

BUSINESS CARDS.

O. A. BRYANT, Dealer in English, French, and American Dry Goods, W. I. Goods, and Groceries, Crockery, Glass and Hard Ware, Elm Street.

FOR SALE. A FARM in Bridgewater, situated on the main road from Bridgewater Village to Harvard about 3.4 miles from the former, containing 110 acres of good farm house and other out buildings, all that is necessary for the convenience for any farm of its size and one of the best fruit orchards in this part of the State, said farm is under good improvement and is high state of cultivation.



Freedom of Inquiry and the Power of the People. WOODSTOCK, THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 17, 1845. NUMBER 257.

THE LITTLE LOST SHOE.

OR FIDDLING IN SEARCH OF A FOOT. BY FRANCES S. GOOD.

CHAPTER I.

What a musical shriek! Henry Fielding was wandering through a noble western wood, at sunset, when the sound started from a profound reverie, and looking up, he beheld at a distance a young girl, motionless with terror, gazing, as if fascinated, upon an immense snake, apparently just coiled for a spring.

He hurried forward, hoping he might overtake her. Suddenly he sees a prize in the path, and stoops to take it up. What can it be? Is it a bracelet? A ribbon? A ring? No, gentle guesser, it is a little black kid slipper, of the daintiest and most graceful proportions imaginable.

Suddenly he came upon two paths, diverging from the one he was in. Here was a dilemma—which should he take? The right or the left? There was no time to lose. He chose the right which proved to be the wrong after all; for it led straight to a great pond in the depth of the wood, and left our unlucky friend but one of two alternatives, to drown his disappointment in the tempting water, or to retrace his steps and try the other.

As he approached the inn of the village he saw entering the stage-coach, which was just ready to start, a lady thickly veiled, in a very elegant travelling dress. Harry ran forward with a sudden misgiving. One little foot, in its neat black gaiter-boot, was already on the step—she sprang lightly in—the door closed—the driver cracked his whip, and ere our hero reached the spot, the coach was half way down the street.

It was she! he was sure of it. She had gone, perhaps forever! and Henry Fielding sauntered listlessly on, humming 'What's the dull town to me!' and looking as if he had not a friend in the world.

'Are you looking for anything, my dear fellow?' said Charles Seaton, meeting a friend in Chesnut street, about a month after the occurrence of the incident mentioned in the last chapter.

'And you acknowledge you have wasted a month in this ridiculous search—take my advice, Harry, resume your law studies at once and forget your wood-nymph as soon as possible. What would your father say if he knew of this foppish folly?' Harry colored a little at this frank reproach from his open-hearted friend; but after a moment's pause, he replied sadly—'You are quite right, Charles; but if you knew what a beautiful dream I resign, in adopting your advice, you would not wonder at my reluctance.'

'Yes, my sweet child, you must indeed go now. I fear I have already delayed it too long. But you will have a quarter's salary in advance, and that will more than discharge the few debts we have incurred. Go now, dear, while I dare let you go.'

Mrs Beaumont received her with a cold haunter, calculated to chill her into humility. Her eldest daughter, a delicate, aristocratic-looking beauty, languidly raised her glass—surveyed her for a moment—then let it drop and resumed her book. But both felt, in an instant the superiority the innate nobility of the person upon whom they affected to look down.

'You have come, I presume, Miss St. George, to say you accept the situation I proposed to you.'

'I will tell you in a course of a week,' she said at last.

'Stay!' said the lady hastily, 'upon the whole I think you will do. You may come to-morrow if you like.'

One morning she was sitting in the school-room, surrounded by empty chairs, in each of which she had placed a little invisible schoolmate, and was asking them, in turn, to spell all the hard words she could call to mind, when her sister entered to speak to the governess, and, ignorant of the mischief she was doing, seated herself in one of the 'tabooed' chairs.

But what have we done with our hero? Has he found the little lost foot yet? No! he has almost given it up; but he has become an attaché to a foreign embassy, and is quite a pet among the higher circles in Europe, where a true, frank, honorable and intelligent American is always received with favors.

'If you can manage that child,' muttered the nurse, as she consigned Miss Angela to her new governess the next morning, 'you will do more than any one else ever did—that's all I've got to say.'

to Julia, as the door closed upon the nurse.

'Oh, Angela! I am sorry for that.—Why do you do so?'

'No, indeed! They won't let me do anything I want to. They say I mustn't climb, for fear I shall tear my clothes; and I mustn't run, for fear I shall get heated; and I mustn't read much, for fear I should make my head ache; and I mustn't sew, for fear I shall stoop. They don't want me to do any thing out of school hours, but just sit up still, like a lady.'

Alternately surprised, amused, and grieved as the little indefatigable chatter-box thus ran on, Miss St. George saw the difficulty of the task before her. She saw the weeds and flowers struggling together in that rich but neglected garden, her pupil's heart; and she felt how difficult it would be to destroy the one, without injuring the other.

In the course of two or three months, the little Angela visibly improved. Her hair and dress were not often out of order she was seldom disobedient, or disrespectful, to her mother or her nurse; and, if she were ever so, a word from Julia had the desired effect.

One morning she was sitting in the school-room, surrounded by empty chairs, in each of which she had placed a little invisible schoolmate, and was asking them, in turn, to spell all the hard words she could call to mind, when her sister entered to speak to the governess, and, ignorant of the mischief she was doing, seated herself in one of the 'tabooed' chairs.

But what have we done with our hero? Has he found the little lost foot yet? No! he has almost given it up; but he has become an attaché to a foreign embassy, and is quite a pet among the higher circles in Europe, where a true, frank, honorable and intelligent American is always received with favors.

Mrs Beaumont, her daughter, Victoria, and her niece, Miss Adelaide Sinclair, were in 'perfect ecstasies,' for George the only son, who had just returned to England, from a continental tour, was expected home, to pass the Christmas holidays with their country seat, and was to bring with him the wealthy, talented, and distinguished Henry Fielding, and his pleasant friend, Mr Seaton.

her heart soften toward one who had devoted herself so tenderly and so successively to the improvement of her child.

'I think I can show you a smaller one,' said Fielding; and, impelled by a sudden impulse, he drew from his bosom the little kid slipper of his wood-nymph.

'Come, Vic,' said her brother, 'let me try it on you—if it don't fit somebody, we shan't have the verses.'

'Introduce me,' whispered Fielding. 'Miss St. George—Mr Fielding. Years ago, in America, my friend was promised this introduction.'

'What was it?' 'To the best of my recollection, it was, 'Hang la belle Julie!'

Fielding was perfectly enchanted with 'la belle Julie.' He gave but one sigh to his wood-nymph, and almost sure that his verses were safe, for many a belle had tried the shoe in vain, he said, 'Yes, Miss St. George, prove that you generously forgive my thoughtless folly, by putting on the slipper.'

As Julia took the shoe from his hand, she started, colored deeply, and gazed from it to him with a bewildered look, which was infinitely amusing to all but our awaking hero.

Did the prairie blooms caress thee? Breathing balms around thy tread? So the heart where now I press thee, All its wealth for thee shall shed.

'I should judge from all I see and hear,' said Seaton, in a sly demure tone, 'that Miss St. George could show, if she chose, the mate to this wonderful shoe.'

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. LECTURE I. MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

'You ought to be very rich, Mr Caudle! I wonder who'd lend you five pounds?—But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds!—As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr Caudle? Nothing. Oh no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.'

'The man called for the water-rate, today; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them. 'Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttle-cock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent the five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh no! the window must be as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that window settled him—if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.'

'Next Tuesday, the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid! Why, it can't be paid at all. The five pounds would have just done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never was so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop.—And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?'

'I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel—I've made up my mind to lose her, now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds, too.'

'I wonder where poor little Cherub is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?'

'Do you hear that shudder, how it's banging to and fro? Yes—I know what it wants as well as you, it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: now it must bang of night, since you have thrown away five pounds.'

'Well, things are come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made up my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles, when folks are always lending five pounds? 'Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? Sweep the chimney! Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds? 'Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. Set a trap for them! Yes it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds? 'Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when folks won't take care of their five pounds. 'Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds. 'And now, see Mr Caudle, what a misery you've brought upon your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-