

The Oxford Democrat

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 22.

PARIS, MAINE, JULY 9, 1850.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 17, NO. 41.

The Oxford Democrat, PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING BY MILLETT & MELLETT.

REMEMBRANCE BY CHARLES W. SPENCER. A holy relic, Remembrance of the dead, That will not let oblivion's blight...

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"That's true," answered Michel. "I dare say Pauline or Louise Meloe, or little Catherine Sylvestre, would either of them do well enough."

"Too young," said the old man, shaking his head; "too young, and too poor."

"Young they are, certainly, and poor, too," said Michel; "but I shouldn't like to marry an old woman, and where I'm to find a rich one that will have me I don't know."

"I wouldn't recommend an old woman, either," said Blaise; "but one about your own age—eight or nine-and-twenty say; and as for money, if there's none in this parish, there may be in the next. What would you say to old Gerard's daughter Isabel?"

"I never saw her," answered Michel. "It's a good while since I saw her either," said Blaise; "but she was a fine-looking girl then; and being an only daughter, she will have everything her father leaves. That will be no trifling matter, and as he wishes to see her married—for she's nearly as old as you are—there will be no objection on his part, at all events."

"What!" said Michel; "have you spoken to him on the subject?"

"Well, to say the truth I have," answered Blaise. "When you saw me talking to him at the fair last week, he was remarking that it was time you shook off your grief for poor Marguerite, more especially as you had been such a good husband, and had nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Thank God for that!" said Michel. "And when I said I wished I could see you married again, he gave me a hint that he shouldn't be sorry if you were to take a fancy to his girl."

"Well, father," said Michel, "she is the same to me as any other, for I can never love any woman again as I loved my Marguerite; so, since you wish it, I'll think about this marriage with Isabel Gerard."

"Thinking about it won't do you, you must make her think about it too," said Blaise; "or somebody may step in before you. You must go over to Grandpre and see her."

"That will be a day to go, and a day to come back, and a day there," said Michel; "and how can I be spared just now in harvest time?"

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