

The Oxford Democrat.

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POETRY.

DREAMS.

Oh, I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams, Of childhood's bright and sunny hours...

The Deserted Maiden's Soliloquy.

He looks no more—the looks no more— He does not see my smile no more...

SCENED RACE.

KATE DRANTON; OR THE STAGE COACH.

BY KATE SOUTHBRIDGE.

"Woman, ever false as fair!" I thought so early, and my aversion to the fair sex was not altogether without a cause...

about eleven years of age, with large hazel eyes, chestnut hair, and beneath whose white skin one could trace the azure veins...

state, by her father, for Ellen had ceased to breathe. I vowed never to love a woman but to suspect them all—and deemed all women false as fair...

marks, "why should Mr. Lawton remember the ladies, they are entirely too silly a subject to occupy his thoughts."

nically fitting plaid frock, with a shawl of similar figure which she wore gracefully across her shoulders.

again caused Kate to blush very much, by saying that I was an excellent sportsman, having succeeded in an afternoon to kill a deer.

The Mosquito's Serenade. In a summer's night I take my flight To where the maiden sleeps...

A TALE OF THE CAMP.

The advanced guard of the army, on its way to Monterey, had run out of the town of Marie, a considerable force of Mexicans...