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Poetry.

Now.

Alas! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard fought field,
Of storming the giant fortress,
Of holding the glory yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor; (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget!
No chains so unworthy to hold you,
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a sadder strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your country marching to battle!
Rise! rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.

Miscellaneous.

From Dickens' Household Words.

THE ROMANCE OF MAKING WILLS.

Some years ago I had occasion to go to a doctor. Common to look at the will of a dead man. The hand that signed it was in the grave long before—dust, perhaps; but the record of the will, which animates that hand, was there among those dusty folios, engrossed in an almost un decipherable hand, which tells how all the real property in the country has been disposed of over and over again. I had no difficulty in finding it, for I had a note of the precise day the deceased died; it is unnecessary to say anything about the contents of the will, however, for they have no relation to what I am writing. It is only the date which I have any business with. The will was dated the day before the man died. I of course had often heard of men making their wills when they were just at death's door, without any particular thought being excited; but this time I was surprised, as single acts very often do surprise us when we have passed by a host of similar ones unnoticed. I knew the man who had made that will. He was a shrewd, prudent, sharp lawyer, who had risen from nothing to be a man of immense wealth. If he was distinguished for any qualities in particular, it was for punctuality and promptitude. None of the clerks of his office were five minutes too late, that being with him an offence not to be forgiven. No one ever knew him to be behind at an appointment, or to let business go undone. His bookkeeper, who managed his household for many years, only kept her place by being exact to time; yet this man had not made his will till a few hours before his death, and, therefore, the possession of his property formed the subject of a very flourishing lawsuit.

When I went out of that dark, dismal entrance of dead men's wills, I went on thinking of all the similar cases of procrastination which I knew or had heard of—and they were not few—for this is a piece of experience of one who was a law clerk before he was quarreled with red tape. What a curious catalogue they were! There was an old lady, a toothless dwarf, who had a reprobate and dissipated son, and a pretty, gentle niece, who lived with her. We used to manage all her affairs, and it was pretty well known in the office that the nice girl with the long curls, was to be the old lady's heir. Our clerk, a whiskered, and perfumed dandy, who had no mean opinion of himself, built, I could see, a certain speculation on that basis. The old lady never came without Eliza; and when a visit was expected, Mr. Catchpole brushed his hair into the most killing curls, and changed his out-of-the-shell coat for the smart one he wore out of doors, and beautified himself as far as that was practicable. Well, a messenger came one day that the old lady was very ill—very ill—with an urge—request that some one should go at once and make her will. Off went our Adonis as fast as promise of something liberal over the regular fee could urge the cabman. When he arrived, the old lady was alive—just alive enough to tell him that all her property was to be left to Eliza. She told him that, in the hissing whisper which supplied the place of her cracked voice; but when she came to the word, "all," so full was the poor creature of love for the niece, or, perhaps, of determination—let us hope to have, against her son—that she half rose up in her bed and clenched her hand and shrieked out that word again.

It must have been a terrible sight—that of life struggling with death for a will! It was a short matter to write that will and Catchpole's pen flew over the paper, and the old eyes that were glazing so fast stared anxiously at the white, and the thin fingers anxiously held the pen she had asked for beforehand, ready to sign the paper. In a few minutes all was ready, but what a difference that few moments made! The clerk had risen from his seat and approached the couch, when the surgeon, who stood on the other side, said, with that coolness which medical practice brings, "It is too late," and it was too late. The dead fingers clenched the pen so unusually tight that they had to be unclenched from it. The sun was heir of all, and Eliza a beggar! Death had translated that screaming-out "all" into none. The sequel is soon told.

The property was wasted by the reprobate son, and has long since passed into other hands, and Eliza, instead of possessing some thousands a year, and being wooed by Catchpole, is a faded daily governess.

Every lawyer's office has plenty of such stories as this. One I remember of a miser who had ruined more than one family, and in his last moments wished to make such reparation as bequeathed gold could compass. Poor wretch, when the will was brought, Catchpole had seized him; and he lay there a living corpse—dead in all but mind. He could not move his hand! his tongue refused its office; only his eyes were free to move, and of those eyes I have been told a terrible tale. He was, as misers often are, a man of strong mind and iron nerve. Passive as he was in every part, the eyes told all that was passing within. You could have seen in them intelligence when the will was read to him, the powerful volition brought to bear and persevered in, when the written word which was required to make it a testament was required; the terror and horror which came over him when he found the right hand, which had so often aided him for evil, would not help him for good; the despair which burst the unseen bonds around him, and with a convulsive motion, let out the last life. It must have been a spectacle of horror, when punishment came in shape of a prohibition of the one act of mercy which might have made some amends for a lifetime of wrong.

Then there was another legend of a man whose daughter had married against his will. He lived somewhere in a retired country-house, far off from any town. This man was subject to a disease of the heart, and one night, feeling the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he aroused his household and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not be expected back for at least two hours, and long before that, the spasmodic attack had come on; but still, in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before, was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest term, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institution. It was complete, even to the signature. Only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will—it was not in proper form not attested. In the eye of the law, it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birth-right entitled her to.

Will's generally afford a frightful temptation to the worst parts of our nature. I really believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong, are blended with the subject of wills, than with the whole patch of law parchment extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly placed, and more than one should be cognizant of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can record one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed defeating itself.

Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school days, were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family with comparatively small means; while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been extensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst purposes, and the uncle at length became weary and disgusted with the young man's depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know will make good use of it.

Edmonds read and implied, but was eventually compelled to take the will and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant enmity, Mr. Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequests, leaving the nephew the bulk of his property, and Edmonds ten thousand pounds. This will, Edmonds read, and showed at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and as it afterwards appeared, such was his baseness, that to secure in addition to the rest the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burnt the document, knowing that if his uncle died intestate he himself was heir at law. On this villainous announcement, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession, during a fit of delirium tremens killed himself.

A Cincinnati paper tells an amusing story by way of illustrating the effects produced at one of Jullien's concerts there by the performance of his "Sleigh-ride Polka." A young gentleman of rather an affectionate turn of mind was there, it seems, with his sweetheart. He had been excessively crowded, he was obliged to put his arm on the back part of the seat—consequently, almost around the lady. During the excitement of the "Sleigh-ride Polka," he unconsciously squeezed his fair partner a little. The lady was, of course, much shocked, and demanded the reason of such unwarrantable rudeness. The gentleman made a thousand apologies saying he must certainly be insane, or else he had been carried away by the truthfulness of Jullien's music, and merely put his arm in that position to prevent her falling out of the "sleigh."

The Burning Ship—An Incident at Sea.

BY FRED TRYALL.

In the year 1845, I was at Liverpool without a ship; neither was I in any hurry to obtain one. With plenty of money in my pockets and a great number of acquaintances, I managed to pass away time rather agreeably without thinking of the morrow. One afternoon I strolled down towards the dock to see what was going on, and with the least idea of shipping for I had not squandered all my money, and of course did not feel like going to sea just then.

I stood leaning against one of the piles, watching the confusion attendant upon the departure of the New York and Liverpool packets. Freight was piled upon her decks, emigrants, baggage strewn around in admirable disorder. I was awakened from my reverie by a stout, well-dressed man, asking in a quick, sharp tone.

"Well, my man, do you want a ship?"
"No, sir, not to-day," I replied.
"How long have you been to sea?"
"Five years, sir."
"What made you leave your ship, and who was master of her?" he asked, in a quick, off-hand manner.

"She was sold—Captain Johnson commanded her," said I, answering both of his questions at once, without using any superfluous words.
My reply seemed to please him, for he gave me a quick glance, and then said:
"I am in want of a second mate for the *Sturdy*, the packet ship before you. Would you like the berth?"

I was almost bewildered at the sudden prospect before me. Not twenty years old, and the idea of getting a second mate's billet on board a fine liner was great luck.
"I am afraid I am hardly qualified, sir," I replied at length.

"I will risk it. If you are willing and quick we shall get along. When can you come on board—we sail to-morrow forenoon."
"No, sir, I have a few dollars left," I answered.

"Then come with me to the American Consul's and sign the articles," and without more words he strode along, I following as close as possible.
In a few minutes I had signed my name and found myself enrolled as second mate on board the *Sturdy*.

"Now, Mr. Tryall," said Capt. Hardy—for such was his name—I expect you will be on board this afternoon, before sundown."
I shall be on board before that time, sir," I answered as I took my leave.

Punctual to my word, I had my clothes on board in an hour's time, and commenced my duties. I am not going to enter on a long digression to show what these duties were; but one thing I will say, the man who goes as second mate does not have much time to devote to idle purposes.

The next day we hauled out, took a steam tug, and before sundown we were forty miles from Liverpool, dashing down the Irish channel with studding sails set on the starboard side, and four hundred sick steerage passengers.

The Captain was called a Tartar, yet I thought him a pretty easy sort of man. If I made an occasional blunder, he was always ready to overlook it without any cross words. In fact I got along with him much better than the chief mate, who, for one or two reasons, did not stand very high in his good graces.

We had been out five days. Fortune favored us with fresh winds and plenty of time, until on the evening of the fifth day, the weather moderated, and by eight P. M. the wind had died away to a three knot breeze. It was my first watch, from eight to twelve. I peered the deck, thinking of home, and listening to the loud laugh of the cabin passengers as they walked the quarter deck, smoking cigars and spinning long yarns, until towards four bells, one of my droppies off to their berths, and I was left alone.

I leaned over the rail and watched the stars and cloudless heavens, and then glancing along the horizon I was startled by beholding a bright light about two points off our starboard bow. I waited a few minutes longer, but instead of decreasing it grew larger.

"Light off the starboard bow, sir," shouted the lookout, suddenly waking out of a short nap.
"I see it," replied I, and then stepped into the cabin to give the Captain a call.

"The old man" turned out, hurried on his clothes, and in a few minutes was scrutinizing the light through his night glass.

"What do you think it is, sir?" I asked, after he had had a good look.

"The Captain did not answer for a few moments, but appeared to be meditating. At last he replied.
"If we were in the track of whalers I should think it was one of them—'trying out,' but as this is no place for whales, I am afraid it is a vessel on fire."

I thought with horror what our situation would be in case of fire, with so many passengers on board.
"Brace the yards, and then luff about two points," the captain continued, "we'll see what we can make of her."

By the time the yards were braced, a number of the passengers had assembled on deck conversing in low tones. In half an hour's time we had drawn near enough to make out that it was a ship on fire not more than two miles distant. In vain we whistled for a breeze to take us to the relief of the stranger—the wind grew fainter and fainter, until at last we scarcely moved through the water.

"This will never do," said the captain, after taking another look at the fire. "We shall not reach the vessel for an hour or two at this rate. Clear away the quarter boat."

Mr. Tryall, jump in, and take five good men with you, and see what you can do towards saving the lives and property of the crew."

I needed no second command, and in a short time was dancing over the water, propelled by the stout arms of five good sailors. The men did not need any encouragement to exert themselves, they knew that the lives of human beings must be in danger, and that is always a sufficient excuse for a sailor to strain every nerve to afford all the assistance in his power.

As we neared the burning ship, I could see that the fire was mainly confined to the masts and rigging, the hull not being much injured as yet. In a quarter of an hour's time after leaving the *Sturdy*, we were within ten yards of her, when the men lay on their oars, and I hailed, not daring to go alongside for fear of the masts falling and crushing the boat.

There was no reply to my hail, and I began to think the ship deserted, when I heard a faint voice, begging our assistance. We pulled under the ship's stern, and an old grey-headed man put his head out of the cabin window.

"Jump in the boat, old man," I shouted; "you have no time to lose."

"I cannot come without my daughter," he answered. "There is nobody on board excepting her and myself."

"Then lower her into the boat and get in yourself," I replied.

"Alas, sir, I have not the strength, and my daughter is insensible."

There was a moment's hesitating. To venture on board a vessel half consumed by fire was not a very trifling affair, especially when there might be a few kegs of powder in the run. It was not time to deliberate, however. Some one must go and risk his own life to save the father and mother.

"Throw a rope to us from the taffrail, so we can get on board," I shouted, for it was with difficulty I could be hoisted.

The old man disappeared, and in spite of the great heat, forced his way aft and threw the rope. One or two of the men appeared anxious to have the glory of rescuing the strangers, but grasping the rope, I rapidly worked my way to the cabin windows and entered.

The cabin was already full of smoke, still not so dense but that a person could breathe. My first care was to find the lady. Seeing a state room door near me partly open, I entered and saw the lady lying on the floor in a sensible! Without wasting a moment's time I grasped her in my arms, and bore her to the cabin windows.

"Stand ready, men to take the lady," I shouted. Every man jumped on his feet, and with outspread arms stood ready to catch her. Watching my opportunity, as the ship settled down from the effects of a heavy swell, I let go my hold, and she safely fell into the arms of the men.

My next care was to find the father, who I had not seen since I had been on board. Already had the fire made great headway, and as I attempted to reach the deck I found myself driven back by the intense heat. There was no help for it, so I sorrowfully prepared to retire to the boat. As the men began to grow impatient, swinging myself down by the rope, I safely landed, and found the lady had partly recovered from the swoon.

"Where is the father, sir?" asked one of the men.

"I don't know, I have seen nothing of him."

"My father is not my father safe!" asked the lady, starting up, and gazing wildly at the burning ship.

"I hope he is, but he has not been seen for some time," I replied.

"Oh! do not for heaven's sake go until my father is safe—he is rich, and he will reward you for saving his life."

At this instant a form appeared on the taffrail, with a single hair and clothes burned nearly to a cinder. He cast a look of despair at those in the boat, and appeared undecided what to do.

"Jump!" we shouted with startling energy; "jump! it is your only chance."

He paused a moment, then raising his hands high above his head, leaped boldly from the rail. There was a hissing sound as his body struck the water, and in another moment he rose within a few feet of the boat, and was safely drawn in and placed beside his daughter.

"Now, men, give way and let's get on board as soon as possible," and as I spoke the masts came crashing over the side, sending the sparks high in the air, and illuminating the ocean for miles in extent. I cast a hasty glance around and saw the old *Sturdy* within a quarter of a mile, heading directly for us.

The men bent to their oars with hearty good will and in ten minutes' time we were alongside, and had the boat hoisted up, while our doctor paid every attention to the wants of the lady and her father.

"Did you find nobody else on board?" asked Capt. Hardy.

"No, sir, the boats and crew appeared to have left before we got there."

"I can hardly think that there are people in this world so cowardly as to leave a woman on board a burning ship," muttered the captain. "Load one or two of those guns and fire them, so that if they are in this vicinity, they can stand some chance of getting on board."

By this time the fire began to grow fainter and fainter as the flames reached the water mark, and after one or two efforts to brighten up, all grew dark. We discharged three or four guns and sent up half a dozen rockets, and then waited until daybreak, but could see nothing of the boat, and for a long time nothing was heard of the crew, but at last information came that they had been picked up and carried to France, and from thence they all arrived home in safety.

In a few days the old gentleman and his daughter were well enough to come on deck, and I was one of the happiest second mates to be found in the world, when I came to look at the beautiful young girl I had been the means of saving. Dark eyes, fair skin, white teeth, and such a smile; and when she came up to me, and put her little soft white hand in my huge hard paw, and thanked me with tears in her eyes, I thought I should like the privilege of taking her in my arms again. I have never been able to this day to recollect what I said to her in reply. I supposed she saw that I was confused, and so ceased to bother me with her thanks.

We then found out how they came to be left. The forecastle of the ship had taken fire, and when the captain saw no means of saving the vessel, he had ordered the two boats to be lowered, but while Mr. Whitley (such was the old gentleman's name) had gone into the cabin for his daughter and a few articles, the crew pushed off, not thinking about those on board. He had left Liverpool two days before the *Sturdy* bound for New York. Mr. Whitley was returning to America, after having made the tour of Europe for the benefit of his daughter's health, which was now quite restored, but the old gentleman vowed it would be the last time he would set foot on salt water if he arrived safely on board.

When we got safely to New York, Mr. Whitley gave each of the boat's crew a hundred dollars; to me he did not offer anything but his thanks, and I considered myself amply repaid by them but when the *Sturdy* was ready for sea, I found that I was promoted to the rank of chief mate, and one quarter of her bounty and paid for in my name. Three voyages after that I took command, and then—well, the fact of it is, Miss Whitley has been my wife for four years and I have never regretted rescuing her from the burning ship.

Romance of real life.

Mr. C—, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house, the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknown and almost unknown by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him; and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit to this clergyman, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter, employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl and thus accosted her:

"My girl would you like to be married?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl.

"I asked you, young woman, if you wished to be married, because if you would, I will marry you."

"Lord, sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones; "but, however, I am serious, and I will leave you until ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it. I will then call again, and if I have your father's consent, we will be married the following day."

He kept his appointment; and meeting with the father, thus accosted him:

"Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife; and I have come this morning to ask your consent."

"This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger—Pray, sir, who are you, and what are you?"

"Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask these questions. My name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighborhood."

They were married. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and had two children. Mr. J. employed his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his origin. At length, on taking a journey of pleasure with her on coming to a magnificent country seat, "This, my dear," said he, "is B—House, the seat of the Earl of —, and we will go in and ask leave to look at it. It will probably amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. His heir, a nephew, whom debts had driven into retirement, had not been heard from for several years. This missing nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, who is the present Earl of E.

[English paper.]

A Sensible "Woman's Rights" Woman.

The following is an extract from a letter from a person travelling in the wild portions of Delaware, and Sullivan Counties, New York:

As I was a trudging along one afternoon, in the town of Fremont, one of the border towns of Sullivan county, I was overtaken by what I at first supposed was a young man, with a rifle on his shoulder, and being well pleased with the idea of having company through the woods, I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon," said my new acquaintance, but in a tone of voice that sounded, to me, rather peculiar. My suspicions were at once aroused, and to satisfy myself, I made some inquiries in regard to the young lady whom I had thus encountered. She said she had been out ever since daylight: had followed a buck nearly all day, got one shot and wounded him, but as there was little snow, she could not get him, and was going to try him the next day, hoping that she should get another shot at him, and she was quite sure that she should kill him.

Although I cannot give a very good idea of her appearance, I will try to describe her dress. The only article of female apparel visible was a close fitting hood upon her head such as is often worn by deer hunters. Next, an India rubber hunting coat; her

neither limbs were encased in a snug, tight fitting pair of corduroy pants and a pair of Indian moccasins upon her feet. She had a good looking rifle upon her shoulder, and a brace of double-barrelled pistols in the side pockets of her coat, while a formidable hunting knife hung suspended by her side. She smiled and said she was as good a shot as was in the woods, and to convince me, she took out her hunting knife and cut a ring four inches in diameter in a tree, with a spot in the centre. Then stepping back thirty yards, and drawing up one of her pistols, put both balls inside the ring. She then at thirty-five rods from the tree, put a ball from her rifle in the very centre. We slowly came to her father's house, and I gladly accepted an invitation to stop there over night. The maiden hunter, instead of sitting down to rest, as most hunters do, when they go home, remarked that she had better chances to do. So she went; fed, watered, and stabled a pair of young horses, a yoke of oxen and three cows. She then went to the saw-mill and brought a slab that I shouldn't like to carry, and with an axe and saw, soon worked it into stove wood.

Her next business was to change her dress and get tea, which she did in a manner which would have been creditable to a more sensible cook. After tea she finished up the usual house work, and then commenced playing her needle in a very lady-like manner. I ascertained that her mother was quite feeble, and her father confined to the house with the rheumatism. The whole family were intelligent, well educated, and communicative. They had moved from Scholastic county into the woods, about three years before, and the father was taken lame the first winter after their arrival, and had not been able to do anything since. Lacy Ann, as her mother called her, had taken charge of, ploughed, planted, and harvested the farm, learned to chop wood, drive team and do all the necessary work. Game being plenty, she had learned to use her father's rifle, and spent some of her leisure time in hunting. She had not killed a deer yet, but expressed her determination to kill one, at least, before New Year's. She boasted of having killed any quantity of small game. After chatting some time, she brought a violin from a closet and played fifteen or twenty tunes, and also sang a few songs, accompanying herself on the violin, in a style that showed she was far from destitute of musical skill. After spending a pleasant evening, we retired. The next morning she was up at four o'clock, and before sunrise had the breakfast out of the way, and all her work out of doors and in the house done, and when I left, a few minutes after sunrise, she had on her hunting suit, and was loading her rifle for another chase.

Turkish Women.

The care with which the Ottomans have always kept their wives and daughters apart, still prevails in Constantinople. To ask a Turkish gentleman after his wife or his daughter, is to give him mortal offence. If he alludes to them he calls them "the home," or "the house." He will tell you that the house is well. Also when he announces to his friends the birth of a daughter, he says, "a veiled one," or a "stranger has been given to me." He is taught by the Koran to honor his wife, and to believe that she will be, equally with himself, a participator in Heavenly felicity. The teaching effectually displaces the vulgar error that declares the Mohammedans to believe women have no souls. Polygamy is allowed to this day in Turkey, but it is so surrounded with social and religious difficulties that it is rarely practiced. The Koran allows a Mussulman to marry four legitimate wives, but tells him expressly that it is meritorious to marry only one.

In Constantinople the alems, the great bodies of government officials, the naval and military officers, the tradesmen and the workmen, have generally one wife. In the provinces one wife is more universally the rule. And now, all the great officers of State make a merit of wedding one wife only, to show a good example to their countrymen. Nor is the wife a slave entirely. In her own apartment she is supreme mistress. She may receive her female friends, and her male relations; she may go out in the day time (veiled and attended); and her husband consults her on all his affairs. She is not the painted doll we have read of. She is thoroughly domestic, and is effectually protected by the State from cruel treatment. The Mussulman is bound by law to maintain her according to his rank; if he fails in this she may claim a divorce. When he marries her he gives a present to her relatives, instead of expecting a dowry as with us. She has the care of the household, and if she be poor, she employs her leisure in spinning. She has the exclusive right, by law, to bring up her children—the girls until they are married, the boys until they enter one of the public schools. If the Ottomans have one tender chord in their breast, it is that which is always awakened within them at the sound of the maternal name. Women may even perform the functions of the Imam, recite prayers, and under extraordinary circumstances they may be invested with political powers. Yet undoubtedly the Turkish woman is not yet free. The law allows her to see her distant relatives only once in each year, if the husband objects to more frequent visiting; her near relatives are also subject to legal interference.

Some of the citizens of Louisville designed to testify their feelings towards Mr. Wolfe, for his abuse of them in the trial by prescription, with a pewter mug with inscriptions denoting it to be the gift of "bloodhounds of Louisville," the terms in which Mr. Wolfe spoke of them.

How to be a Man. When Carlyle was asked by a young person to point out what course reading he thought best to make him a man, replied in his characteristic manner. The letter is too long—we note only the concluding paragraph:

"In conclusion, I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes to all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatever thing in your actual situation, then and how, you find either expressly or tacitly, laid down to your charge—that is your post—stand to it like a tree soldier. Silently devour the many chaffs of it, as all situations have many, and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is in not required of you. A man perfects himself by growing more than by reading. There are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in the present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing wider things, if such lie before them."

NAPIER AND HIS SHIPS. The world will soon be made acquainted, for the first time in its long history, with the description of a fight between steam vessels. Seventeen of these, most finished in construction, most formidable in equipments, some of them understood to be as novel in their deadly attributes, as the ship themselves, are placed under the command of Admiral Napier, and probably have by this time begun the unparalleled struggle. There is an imposing uncertainty about this sort of strife, thus without a precedent, which causes even Americans so many thousands miles away, to hold their breath in expectation.

A dim obscurity hangs over the commander's armament, and his reputed mischief-dealing missiles of novel and terrible invention. None of them have yet earned a great and definite reputation, in any conflict, like that of Trafalgar, St. Vincent, or the Nile. All is to be tested, and reputation is lost or won.

The Sixth Commandment. A capital point was made by one of the counsel for the prosecution at the trial of Matt Ward, in answer to Tom Marshall's allusion to Matt Ward's travels and his visit to Mount Sinai, where God delivered the law to Moses. The counsel wondered if the prisoner, when amidst the sublimities of Sinai, where he indulged in a profusion of sacred sentiments, had ever read in the Decalogue, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Formerly in a town in this neighborhood, a certain deacon was choir-leader. One Sabbath, the hymn given out by the minister, commenced with the following line—

"With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord!"

The deacon pitched the tune, and led off; but broke it off before finishing the line. He tried the second, and a third time with the same result—when a wag on the ground floor rose in his pew, and turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed: "Try some other air, doctor!"

A CLEVER PLANT—RATHER. (Scene—The entrance of the Royal Hotel. On the rising of the curtain, two gentlemen are discovered, discussing their post-prandial repast. The waiter is seen hovering about enigmatically, as usual.) First Gent. (breaking silence). "Come from London, sir?" Second Gent. (of small mean but of great imagination, audibly). "Yes, sir, I've been sent down specially by the Times to report on the hotel charges of this part of England. (Aside). That's rather an intensive one." (Exit waiter.) N. B.—Bill in the morning—decidedly moderate! (Diogenes.)

THE CZAR'S IDEA OF AN ANGEL. Nicholas has called his brother-in-law, the King of Prussia, "an Angel of Peace." An angel—after the Russian view—has of course, two wings; one of infantry and the other of artillery.

Is the King of Japan a colored gentleman? Distinctly; who has not seen his escutcheon in the store-window and his title:—War-ranted Japan black-king

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE. There is a family in Boston, consisting of seven males and three females, whose aggregate weight is one ton! The lightest weighs 168 pounds, and the heaviest 245 pounds. We think this instance is hard to beat, and would challenge our Vermont contemporaries (large people grow up among the Green mountains, we hear,) to produce its equal.

A SOLEMN SOCIAL DUTY. Ex-Governor Helm, one of Ward's counsel, in his plea for the defense, avowed his belief that he (Ward) was discharging "a solemn social duty when he shot Mr. Butler."

The New York Prayune has a laughable caricature of Judge Edmonds. The Judge having gone out of his library for a few minutes, is astonished on his return to find the table sitting up on its hind legs, reading the New York Tribune.

ASHES FOR THE PLUM. A list derived from your pages, (says a correspondent of an agricultural paper) saved me last season a large crop of plums, the first we have had of any amount for some years. This was the sprinkling of dry ashes on the young fruit as recommended by one of your correspondents, to prevent the ravages of the curculion. Every morning or

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE EXISTING AGITATION. The authors and advocates of the Nebraska scheme cannot be permitted to shirk the responsibility of the present agitation upon the shoulders of the opponents of that measure. The former are also responsible to the country for a wanton breach of its converted repose, and on their shoulders alone must rest whatever of responsibility attaches to that act. Had the early warning of the Washington Union, not to re-open the slavery controversy in the manner it has since been done, (with the approval, nay with the zealous co-operation of that sheet,) been heeded by Congress, the present excitement at the Capital and in the country would never have been witnessed. It is no defence of their conduct to say that the abolitionists oppose the scheme. That fact does not change the character of the movement, any more than it makes those democrats who are in favor of adhering to the settlement of 1850, abolitionists. The abolitionists would unquestionably oppose an attempt to repeal all the repealable measures embodied in the Compromise of 1850, excepting the fugitive law, as everybody else should; yet, if such a proposition should be broached in the present Congress, those democrats who should resist it in connection with the abolitionists, might be denounced as consorting with abolitionists, with as much propriety as they are now denounced, from high quarters, for being thrown into that sort of company by so faith of their own. Nor would the circumstances in the case supposed, make the proposition right; any more than the fact that the abolitionists are opposed to violating the public faith, as proposed by the Nebraska bill, makes that measure wrong, right.

Should the originators and abettors of this Nebraska scheme succeed in carrying it through, and the natural consequences of such an act of injustice and folly flow from it, those who have seen to the wind must not complain if they reap the whirlwind. [Age.]

LIBERTY SPEAKING IN VIRGINIA. The Wheeling Times has recently had some searching and able expositions of the influence of slavery upon the Old Dominion. We make the following explicit extract:—

We are in favor of taking the earliest possible means of getting rid of Slavery in the State of Virginia, with justice to the master, safety to the State, and comfort and convenience to the laboring population now in it. We desire it because it has retarded the progress of the people since it became a State, impoverishing its inhabitants, reducing its population, and staying the development of the vast natural resources that abound in the State, to a greater extent than in any other State in the Union. Had it not been for slavery, Norfolk would now be what New York and Philadelphia are. Norfolk has the best harbor in the Union; and the natural soil that extends from the coast to the Blue Ridge is among the best in the country. Had that institution not existed there, or if it should be removed, how long would it be before Norfolk would be among the first cities, and the worn out lands in that region of country, that are now owned in five hundred and one thousand acres, and hardly support a family at that, would be divided into fifty-acre tracts each of which would be tilled by the hands of the happy and intelligent Republican, not only to yield a support, but competence and riches to a large and happy family—happy in their industry and intelligence!

No one dare deny that such would be the result. Is it not right, then, that we should express such opinions? We are parties interested as well as they; for what benefits or injuries one part of the State, benefits or injures the other part."

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA. The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says:—

There is reason to suppose that the President will send to Congress, after a week or two a message about our relations with Spain proposing hostile measures. The tone of the President's Black Warrior message of the 14th March, has been constantly maintained in the Union, and, therefore, it is believed that the Union represents the President's views and purposes when it promises to urge the immediate blockade of the Cuban ports, upon the refusal of the Spanish to afford reparation for the alleged "piratical outrage" on the Black Warrior. That message of the 14th March proposed that provisional powers be given to the President. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs declined noting this proposition, or the message itself in any way. The President will next make his proposition it is thought definite and specific."

ABUSE OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE TO BE REFORMED. A despatch from Washington states that in consequence of the recent abuse of the franking privilege the Postmaster General has issued instructions to all officers in the Department, Special Agents, &c., to strictly enforce the provisions of the act of Congress in the matter. No person can frank letters not written by himself or at his order, under a penalty of \$10; and any person receiving a letter under frank, not entitled to receive letters free, is obliged to give notice at the office where received, that postage may be charged. The Postmaster-General intends to strictly enforce the law.

DIRECTIONS. Some of the 7 by 9 southern prints are denouncing Senator Houston of Texas as a "traitor," because he voted against the Nebraska bill; and we believe one of them has gone the length to stigmatize him as an "abolitionist." The "Hero of San Jacinto" a "traitor" to his country! Old Sam an "abolitionist!" He has more "patriotism" in his little finger than a score of his revilers have in their entire bodies. He may, however, be justly obnoxious to the charge of being an "abolitionist," according to the latest classification, which is singularly comprehensive. [Age.]

The horticultural society of Toulouse has presented to the French Empress a bouquet which has two and a half feet in diameter, three feet high, and contained no less than 10,000 violets and 300 carnations. It was composed of a dome of violets, surrounded by a circle of carnations, garlands of these last running down the dome, on which was to be seen the initials of the Empress in orange flowers. A blue ribbon, also having the cypher of Eugenie, tied the stem of the bouquet.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, Mo. MAY 28, 1854.

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NOAH PRINCE.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

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Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion. Communications should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat, Paris, Mo."

Book and Job Printing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Democratic Mass State CONVENTION!

DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATIVE CAUCUS. At a meeting of the Democratic members of the Legislature held at Augusta, on the evening of April 1, A. D. 1854, having been organized by the choice of Hon. Job Prince of Portland, President, and Calvin H. Whitney of Newburgh, and George S. Pitcher of Northport, as Secretaries.

On motion of the Hon. H. P. Torrey of Randolph, Messrs. Torrey of Kennebec, and Ruggles of Penobscot of the Senate, and Newman of Tremont, were appointed a committee to report Resolves for the consideration of the meeting.

Mr. Torrey from said committee, subsequently reported the following Resolves: Resolved, That in view of the great importance of united and energetic action in our next State election, we hereby request the Democratic State Committee, chosen at the convention which nominated Hon. Anson P. Morrill for Governor in Augusta last to call a Mass State Convention of our political friends at an early day, at some convenient and central place, to nominate a candidate for Governor to be supported at the next gubernatorial election, and to transact such other business as shall tend to perfect our organization and enable us to act with efficiency and success at the polls.

The above resolve was discussed and unanimously adopted.

JOB PRINCE, President.
C. H. WHITNEY, Secretary.
G. S. PITCHER, Secretary.

Agreeably to the foregoing request, a Mass State Convention will be held at the City Hall in Portland on Wednesday the 7th day of June, A. D. 1854, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purposes indicated in the above resolutions. A general attendance is requested.

AGREEMENTS TO BE MADE FOR A REDUCTION OF FARE ON THE RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT LINES FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF PERSONS ATTENDING SAID CONVENTION.

Arrangements will be made for a reduction of fare on the railroad and steamboat lines for the accommodation of persons attending said Convention.

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right, or the Constitution; and that as men are intelligent beings they must be appealed to as such, to secure their approbation to political measures.

These were the principles and axioms of the Republican Fathers. But, although principles are said to be permanent, perpetual and abiding; such as those above named; many of them are already repudiated; and were Jefferson and Jackson, now on the stage of action, with their honest, quiet, unobtrusive, political philosophy, they would not be owned by most of those who now assume to lead the National Democratic party; but they would be called Abolitionists, disunionists, Bologs, Niggers and the like.

But to come nearer home—the locality of Oxford County—where Democrats grow as spontaneously and sturdily as her maples and her oaks. Two years ago we had a strong, united democracy—a band of noble, men battling for freedom and the right, marching shoulder to shoulder under the great principles of the party. Up to that time it had been a rule to "abide by and adhere to" caucus calls and caucus nominations. The Convention which met at Paris, that year repudiated both. It first violated the stipulations of its own call in the reception of Delegates, and then repudiated the binding force of regular nominations. This was a total subversion of our County Democracy.

This was not all. This same new fangled Democracy got up a new organ in the County, in opposition to the regular Democratic party. This organ was called Democratic—superlatively Democratic. It employed a writer for an editor and had an editor that was not a writer. It commenced on the principle that Mass Conventions were the foundation of Democracy; and that Repeal of a Liquor law was the beginning of wisdom. It was very free in the use of outlandish names and epithets, such as Bologs, Nigger, Ramrod. It labored to sustain the County candidates nominated at the above Convention and run up Chandler at the head of its columns on the platform of the Portland Mass Convention.

Nor was this all. The candidates which this new organ supported for Senators, were elected. They were said to be the regular Democratic nominees, and such was the reverence of the people for regular nominations, that without regard to principle, usage, prospect, or warning, they were elected. Well, what did these flaming regular Democratic senators do after they were elected—after having received the support of this new regular Democratic organ? They simply went to Augusta and voted for and elected a Whig Governor. That was the Democracy of the new organ and its associates, while it was a yearling; and if such was its democracy while it was so very young, what should we expect different when it arrived at age!

But what was worst of all in the history of this transaction, was the idea that this Journal—the Oxford Democrat—under the illusion that these senators were regular Democratic nominees should have been the only and sole means of their election. Had this Journal, for a moment, it was of the Whig coalition in view, and the probable treachery of those senators and that of the special organ of their support, came out boldly against them, they would have been triumphantly defeated and consigned to the political oblivion which they so richly deserved.

But this event was only consummated one year to be more prominently overthrown the next. As soon as another opportunity was given, the true democracy of the County arrayed their forces and at the polls like true Republicans gave one of these senators and the successor of the other, the sweet enjoyment of staying at home. This consequently saved the Democratic County of Oxford, the disgrace of being twice misrepresented by men elected as Democrats, but who voted as Whigs. Whether the Oxford Democrat contributed to this result or not, it is matter of congratulation that the people—the true source of power—have taken the matter into their own hands; and have resolved that treachery shall be rewarded according to its deserts; that some progress shall be made in the politics of the County, and State; and that at least the general principles of democracy shall prevail. We are satisfied from the last year's experience, that true Democratic principles are becoming more and better understood by the masses of the people; and that they are fully resolved, in the use of the ballot, to be more controlled by an enlightened conscience, and a regard for right and justice, than by the demagogues' whip—personal abuse, and unprovoked falsehood and detraction.

That we have been personally abused, without stint, was expected. If the gentleman whom we succeeded could not escape without being reviled, falsely charged and slanderously accused by the disappointed political tricksters who have assumed to dictate, control and menace the people, we could not expect to share a milder fate. It is one of the consequences of the caucus system (which if not abandoned, will eventually in its entire overthrow) that it has created a class of political expectants, who, without any responsibility any way, are lying in wait, for office, office, office, according to programme. They are as a class, as a general thing, have no honest employment by which to earn a living; and therefore take themselves to politics; and become the bitter, unsparring, reckless and unprincipled demagogues of the times. To oppose such a class is to insure their abuse; and not to get it would lead any honest man to distrust, whether he were right. He would be led to exclaim with Jefferson on a certain occasion, "What evil thing have I done that my enemies should praise me!"

The prospect of the Democracy in this County was never better. Its numbers are rapidly increasing from day to day. Its principles are becoming better understood. The masses are rallying to its support. The principle of freedom is now as always the cry—"Freedom of personal rights—Freedom to be temperate—Freedom from the thrall of irresponsible political leaders—Freedom in the use of the ballot. Having engaged in this cause one year, having business enough without such an engagement and finding the cause in a prosperous condition, it would be our pleasure to retire; and leave the field to other hands. Be this as it may, we congratulate the true Democracy of Old Oxford on the prospect ahead; and feel personally grateful for the hearty co-operation, its members have yielded; and the interest they have manifested in the Oxford Democrat, under

the management of its present worthy publisher.

We say to all Democrats, whether in this County, or in the State—principle—Democratic principle should be the aim. We say more devotion to principle—less devotion to party and caucus. Will you not agree with us? We are governed too much—too much by it is govern, govern, govern. When Douglas with his confederates commence a new agitation on the Slavery question, at an expense to the people of the Nation, of a half a million of dollars, are we not governed too much! When seven Senators delay the organization of the State Government at an expense to the people of 25,000 dollars—clearly in violation of the Constitution, are we not governed too much! When men attempt to violate the old Democratic principle that the majority shall rule and substitute the plurality system, are we not governed too much! You, Democrats, must correct this abuse of power. You must elevate to station, if you wish to do it, those who are not dieting for office; and not those who have nothing to do but to fit themselves to govern, govern, govern.

We say stick to Democracy. Abide by what is true and right. Adhere to the Regular Democratic organization when it rejects disorganizers and aristocratic Platforms; and not before. What fast organization may now do, it is impossible to predict; but certain it is that wisdom ought to guide its councils so that by another year, every democrat could find shelter in its embrace. That it will be so this year, considering what it was last, cannot be expected. One thing is certain, however, every democrat will find at the Mass Convention on the 7th, a pure Democratic Platform on which he can safely rest.

Democrats, to your Post.

At the head of our columns stand the calls for State and Congressional Conventions, issued by the appropriate Committees. The friends of true Democracy—of rule by the majority; and the conservators of the rights of the masses, in opposition to Central dictation—a violation of pledged faith—to Liberalism and its kindred associations; and to faction and extravagant waste of the public treasure, must buckle on their armor and rally as one man. The people are honest, intelligent and just. They desire an economical, just and fair administration of the government. They neither need or desire nor will they obey any organization, of whatever name, which shall assume to control them, and which is only responsible to the few interested aspirants, who cry "finality," today, and open "agitation" to-morrow; and who incorporate into their platforms, the monstrous doctrine unknown to Democracy, that if a man will not vote for a regular nominee, though he may be a drunkard, a traitor, a double dealer or a gambler, he is "no Democrat."

Rally then, Democrats, to your Conventions and build up a Democracy of Jeffersonian truth and integrity which will act for and in behalf of the people and the principles of their choice.

AWAKE AT LAST. The Age in the following remark utters in substance precisely what was uttered by the Democrat a whole year ago, as follows:

It is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that the Democratic party of this State, in consequence of its directed distractions, in a condition of imminent peril. It is also, worse than folly to think of averting the impending danger by shutting our eyes to its existence. While recognizing it, we must at the same time prepare to meet it resolutely and full in the face. In that way alone can we hope to overcome it.

The tenets of the Democratic Advocate, Lincoln Democrat, Republican Journal, &c. idiom genus, will, as in duty bound, correct the Age for its erratic course.

Benton's Thirty years in the Senate.

This great work, which will immortalize its author, is now completed and ready for delivery. Messrs. J. B. and B. F. Morrison are Agents for Somerset, Franklin and Oxford Counties. It is one of the most valuable political works of the day; and should find its way into every family in the Nation. It is published by the Appletons, New York; and they have not been able thus far to supply half the demand. This is not strange. In fact it would be degrading to be otherwise. Not to patronize the great "Expunger," who said, "Solitary and alone I set this ball in motion—who dealt his blows to the old U. S. Bank—who was the contemporary and associate of Crawford, Clay, Calhoun, J. Q. Adams, Wirt and Wright—who was the defender of Jackson; who has ever been a patriot and statesman, rather than a politician, is not to appreciate the services of one of the most worthy, talented and venerable ornaments any country has ever produced.

The Agents, being under the necessity of canvassing Franklin Co. before they visit many of the towns in this Co. have left a few copies of the work at this Office, for the benefit of those who wish to subscribe immediately. The first volume is now ready for delivery.

STATE REFORM SCHOOL, MASS. By the politeness of H. Dodge Esq., one of the Trustees, we have received the Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Reform School, situated at Westborough, Mass. This is the seventh Report. It contains a very large and accurate engraving of the buildings of the Institution and the surrounding landscape, together with a very minute account of the management of the School.

The Report shows that 940 boys were admitted to the School during the past year; or were there at the commencement of the year; and that 255 had been discharged—leaving 385 as the number in School at the time the Report was submitted.

Godley's Lady's Book for May, has been received. It is a most welcome visitant after having missed April. The attractiveness of this Magazine is ever on the increase. The present number contains a beautiful landscape engraving, entitled "Eastport and Passamaquoddy Bay" besides other illustrations of a high character. For beauty of style and typographical neatness, the Lady's Book is not excelled. Ladies, if you want fine pictures—fine stories—fine fashion plates—neat collars—splendid bonnets and useful recipes take Godley. Price, \$3.00.

State Reform School.

The community are not perhaps fully acquainted with the character and design of this new Institution—"The State Reform School of Maine." As it is a benevolent one, designed chiefly to "reform juvenile offenders," a more thorough knowledge of its mode of operation is desirable; and we therefore lay before our readers the following facts and statistics derived from the report of the Legislative Committee—the Trustees,—and William R. Lincoln, Superintendent of the School.

The Trustees are Henry Carter, Oliver L. Carrier, James T. McCobb, Joseph H. Williams and Wm. A. Rust.

The Legislative Committee, appointed at the recent session, "to visit the school in person, and examine the condition and affairs of the same," of which J. L. Cutler was Chairman, reported as follows:

"That they have made such observation of the condition of the school, as they were enabled to do in a single day. The examination was highly satisfactory to the members of the committee. The condition of the institution reflects credit on its officers. The management of the school by the Superintendent, seems judicious and prudent, and his administration of its affairs is conducted economically.

Believing that the people of the State, who have so laudably undertaken the reform of the juvenile offenders within our borders, have a right to expect, as early as practicable, a detailed account of the operations of the school, the committee have taken measures to procure the report of the Superintendent, brought down to the present time."

The Superintendent's report, by Wm. R. Lincoln, possesses considerable interest—giving, as it does, a detailed account of the affairs of the Institution. By this report, we learn that the school is in its infancy, having commenced in November 1853. The report therefore, only includes the time between November 14, 1853, and April 1, 1854—less than six months. The following is his Report:

"The whole number of inmates, up to April 1, was 25. Discharged, 1. Remaining in School 24.

"Of these, 6 were received from Kennebec County—11 from Cumberland—1 from Penobscot—1 from Hancock—1 from York—and 2 from Oxford.

"The authority by which they were committed was as follows:

By Supreme Judicial Court,	9
By Portland Municipal,	7
By Augusta,	1
By Hallowell,	2
By Gardiner Police,	2
By Justices of the Peace,	4
Total,	25

"They were committed for the following offenses:

Larceny, viz:	21
Common runaway,	1
Breaking and entering a shop with intent to commit a felony,	3
Total,	25

"The following is the length of their sentences:

During their minority,	8
For 5 years,	1
For 4 years,	5
For 3 years,	1
For 2 years,	1
For 1 year,	6
Total,	23

"They were born in—

Ireland,	1
England,	1
Foreigners,	2
Maine,	16
Massachusetts,	4
New Hampshire,	1
Rhode Island,	1
Florida,	1
Total,	23

"They were of the following ages when committed:

Ten months of age,	2
Eleven "	4
Twelve "	2
Thirteen "	1
Fourteen "	8
Fifteen "	6
Sixteen "	1
Seventeen "	1
Total,	25

Average age 13 1-2 years.

The design of the Institution is not perhaps fully understood in all parts of the State. While some suppose it to be a school simply for the care and education of youth who might be admitted without the form of trial, others have regarded it only in the light of prison for the punishment of crime. It is difficult to determine its exact position between these two extremes.

The act to establish the Reform School declares it to be "A school for the instruction, employment and reform of juvenile offenders." Its object is to take those boys who might otherwise be subjected to the degradation of prison discipline, and exposed to the unavoidable corruption of older offenders, and separate them from such vicious influences; to instruct them in their duty to God, to their companions, and to society; to prepare them to earn an honest livelihood by honorable industry in some trade or agricultural employment; and give them such moral and intellectual education as will enable them to discharge successfully the common business of life.

In every town there are some parents who exercise little or no salutary control over their children. Vicious or thriftless themselves, their children very naturally imitate their bad example, unless some other influence be brought to bear upon them to lead their minds into a more healthy channel. At that tender age, when the mind and character most easily yield to the guidance of others, these children and youth become offenders against the well-being of society, and the laws of the State; and unless some restraining hand is stretched forth, they go on still deeper in crime, more and more hardened, until they become a charge upon the community, in the prisons of the Commonwealth.

How often have judges and jurors been deeply moved with pity, when obliged to sentence to ignominious punishment some bright intelligent boy, who has been reared under such unfortunate circumstances. How often has such a boy become a pest to society, who

might have been reclaimed by the influence of such an institution as the one which this State has so nobly founded.

Some have regarded the establishment of a Reform School in this State as an experiment. Can it be justly so considered in view of the happy results arising from similar establishments elsewhere? Some of them have been in operation more than twenty-five years. Could we see the noble array of young men now filling respectable positions in society, who look back with gratitude to the time when the doors of a reform school were opened to receive them,—when their erring feet were fast leading them down to ruin, we should be convinced that no State in the Union should be without an establishment of this kind.

The maximum age required for admission to this school, is two years higher than that fixed in any other. Boys that are full grown in stature, and hardened in crime, cannot be considered suitable associates for those of more tender years. I am aware that age alone is not a proper criterion for determining whether or not a boy is a suitable subject for the discipline of a reform school. But in the greater number of cases, boys over sixteen years of age, would be very unsuitable subjects, and should not be sent there. There may be, and doubtless are, boys over sixteen that it would be well to receive; but the courts and magistrates should exercise great discrimination in cases of this sort, or the institution will be filled with boys requiring stronger bolts and more severe discipline to control them than a reform school affords.

Twelve of twenty-five boys received, have been imprisoned for crime before being sent to the Reform School; some of them many times. One, who is now but fourteen years old, has spent two of the last four years in jail waiting his trial for different crimes. He has been convicted many times; but on account of his youth, has been discharged, with some nominal punishment, but without effect, as he has never failed to be immediately engaged again in crime. He has been with us about two months, and seems to be improving in every respect.

Six have been committed for one year. In most cases one year will be too short a time to accomplish a confirmed reformation in a vicious boy, and the object of the school would generally be promoted by a longer term. The trustees are authorized by law to discharge, in all cases, at such time as they think a boy reformed; so that if boys were generally committed during their minority, they would receive an honorable discharge when reformed or be apprenticed, without regard to the length of term of commitment—the trustees still acting as their guardians.

It may be proper very briefly to state some of the leading points of the system we shall, with your approbation, attempt to carry out, in conducting the affairs of the school.

We design to render everything as much unlike a

For the Oxford Democrat.

Mr. EATON: I received the speech of the Hon. Moses McDonald on the Nebraska question, under his frank, a few days since, and have given it a careful reading.

For low demagoguism, falsification of facts, vulgar scurrility and political slang, I never read its equal. From beginning to the end, it is an inelegant, illogical, contemptible production. In sentiment, taste and spirit, it ranks with the productions which emanate from pot-house demagogues, and dog-hole politicians.

Mr. McDonald commences with expressing a supreme contempt for the Legislature, and people of this State—assumes the airs, and attitude of a regular newly converted "Negro-Driver" flounders his "whip" over the heads and backs of the Legislature, denounces this whole department of the Government; and with brazen-faced impudence, calls them to an account, for having dared to express an opinion on the Nebraska question, without having first consulted the "great centralizing power" at Washington. He goes on with great flippancy, to say to the Legislature of Maine, you may "instruct" or "request," but I, Moses McDonald, shall totally "disregard your wishes." "You are a set of fanatics"—"abolitionists"; "you are incapable of forming or expressing an opinion without first hearing the crack of the 'driver's whip' at Washington. I, Moses McDonald, am the embodiment of patriotism; you, the Legislature of Maine, are Hartford Convention Tories," and other classical and beautiful effusions, characteristic of the Hon. Gentleman who uttered them.

He then, with equal ability, without leaving his natural eloquence, flings mud and dirt at the clergy, and in his endeavors to lessen their power, only lays an additional coat on his own "dirty jacket." He thinks (judging from what he says), that the great body, belonging to the clerical profession at the North and West should be gagged, and their lips closed against preaching against sin in high places. Just hear this patriotic Moses when he speaks, speaking of the clergy—"They have become little prominent of late." "These harangues" (preaching against the Nebraska bill), are violent, abusive, denunciatory, and a gross violation of common decency." "I, Moses McDonald, do look with alarm to the effect they will have upon the minds of the North." "I, Moses McDonald, fear they will corrupt the minds of our youth." Again he says "these lectures" (Ministers) "With odds and ends drawn forth from holy writ, they appear the same, when most they play the devil."

Oh! awful! awful! preaching against the abrogation of solemn national compacts, the extension of slavery into territory dedicated to freedom by a solemn act of Congress thirty four years ago—preaching against battering in the souls and bodies of men and women, as you buy and sell the breeder that perishes, against wholesale adultery, separating fathers and mothers from their children, and sending them into perpetual slavery, from which they are to be freed by scourging and death, this will "injure the public morals, and corrupt the minds of our youth."

This is just such a code of "morals" as I should think would have to be engrained into the Dough-faces of the North, who support the Nebraska outrage. Mr. M. then calls the "religious press" of the country to an account for not noticing the "profanity" of "Eusebius's Cabin," and takes of the "vulgar habits" of Mrs. Shaw, the author of that work—Oh! what a vein of "early piety" runs through the whole of this "religious" speech. Mr. M. begins with an allusion to the significant fact, that he found himself voting upon this question with only "three others East of the Hudson." It is intended by this allusion to boast of his position, it will well correspond with the floundering of his speech, if he intended it as an apology for betraying the interests of his constituents, and the best interests of the whole country, he cannot find much comfort in the old adage—"that misery loves company." Near the close of his eloquent and literary speech Mr. M. talks about "dead heads and bloody bones," and closes up, by the usual quantity of "heresies," about "dangers" seen and unseen—"agitators," "compromises," "delusions," and "doomed."

For the patriotic endeavors of the Hon. Moses McDonald to save the Union—he should be voted a "latter candle," by his constituents, and further rewarded on his retirement to private life, with the appointment of chief sewer, on the most moral plantation south of Mason's and Dixon's line.

SACO RIVER.

A BEAR FIGHT. The Waterville Mail says, that it hears of a bear fight in the vicinity of Martin Stream, in the course of the week before last, in which a son of Mr. John O'Sullivan succeeded in killing a cub, but had his clothes stripped off, and narrowly escaped with his life from the paw of the old bear.

[Farmer.]

The State Reform School has now thirty-seven inmates.

Democratic State Convention.

A Democratic State Convention for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, will be held in the city of Portland, on Wednesday, the 21st day of June next, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The basis of the representation is as follows: Every town and every plantation which shall have been organized more than one year prior to the meeting of this convention, shall be entitled to one delegate, and a second delegate for the first fifty votes cast for the Democratic Electors at the last Presidential Election, a third delegate for an additional seventy-five votes, and an additional delegate for every additional one hundred votes cast, as aforesaid. No delegates will be entitled to a seat in the Convention whose residence is not established in the town or plantation which he claims to represent.

The Democratic State Committee will be in session at the United States Hotel, in Portland, on the day of the Convention and the day previous to the same, to prepare and report to the Convention a list of delegates elected by the same, and to hear and determine, subject to the ratification of the Convention, all cases of contested seats.

LOT M. MORRILL, JOHN L. CUTLER, CHARLES JARVIS, OLIVER MOSES, LUTHER S. MOORE, GORHAM L. BOYNTON, GEORGE B. MOORE, ALEX. M. ROBINSON, DAVID P. BAKER, WM. K. KIMBALL.

Democratic papers in this State are requested to publish the above notice.

Augusta, April 4, 1854.

EDWIN FORRESTER vs. N. P. WILLIS.

Action to recover damages for an alleged libel published in the Home Journal on the 6th of April, 1850. The article complained of related to the difficulties then existing between Mr. Forrester and his wife. After three hours deliberation the jury declared their inability to agree, and were discharged.

RESIGNATION OF MR. EVERETT. Hon. Edward Everett, U. S. Senator, Mass. has resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate—the resignation to take effect on the 1st of June. Reason, ill health. Hon. Rufus Choate is named among others, as his successor.

FIRE WORKS. We would call particular attention to the Fire Work advertisement in another column. Mr. Hovey's works ranking the first in the country, we would advise all who wish to take a part in the general festivities of the coming Fourth of July, to get their supplies from his celebrated Laboratory.

MARRIED.

In Buckfield, 28th, Moses Jordan to Miss Betty Cheney.

DIED.

In this town, 31, Lawrence A., daughter of Peleg and Emily C. Hammond, aged 19 years 8 mos. Cause of death, consumption. Nephew, 21, wife of Phineas H. Howe, aged 35 years.

State of Maine.

CLERK'S OFFICE, PARIS, May 22, 1854. An adjourned Session of the County Commissioners Court will be held at the Treasurer's Office, Paris, on Friday the 26th day of June next, at 10 o'clock. Attest: ELISHA WINTER, Clerk.

NOTICE.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name of DRESSER & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the co-partnership will be adjusted by John Dresser, who continues to carry on the Shoe business at the old stand. JOHN DRESSER, Wm. K. COOPER, Paris, May 23, 1854.

2000 Parasols.

Of different grades, just received and for sale by JOHNSON, HALL & CO., No. 2 & 3 Greenough Block, Portland, May 23, 1854.

200 Doz. Mohair Mitts.

Just opened and for sale wholesale and retail by JOHNSON, HALL & CO., Portland, May 23, 1854.

225 Doz. Kid Gloves.

AND large quantities of Lisle, Thread and Cottons, &c., just received and for sale wholesale and retail by JOHNSON, HALL & CO., Portland, May 23, 1854.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. EVERY DESCRIPTION kept constantly on hand, and manufactured to order. Also Valises and Carpet Bags. G. W. TURLEY, No. 1 Free, Corner of Cross Street, 85½ good Journeyman Trunkmakers wanted, immediately. Portland, May 23, 1854.

STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss. At the term of the Court of County Commissioners, for the County of Oxford, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the Second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1854. Upon the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received, that the petitioners are residents of the County of Oxford, and that they are entitled to the relief prayed for, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners meet at the dwelling house of William H. Drake, on Sunday, on Friday, the seventh day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and there proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties, and a "verdict" will be had at some convenient place in the vicinity, and such further measures taken as the premises as the Commissioners shall judge proper. And it is further Ordered, that notice of the time, place and purpose of the Commissioners' meeting, be given to all persons and corporations interested, by publishing the Petition with this Order of Court, three times successively in The Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in the County of Oxford, and by serving an attested copy of said Petition with this Order thereon upon the Clerk of the town of Sumner, and also posting up in three public places in said town, the first of said publication, and each of the others, to be made, served and posted, at least thirty days before said time of meeting, to the end that all persons and corporations may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: ELISHA WINTER, Clerk. A true copy of said petition and Order of Court.

Attest: ELISHA WINTER, Clerk.

PREMIUM FIRE WORKS!

AT WHOLESALE & RETAIL, MANUFACTURED BY JAMES G. HOVEY.

Orders addressed to No. 119 WASHINGTON STREET, or 27 MILK ST., BOSTON.

Laboratories at Cambridgeport and Brighton. Boston, May 18, 1854.

ORVILLE LEONARD & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE & STATIONARY STEAM BOILERS,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, ALSO, Ships' Water Tanks, Gasholders, &c.

Office, corner of State and Broad Sts., 6615 BOSTON.

R. K. GOODENOW,

Attorney & Counselor at Law,

HAS RE-OPENED HIS OFFICE (OVER THE POST OFFICE.)

No. PARIS, Oxford Co., Me.

J. W. BROWN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

BUCKFIELD, Me.

HORATIO AUSTIN,

Deputy Sheriff and Coroner,

CANTON MILLS, OXFORD COUNTY, Me.

S. D. WEEKS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

(AT THE POST OFFICE.)

PARIS, ME.

S. D. W. is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Boots and Shoes in a neat and substantial manner.

Particular attention given to making Gent's Fine Calf Boots.

Reprising done at short notice.

H. G. Quincy,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles,

FANCY GOODS AND JEWELRY,

English, French and German Toys,

French Baskets, &c.

No. 46 Exchange Street, PORTLAND.

Watches and Jewelry repaired at short notice.

Will furnish Fancy Goods for Fairs. 14

Curtis & Haselton,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

GLOVES, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c.

Hats & Caps, first floor. Clothing, second floor,

Nos. 181 and 183 Middle Street,

Junction of Middle & Federal sts. PORTLAND.

N. D. Curtis, H. H. Haselton.

Beebe & Co's Hats constantly on hand.

Perkins & Titcomb,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGISTS,

DEALERS IN MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c., &c.

Commercial St. A door east of Union Wharf

PORTLAND.

J. W. PERKINS, L. H. TITCOMB.

John C. Brooks & Co.,

Importers and Dealers in

BAR IRON AND STEEL,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Axles, Springs, Grindstones, &c.,

Cor. Commercial Street and Central Wharf,

PORTLAND.

JOHN C. BROOKS, THOS. B. BROOKS.

H. J. Libby & Co.,

Wholesale dealers in

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,

As Manufacturers of

Sheeting, Flannels, Warps and Blotting,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

No. 1 & 2 Free Street Block,

H. J. LIBBY, JAS. R. LIBBY,

F. O. LIBBY, PORTLAND, L. G. LOUGHEE.

O. & H. W. Hale,

STORAGE, FORWARDING AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Dealers in

Pressed Hay & Country Produce,

Commercial Street, Head of Central Wharf,

PORTLAND.

OLIVER HALE, HENRY W. HALE.

Searcy & Company,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

STOVES, GRATES,

RANGES, HOT-AIR FURNACES,

AND MADE MANTLES,

No. 171 & 173 Middle, and 114 & 116 Federal Sts.,

PORTLAND, ME.

James Bailey & Co.,

Dealers in

Saddlery, Hardware, Trunklocks,

Rivets, Patent and Embossed Leather of all kinds,

Oak and Walnut, Leather, Wagon, Fringes,

Saddles, Sacks, Chains, Belts, Axes, Springs

and Bands, Maltese castings, &c., &c.

No. 4 Free Street, PORTLAND.

Emery & Waterhouse,

Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE,

CUTLERY AND GLASS,

No. 154 Middle Street, PORTLAND.

DANIEL F. EMERY, J. W. WATERHOUSE.

George W. Tukey,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

TRUNKS, VALISES,

AND CARPET BAGS.

All kinds of French and Value Stock, at Manufacturers' lowest prices.

No. 1 Free, Corner of Cross Street,

PORTLAND, Me.

Wetherell Brothers

Importers and Jobbers of

SILKS, RIBBONS, LACES, FLOWERS,

Embroideries, Dress Trimmings, Gloves, &c., &c.

BRANCH HOUSE, 152 Middle Street,

PORTLAND.

H. B. Wetherell, J. H. Wetherell,

A. E. Wetherell, (S. B. Wetherell.)

Purinton & Babb,

Wholesale dealers in

West India Goods and Groceries,

Provisions, Country Produce, &c.,

187 Free Street, Head of Central Wharf,

PORTLAND, Me.

D. White & Co.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,

172 Middle Street, Portland, Me.

Bushes of every description in common use, with a great variety of FANCY BRUSHES for sale at low prices—wholesale or retail.

Dealers and jobbers, wishing to purchase will find it to their interest to call and examine.

Machine Brushes made to order at short notice.

E. Shaw, & Co.,

Successors to J. Hay & Son,

DEALERS IN

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

No. 88 Middle Street,

PORTLAND.

EATON SHAW, WM. W. LOTHROP.

Boots and Shoes manufactured to order.

Joshua Durgin & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGISTS,

Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, &c.

ALSO, AGENTS FOR ALL THE POPULAR PATENT

MEDICINES.

No. 113 Middle Street,

PORTLAND.

JOSEPH A. DURGIN, DANIEL BOLFE.

JOHNSON, HALL & Co.,

Nos. 2 & 3 Greenough Block,

FRESH ARRIVAL

—OF—

Fall and Winter Goods!

Isaac A. Denison & Co.

WOULD respectfully inform their customers,

and the public generally, that having just

returned from Boston, they are

NEW OPENING A LARGE STOCK

Of Rich Fall & Winter Goods

Which with their former stock, makes one of the

largest and best selected stocks ever offered in Ox-

ford County.

Consisting in part of New and beautiful styles of

DRESS GOODS,

All Wool Shirts, various shades and colors; Plain

and Figured Aprons, Delaines, All Wool De-

laines—some beautiful high colors for

children, Plain and Fancy Delaines,

Cruvilles, Laines, Laines, Cloth, embroidered

Robes; Printed Bay State Flannels.

Ladies' Cloths for Cloak & Talmas

All Wool Plaid, Rich Printed Velvets; Colored

Velvets; Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery; Sup.

Black Silks; Rich Brocade; Changeable,

Plaid and Striped Dress Silks; Sat-

inet Silks for linings.

Bay State, Silk and Cashmere, Long & Square

Buttons, Scarfs, Lavender Quilts, Showings,

Striped Shawlings, Tickings, Pillowings, Linens,

Gloves, Hosiery and Suspenders.

Also a large assortment of

BLACK, BLUE, OLIVE & BROWN

