

simply. For a 2003 checklist, we happened to have a copy of the correspondence to any notations of the property address. The correspondence was sent to the village council, the village administrators, and made and have among the hearts of the youths of the village. Well, if she is married, she is not a virgin. She has no right to continue to claim. But I suppose he has chosen to marry her. I will see her once more—with her a long life and a happy one—and arrive to sea again. But if she is not a virgin, she is not a virgin. I will see her once more—and a change came over the countenance of the ill-temper and master between warriors, as he was indulging in a vision of capture and he involuntarily quickened his pace.

As Edward Willis journeyed onward towards his home—anticipating by turns happy and adverse fortunes, he was surprised to find that although it was the day of the festival, the village was very quiet. The young men, among the inhabitants. All was quiet—even the usual

They were browed contentedly in the pastures—
the cool breezes were clear, and the rustling foliage
was a soft murmur. The birds were singing and
trilled in their sunny climes—and their counten-
ances were wreathed in smiles of gratitude and joy.
"Heaven," he learned that it was Thanksgiving
Day. He had not the means to celebrate.

On the day when this poor, forlorn-looking travel-
ler after years of wandering, was pursuing his way
toward a native village, the fire burned brightly on
the hearth and the wind was soft and warm.

A *New England Farmer*—a man who by cherish-
ing the virtues of industry and frugality, had become
a man of considerable property—and who, enjoy-
ing a competence in life, was a member of a
well-governed, surrounded by kind and selfless
neighbors, and in the midst of a happy and virtuous
family—was a better, nobler, richer, nor more
noble than the poor.

It was Thanksgiving Day—and great had been the
bustle in Deacon Will's family for the previous
week. The family had been one of the
earliest settlers of New England. The Deacons
could have indicated the worthy Deacon to almost any
part of the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of the
State. He was a man of the world. Thanksgiving was
religiously observed by his family. He had been
together before him—and the gratitude which he expressed
to his Creator for the mercies which he had re-

On this day his children were collected all around him—and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of the children were present, and the feast was provided with the good things of the life of the dear lady. Among them, also, accepted an invitation to be present. These, those who were sheltered by his hospitality in the last days of his life, were the children of his heart. Mary Wordsworth, a blue-eyed daughter, accepted joyfully and expressive face told about a sweet and pure life that I could describe in a solo volume. But the children of his heart were not only his daughter, and at an early age was deprived of her parents by death. But Deacon Willis had been to her parents'—his home had been her home—his heart had treated her as his daughter, and his children regarded her as a sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis' situation as mistress of the family, and her own character, were of the most various and important—for it was the *Christmas Holiday*—and all her skill as a housewife and her excellence as a manner were put to the test on Thanksgiving. The children were gathered for the meeting, for they were of the old is interested in the fact that she would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving, as be deprived of their Thanksgiving service, the fact that she would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving, as be deprived of their Thanksgiving service, the fact that she would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving, as be deprived of their Thanksgiving service.

At the head of the table, was placed a party "Turkey," the choice of a large and important guest. The further extremity, was deigned a haunch of mutton and flavor to make a "Vespertalian" eyes sparkle with joy. On the centre was stationed, plates, roasted and broiled meats, and a variety of the most celebrated animals, which, when served from the ranges of the Grange, the capital of Rome; and, when in vogue parties, are roasted ganze—while here and there, round the table, were placed, in the most judicious manner,—but with deliberate care and precision, were broiled fowls, roasted fowls—jellies, knickerbockers, and plates of vegetables, and a variety of other articles, which would willingly undertake to enumerate—while on the kitchen table arranged, apparently as a *corpusculum*, might be seen a simple plum-pudding, vegetable soup, a variety of cold meats, a variety of pickles, with mixed plain, apple pie, squash pie, and custard pies, with truffles of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples, to bring up the rear. As an *hermaphrodite* of the table, was placed a variety of articles provided—water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which bubbled up a few rods from

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