THE DAILY APPEAL

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Tuesday Morning, Dec. 1, 1868.

THE PARAGUAYAN DIFFICULTY.

These diplomatists are such sad schemers that one hardly knows what conclusion to come to with regard to their sayings and doings. Now this Paraguay matter is a case in point. Ostensibly the Paraguayan Chief, Lopez, has been behaving badly toward Mr. Washburn, our Minister. The case, as we understand it, is: That the Portugese Minister and some others sought protection from violence upon the part of Lopez, by placing themselves under the protection of our Minister's flag—the Stars and Stripes; and that while they were so refuged, Lopez seized them, spite of Washburn's protests. This would seem an unwarrantable outrage and to call for quick retaliation upon the part of Uncle Sam. Now while we admire the chivalric pluck of Minister Webb and applaud his readiness to resent any and all insults that may be offered to the flag of the United States, we cannot forget that he is Secretary Seward's right hand man—the 'squire who carries his armor, and, if needs be, fights his battles for him. It might be that these shrewd ones have "fixed things" so as to get up a bit of a war breeze which should redound to the glory of Johnson's administration, and give something of an heroic tinge to Mr. Seward's diplomacy. Indeed it would be an immense affair if Seward, Johnson and Chevalier Webb, with Washburn to help them out with their plans, should manage to get up a war that would demand Grant's presence in South America and cause the General to undergo the chances of being killed off by an Amazonian bullet from one of Mrs. Lynch's petticoated troopers, or laid low by an equatorial sun stroke. We suppose, however, that these are mere "idle speculations" of ours; and that the American eagle has, indeed, been sorely and grievously insulted by the Paraguayan condor.

With a good pretext for war with Lopez, such an enterprise would be by no means without the promise of being a good investment. Minister Webb, even if he is not serving an intrigue of Seward's, is certainly politic in taking the part that he has assumed. He is our representative at the Imperial Court of Brazil. By taking the part which is assigned to him, he makes a close ally of the Brazillian Emperor, who is already very friendly to the United States, and whose Empire is to South America what the United States are to the northern part of the continent. Something of employment for our ironclads wouldn't be a very deplorable matter; and if it be true, as alleged, that Senor Lopez has dared to insult our Minister and our flag by a violent and unwarrantable infraction of the laws and usages of nations, the sooner Uncle Sam brings him to terms the better. Hurrah for "the next war!"

A NEW TROTTER.—A new light has appeared in the trotting world—a light that sheds additional lustre on the fame of Major Winfield as a stallion. Mountain Boy has a half brother, which, if all reports are true, is a marvel of speed. The horse is a bay, four years old, sired by Major Winfield, and out of a mare now twenty-three years old. The mare was a fast roadster in her young days, driven at Albany, New York, bred in Kentucky, but pedigree unknown. She has a bloodlike look, and all who have seen her pronounce her well bred. The four-year-old was bred by Mr. John J. Bogert, of Closter Station, Bergen county, New Jersey. He is a bay 15½ hands high, and a natural trotter. We are told that the first time he was ever speeded he made his mile in 3:10½. Reports are current that he has trotted wonderfully fast, and in the last few weeks the value of the horse has steadily increased, the price set on him being $10,000. On Wednesday, October 14th, he trotted a race of mile heats over the Secaucus Race Course, with Mr. Lozier's excellent young stallion, by Hambletonian. The day was rainy, and the track heavy, and yet, according to Captain Ryerson, of Peterson, he won the first heat in 2.33 and the second in 2.35. This time has been disputed, but we understand that Captain Ryerson vouches it correct. All agree, however, the Winfield colt is a remarkable four-year-old, and a bright future is predicted for him. Mr. Bogert, the breeder, informs us that the colt was raised a pet, and that a child can fondle him. He is a gentle driver, and jogs along with the quietness of an old horse. When two years old he was made a gelding, as it was not presumed he would show such a wonderful rate of speed.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

CONGRESS will meet one week from to-day—on the first Monday in December.

THE Fenian Congress is in session at Philadelphia.

"BROOK FARM."—The Boston correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives some crumbs from advanced sheets of "Passages from the American Note Book of Nathaniel Hawthorne," shortly to be published. We extract the following in relation to the author's experience at Brook Farm. It will be recollected by many that this was an association movement to organize a joint stock community in Massachusetts during the year 1841. It was an experiment to test the possibility of making such industrial, social and educational arrangements as would combine leisure for study with healthful and honest toil, equalize refinements, and apply the principles of fraternity to actual relations. Of his stay in that community, Hawthorne wrote the following quietly humorous description:

I have not taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own; and the number is increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk pail. * * * I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, but I pray heaven that Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindest cows in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling.

I like my brethren in affliction very well; and, could you see us sitting round our table at meal times, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight. Mrs. B. is a most comfortable woman to behold. She looks as if her ample person were stuffed full of tenderness, indeed, as if she were all one great, kind heart.

* * * I did not milk the cows last night, because Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such "righteous vehemence," as Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast, and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast, Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was a pitchfork; and he and Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure. This office being concluded, and I having purified myself, I sit down to finish this letter. * * * * * *

Miss Fuller's cow hooks the other cows, and has made herself the ruler of the herd, and behaves in a very tyrannical manner. * I shall make an excellent husbandman—I feel the original Adam reviving within me.

I have milked a cow!!! The herd has rebelled against the usurpations of Miss Fuller's heifer; and, whenever they are turned out of the barn, she is compelled to take refuge under our protection. So much did she impede my labors, by keeping close to me, that I found it necessary to give her two or three gentle pats with a shovel; but still she preferred to trust herself to my tender mercies rather than venture among the horns of the herd. She is not an amiable cow; but she has a very intelligent face, and seems to be of a reflective cast of character. I doubt not that she will soon perceive the expediency of being on good terms with the rest of the sisterhood.

THE RESULT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston correspondent of the Sacramento Union gives the following facts with relation to the late election in Massachusetts:

J. Q. Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, received somewhat over 60,000 votes—a loss of nearly 10,000 from his vote of last year. For the entertainment of any of your readers who may be specially interested in the political condition of this State, I give the latest figures, which are based upon the returns of 321 towns: Grant's majority, 75,344; Claflin's, 66,928. There are twelve towns to hear from, and their vote will make the majorities stand about 76,500 for Grant, and 68,000 for Claflin. The Legislature, as may be supposed, is overwhelmingly Republican. The House stands 223 Republican to 17 Democrats—most of the latter being elected from Boston. The Senate stands 38 Republican to 2 Democrats—the latter being Alonzo M. Giles and Benjamin Dean, both of Suffolk county. The Executive Councillors are all Republicans. Last year the Democrats had eight members of the Senate, and fifty-five of the House. The last sentence conveys concisely the result of our election. The Democracy, which, aided by the P. L. L. secret organization, last year made a quite formidable showing, this year, unaided, manifests its intrinsic weakness.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.—A correspondent of an Eastern paper, writing from Washington, November 11th, says:

The project for the Democratic Electors to cast their votes for General Grant is a maggot born of the fertile brain of certain seedy Democratic politicians in this city, who are wondering what in the dogs will become of them under an honest Administration. A party of them were discussing the matter at Willard's dinner table yesterday, and consoled themselves with the idea that if carried out it would secure for them a chance for office. "But what will become of us under the present administration?" queried one of them. "We've got to be cared for in the meantime, somehow." "Oh! the present Administration is a dead concern," replied the other, "and we had better leave it before it is too late."

THOUGHT IT A PART OF THE PROGRAMME. The Boston Traveler says an accident occurred some years since on a railroad not many miles from Boston, and the second class car rolled down am embankment. The railroad officials, as soon as possible, hastened after it, doubtless expecting to find the occupants dead or fatally wounded. After considerable difficulty they succeeded in opening a door, and discovered a native of the Emerald Isle leaning up against the casing. With unmistakable signs of agitation he addressed one of them as follows: "Can I come out now, sir?" evidently under the impression that the rolling over and over was part of the programme. He was speedily extricated, and ran away from the scene as though a Sheriff was in pursuit.

THE UNITED STATES DANGEROUS TO THE WORLD—THE FRANK AND OUTSPOKEN MR. ROEBUCK.

[From the S. F. Chronicle.]

"An honest man," says Pope—we think it is Pope—"is the noblest work of God." The Right Honorable Mr. Roebuck seems to be an honest man; at any rate he is a plain-spoken man. If he says a brutal or foolish thing he stands manfully up to it and refuses to explain it away. Mr. Roebuck sturdily refuses to go back on his record or to eat his own words. For this we honor Mr. Roebuck. He boldly and plainly says what he means, and he says it in plain and undiplomatic language. On the 19th of October he addressed an assemblage of workmen at Sheffield, and during the course of his address he was interrupted by a Mr. Wilmot, who wanted to ask the right honorable gentleman a question. Mr. Wilmot wanted to know whether Mr. Roebuck did not, during the American conflict, "use his utmost endeavors to bring about a war between England and the United States, in order to promote the slaveholders' rebellion." To this awkward question the distinguished M. P. promptly and frankly replied:

My belief is that the American people, by and by, will be so numerous that they will be all-powerful among mankind. I have ever found—I beg you to listen and think upon what I say—I have ever found that persons of despotic powers—that is, of uncontrolled power—do not use that power as they ought to do. My object was to prevent the United States from having that immense uncontrolled power, and I said: "Here is the opportunity: we can take it with perfect safety. No war would have followed. Here is an opportunity; acknowledge these States, just as America acknowledged Hungary when she was in rebellion against Austria; we have the saction of American example; acknowledge the existence of those States." The moment that acknowledgement had come, away would have gone the blockade of the shores of America. There would have been an end to the American civil war, very much, I believe, to the benefit of the separate States themselves; and, if that had been done, I believe, that mankind would have received an immense benefit.

There are some persons wedded to the amenities who think that Mr. Roebuck was guilty of a very grave breach of the amenities, and was in fact shockingly impolite in coarsely abusing the United States at a public dinner to which he had been invited to meet Reverdy Johnson, the American Minister to England. A number of the English journals have gone so far as to charge Mr. Roebuck with having behaved himself in the most vulgar and boorish manner on that occasion. We do not feel called upon to undertake the defense of the right honorable gentleman on this indictment found against him by his own countrymen, but we will venture to say that his "explanation" in reply to the question of Mr. Wilmot is eminently frank and straightforward. He thought that the unexampled prosperity of the United States, their immense resources and their vast and rapidly increasing population constituted a peril to Europe and to Great Britain. He thought that if this great republic of the West could be split into two hostile nations its power would be neutralized. He thought that our civil war afforded an opportunity of which the European Powers ought in common prudence avail themselves. The great republic was becoming too powerful, and as an Englishman he wanted to see it broken up into jarring and discordant fragments, affording an opening for European diplomacy, by its intrigues and machinations, to play off one section against the other. In this frank exposition of his views and policy, Mr. Roebuck simply expressed the thought of the governing classes of England. From a purely English standpoint his policy was a wise one. Thanks to Grant and the masses of the American people, who remained true to their patriotic instincts, it proved futile.

TRULY A PIONEER.—Not a few citizens of Carson who were former residents of Marysville, California, will read with interest the following notice of an old friend. It is from the Sacramento Record:

Yesterday we much pleased to meet Gideon R. Nightingill at present Marshal of the city of Marysville. Our visitor is a cotemporary with the earliest pioneers of the Pacific coast. In Oct. 1845 he arrived in Oregon city, Oregon; soon after his arrival he set up the type and pulled the first impression of the Oregon Spectator, the first American newspaper issued upon the Pacific coast which was owned by George Abernethy, the first American Governor of Oregon. George Abernethy had shipped by the vessel Toulon, from New York, a Hoe's press, type, six kegs of ink and other material necessary for the publication of a newspaper. The same vessel brought the news that General Jackson was dead, and that the "54° 40' or fight" boundary question between the American and English government had been settled. If our friend "Gid" is not a pioneer we are slightly mistaken.

A BIG THING.—The Leavenworth, Kansas, Bulletin terms this a "big thing":

Governor Crawford appointing himself Colonel of the Nineteenth Cavalry Regiment, and then sending in his resignation as Governor of the State to the Secretary of State. Sam is a modest man—as well as brave.

ANDY WHITFORD is a candid. te for Clerk of the Assembly. We believe he is thoroughly qualified for the position.

STILL SHAKING.—Three shocks of earthquake were felt in San Francisco, on Sunday.

PARDON.—The Reese River Reveille of the 24th, says that application for pardon is about to be made to the Board of Pardons, at Carson City, in the case of Wm. M. Watkins, who killed John R. Huntsman, at Austin, in 1865, and who is now incarcerated in the State Prison under a sentence of twenty years for the crime. The application for pardon is made by J. S. Pitzer, his counsel. The Reveille says of this case:

The penalty of twenty years imprisonment was deemed slight indeed for so enormous an offense. Watkins has not served three years of the twenty, and an application is to be made for his pardon. This leads one to think if revenge is sweet to a civilized man, its gratification is cheap in this State. Where the punishment of crime is absolutely certain, it may be restrained in a degree; where it is not, law becomes a costly farce, which a sensible people should thrust from them. This appears to be shocking business. If the prisoner felt compunction for the savage blow which put out the life of his brother man; if he felt that his penalty was slight, and was willing to endure its last hour; it would go far to mitigate his atrocious crime.