

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

NUMBER 14.

VOLUME XVIII.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY A. P. DURLIN & B. F. SLOAN,
STATE STREET, ERIE, PA.

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One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.50
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Advertisements inserted at 50 cents per square
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Prompt attention will be given to all business en-
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April 21, 1847. 49

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Has permanently located in Erie. Office at his
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Streets. 49

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Forwarding and Commission Merchants; 109
French Street, Erie, and at 6th Street Canal Ba-
no, also dealers in Groceries and Provisions.

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Iowa Territory.

WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, But-
ter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Pro-
duce. June 6, 1846. H. CADWELL.

HARDWARE.—Shelf Hardware and House
Furnishing can always be had by calling at
the cheap store. S. JACKSON & Co. 27
November 21, 1846.

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The sub-
scribers will pay cash for good clean Timo-
thy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

MUGGERFEE'S series of School Books, 1, 2,
3, 4 and 5 for sale at No. 111, French St.
Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

REMOVAL.
C. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock
of Clocks, Watches, Jewels, Fawcett
&c. etc. etc. No. 5, People's Block, State Street,
and will be pleased to have their friends call as usual.
N. B. A large addition to their stock in trade
will be made in a short time.
Erie, May 19, 1847. 1

LOVES.—We have the best assortment that
will be in this market of all kinds, including
Swiss' self imported black and fancy Kid,
and various kinds of China Laces.
April 25. WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.

THE SONG OF TOIL.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Let him who will, rehearse the song
Of gentle love and bright romance—
Let him who will, with tripping tongue,
Lead gleaming thoughts to fancy's tongue;
But let not strike mine iron harp
As northern harps were struck of old—
And let its music, stern and sharp,
Arouse the free and bold!

My hands that from harp shall sweep,
Till from each stroke new strains recoil,
And forth the sounding echoes leap,
To join the arousing Song of Toil;
Till men of thought their thoughts outpeak,
And thoughts awake to kindred mind;
And stirring words shall arm the weak,
And fetters cease to bind!

And crashing, sob, o'er soul and sense,
That glorious harp, whose iron strings
Are Leah's mighty instruments,
Shall shake the thrones of mortal kings;
And ring of awe, and awful note,
And rattle of plow through yielding soil,
And laboring engine's vocal throat,
Shall swell the Song of Toil!

Mary Loring's Lesson of Life.

BY MISS MARY CHASE.

CHAPTER I.
"Poor child! what lonely days you passed, with nothing
to recall,
But bitter taunts, and careless words, and looks more cold
than all!"

By the glowing embers on the kitchen-
hearth of a large old-fashioned farm-house,
sat Abel Martin and his wife. It was late in
the evening, and a chill blast was without.—
They had been sitting long in silence, and at
length Mrs. Martin spoke:

"It don't hardly seem as if poor James was
gone after all!"

She uttered this in a half-suggestive, half
doubting tone, and accompanied it by a very
proper sigh. Wherever James might be, it
was evident that his loss had not very deeply
affected her.

"I really cannot realize it," she continued;
"and then to think of sending his daughter to
me to be took care of and brought up. It is
certainly very affecting, though I don't see
how it is to be done, and I am not used to
having children about the house. But," she
said, "I shall do my best." "He can pick up
clippings, and run of errands, and they say
she is very smart with her needle, and paints
and sings all that. She mustn't think to
have any thing to do with such useless stuff
here, but I can keep her sewing a good part
of the time. There's the linen I made three
years ago not made up yet, besides a great deal
of flannel and low-collars; and she can learn
to spin and weave, I dare say, or she learns
other things so quick, and I guess I can make
her useful after all."

Mrs. Martin paused and looked up at her
husband for a reply. He had been gazing at
the fire steadily for the last hour, without the
slightest change of expression in his counte-
nance. But now raising up, and clasping his
hands over his knees, he said, "Hannah do you
know how much property your brother James
left?"

"No."

"Well, it was just fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" repeated his wife,
as if unable to comprehend the amount.

"Yes; and if you only manage right, it will
all be ours. Just keep her right under your
thumb. Don't let her think she can have her
own way at all. Because, in the first place,
it will be the easiest way, and next, when
she's grown up, if she lives so long, which I
can't think it will be less trouble to prevent
her getting her money into her hands. For
course, there'll be plenty that will be glad
to get such a rich girl."

Consenting thus, the farmer and his wife
sat until the embers had nearly died out upon
the hearth, and all their discourse was of the
orphan girl who had that day come under their
charge. A mother's love she had never
known, and her father had lately died in a
distant part of the state, whence she had been
sent to be cared for by their relatives.

Little did James Loring know the miserly,
grating disposition of his sister and her hus-
band, when by his will, he left his only child
to their care. They had not met in many
years, and each had been sufficiently occupied
in the pursuit of wealth to forget the other.

Abel Martin had no children. Perhaps the
influence of young and generous spirits might
have made him a better man. But with none
save themselves to provide for, both he and his
wife had gone on, from year to year toiling to
amass property which they could never enjoy
themselves nor share with others. But they
welcomed their young relative with as much
warmth as they knew how to infuse into their
words; for she was an heiress and an invalid,
and they were her nearest kin.

But oh! how the poor child's heart sank
within her, as she gazed around on the large
dimly-lighted rooms, whose ponderous furni-
ture had acquired that stiff immovable air
which always distinguishes unusual articles;
and a desolate, home sick feeling settled upon
her heart, as she contrasted this lonely house
with her own pretty chamber where all was
sunshine and comfort. Except on great occa-
sions, the kitchen and some small sleeping
rooms were the only ones opened. The por-
chid served for all domestic purposes, for din-
ing-room and parlor. It was large and al-
most as lonely as the rest—brown beams
looked grimly overhead, and the vast fire-place
seemed ready to swallow up the whole.

When she was shown to her chamber at
night her footsteps echoed loudly through the
unoccupied hall and on the bare creaking

stairs. When her aunt left her she threw
herself on the bed and sobbed aloud. It was
furnished with a bed and chair, a very small
looking glass, and a stand of the narrowst
proportions, with long tickety legs. And this
was all. Never before had she passed a night
in such a room.

But when she had dried her tears and laid
herself down for the night she could not sleep.
The cold linen struck a chill through her
frame, and the weight of the bed-clothes,
which yet gave no warmth, was insupportable.
Then the wind rose and made such strange,
unearthly noises around the house that she
was filled with fear.

At last, after two or three hours, she rose
and wrapping a shawl about her, descended
to the kitchen. As she opened the door, the
pair, who still sat by the hearth, were started
by her unexpected appearance.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs.
Martin, in a tone intended to be very gentle.
"Oh, aunt it is so cold and so lonesome up
stairs, I had rather sit up all night than stay
there."

"If you are cold, I'll put more clothes on the
bed but as to being lonesome I'm sure there
can't be anything more nice and snug."

"If you please, won't you let me sit here
till you go up stairs? I shan't mind it so much
there."

Mrs. Martin looked at her husband, who
shook his head, and she replied:

"No, my dear. Go right back to your room,
and I'll bring you something warm to put to
your feet. I can't have you think to begin to
be a baby, and if you are afraid of the wind, I
shall be ashamed of you. And don't you ever
come down stairs my dear, after you have
gone to bed again. And another time you
must warm better you go."

With a heavy heart poor Mary Loring
again ascended the stairs, that seemed to
creak louder and echo longer than before; and
burying her face in her pillow, wept herself
to sleep.

CHAPTER II.
"Love knoweth every form of air, and every shape of
earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere, like thought's mysterious
air-birth."

From that day a new life opened to the or-
phan child. She had come to her aunt glad-
ly, for she longed for kindness and tenderness,
and she found little there. She was a docile
girl, for she had early learned obedience, and
had scarcely ever known that she had a will
of her own, far less that it was to be gratified.

She had little strength of mind, little self-re-
liance, for faculties that are bestowed
soon cease to exist. She was of a
sweet and uncompelling disposition, fond only
of her books and of the pretty embroidery,
painting, &c., which she had been taught at
school. But with a sigh she submitted to be
deprived of her frame and her colors, and soon
learned to sit meekly at the coarse sewing
machine which her aunt bountifully provided for
her; or laid it aside without a murmur to draw
a bucket of water from the deep well, or to bring
wood in her slender arms.

She seldom spoke, unless it was in answer
to some inquiry, and seemed falling into a
sort of apathy when the Spring came, and its
soft winds and new springing grass, and deli-
cate blossoms, so like herself, aroused her to
a degree of activity. It had been the gossip
of all the quilting parties and tea-drinkings
of the neighborhood, that Abel Martin's rich
niece was little better than a servant in her
uncle's house. Many of these murmurs had
reached Mrs. Martin's ears, and perhaps it
was for this cause that now Mary was left
more to herself and her own wishes. So she
used to wander about the woods, or recline on
the dandelion and violet-gemmed banks of a
low, sweet-toned brook, that stole through her
uncle's meadows, or, with her pencil, make
sketches of the pleasant scenes she saw.

An old dog, no favorite with the family,
which contrived to pick up a precarious living
in the kitchen and woods, gradually attached
himself to the orphan, and at last became her
inseparable companion. Alone in the fields,
she was more happy than she had been since
her father's death. She wove garlands for
the old dog's neck, and while he gravely sat
and listened to her, she told him long stories
for want of other auditors, and sang her favorite
songs to the Spring birds. Her cheek
grew less pale, and the "gentle medicine"
that nature offers the desolate, seemed healing
her grief.

The Summer came, and Mary still wander-
ed as usual, gradually acquiring health
and strength, when one day she was surprised
to find, by her seat, under a hickory that grew
near the brook, a pretty rustic basket of flow-
ers and fruit. A thrill rushed through her
frame, an intense delight that she had not felt
for months. They were for her. Somebody
must have thought of and pitied her! It was
a friend who placed them there, surely. But
who could it be? She knew no one, had made
no acquaintances, for her aunt had discour-
aged any advances made by the neighbors'
daughters towards a friendship with her niece
and she had neither cared nor heeded.

Day after day she came there, and never
failed to find some similar gift. She had
pleased herself with weaving a hundred pretty
romances, of which they were the foundation.
One morning all the woodland creatures were
asir. The birds were busier than ever among
the bushes; the squirrels' eyes were brighter
as they shone out from their mischievous lit-
tle faces; and every leaf was glistening and
fluttering in the early breeze.

With a light heart, Mary bounded over the
mossy stones and withered leaves in a glad
race with the old dog, which made the echoes
ring with his barking. With flushed cheeks
and eager eyes she reached her favorite tree,
and looked around for her accustomed gift.

But it was not to be seen. "Wolf," she said,
gaily, "you were here first, you have carried
off my flowers!—Where are they?"

"They are here, Miss Loring," said a young
man, stepping from behind the tree.

Mary looked at him for a moment in mute
astonishment. Deep blushes overspread her
face, and she curtsied, not knowing what else
to do; then, with a sudden impulse, leaped
across the brook, and was bounding away to-
wards the house, when she heard the unknown
exclaim, "Miss Loring! Miss Loring!"

From more force of habit, she paused to lis-
ten to what he had to say, and was half fright-
ened when he crossed the brook and stood by
her side. He offered her the flowers, which
she did not dare refuse, but stood trembling
and wishing to go. There was nothing very
frightful in the case, at least so thought Lou-
is Harden, as he smiled at the poor child's
paleness. He was a young farmer, with rather
better education, better looks, and better
means than any of his neighbors; and there-
fore thought himself abundantly qualified, on
all these accounts, to make the acquaintance
of the heiress, whose situation had excited so
much sympathy in the vicinity. But know-
ing this would be entirely distasteful to the
Martins, he had made this experiment, and
was well pleased with his success.

It is to be feared that the young farmer's
love suffered that day, for the sun was high
in the heavens when he joined his haymakers,
and he often passed and stood leaning on his
rake, as if in deep thought.

"What is the matter with you child?" said
Mrs. Martin, as Mary entered the door; "your
cheeks are as red as a piny! You have't looked
so well this time. I told you 'twould be the
saving of you to come and live with me. But
it seems to me you've been a great way this
morning. Now run right up stairs, and go to
reeling that woolen yarn; you've got so smart
you can do it as well as not." Mary
gladly escaped to the chamber; and in the excu-
sation of her homely, but rather pleasant task,
found ample time to think over the adventure
of the morning. It was such an event in her
quiet, aimless life.

"I know I mustn't tell aunt," she thought,
"for then, he says, she will shut me up, and
never let me go out of doors again; but I am
afraid it is very wrong."

"Oh, dear!" she said aloud, "what have I
done? I have gone on, and on, reciting this
yarn; and not tied a single knot, and now I
shall have to wind in all off and commence
the skein again!"

Poor Mary Loring. Something had sadly
discomposed her that day, for it required all
her patience to get her simple work right, and
at night, so little had been accomplished that
her aunt bestowed a sound scolding upon her,
and bounced out of the room in a rage. Never
had the old lady's manner seemed so harsh
so coarse or repulsive, and a flood of tears
concluded the unwelcome events of the day.

On the morrow she lingered in the house in-
stead of going as usual. She walked from the
door to the window, took up her sewing, laid
it aside, and to use Mrs. Martin's expression,
"fidgetted," until, losing all forbearance, the
thrifty housewife exclaimed, "Miss are you
going to take a walk, or ain't you? Because
if you ain't, you can go and finish that yarn;
and if you are, you'd better go, so as to get
back some time to-day. You wouldn't be in-
dulged to take a walk by every body, I can
tell you. I couldn't humor an own daughter
as I do you. Come, if you're going, go."

The vision of the woolen yarn and the hot
chamber decided the child, and she went out
without a word. Old Wolf, who had been as
restless as his young friend followed, and Mrs.
Martin stood in the door grumbling:

"There you go, a pretty pair indeed! that's
all either of you are good for; and if it wasn't
for them that dead and gone, I wouldn't be
bothered with either of you, the girl or the dog.
But I promised old Elsie Harden, when she
gave me that dog when he was a puppy, that
I would keep him, and now I suppose I must.
I should think Louis would come and get him,
now the old woman's gone, but if he did, I wouldn't
let him have him just for saying that I was
cross to Mary. Pretty high times! when he
or anybody else is going to take me in hand!"

So the dame went to her work, and Mary
and Wolf, unconscious of her disparaging so-
liloquy, wended their way to the brook.—
She did not dare to go quite down, but stood
in the edge of woods a moment, and looked
towards the hickory. Quietly leaning against
its trunk stood Louis Harden, and as old Wolf,
enraged at this disturber of their usual haunt,
bounded forth barking loudly, he looked
around and saw the trembling child.

In an instant he had met her, and with a
hundred thanks for her coming, led her to
her favorite seat. A beautiful volume of il-
lustrated poetry lay there, and with delight
she seized it, for it was so long since she had
seen a new book.

"Did you bring this for me?" she said quite
innocently.

"I did, and I will bring you a new one ev-
ery day, if you will come and take it."

"How good you are!" said the child. "Isn't
it strange that my uncle has never brought
me anything since I came here to live?"

"You do not know those relatives of yours
yet, Miss Loring."

"And, lowering his voice, Louis frankly and
honestly told her their whole design so far as
actions, which were sufficiently definite, had
revealed it.

She did not half comprehend him. She
knew that she had property of her own, but
this was now her home, and she felt that she
ought to love and obey them as much as possible.
She could not believe what he said,
but she listened, and it was enough.

Days, weeks, passed on, and the orphan
had laid her head in Louis Harden's bosom
and promised to be his.

The surprise of Abel Martin cannot be de-
scribed when his young neighbor came to him
and claimed his consent to taking her from
them. But he was a shrewd, crafty man,
and betrayed no displeasure, which was
scarcely to be expected. He requested a day
to consider it; and on the morrow Louis
was informed of his willingness to part with

Mary, since it was her choice to leave them,
but insisted that a whole year should inter-
vene between that time and her marriage, on
account of her youth.

To this Louis reluctantly agreed, not with-
out some misgivings at the old man's unusu-
al urbanity, but he was too much pleased with
his unexpected success in the negotiation to
speculate on it long.

CHAPTER III.
"She looked from the window,
With long and aching feet,
From the cold clear light of morning
To the twilight's purple haze.
Cold and pale the placid show—still the girl kept
gazing on."

Very different now was the life of Mary
Loring. She was petted and indulged like a
spoiled child. Whatever her uncle and aunt
had chosen not to do before, was done now;
beautiful dresses took the place of her mourn-
ing; the large chamber was opened and hand-
somerly furnished for her—even luxuriously.
When she exchanged the narrow closet
which she had hitherto occupied for this room
with its soft carpet, its draped windows, its
books and piano, she felt that no gratitude
was too much to express to her friends.—
Louis was dazzled with this excess of kind-
ness; he could not but suspect at times the
existence of some under current, that would,
by and by, sweep away all this goodly show,
yet gradually forgot these thoughts, and when
the Summer came again, was completely
charmed by the attentions of the Martine.

The year of probation was passed—the
wedding day of the farmer and the young or-
phan came. It had long before been an-
nounced, and all the country round was bid-
den to attend the ceremony. The evening
closed in, and brilliant lights shone from Abel
Martin's windows. The old rooms had been
stripped of their antiquated furniture, and rich
showy couches, divans ottomans, and other
unfamiliar articles, of which the guests
knew not even the names, substituted in their
places. Curtains of embroidered lace fell
to the floor, admitting the soft evening
air.

The right wing had been selected for the
supper room, and through the door, ostenta-
tiously left open, appeared long tables, whose
richly decorated viands seemed too beautiful to
be merely eaten.

The orphan sat in her chamber. She had
never dreamed, even in her early happy days
of wearing anything so lovely, so gracefully,
as her bridal robe. It was a gift from her aunt,
and the bridesmaid descended at great length
on her generosity and envied Mary so kind a
friend. Very beautiful was the apparel, as
she sat there, for that sweetness that betokens
perfect happiness dwelt on her face.

The guests had all arrived, and the clock
pointed to nine. It struck, and at the in-
stant the quick pattering of a horse's hoofs
and the roll of wheels were heard.

"It is Louis!" said the bride. "I know
Hanger's pace so well."

Her aunt bustled from the room, and the
bridesmaid took a last look at their own and
then stood at the window to wait the mo-
ment for them to descend. Ten minutes passed.
They looked at each other. Ten more—
The bride grew pale—the girls whispered,
and one left the room. There was a low
murmur in the parlors, but no bridesgroom
came. They had parted but a few hours be-
fore, and why was he not there to claim his
hand? The bride hid her face; and her friend
came and knelt by her side, and spoke sooth-
ing words. A half hour passed, and Mary
sprang to her feet, as the sound of horse's
hoofs was heard, and the same roll of wheels,
but this time they went from the house.

At that moment her uncle and her aunt en-
tered and requesting the bridesmaid to leave
them alone for a moment, then told the half
bewildered girl that it was all a jest; that they
never meant she should marry Louis Harden,
that he had gone, and all between them was
over forever.

They spoke most lovingly to her, and begged
her to go down and help them to make
merry with their friends—that it was all as
usual, that the pretended wedding was arrang-
ed—and that all they had intended to do was
to give a grand party in her honor—that they
could not part with her, even to so worthy a
man as Louis.

Mary was bewildered—she neither wept
nor spoke. She looked vacantly into their
faces, and occasionally responded, "Yes—
yes," as if she acquiesced in all. But she
had not understood the meaning of a single
word. They had foreseen a storm of tears
and reproaches, but they were not prepared
for this. They looked at each other for ex-
planation, but they knew not that her deli-
cate fragile soul was that hour darkened, and
that she was unconscious of word or deed.

"Will you go down with us now?"

"Yes, yes," was the response. They put
wines to her lips and she drank, and they led
her among the guests, who were wholly in-
credulous concerning the flimsy excuse of the
pretended wedding. How many young
hearts ached and eyes were dimmed with
tears for the sake of that gentle creature, led
like a lamb to the sacrifice! There was such
a strange unfitnes in her bridal robes for that
stricken one. She moved about, leaning on
her uncle's arm, so meekly, with such a suf-
fering look, they could not endure the sight.

But no one dared risk the displeasure of the
lady by being the first to leave, and so the
evening slowly wore away, and they depart-
ed and all was still. There was great exci-
tation in all the countryside as to the
evening, and before sunrise every person
within miles around knew what had taken
place.

But the real facts were these, and soon
they were noised abroad. When Louis
Harden entered he was met by Abel himself,
who conducted him into a back room, and
seating him at a table, reached him a pen and
requested him to sign a paper, which lay
before him. It was the price of Mary Loring!
It was a bond by which he was bound to have

nothing whatever to do with her property dur-
ing her life, and if she died before him to re-
linquish every cent of it to her nearest kin.

The boldness, the audacity of the demand
almost petrified him. It was repeated with
the assurance that there was no appeal, that
the arrangement had been made at Mary's
suggestion, and with her entire consent.—
Louis replied in fierce words that he would
not degrade himself by such a bond—that
Mary might make such disposition of her
property as she chose, but he would not sign
the paper. Abel was dumbstruck. He had cal-
culated on the young man's love for his niece
too far. It was for this he had expended so
much—for this he had schooled his rude nature
into deference for her he was determined to
deceive. In vain he entreated, almost threat-
ened—vainly, prayed. At last he represented
the distress of the bride herself—but it was
now useless to attempt stemming the torrent
of passion, and flinging the old man into a
corner,