

The Oxford Falcon.

S. M. THOMPSON,] PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, ON NORTH STREET.

[PROPH.

VOLUME 1-1

OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1866.

11

Memphis Cards.

WALKER WOOD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OFFICE:
Over Gayoso Bank, Madison Street,
Memphis, Tenn.
November 23 1865-v1a1

E. J. LIPEWY

J. G. OWEN,
WHOLESALE GROCER.

Commission Merchant

Cotton Factor,

No. 304 MAIN STREET,
Memphis, Tenn.
Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

SOUTHWORTH & KNIGHT,

Grocers, Cotton Factors

Commission Merchants.

Liberal Advances on all Consignments.
for Sale or Shipment.

No. 195 MAIN STREET,
Memphis, Tenn.
Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

NIPGEN & REAKIRT,

Wholesale Druggists,

No. 318 MAIN STREET,

Memphis, Tenn.

Dealers in Drugs, Dyes, Imported

Perfumery and Chemicals.

Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

HERZOG & BROTHER,

Dealers in Staple and

FANCY DRY GOODS.

BOOTS, SHOES AND

PLANTATION SUPPLIES.

No. 316 1/2 MAIN STREET,

Memphis, Tenn.

Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

HAL T. WALKER. J. T. HARVEY.

Emporium of Fashion,

363 MAIN STREET.

H. T. WALKER & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in every

description of

Gent's Clothing,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES AND

FURNISHING GOODS.

We keep constantly on hand, a well

assorted stock of the latest styles.

Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

T. M. EVANSON,

[430 N. Main St.]

Foster, Gwin & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

COTTON FACTORS.

DEALERS IN

PLANTATION SUPPLIES AND LIQUORS.

No. 303 FRONT STREET,

Memphis, Tenn.

Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

JOHN W. WOOD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE: No. 13 MADISON STREET,
Memphis, Tenn.

Special attention given to the
Collection of Claims.
Nov. 23, 1865 v1 no 1

Business Cards.

W. H. CROCKETT,
Quackery & House
Furnishing Store,
STOVES & FURNITURE.

GENERAL COMMISSION
MERCHANT.
AGENTS BLOCK
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Oxford, Miss., Dec. 21, 1865-v1a1

G. C. WEBER,
Boot & Shoe
Maker.

[At his residence, East side of York.]

OXFORD, MISS.

Would respectfully inform the public
that he has just received a fresh supply
of the best quality of Leather and
is prepared to put up work of the best
quality, and in the very best style.
Those wishing the very best articles of
Boots or Shoes would do well to give
him a call.
Oxford, Dec. 21, '65-v1a1-f

C. S. WORD,
Commissioned Auctioneer.

Oxford, Miss.

Takes title of auctioneer to
the public that he has a commission
as Auctioneer. All business entrusted
to his care will be properly and promptly
attended to.
Dec. 17 1865-v1a1-f

GILBERT'S

Blacksmith Shop.

South Side Public Square,

OXFORD, MISS.

THE public is informed that GILBERT
is still engaged in blacksmithing, at the
old stand. Particular attention given
to Ironing Wagons, Carriages, Buggies
and Shoeing Horses. Several experienced
Smiths employed. Work done to
order in quick time.
Nov. 23-v1a1-f

H. WOHLLEBEN,
BLACKSMITH,

South Side Public Square,

OXFORD, MISS.

IS prepared to do all kind of work
generally done in his line of business.
Particular attention given to Ironing
Carriages, Buggies and Shoeing Horses.
Nov. 23-v1a1-f

J. H. WALLACE,
Carpenter,

OXFORD, MISS.

WOULD respectfully announce to
his friends that he is still engaged
at his old business of Carpentery and
is ready to take contracts for building
houses, and all kinds of woodwork. He
will perform his work in excellent
style and at short notice, and on reason-
able terms.
Jan. 4th, 1866-v1a1-f

GEORGE W. CARDWELL,
TINPLATE & SHEET IRON

WORKER,

OXFORD, MISS.

WILL do all kinds of Job Work and
Carpentering on short notice. Or-
ders solicited.
Jan. 4th, 1866-v1a1-f

Black-Smithing.
W. H. FRISON,

South-West Corner Public Square,
OXFORD, MISS.

WOULD respectfully call the attention
of the public to the fact that
he has opened a new Black-Smith Shop
in Oxford, near the South-west Corner
of the Public Square, where he is pre-
pared to do all work in his line, in good
style, at short notice, and cheap for
cash. He is particularly skilled in
Shoeing Horses.
Nov. 20, 1865-v1a1-f

B. P. HOWELL,
Cabinet Maker,

OXFORD, MISS.

RESPECTFULLY informs the pub-
lic that he is prepared to receive
orders for all articles in his line of business,
and also Repair, Clean, Varnish and
Upholster old furniture.
Jan. 4th, 1866-v1a1-f

The Oxford Falcon.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

S. M. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

TERMS.
For one copy, one year, \$1 00.
For one copy, six months, \$2 50.
For one copy, three months, \$5 00.
For one copy, one month, \$10 00.
No paper sent from the office
unless paid for in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
For each square of ten lines, or less,
\$1 50 for the first insertion, and 75
cents for each additional insertion.
A liberal deduction made to those ad-
vertising by the year.

Obituary and Marriage notices, not
exceeding five lines, published as news;
if over five, charged for as other ad-
vertisements.

Personal cards, when admissible,
charged double our regular rates.

Communications, "padding" apparitions
for office, charged for at our usual rates
of advertising.

Announcing candidates for County
offices, \$10. For State and District,
\$15.

No transient advertisement published
if not accompanied by the cash.

All advertisements considered due
after the first insertion.

JOHN WOOD DONOR TO OXFORD FOR
CASH ON DELIVERY.

Written for the Oxford Falcon.

Mr. KERRON.—Newspaper-letter-writ-
ing seems now-a-days to be a popular
employment for those who have any-
thing to communicate, and leisure in
which to do it. Every thing is seized
upon as subject matter for epistles of
this kind. A day's rate, a party, a so-
cior, or a sociable, a street mis-hap, an
adventure of quondam soldiers, in short
any incident however insignificant, fur-
nishes rich material for a letter to some
kind friend, who, poor soul! is constrain-
ed either to publish or to answer. What
a class our editors are! Occupying as
they do, prominent positions in our
home government, they are absolutely
indispensable. Besides "steering the
ship of state," they are the great con-
forters of the people. To them, we turn
in every perplexity, in every trial, and
always to meet with sympathy. They
are indeed true comforters, true "Good
Samaritans," laughing, they laugh with
us; weeping, they also weep with us;
and as they write.

My grievances, Mr. Editor, are the
slandersous remarks, so commonly made
concerning the alleged fictionness of our
poor, ill-treated sex. Within please
send an off-set. It is an extract from
the journal of a young man, which ac-
cidentally fell into my hands a short
time since. Peculiar circumstances
have removed all objections to its pub-
lication; and may it serve to diminish,
in some degree, the arrogance of old
coastal lords and masters.

"And Kate! how
beautiful she is! Sometimes when
beholding over my books, apparently ab-
sorbed in their perusal, a calm, serious
face looks forth from their pages, and
all is lost but she. I behold her, in all
her loveliness, just as I saw her last—
her regular, classical face, with its
high noble forehead, her deep, serene,
hazel eyes, with their long delicate
lashes, and brow more like the lightning
of a skiffed arrow than reality; her
straight Grecian nose, her well-cut
mouth, and thin fold of chin; and
then the tresses of her long, black
curls, dressed with artistic negligence,
say or two looks falling by her cheek,
in wavy ringlets as if exhaling in their
freedom; all this I see so perfectly with-
out my mental vision as I once did with my
material eyes.

"I remember, about a month ago, I was
going up the front gallery with Mr.
S.— and I beheld her in a clear
beauteous, September night. The stars
were shining brilliantly; and then in
the east had just begun to fade before
the opposing splendor of the rising moon.
There was not a cloud in the sky except
one. With my hand thrown back
against a pillar, I saw dreamily watch-
ing, away down in the south-western
horizon, a little cloud that seemed to

have been lost from its people, and to
have stopped upon the collages of our
world as if uncertain whether to ad-
vance or retreat. Suddenly, I was start-
led by a flash of light, and a large ste-
tor burning through its centre, made
the whole cloud brilliant with borrowed
splendor; then, exploding, disappeared.
How vividly I recollect it! was it an
omen!

A few nights afterward I met her at
Mrs. G.—.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Alabama's capital had gathered,
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A torch lit many a palace window,
As the earth's armlets were illumined
By the stars."

There among beautiful women, gaily
and mirth, she lurked upon my vision,
in all her glorious refulgence of loveliness
and purity. Though others smiled
and other eyes beamed upon me, her
eyes and smiles were by far the sweet-
est of all. I had known her, slightly,
for years; had noticed her as being
pretty, but never before had I seen her
in her radiance, in short I fell in love
with her, and—made a fool of myself.

When others danced and talked with
her (and charmingly she did both,) I
was jealous, and when I did so myself,
—could talk.

"Two days afterward, I saw her at
church. I even caught the first rustle
of her dress as she entered; and, at in-
tervals, throughout the whole of service,
would gaze at her in an ecstasy of ad-
miration. Once or twice, when I de-
tected her looking at me, my heart
bounded, and my pulse beat quickly
with joy. "Perhaps," said Hope, some-
thing more than chance may have di-
rected her glance to you; why not in-
terest! But before the thought was fair-
ly formed, it was crushed; then com-
mon-sense said; "she is not for you; and
although, as now, you may stand and
worship from afar, remember, you shall
pay dearly for it; that every glance
shall have its price of agony. Not out-
er for you, she lives. Her character, phys-
ical and mental, in all their purity, will
shed a halo of peace and joy around
some other home than yours. How-
ever unwillingly, you must bow to this
deed!"

"When service was
over, I lingered at the door to obtain a
parting glance; she came, at length;
our eyes met; mine fell; and then we
parted. On the one side, grief; on
the other, indifference, and perhaps,
unconsciousness. Like a meteor, she
had illuminated for a brief, brilliant
way; but, alas! had left in
darkness that before."

"What a strange creature I am!—
Here, not a month ago, I wrote a long
piece about Kate B.—, and called
myself in love with her; now, it seems
to have fled entirely away, and, at in-
tervals, I detect myself indulging in
dreams in which Carrie S.—, takes a
prominent part. Why is that? Is be-
cause I am a fickle inconstant as the
winds and as changeable? or is it that I
(unlike most others) care to desire
what I think is impossible to obtain?
Whatever the reason may be, this is
the case, and not only is it so now, but
this is how it ever was.

"The cause of this changeableness is
fickleness. I know it to be this, and will
call it by its true name. It cannot be
the other, for I do not know that Kate's
affection are engaged; and my personal
condition is as prosperous as her
own. There can be, then, no objection
beyond the lady's inclinations. "Aye!"
there's the rub! Although I have no
reason to think that she disliked, or
even neglected me, yet I am certainly
far from being the fortunate one upon
whom her affections there. During our
brief intercourse, her manner to-
ward me, did not indicate even that
cordiality which young ladies naturally
manifest towards acquaintances who
are agreeable to them. I would give
much to know that it is otherwise. For,
although Carrie S.—, has, at present,
the strongest foothold upon my fancy,
reason tells me, that it is only because
Kate loved me so, and my heart is tak-
ing its revenge."

"What a dilemma there is between
these two young ladies, and yet, how
dumbly they are! The time dark-
ness eyes, fall, but not gone; from
the same self-purposed, dignified de-
partments, the same lady-like, elegant
behold. But she is tall, the other, of
a medium stature, one is fair, the other,
a dark brunette; the hair of one is
straight and wavy. Both are classic,
well-cut, refined young ladies, either one
of whom I could love. Yet now I
do not love! Every bright, intelligent,
young face that ever crossed my path
has captivated my fancy. I wonder if
there is that, among all my young lady
acquaintances, whom I have not at some
time, loved? to whom I cannot say—

"By the way, was only the night
by the way, I had not time to
say to you."

Let me hear! First of all my love,
was Jennie L.—; a wild, heron-
like girl, who then, had no class beyond

sport and sweethearts. Who gave me
kisses for eyes, and, when, in boyish
parade, I told her that she was my
sweet-heart, patted me upon the cheek,
saying that I was the nicest, prettiest,
best boy she ever saw; and that she
loved me to distraction. I was going
to the dancing school then, and every
evening, after the lessons were given,
would take her into the parlor and
teach her all I had learned that day. I
taught her the Canalis, Varsovian, Chor-
tacha, and all the various figures of
Les Lanciers. To repay me she taught
me to sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird."
Every evening, upon my return from
school, she would meet me upon the
back-gallery and kiss me; then, going
into the yard, would wait for me in
turning amercusalia. Her mother with
her brother and herself, was spending
the summer with us; and thus we passed
it. They lived in Mobile, and upon
their departure, I accompanied them to
the depot; got furious because Willie
J.—, rode in the hack while I walk-
ed; kissed her good-bye—and that our
love-strings ended. I have never seen
her since.

The next, was Mattie M.—. We
met and fell in love with each other at
C.—'s dancing school. She was eleven-
een, I was thirteen years old. We did
not

Let me hear, the wren is the best,
But on the diamond nose of our checks,
But revealed to each other the secret
story, and were happy. For one year
this lasted; we walked, talked, played,
danced together, were all in all to each
other, and thought no one else so pret-
ty or so interesting. Our love was
openly avowed and little did we care
for the smiles of others. This state of
affairs however, did not last long; after
a year of concord and amity we quar-
reled over a letter that some one wrote
to me and signed with her (Mattie's)
name. Shortly after our quarrel I left
home without seeing or communicating
with her. Upon my return, after an
absence of some time, we met coldly,
and this it has been until lately. Meet-
ing constantly upon the street, we pass-
ed without even a sign of recognition,
until about six months ago we gradu-
ally fell into the habit of salutations. At
Mrs. G.—'s, one long since, I met
her. The long desired opportunity was
at hand and I seized it. I accosted her
as an old friend, saying nothing of, or
in any way alluding to the past. I
could not help thinking of it however,
and it seemed like a dream, faint and
indistinct, that she who no longer there,
was once mine. There, among ladies
who are as beautiful as any that post
ever sang, she beamed brilliantly. Not
pre-occupied, for there were many as
pretty, though some fairer than she.

The next Mattie P.—, a delicate,
sickly girl from New Orleans; whose
family were old acquaintances, and
then refugees. There was nothing
really attractive about her except a
great face and a good heart. My pas-
sion soon fled away, rapped by its own
fatigue.

The next was Lizzie C.—. My
feelings towards her were not so to-
wards the others I have spoken of. It
was more of respect and admiration
than anything else, and amounted to
nothing deeper. Still, I called her my
sweet-heart, and imagined that I loved
her.

"Next, was Carrie S.—. I met
her at her home near D.—. When
first I saw her, I was disappointed; for
I had been told that she was beautiful,
while at first sight, she did not appear
so to me. This disappointment soon
faded before the gradual develop-
ment of her charms, both of person and mind;
and changed into feelings of the deep-
est respect and esteem, which soon rip-
ened into love. I cannot describe my
feelings towards this young lady since I
do not know them myself. Until the
surrender, my heart was wholly hers.
While in the army, the memory of her,
and of the many happy hours passed in
her society, was the greatest of my
cheering recollections; and, when en-
dured of the trials and privations of a
camp-life, my greatest comfort was to
indulge in reveries of home, and love,
and Carrie. Yet, when I returned home
and was thrown with other beautiful
and fascinating young ladies, my heart
frequently strayed from her, although
always constantly returning. Now, I
am in a sweet predicament. I do not
know whether I love her, or Kate B.—
If both were offered me by Heaven
to-morrow, I would take Kate; yet, to Car-
rie my thoughts often wander, and
the figure rises in my imagination.
Since meeting and loving Carrie, my
affection have frequently strayed.

"First, of Belle M.—. Her and
I was her only child; of friend-
ship and love, she was the center
of my thoughts, and she was the
source of all my joys and sorrows.
She was a beautiful, intelligent, and
amplified, as well as by her ex-
treme refinement of intellect, I, for
many, indulged myself in love with her.
But, however, was quietly disposed
by the appointment of

"Belle D.—. My M.—, every
day. This young lady I met during the
war; was fascinated by her beau-
tiful, frankness, spirit and accomplish-
ments. Instructed by her singularity
at the same time, my judgment de-
-

proved it. I was only a child, but
fresh which it was so often sought by
fets I escaped. A beautiful girl, she
most enthusiastically was. I had known
her only a few hours when she told me,
that if she hit me as hard as she loved
me, she would kill me; that I was the
sweetest, most brilliant and loveliest
she had ever seen; and that, hereafter, I should
shine for her. She quoted Burns' most
passionate poetry, etc. Of course I
was not to be beaten and responded in
kindred style, to the best of my ability.
I am afraid I established for myself in
M.—, the reputation of being a most
romantic girl, and very wild indeed.

"From her my wayward fancy turn-
ed to Emma W.—. I do not know
what made me take more than an ordi-
nary interest in her. She is pretty,
modest, sincere, and, I believe, pure in
thought as in deed; these must have
been the charms that led me to, un-
usually, seek and cultivate her acquaint-
ance; that, every Sunday, drew me to
the church which she attended, in order
to sit and gaze at her. But her pow-
er was soon spent.

"Kate B.—, supplanted her. I have
previously given an account of our
meeting, and the relation which we
sustain towards each other. Between
her and Carrie S.—, my fancy now
wanders. A nice state of affairs, truly!
"A long roll for a youth of my years,
is it not? Nineteen years old, and nine
times in love once regularly engaged!
To only two (Jennie L.—, and Mat-
tie M.—) did I reveal my attachment.
But I felt as intensely, nevertheless.

Oh, well! the girls are great insti-
tutions. If they would only give a poor
fellow some rest! I wish I could mar-
ry them all, and then my fluctuations
and troubles would be at an end. A
woman later would say, "Oh, you
think that! My dear gentleman
readers suffer thereby, and never again
treat the sufferer with kindness; or
at least, until the physician cures him"
self.

Yours Respectfully,
HATTIE W.

To Young Men.—In what way do
you spend your leisure evenings?
In idleness—in frivolous amusements;
or in company of those who will bring
your morals? Remember, if you would
prepare yourself for future usefulness,
you must devote every spare moment
to study. First be industrious to your
several employments during the hours
of business, never complain that it is
your lot to work, count it an honor, go
about with cheerfulness and alacrity;
it will be a habit, and by becoming so,
will be a pleasure and delight. Make
it your business to promote the interest
of your employer; by taking care of his
you will learn to take care of your own.
Remember it is one of the best things
that a young man can do, to be industrious
and industrious; the result is that study
opens out wondrous treasures. Avoid
the whirlpool as you would a plague
spot; banish from your house the dan-
gerous desire to do without work. La-
bor is life-giving, dignified; it is the pa-
rent of health and happiness; look upon
it as an invaluable blessing and never
as a burden and a curse. Show indus-
try and cheer, pursue some honest call-
ing and be not ashamed to be useful!

[Washington, D. C., Spectator.]

Gratitude is the filial blessing which
springs from the soul; and the heart of
man knoweth some most fragrant.
While its opponent, ingratitude, is a
deadly weed; not only poisonous in it-
self, but impregnating the very atmos-
phere in which it grows with fatal
vapors.

Patience.—There is a beauti-
ful Oriental legend about a tower of
perpetuance given by and to some
ancient warrior prince.—Faintly, I
believe. Heated and repulsed repeat-
edly, during a war, he withdrew from
war, thinking, and almost despairing of
success. A shaft was sent slinking up
the last shaft; he shook it down several
times, but the position being so often re-
commenced he failed. Carried down
how long did not recall; but, he
made it full eighty times without suc-
cess in disconcerting it. He was
tired and full of admiration—the suc-
cessor. "I will submit to no more
of this," he thought, "I will, shall suc-
ceed by persevering."—That was how
for this not, the conqueror would prob-
ably not have gained the empire of
Rim.

Humana.