city of New York. After the flight of Mr. Fowler, the Government attached the property of George Law and Gustavus A. Conover, who were the sureties of Fowler in the sum of $75,000. The demand for payment was resisted by these gentlemen, however, on the ground that the bonds were void by reason of their not having been signed by Oliver Charlick, as was pledged by Mr. Fowler. To substantiate this fact, a commissioner was sent to Havana to obtain the testimony of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler's statement has been received, from which it appears that in requesting Mr. Conover to become his surety he mentioned the names of Messrs. Law and Charlick, and in requesting the name of Mr. Law he mentioned those of Messrs. Charlick and Conover. Owing to the absence of Mr. Charlick from the city, his signature was not affixed when the others signed, and the bond was forwarded to Washington with only the names of Fowler, Law, and Conover attached, opposite three seals, leaving a blank space opposite the fourth seal. This premature delivery was unauthorized by Messrs. Law and Conover, and it would appear that these gentlemen were kept in ignorance of the incompleteness of the bond until the fact was disclosed to them after the defalcation. Mr. Fowler says he did not think his sureties would ever be called upon, as he considered he had property enough to meet his obligations.—*Nat. Int.*

As new water-works are in process of construction in Paris, the best means of securing pure water is now under discussion there. These general principles are laid down: That rain-water is the best of all, it being distilled water fully charged with air; that next comes river-water, which is rain-water that has been kept in constant motion; that last comes spring-water, which is apt to be tainted with mineral substances, and also to have less than the proper amount of air. In aerating it there is danger of losing its limpidity and its coolness, both of which are of importance in Paris, where ice is comparatively dear. Filtration by general filters is pronounced impracticable, from the experiments made in London, where, after the expenditure of millions of pounds, it has been given up. It is decided that the best method of filtration is by private filters; and that, as filtration adds fifteen per cent. to the cost of water, it is not worth while to filter it for ordinary purposes.

There is a stream called the Whitbeck, in West Cumberland, England, so impregnated with arsenic, that all the villagers of Whitbeck are regularly arsenicised by the use of it. Few cattle live long in drinking its water, but the people there are stout, florid, and healthy.

A FLIRT is like a dipper attached to a hydrant every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.