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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
[WRITTEN FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.]
LINES
On the death of a little girl, written by request of the
mother.

One bright-eyed one has left us now;
One smiling bird has flown;
And dark and sad the lonely hours,
Once gladdened by her tone.
Just as the birds were playing wings
To seek a warmer sky,
There came a sickness in her cheek,
And shadows o'er her eye.
Her gentle life was with the flowers,
Whose with'ring beauty drew
The spot where she, once broken rose,
Was sadly laid to rest.
She was a sweet and winning child,
Too sweet, indeed, to stay;
No gentle, yet so glad to hear,
Through all the sunny day.
And when the silver stars came out
To gem the tranquil sky,
And the still life of whispering willows
Blent with the west-wind's sigh;
She, too, would sing her evening song,
The song she loved the best.
Then lightly with her loving smile
To childhood's happy rest.
The changed, alas!—The vacant seat,
The clothes she used to wear,
The books she loved, and these are left;
But Emma is not here.
Yet do we deem our child has faded
A better place to rest;
A place, where sunshine, ever bright,
Bathes her undimmed rest.
So let us hope; and there shall be
One sweet, comforting thought,
To cheer us in the heavy grief
Death to our hearts has brought.

H. E. M.
[For The Oxford Democrat.]
THE KEEPSAKE.
"It will speak of me, when I am gone,"
Said a fathering voice and a trembling tone,
That voice had been to my childhood dear,
And I heard its tones with starting fear.
Years—long years, had sped on in their flight,
Leaving their shadows on what had been bright,
Since I had out from this humble cot,
Whose inmates were had been ever forgot.
The wet where I rested to my dear,
For childhood had given a gambol here;
And a thousand memories hooted back
To travel again Time's dusky track.
The same old picture hung on the wall
And above me swung the same light ball—
The kitten came out, with its frolic wild,
And the same red-robin, in the window smiled.
For a moment, each object I met,
Made me believe, that a child, I was yet;
But the trembling tones of that voice, once more
Dissipated the dream, and the dream was o'er.
On a little card, by a trembling hand,
Some letters were wrought with a silver strand;
They traced the name, and they told the birth,
Of one, who was harkening fast from earth.
And the feeble hand which trembled here
The bordered edge of new fair paper—
Had measured these lines with tender care,
And traced the name recorded there.
That simple card and that simple name—
How many an anguish thought "will come"
When the orphaned child shall once again
Each letter read the departed dear.
Another there is to whom "will bring"
The faded memories of life's young spring—
Memories embalmed by the same kind hand
That writes this name with life's clinging band.
But within my bosom I shall bear
Those precious mementoes that's pleased there;
These shall thy loving keepsake be,
And when thou'rt gone they'll speak of thee.
For the broken flower we weave the sigh,
But should not weep when the aged die;
Yet I gaze on thee, thou aged one,
And I weep to see thee going home.

[Selected.]
"Before my Hair was Gray,"
BY PARK BENJAMIN.
You bid me sing, oh lady bright,
A song of olden years;
There was an hour my heart was light,
My eyes unmoored to tears.
My voice had then no broken string,
And all its notes were gay—
That was the time that I could sing,
Before my hair was gray.
My plumes then were ladies' eyes,
Their smiles my mightiest aid;
But now my sun my plumes rise,
And I am in the shade.
Then lovely lips sang songs for me,
And softly made me stay;
There was no lack of melody
Before my hair was gray.
But now there are, to glad my ear,
No gentle ditties sung;
Where'er I go, 'tis very clear
I am no longer young.
Then ask me not a song to sing,
Sweet girl, 'tis not my way—
'Tis winter now, though all was spring
Before my hair was gray.
The very birds, when falls the snow,
Rejoice the woods no more—
You only hear the branches howl,
Their music round your door.
And so amidst the frosts of age
Bright thoughts no longer stray—
I was more merry, though less sage,
Before my hair was gray.

There are some wrinkles on my brow,
Some furrows in my face,
And I must look through glasses now,
The plainest words to trace:
And in my voice a certain shake—
Not such as artists play,
Not one such tone as I could make
Before my hair was gray.
Then, lady, bid me not to sing,
But sing a bygone strain—
A touching, soft, pathetic thing,
That tells of lovers' pain!
And then, perhaps, forgetting all
The sad past in to-day,
I may the tender times recall
Before my hair was gray.

SELECTED TALES.
From the Traveller.
WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

A TALE OVER-TRUE.

MR. WARREN left his counting-room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Catching him by the collar, he said, "What a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance."

"Why, Harry, is it you?"
"Pon my word, Charley, where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Morton; "I want to see the wife and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty, once, though; she was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has been a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time at his own door, Mr. Warren, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small, but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was, indeed, to meet him, but if the truth must be told, he would quite as soon it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier, could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children house and table in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking chair, Charley; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking chair, have you? Step—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket handkerchief and wiped off, not a little, but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he, "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks—will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid of all work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he, in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

"Secured to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it."

"Got 'yer real steaks, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked in the same gentle tone.

"I 'spose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty, I wish you could get up a dish of ham and eggs if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while, I guess, then, the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; here, I'll get it while you cut the ham; now do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you when you are a mind to. "Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I 'spose," said Betty, sulkily, adding in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear—"where she always is."

He did hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber. The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side an open bowl of water with wet cloths in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"
"Ill! what a question to ask. I told you half a dozen times this morning, I had one of my head-aches; that's all you mind about me."

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, I would pass off. Shall not you feel able to come down to dinner?"
"No, I sure I never shall want anything to

eat again; it seems as if these head-aches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I am sure, I can't look after them when I am sick. If Betty can't do that, she had better not try to do anything."

"I wish you could make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us, Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak—He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."

"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you know I was sick; I don't believe I could hold my head up if I was to try, and closing her eyes she pressed both hands on her temples."

Mr. Warren said no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings he would have said—what a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife; my servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something in the matter continually, if it is not one thing is another, and I am weary of it."

He found his friend still in the arm chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table; fun danced in his eyes and twined at the corners of his mouth, and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist it, and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap-book which brought to remembrance an old scrape they had together—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.

"By George, Charley," said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, "it does one good to hear your old horse-laugh again." An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to-day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up by way of remembrance."

Much to his delight, the bell rang. He was saved the trial of bearing the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which of them look like the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then as if obliged to add by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad head-aches."

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pleasure at home. Work for them he would like a dog, from morning to night; but when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better! no! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I might as well never come home."

The air of the sick-room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was easier said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. "Now go to sleep, boys," said he, "your mother is sick and I must not hear a word from you."

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said Henry.

"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still; remember that, will you?"

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper. He went to the dining room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold; his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things; indeed he hardly expected any thing different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit.

He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine, it was—the clock was on the point of striking ten—when he re-entered it. Camphor and ammonia were strong as ever, and the head-ache, too, to all appearance.

"Can I do any thing for you, Juliette?"

"Do any thing? I might die for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way, and tired as I was, I never got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made; but, being sick so much, was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette, but a man can't do more than he can do," Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When at length they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet or refreshing.

Several years passed and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that the most suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her, vanished; she spoke at all times in a distressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her—she made no exertion which she could avoid, she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now Betty was no house-keeper; she could do hard-work, but not hard-work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good deal. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but was not quite equal to filling up flour-barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of troubles, if he did she only cried, and said, "she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could when her health was so poor."

She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain. He therefore formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick head-aches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was quite late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way I guess for a while."

With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor ammonia, (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice water. Teatime came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper and went to bed. Eight—nine—ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty.

"Betty, where can Mr. Warren be? Here it is ten o'clock and he has not come yet."

"I declare, Mrs. Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twasn't yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter

in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, Betty, says he, if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell Mrs. Warren, says he, she'll worry. Them's the very words he said. Now I'll bet, that's where he has gone, and we may as well lock up and go to bed; he won't be here to-night."

More in anger than in sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. W. had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her head-aches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over her supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple. No sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard; she then gave him up, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," at length fell asleep.

It seemed as if she had just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the grey light of morning, "Mrs. Warren," said she, "do for gracious see what this means. Here was the market boy 'a' thumpin' me up a full hour before time, and he opened his basket and run like shot, and I opened it and what should I see right on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren. Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Warren, trembling with impatience, broke the seal and read as follows:—

"DEAREST JULIETTE.—Don't be frightened now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened or is going to happen that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can."

My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy, and offered me a fair price. "But what shall I do?" said I. "Go to California," says he; "there is a splendid chance for you—a ship sails next week." He said so much that I took up with his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your home-leave for two years in advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over, which I enclose to you. It will answer for the present. You can by-and-by let your house and go home to your mother if you think it best. I have not time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this I shall be far on my way, if we are prospered.

I love you, Juliette, and my children, and it is for your sakes mainly, that I have taken this step. You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship Emily. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. Keep up a good heart, now; depend upon it I shall come home a rich man; gold is plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. I have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her if she will do what you while I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours, affectionately,

HENRY WARREN.

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then again she would soften down into grief, like that of the children, who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely, with coaxing and soothing, she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm—Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some little corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had become rich as Croesus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune; he was just the man for it; that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had any thing to eat, it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way I guess for a while."

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"Betty, where can Mr. Warren be? Here it is ten o'clock and he has not come yet."

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rows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What should she do? Where should she go? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind began to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought, in wild confusion. She would go home to her mother. She would not go home to her mother; the children would kill the old folks. But she must go home to her mother. No, she wouldn't go home to her mother; a poor deserted wife, with four children on her hands; the shame of it would kill her; she would beg first. But, what could she do. Here passed before her an empty purse. What could she do? "I'll keep school. O! I should die, shut up in a hot room with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders! What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while. I hate house-keeping, I cannot bear care! Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down, and herself too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and I must get it for them." Ah! now, those tears fell for them; the first tears that had fallen for any one but self. They softened her paroling heart, and refreshed it as a summer rain the thirsty earth.

"I will not go home," said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I believe that I can, and I will support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with boarders. I will get a living, and I will eat about it before my last dollar is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.

Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character, when Harry Warren wooed her. The seeds of her future misery, however, had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If any thing ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was nursed, and babyed, and tended, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that every thing must yield to her poor feelings; so that when after her marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood, must come forth to Juliette Warren. That kind heart and strong arm which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no other but herself to depend upon.

"I will take boarders." This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were next day, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren sat down and awaited his return. The young man accepted the offer and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks, at least, for preparation; she knew she must get used to effort; but here it was; she must take the boarders at their time or lose them. She decided to take them.

Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. "Would she consent to remain," anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, "and work so much harder?" Then she had had her own way so long, "would she bear a mistress?" If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew every thing they had and where it was kept. Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance. She would have to go to Betty to ask about every thing. Indeed she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand or foot without Betty. Yet if she should go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was, her boarders were engaged. More than any thing else she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must blame her too much because woman-like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But trying did not help it any; and time passed. So she wound up her resolution once more and called Betty.

"Marm!" said she.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."

"I am busy now, I'll come by and by."

"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."

The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered, surprised Betty into instant obedience.

"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.

Mrs. Warren's heart sank. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar this morning."

"The land! Well, I've been expecting it this some time. I s'pose now you'll go home to your mother."

"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.

The group of statuary ordered by Congress of the sculptor Greenough, emblematic of the early settlement of our country, is nearly ready for shipment. The artist will receive \$20,000.

Subscribers to The Democrat in South P

Particular Notice.
 All persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or account, are requested to settle on or prior to the first day of January next. The course of closing up his affairs as speedily as possible, and two months time is amply sufficient for who have not the means to pay immediately previous there. All demands that are not paid before that time, will be subjected to suit.
 GEO. W. MILLETT.
 Paris Oct. 22, 1839. 17.

Book Notices.

own, L. L. D. Sanborn & Carter, Po
nd, Publishers. This work comes well
mended by good judges, and though d
good for Grammar Schools, may be us
th profit as an intermediate book, betwe
own's Third and Fourth Reader, by teac
s who wish to introduce a greater vari
reading into their schools.

The Child's First Book in Arithmetic,
 elson M. Holbrook; Portland: Sanborn
 arter, Publishers. This is a valuable tre
 se for children, and should be in general u

ONE OF THE BOYS.

CANADIAN COMMERCE.—The commercial interests of the Canadian Provinces with the United States, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, by means of the River St. Lawrence, &c., has considerably increased during the past year, notwithstanding the Canadians are denied the use of foreign vessels in the trade. The number of vessels cleared from Quebec, since January 1st, 1850, for various ports on Lakes Champlain, Erie, and Michigan, is forty-six. Burthen, 5,287 tons. In 1849, thirty vessels cleared of 3,400 tons.

The number of vessels which arrived from sea at the port of Quebec (when those bound for Montreal are also reported) during the year 1850, was 1,473. Their tonnage was 434,291, and 23,582 passengers came out in them. During the previous year, there arrived at the same port, 1,664 vessels, of 431,053 tons, bringing 38,494 passengers.

An Ohio paper states that a Miss Porter in that State, has married a man by the name of Bottle.—The editor says it is not only a good match, but it proves that there are more ways than one to bottle porter.

The public debt of the United States on the 30th of November, was \$64, 228,238.

g, having made the entire passage in

Sardinia in the well known Siccardi at-
tress and Giovanni. — An important p-
news is given out in high circles. It is
and that negotiations for a marriage

...nding his left hand. His hair and beard
were also much burned. The weapon
wounded with great force, and in 'flying
cked off his hat! In reply to an inquiry
n a bystander, he exclaimed that he
very much powder in his pocket,' where

ich had been closely packed in paper—
ded with a loud report, just as he
m beneath the turbid water! He was
ared by the explosion, but his pants w
arly blown off, and his pocket book, c
ning \$2 in copper, blown to the bottom

excursion and went home.

Steamship Georgia arrived at her

a conversation with one of the jurors on the ground that one of the parties to the matter then in issue. The Je-

Newport correspondent of the Boston Herald last summer considered her the belle of the assembled beauty at that fashionable resort.

The President has nominated James S. of Georgia as Governor of New Mexico, N. Smith as Secretary.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Long, the fugitive, Matthias, who has

land News.

served hovering about the Island, the wind

house work, and rising in the morning to milk two cows; that she then dressed herself and walked with him a mile, to visit one of her grandchildren, returning in time to milk

INDIANAPOLIS.—The Legislature met on Monday (Dec. 30) and elected Democratic officers. The Governor delivered his message in person on Tuesday. The House agreed to go into the election of a United States Senator on the 8th of January, but the Senate laid

Watkins (whig) was elected chief clerk; W. Houston, (anti-Benton) Secretary; R. B. Jackson, (anti-Benton) door-keeper; W. B. McCrackin, anti-Benton assistant clerk.

is advertised for sale in the papers of that city.

the force of conscience on a magistrate. The
city says that a few years ago it bought

A DEMONSTRATION IN PATRIOTISM.—Capt.

ALBANY, Jan. 7.
Mr. Raymond, of the N. Y. Courier, elected Speaker of the House.

NEW YORK Jan. 3.—The case of the fugitive Long was again postponed till to-morrow.

Some philosopher observes that the two fa-

not.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR!"

BY CHARLES F. SHIRAS.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife,
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still to be contented,
And cheerfully my labor.

You must know the last of those little tales
I paid this night? on "We'll both go forth,
And shake hands with the world to-morrow!"
Oh, the doctor is a shame-faced dog
With the creditor's name on his collar!

While I am a king, and you are a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day,
With his wife and daughter, and a maid,
While we sat down to our coverlet bed,
To a crust and a cup of water.

I saw that the next-door neighbor in your eyes,
Though you tried your best to conceal it,
I knew that the next-door neighbor in your eyes,
And you could not help but feel it!

But knowing now that our next-door neighbor
Has freed his neck from the collar,
You'll join my laugh and help me shout
That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose shoes have dazzled your eyes,
Is, in fact, a wretched fellow.
I pity him, for my own heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.

Why the man is the worst slave alive,
For his darling wife and daughter
Will live in style though ruin should come;
But he goes like a lamb to the slaughter—
That terrible debt's collar!

Oh, would he could be given to me, with all
That he owed as much a dollar!

My own dear wife, for you feel the force
Of the truth I've been repeating,
I know that a debt's collar is a curse,
In that gentle breast was beating?

To-morrow, I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor;
But ere we sleep, let me humbly pray
For our wretched next-door neighbor.

And will you pay for the time when all shall be free
From the weight of the debt's collar?
When the poorest will lift his voice and say
"Now I owe no man a dollar!"

Albany City, Pa.

The Bachelor's Confessions.

Yet could I suffer Clara to depart! Im-
possible! I would that very day make my
declaration.

But the day passed, and though I was often
alone with her, every time I opened my lips
my heart beat so wildly that I could not sum-
mon the requisite courage.

Dinner over, a walk was proposed. I suf-
fered Clara my arm, and we wandered forth
into the meadows to enjoy the beauty of an au-
tumn evening. The "watching hour" of even-
ing has always a peculiar effect upon me; and
now, with the lovely Clara leaning on my arm
averting her melancholy face, and scarcely
breaking the silence except to sigh, I felt
ashamed of my irresolution, and resolved to
propose.

It was easier to resolve than to execute—
My heart fluttered so I was afraid to
speak; accumulated nervousness made me
powerless. We wandered on. The last tint
from the declining sun had faded away from
the distant sky—the harvest moon was rising
full and brilliant—and Cal Grant suggested
the propriety of our return home, before the
world had risen to its lips.

"They are going home," said Clara, tim-
idly.

"I could ramble thus all night," I ventured
to reply.

There was a pause.

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," she
said.

"So do I," was my answer; then feeling
it was a very feeble sort of a reply I added—
"and this is the last evening we are to have
you. We will miss you terribly!"

She said nothing.

We walked on a few yards, and I said—
"Are you not sorry to leave England?"

"No; I am an orphan. I have few friends
and no one to regret me."

"Do not—oh! do not say that, Miss Law-
rence!" I impetuously exclaimed, and then,
blushing, I stepped suddenly.

I felt her arm tremble within mine, and
heard a low sigh escape her. I trembled also.
I expected her to speak—to say something
which should encourage me to proceed—but
she was silent; and we reached home before
the world had passed my lips. Upgrading
myself for my timidity, I determined that at
ten I would declare myself; I would whisper
it to her at the piano.

The Fates had willed it otherwise. Clara
was not present at tea. She was not well,
and had retired to her room. Next morning
she was gone!

The state of despondency into which I fell at
her absence was truly pitiable. Mrs. Grant
was excessively kind in her manner towards
me, and I also thought the Colonel changed.
But I was too unhappy to pay much attention
to these things. I was perfectly miserable
and neglected my duties.

"What makes you so melancholy?" asked
Mrs. Grant one afternoon.

"Am I melancholy?" I replied, with an
affection of joviality. "I suppose it's because
I'm pining."

"More likely because you are proud!"
"Proud!"
"Proud!"
"What can you mean?"
"I mean, Mr. Meek, that you have tampered
with the feelings of an excellent girl—that
you have lost an excellent prize, and you know
it—lost it out of pride! Do not pretend
amusement, you know you won Clara's affec-
tion, yet allowed her to depart without a word
from you. And why? because she is poor."

"Indeed, Mrs. Grant, you mistake me. I
have not trifled with her feelings. I love her;
indeed I do upon my honor! It was only
doubts of her love."

Mrs. Grant shook her head incredulously.
Mrs. Grant, I give you my word, as a gen-
tleman, it is so."

"You are willing to marry her?"

"To-morrow."

"Then lose no time! Quick! to London
quick! Lady Dashwood must still be in Lon-
don. Go and plead your own cause, and my
word for it you will make Clara the happiest
of women."

That very night I was in London.

After a careful build I went to Portman
Square, where lived Lady Dashwood; but as
I came up to the door I began to hesitate—
surely it was not proper to call at this hour!
I would call to-morrow forenoon.

On the morrow I was in Portman Square
by eleven o'clock. The sight of some gen-
tlemen looking out of the parlor window made
me so nervous, that instead of knocking at the
door I walked past. About an hour after-
wards I returned, when to my disgust I found
a footman lounging at the open door. What
can those insolent fellows do, always loung-
ing on the door steps! I could not face that
fellow, so walked away again.

I determined to write. The whole of the
next day was consumed in writing, and in
tearing up what I wrote. Skilled as I am
with my pen, I could not on that occasion
please myself; so I resolved to see Clara my-
self, and open my heart to her in the burning
evidence of words.

I called next day. The house was shut up.
A bill was in the window. Lady Dashwood
had gone abroad!

I came home and sobbed like a child.
To this day I am a bachelor.

Business Emporium.

THE Subscriber would respectfully tender their
thanks to their customers, and the public gen-
erally, for their liberal patronage the past year,
and feeling confident that they have given entire sat-
isfaction to those who have dealt with them, (as it is
their intention so to do) and knowing that they
have the facilities for purchasing goods at the low-
est possible rates, and being disposed to sell them
at prices that will suit all, give perfect satisfac-
tion to all who may favor them with a call, would
solicit their attention to the large stock of

CLOTHS & CLOTHING
just received from Boston and other sources, suit-
able for Fall and Winter wear. In the clothing de-
partment we have: SATINS, BLACK AND FIGURED,
FANCY SILKS, LAINES, CLOTHS, & C.

Also a great variety of goods in every
department, such as: SATINS, BLACK AND FIGURED,
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Lufkin & Thayer,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Earthen, China and Glass Ware.

No. 1 & 5 Montreal Block, Middle St.,
PORTLAND.

WE are constantly receiving from the manufac-
turers in England, the new styles of
Earthen, China and Glass Ware.

and shall be able to furnish our customers with as
large patterns as can be had in New York or Boston,
and at as low prices. Persons commencing House
Keeping, opening Boarding Houses, or furnishing
Hotels, are respectfully invited to call on us before
making their purchases, as we can furnish them with
nearly every article pertaining to their business—
consequently saving to them their time and the
trouble of examining different Stores to make
their purchases. Our assortment is now nearly
complete having made large additions this Spring
to our Stock.

—OUR STOCK OF—
Sole Lemons, Grapes, Planchet Tea Stew
Dishes, Oyster Stewers, Dish Covers, Plated
Corks, Tea and Coffee Sets,
Tea and Coffee Spoons, Cutlery,
Entire Lemons, Vases, Tea
Trays, Pocket, Side
and Hanging
Lamps.

And all kinds of House Keeping Articles,
are one of the best in the State, and we are prepared
to offer inducements to the purchaser as good if not
better than can be offered in larger cities.

We have just received a very desirable lot of new
Paper Hangings and Window Curtains,
which we offer at low prices.

To the Trade we wish to say that we intend to
sell at low prices as they purchase for cash here,
and respectfully invite them to give us a call before
their departure.

March 26, 1850.

CLOCKS & WATCHES.
SPECTACLES.
new and second hand, of every number, concave,
convex, and colored glasses, gold, silver and steel
mounted.

JEWELLERY.
Cutlery, Silver and Britannia Ware, Base Metal and
Violin strings.

COFFIN PLATES.
furnished and engraved to order.

As the subscriber has employed a first-rate work-
man to assist him, they are prepared to receive
orders of every description, and repair them at
short notice, in the best manner and at a fair price.
Gilding, engraving, etc., done to order. If a watch is
in need of repair, or if a watch is wanted, the price
will be as low as possible, and the work warranted
to be as good as new.

Simon Walton, Jr.,
No. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Simon Walton, Jr.,
No. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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