

Virginia Free Press

And Farmers' Repository.

VOL. 45.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1852.

NO. 47.

OAK GROVE ACADEMY.

The subscriber has taken charge of the above Academy, situated at the residence of Mr. Wm. A. Carter, in a beautiful and healthy region of country, where facilities for study cannot be surpassed. All the different branches of a thorough Mathematical, Classical, and English Education will be taught. The system of instruction will be the same as that pursued in the Virginia Military Institute. Pupils may enter at any time, but will be considered as engaged for 6 months from the time of entrance, and no deduction will be made except in cases of protracted sickness.

TERMS OF INSTRUCTION.
For Session of 10 months from Sept. 1st to \$35.
Board, Washing, Fuel, Lights, &c., for Session of 10 months. \$100.
Applications made in the subscriber's office to Mr. Wm. A. Carter, at (N. Y.) Charlestown, will be promptly attended to.

Dr. A. W. GRAY
OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Charlestown and its vicinity. He will be found at his office, in the one formerly occupied by the Rev. Mr. Dutton, or at Carter's Hotel, unless professionally engaged.
September 23, 1852.

WM. LISLE BAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PRACTISES, as heretofore, in all the Courts of Jefferson, Berkeley and Clarke counties. As Commissioner for the neighboring, and all the Western States, he will take the acknowledgment of, and authenticate under his SEAL OF OFFICE, any instrument of writing to be used in said States; and as

NOTARY PUBLIC
for Jefferson county, he will administer affidavits, take depositions and acknowledgment of deeds, mortgages, &c., to be recorded in any of the counties of Virginia.
Charlestown, Aug. 12, 1852—6m.

L. C. J. CHIPLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL practice in Frederick and the adjoining Counties, and will undertake the prompt collection of CLAIMS of every description. He will also act as Agent for the Sale or Purchase of Real Estate on the most favorable terms.
Office N. Y. Stephenson's, Fred. County, Va. Aug. 12, 1852.

THE Charlestown Female Seminary
WILL be opened again for Boarding and Day Scholars on the 15th of July. Pupils will not be received for less than a Half Session.

CHARGES.
For Boarding and Tuition in English (including all expenses), \$160 per session.
For Boarding and Tuition in French, German, Ancient and Modern Languages, \$200 Each.
For Music, \$12 per quarter.
For further information a Circular will be sent.
J. M. WILLIAMS, Principal.
Aug. 29, 1852—4f.

PATENT AGENCY.
JOHN S. GALLAHER, JR. & CO.,
Solicitors and Agents

FOR FOREIGN & DOMESTIC PATENTS,
NINTH BETWEEN E AND F STREETS,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

DAILEY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
No. 224 1/2 BALTIMORE STREET,
BALTIMORE.

WANTED!
100,000 Bushels of Wheat!!
The subscribers, having opened a Warehouse in Charlestown, in connection with the FERRY & MILLER'S Elevator, and wish to purchase the above quantity of Wheat, Corn, &c., for which they will pay the highest price, in cash, the market will afford.

EXCHANGE BANK OF SELDEN, WITHERS & CO.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHENANDOAH IRON FOUNDRY.
THIS Foundry, situated on the Winchester & Potomac Railroad, 14 miles from Harpers Ferry, has been in operation for several years by the subscriber, who would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to do, in a style of excellence, all the work usually done in a well equipped foundry, and is particularly noted for the manufacture of all kinds of Machinery and Castings, at short notice.

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, DYE STUFFS, FANCY ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

T. NEWTON KURTZ,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGIST, FAPER,
AND BANK ACCOUNT BOOK
No. 151 PRATT-ST.
NORTH BALTO. & OTO RY DEPOT,
BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE.
VINCEBULLER & LETORT, having discontinued the Saddle and Harness Making business in Charlestown, respectfully request that all persons indebted to them would call immediately on C. G. BRAGG, who has taken the place of the said firm, and settle the same. J. Vincibuller, still carries on the above named business in all its branches in Charlestown, and is particularly noted for the manufacture of all kinds of Machinery and Castings, at short notice.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the citizens of Charlestown and its vicinity, that he has taken the shop, two doors East of the Valley Bank, formerly occupied by James Clothier, for the purpose of carrying on the

Tailoring Business,
in all its various branches. He hopes by strict attention, and a desire to please, that he may share a portion of the public patronage.

NEW YORK FASHIONS
received monthly, which enables him to give the latest style.
JOHN SNYDER.
May 30, 1852—1y.

PAY YOUR TOWN TAXES.
TO THE CITIZENS OF CHARLESTOWN.
THE Corporation Tax is now due, you will therefore be prepared to pay when called on, as I have but little time to collect them and money is much wanted.
C. G. BRAGG, Collector.
September 23, 1852.

POETRY.

NOW, AND LONG AGO.

BY FANNY PALMER.

O sisters—sisters! I have been
Where I was in childhood's dream,
The old house by the mountain side,
Where many and many a year,
The shining poplars, now, as then,
Are waving by the door,
The apple wears its Autumn robe
Of crimson, as of yore;
The deep dew, with its mossy pale,
Is falling as of old,
And the grey bracket dips its wealth
Adown the stoops so cold.

I walked along the garden paths,
Where once we used to run,
With footsteps like the startled doe,
And hearts of olden fun,
Hedges of hickory cherry tree
Our father planted with care,
And wept, for—like the foxglove—
A mother! they were not there!
I wonder'd to the chesnut grove,
The ripe nuts strewn'd the ground,
The little squirrels scamper'd off,
At e'en the lightest sound.

And there, thro' the delicious morn
Of Indian Summer weather,
I fled my apron with the nut,
As when we went together,
I dream'd I was a child again,
Beside my mother's knee,
Or bounding thro' the forest paths,
With footsteps glad and free;
My heart rock'd gently on the waves
Of pleasant memories, sung,
As when we went a nutting there,
When you and I were young.

Ah, sisters, darlings! it is vain,
This yearning for the past!
I will be grateful for the good,
Along my pathway cast;
For gratitude, and cheerfulness,
Will change all things to gold—
With Love, the angel, in my heart,
That never will grow old;
And tho' Time weave a silver thread
In every silken tress,
I'll find some of God's
To soothe and to bless.
Then we'll not mourn the days long gone,
Our old home, and its friends,
But cling the closer to the loved,
That Time has left us here.

METHODIST STORY.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

T. S. Arthur tells a good story, we heard years ago, about a young couple in New Jersey, who belonged to the Methodist church. A new Presiding Elder, Mr. N. was expected in that district; and, as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, a nice fire was made, and the kitchen replenished with cakes, chickens, and every delicacy, preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was at his wood-pile, a plain looking, earnest looking man, at a distance of three miles. Being very ineluctant, he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on one of his boots an old hat, and at length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the Presiding Elder who was momentarily expected, and he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself, prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement, and as his appetite was roused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshment ere he set out on a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeas'd, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out, that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grow petulant, as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked them kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and clouds, denoting a storm, filled the heavens—"You say it is full three miles to D—?" "I do," replied Mr. W. coldly, "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on, like a prudent man. You could have reached there before it was quite dark."

"But I was cold and hungry," said night had faintly by the way.
The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.
"You have warmed me and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you not bestow another act of kindness upon one who is in a strange place, and if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The peculiar firm in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.
"Go in there and sit down," he answered, pointing to the kitchen, "and I will see my wife and hear what she says."
And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow-white cloth, and displaying his wife's set of blue-sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould candies were bearing thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.
"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as he returned from the door.
"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night!"
"Indeed, we'll do no such thing! We can't have the likes of him in the house no how. Where could he sleep?"
"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."
"No, indeed!"
"But really, I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a strong man, and his dark and cold, and fall three miles to D—"
"It's too much. He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did till it got dark."
"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay now."

POETRY.

NOW, AND LONG AGO.

BY FANNY PALMER.

'But what can we do with him?'
He seems like a decent man at least;
Doesn't look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor somewhere.'
"I wish he had been to Guinea before he came here!" said Mrs. W. fretfully. The disappointment and conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive, occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as 'O, well, Jane,' replied her husband, in a soothing tone, 'never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night, and as must not refuse him, nor grant his wish in a complaining or reluctant spirit. I know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares!'"

"Angels! did you ever see an angel look like him?"
"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer, smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."
"This had the effect to call an answering smile to the face of Mrs. W. and a better feeling to the heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both now looked with but small expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poorer accommodations. When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in a few words his grateful sense of the kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful. Soon after, the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr. N.'s arrival, had supper taken up, which consisted of coffee, warm short cakes and broiled chickens. After all was on the table a short conference was held as to whether to invite it to the stranger to take supper. It was finally decided to do so, however, the man being going to stay all night, it looked too inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necessity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation which he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., and then the coffee was poured out, the bread helped, and the meat carved.

There was a fine little boy six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up by the minister's reception. Charley was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humble guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say. "Come, Charley," said Mr. W. after the meal was over, and he sat leaning back in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three lines of the hymn.
"Now let us hear you say 'the eleventh commandment,'" Charley spoke up the mother, well pleased at her child's performance.
And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.
The child hesitated, and then looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said, innocently—
"How many are there?"
The man thought for some moments, and said, as if in doubt—
"Eleven, are there not?"
"Eleven?" Charley said, Mr. W. looking toward the man with unfeigned surprise.
"Eleven!" said his husband, with mere rebuke a astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you do not know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me—you know, of course."

"Ten," replied the child.
"Right, my son," returned Mr. W. looking with a smile of approval. "Right! That isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments. Did you ever read the Bible, sir?" addressing the stranger.
"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—
"Could any one believe it! Such ignorance of the Bible!"
Mr. W. did not reply, but he rose, and going to one corner of the room where the good book lay upon a small mahogany stand, brought it to the table, and, pushing away his plate, cup and saucer, laid that portion in which the commandments are recorded.
"There," he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error. "There look for yourself!"

The man came around from his side of the table and looked over the farmer's shoulder.
"There! Ten 'ye see?"
"Yes, it does say ten," replied the son; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven."
"I'm am sure I have always thought so."
"Doesn't it say ten here?" inquired Mr. Wade, with marked impatience in his voice.
"It does, certainly."
"Well, what makes you say that? Can't you believe the Bible?"
"O, yes! I believe the Bible; and yet it strikes me somehow that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for Brother and Sister W. to bear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt unparadise. A long lecture followed; in which the man was divided, admonished and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night, as his request was granted with mere pleasure than of the preceding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to the little square room, accompanied by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him on spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression and he finally left his guest, lamenting his ignorance and obduracy.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W. asked him if he would be so kind as to lend him a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive aspect. His request was complied with.
"We will have family prayer in about ten minutes," said Mr. W. as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

The man appeared, and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and, departing, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not yet arrived. "So Mr. W. started for the meeting house, not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disappointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting house, and a good number were outside; but the minister had not yet arrived.
"Where is Mr. N.?" inquired a dozen as a little crowd gathered around the door.
"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I still look for him—indeed, I fully expected to find him here."
One pressure of the spot, where the minister had been, and the love-pludge only was replaced at the window with "God bless you, my darling Emi—good-by!"

"This was evidently the first intention of the little one of her father's intended departure. At the word she turned quickly, and with a half incredulous expression, from the window surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, and returning his parting salutation, "Good-by, papa—good-by!"
"Another moment and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move for the spot. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-centered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not, as usual, a temporary one; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and stretching her tiny arms towards her father, who, from a window, was casting behind a long look, she cried, in lisping accents: "Oh, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and me with you!"

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining his exterior composure, was seen to withdraw his eyes, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.
"The child had scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds that her father has not come, when, in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, "They have carried away my papa—when will they bring him back?"
Her father had decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affliction.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

LANGUAGE OF THE LAW.

IF a man owned, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus—
"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and right and advantage, in and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and right and advantage therein; with full power to bite, eat, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now inclined to bite, eat, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, or pips, any thing hereof or hereinto, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

MAINE COFFINS OUTDOXE.

Captain Stansbury in his expedition to the Great Salt Lake relates the following incident: "I witnessed at the Pacific Springs an incident of no little ingenuity alongside of some emigrants. Immediately alongside of the road was what purported to be a grave, prepared for a man who was to be buried. A headboard on which was painted the name and age of the deceased, the time of his death, and the part of the country from whence he came. I afterwards ascertained that this was only a ruse, to conceal the fact that the grave, instead of containing the mortal remains of a human being, had been made a safe receptacle for divers casks of brandy, which the owner could carry no further. He afterwards sold his liquors to some traders further on, who, by his description of its locality, found it without difficulty."

THEY HAVE CARRIED AWAY PAPA.

A GOOD ONE.

As the cars in which we were recently traveling halted at a station, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was smiling most piously, and on her sweet face, was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pious indecibly mournful, "They have carried away my papa—when will they bring him back?"

"Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near us, and said:
"Do you observe a child at the window?"
"Yes," we replied, with a deep interest.
"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of this little girl set out for the gold region. She was very much distressed at the departure, and she heard the train approaching, climbed to her accustomed place."
"At that moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features, and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure of the fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love-pludge only was replaced at the window with "God bless you, my darling Emi—good-by!"

"This was evidently the first intention of the little one of her father's intended departure. At the word she turned quickly, and with a half incredulous expression, from the window surveyed his person, and seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, and returning his parting salutation, "Good-by, papa—good-by!"
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HOW TO "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.

FOR the attainment of this end, Punch gives the following directions:

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.
2. Instill into her mind a proper love of dress.
3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.
4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.
5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life.
6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping.
7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself.
8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a ladies' maid.
9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk in the Treasury, upon \$75 a year, or to an esquire that is going out to India.

If with the above careful training, your daughter is not finished, you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle. Her own views, and a perception of the greedy impatience of the fellow who in order to realize a fortune by a single operation, killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The same morbid contractedness of interest in advertising is akin to that of the farmer who stunted his land to produce a full crop, under the expectation of saving at seed time, and at the same time of gathering in an abundant harvest. As a general rule, those who are wanting in the liberality necessary to make their business extensively known, will not hesitate to skin every customer who comes within their reach. Ladies are sagacious. They know who advertise, and who do not, and they never expect a bargain in a non-advertising establishment. So, too, with the man. They say the man who does not advertise upon his strength, looks up—push up—and you will stand as strong as he. Are you crowded out of the society of the rich? Look up, and soon your company will be coveted. Whatever may be your circumstances or condition in life, always make it a point to look—to raise higher and higher—and you will attain your fondest expectations. Success may be slow, but sure it will come. Heaven is on the side of those who look up.

IF a young man about 25 years old, from Columbia in Morris county, was at the corner of Green and Liberty streets, with a load of potatoes, which he was selling. Some of the bystanders were remarking upon the Whig defeat and the election generally, when their conversation caught the ear of the countryman, and he enquired with earnestness what had been going on. He was informed that an election had taken place, and Gen. Pierce had been elected President.

"Why," said the youth, "what did they do that for? I thought we had a President now."
The amusement created by the guileless ignorance of the uninformed youth may be imagined.

IF an Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he landed in was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom—Next morning the first that bounded into the breakfast room was Biddy with the exclamation of "De Jabsers! I've got the devil!"
What devil? inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise. "Why the bull buggin' sure, that has been attem' the children for the last two months!"

WHEN Maj. Jack Downing called on Gen. Andrew Jackson at the White House for the first time, he was regaled by the President with champagne and olives. The doughty Major tried both, the first he liked, the second he did not fancy, and laying the fruit back upon the plate, he asked, "What, General, your cider is good, but darn your pickles!"

LAST Foreman—A New York journal, name not given, is accredited in one of our exchanges for the following:
"Last yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with six diamonds! None. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."
The following question was first propounded by an anonymous Scotch maiden, many years ago, but to our knowledge, has never been answered.
"If a body meet a body coming through the eyes, is a body less a body, need a body cry?"

SO far as we are informed in our matters, we do not hesitate to express our opinion, that under the circumstances there is not the slightest occasion for tears.

THE State of Virginia has received \$11,400, being a six per cent dividend on the amount of stock in which Virginia is interested in the Dismal Swamp Canal. There is likewise a larger amount payable to the U. S. States Treasurer upon the same concern.

I feel, moaned a dying Collier, that I teaz weaker each succeeding day, that I fast approach my end—a few stickles and all will be over. In heaven there is rest for the sole—sarth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal. Having said and that he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

A tape worm, measuring two hundred feet long, was taken from a child at Nashville last week.

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