The Erie Observer.

AL AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

BY B. F. SLOAN.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

E. SEABURY,
Dealer in Imported Wines and Liquors, [illegible] French Brandies, Gins, &c., Champagne, Claret, Madeira, Malaga, Sherry, Port, and all kinds [illegible] Wines, also manufacturer of rectified Whiskey, Rye, Bourbon, Monongahela, &c., Reed House, [illegible] street, Erie.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in Groceries and [illegible], State Street, No. 10 Brown's Block.

E. M. COLE,
Book Binder, Blank Book Manufacturer, Second story of Rindernecht's Block, Erie, Pa.

EDWIN C. WILSON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Erie, Pa.— [illegible] State Street, near the Park, in the American [illegible] story of the building, occupied by F. & M. [illegible]. He will always be found in his office, and [illegible] punctually attended to.

BECKMAN, KENDIG & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and [illegible] in Flour, Pork, Fish, Salt, Seeds, Wood and [illegible] Ware, Nails and Glass, at No. 2 Wright's Block, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] HENRY BECKMAN, [illegible] KENDIG

JOHN W. WALKER,
Attorney at Law, St. Louis, Mo. [illegible] give prompt attention to the locating of Land [illegible] and the payment of Taxes in the States of Missouri and Iowa; will also [illegible] the purchase of Missouri Swamp Land, &c.

MISS A. E. COLE,
Successor to T. K. Blake
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Straw Goods, artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Silks, Laces, and Fashionable Millinery, Paragon Building, fronting the Park, Erie, Pa. Particular attention [illegible] to Orders.

S. NEWTON PETTIS,
Attorney at Law.—Office on Chestnut street, Meadville, Pa.
Feb. 26, 1859.—1y38

T. M. AUSTIN,
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Fine Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Plated Ware, Looking Glasses, Gilt Mouldings, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, Paragon Building [illegible] West Park near Peach st.

HAYES & JORDAN,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fancy [illegible] Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Clothes, &c., [illegible] Brown's Block, Erie, Pa.

S. A. DAVENPORT,
Attorney at Law.—Office in Central [illegible] Sneberger & Baker's Clothing Store [illegible] State street.

WM. A. GALBRAITH,
Attorney at Law.—Office on 6th street, [illegible] opposite the Court House, Erie, Pa.

T. S. SINCLAIR,
(Successor to Stewart & Sinclair,)
[illegible] and Retail Druggist, Corner of State and [illegible] in Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene [illegible] Brushes, &c.

WILLIAM S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law [illegible] to corner rooms of Rosenzweig's Block, [illegible] State street and the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

W. L. MAGILL,
Dentist, Office in Rozen[illegible] north side of the Park, Erie, Pa. 26

ALLEN A. CRAIG,
Justice of the Peace—Office in New [illegible] of Peach Street and the Public Square, Erie

ROGERS & BENNETT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hardware, Crockery, Glassware and Saddlery, Nos. 11 and 12 [illegible] Block, corner of Fifth and State streets, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] [illegible] BENNETT.

M'CONKEY & SHANNON,
(Successors to Barney & M'Conkey)
[illegible] in English, German and American Hardware [illegible] Also, Nails, Anvils, Vices, Iron and Steel, No. [illegible] House, Erie, Pa.

JAMES LYTLE,
Tailor, in the room recently occupied by [illegible] Sill, Esq., as a Law office, and over the Store of N. [illegible] between the Reed House and Brown's Hotel.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Dealers in Gold, Silver, Bank Notes, Certificates of Deposit, &c. Sight exchange on the [illegible] cities constantly for sale. Office No. 9 Reed House, [illegible] Square, Erie.

JAMES CROOK & CO.,
Builders and Manufacturers of Sash, [illegible] and Blinds, Peach st., in the shop formerly [illegible] Hugh Jones.

P. MINNIG,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Pork, Fish, Salt, Grain, Flour, Fruits, Nuts, Glass, [illegible] Brooms, Pails, Wooden, Willow and Stone Ware, [illegible] Terms Cash. Prices low. No. 4 Wright's Block, [illegible] street, 4 doors above the Post Office, Erie, Pa.

LUCE & RATHBUN,
Dentists, Office in Beatty's Block, north side of Public Square, [illegible] occupied by [illegible] & Co. All work warranted.

GRAY & FARRAR,
Wholesale Grocers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, [illegible] Caps, Safety Fuse, [illegible] Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. [illegible] Bonnell Block, State street, Erie, Pa.
[illegible] GRAY [illegible] FARRAR.

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, [illegible] in Coal, Flour, Fish, and agent for [illegible] line of [illegible] Lake Steamers, Public [illegible], Erie, Pa.

LIDDELL, MARSH, & Co.,
Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, [illegible] Gearing, Agricultural implements, Railroad Cars, [illegible] Erie, Pa.

MISS E. E. RHODES,
Fashionable Dress Maker and Agent [illegible] Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines. Rooms over [illegible] Jewelry Store, West Park, Erie, Pa. ☞ Stitching done to Order.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with [illegible] promptness and dispatch.

JOHN SWEENY,
Justice of the Peace, Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie, Pa.

CAUGHEY & CLARK,
Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines and Liquors, also Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents for [illegible] Buffalo [illegible] Nos. 1 and 2 Commercial Buildings, North side of Public square, Erie, Pa.
WM. H. CAUGHEY, [illegible] CLARK.

JOHN W. AYRES,
Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, Drawing Room, Rocking, Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Keystone Block, Erie, Pa.

BARR & KELSEY,
Dealers in Boots and Shoes at Wholesale and Retail, at No. 13, Cadwell's Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW,
Manufacturers & Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Well and Cistern Pumps of superior quality, the cheapest and best now in use. Shop on Twelfth street near Peach, Erie, Pa.
☞ Aqueduct for carrying water for family, farm or mechanical purposes for sale cheap.
[illegible] OLDS, M. L. LOW.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist.—Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, [illegible] east of Erie Bank buildings.
Erie, July 10, 1858.

GEORGE J. MORTON,
Forwarding and Commission Merchant, [illegible] Dock, Erie, dealer in Coal, Salt, Fish, Flour and [illegible]

M'CARTER & KELLOGG,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in Groceries, [illegible] Ship Chandlery, Wood and Willow ware, &c. [illegible] State street, Erie, Penn.

EMPIRE STORES,
[illegible] A. [illegible], Jobber and Retail Dealer in every description of Foreign and Domestic Dry [illegible], Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c. No. 13 State street, [illegible] of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,
Justice of the Peace. Deeds, Agreements, Bonds and Mortgages, Leases &c., accurately and carefully drawn. Office on French street, over Jas. S. Sterrett's Grocery Store, Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Will practice in the several Courts of Erie County, [illegible] give prompt and faithful attention to all business [illegible] to his hands, either as an Attorney or Magistrate.
☞ Office in Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth st., Erie, Pa.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Attorney at Law.—Office removed to new building west of State Street, on the north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.

DEAF AND BLIND.
Dr. Griswold, Oculist and [illegible], No. 230 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Confines his attention exclusively to the treatment of [illegible] of the Eye and Ear.
[illegible] 19, 1859.—[illegible]

MORTIMER PHELPS,
Attorney at Law. Office over Murphy's Tin Shop, between Brown's Hotel and Reed House, Erie, Pa.

SCOTT & RANKIN,
Dealers in all kinds of Coal, Salt, Plaster, Flour, Fish, &c., &c. Public Dock, Erie, Pa. 31
A. SCOTT, J. H. RANKIN.

L. L. BALDWIN,
(Successor to Clark & Baldwin)
Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 5 Reed House, Erie, Pa. Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Camphene, Burning Fluid, Brushes, &c., &c. 22

THE

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 30.

J. C. SELDEN,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of English, German and American Hardware, Anvils, Vices, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c. Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, Machine Belting and Packing. French street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.

WILLING

Is filling up his Store with
His usual variety of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

And proposes to sell them
CHEAP ENOUGH

To induce purchasers to
COME UP TOWN

When they wish to lay in
A stock for the Little ones
Or procure any in his line.
Oct 29. State street, between 8th & 9th.

NOTICE.

ALL persons, without exception, knowing themselves indebted to us, are earnestly requested to pay the same without delay, as the late change in our business renders an early disposal of unsettled affairs imperative, and we trust that the indulgence heretofore granted will be gratefully reciprocated by a prompt response to this notice. oct 8. J. JOHNSTON & BRO.

J. C. BURGESS & CO.,

GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
PORK, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE.

No. 10, Brown's Block, State Street.
Erie, Oct. 8, 1859. 18

PIANO FORTE
AND
MELODEON MANUFACTORY

SAVE TWENTY PER CENT
BY BUYING OF

WILLIAM WILLING
ERIE, PENN'A.

THE experience of *twenty years*, and the idea that I could make

PIANOS AND MELODEONS

In Erie cheaper than I can buy them elsewhere, because rent is cheaper, lumber is cheaper, coal is cheaper, iron the same, induced me to employ competent and complete, experienced workmen, who carried on a Piano Manufactory themselves for five years, and who sold me their *entire stock necessary to make such instruments*, and I am now prepared to furnish my numerous friends
WITH

Pianos and Melodeons

of superior Tone and finish, and will

WARRANT THEM!

For any length of time, to give
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

My reputation as a Musician and business man would be lost if these Instruments should not prove good, and I assure the public that nothing is spared to bring about the desired result, viz.:

Producing a fine and substantial Piano, which will give good satisfaction, and stay in tune longer than any Piano I know of.

TERMS VERY EASY!
PRICES VERY REASONABLE!

NEW MUSIC **PATRONIZE**

Your Own Citizens at Home!
ORDERS at WHOLESALE or RETAIL
Executed promptly and fairly

☞ Produce, orders on Stores, old Instruments, Lumber, and any thing else I can sell again or use in my business, will be taken in exchange *for Piano Fortes, Melodeons,* Dulcimers and any thing else I have in my store.

PIANOS TO LET!
TUNING DONE WELL!
NEW MUSIC EVERY WEEK!
NONE BUT THE BEST ARTICLES ON HAND
THE GENUINE UNRIVALED
Chickering & Son's Piano Fortes,
ALWAYS ON HAND

Have you ever heard of a poor Chickering Piano?—let me know where it is and I will exchange it.
WM. WILLING

TO EDITORS.—You all remember the offer Mr. Horace Waters of New York, has made for advertising in our papers. The undersigned will do a little better, if you will favor him with a call, and will furnish you with any Piano you order or desire. Give me your order. WM. WILLING
Erie, June 18, 1859.—2

MILLINERY.

MRS. CURTIS has returned from New York, and is now receiving her Stock of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS!

Consisting of

Silk, Satin and Straw Bonnets,

Head Dresses, Caps, Flowers, Ribbons, ruches, Chenilles, Velvet Ribbons, Collars, Laces, &c., &c. Also, Corsetts, Hoop Skirts, Hosiery, Zephyr Hoods, Knitting Yarn and materials for Embroidery, Lace Veils, Kid Gloves, superior quality, &c., &c., all of which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere.

☞ MILLINERS supplied with all goods in their line at Wholesale. MRS. M. CURTIS.
Erie, Oct. 1, 1859.—17

WHO WANTS A SAFE.
The subscriber has one large size HERRING'S SAFE, which he will dispose of cheap for Cash or approved paper. W. L. SCOTT.
Erie, April 9, 1859.—44.tf.

BUILDERS HARDWARE
A full and complete assortment of Builders Hardware, for sale very low by oct29-21 J. C. SELDEN.

SADDLE & CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS.
A full assortment of Saddlery and Carriage Trimmings, for sale very low by 21. J. C. SELDEN.

CARPENTER'S and JOINER'S TOOLS,
the largest and cheapest stock in the City, at
Erie, Oct. 29, 1859.—21 J. C. SELDEN'S

SAUSAGE CUTTERS, Cleavers, Mincing Knives, Butcher Knives, at the store of
oct 29—21 J. C. SELDEN.

SHOVELS, and Tongs Stands, Blower Stands, for sale by 21 J. C. SELDEN.

TABLE CUTLERY, *Pocket Knives of* all styles and qualities, at low prices, by
Oct. 29, '59—21 J. C. SELDEN.

TIMOTHY SEED! TIMOTHY SEED!!
100 Bushels nice New Clean Timothy Seed, just received, and for sale cheap by
Erie, Oct. 15, 1859. BECKMAN KENDIG & CO.

CHARLES W. KELSO,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Has removed his Office to that of Elijah Babbitt, Esq., southwest corner of the Public Square, where he will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
Erie, Dec. 2, 1859. 3m25

COAL OIL of a superior quality can be had of CARTER & BRO. Nov. 5, 1859.—22.

FURNITURE

OF my own make of any description, selling at low prices, for Produce, Store Pay, or by weekly payments to meet the times. G. W. ELLSEY,
Nov. 5, 1859. State st., next 8th, Erie.

50 SIZES OF WINDOW GLASS!
FRENCH AND AMERICAN, by the box, for sale low by nov5 CARTER & BRO.

MADDER AND INDIGO, *of the very* best quality, by the Cask or in less quantities, by
Nov. 5 CARTER & BRO.

Colors! Colors!!

RAW Umber, Burnt Umber, Burnt Sienna, Paris Green, Venetian Red, Chrome Yellow, &c., &c., ground in Oil and put up in 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. cans, sold at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf No. 5 Reed House.

CHOICE LIQUORS, for Medicinal purposes, on draught and in bottles, for sale at
BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf. No. 5 Reed House.

CUD BEAR AND COCHENEAL, by
Nov. 5 CARTER & BRO.

Carbon Oil!

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE, just received and for sale at BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
Erie, Dec. 3, 1859.—26 No. 5 Reed House.

MATHEW'S LIQUID HAIR DYE!— The cheapest, safest and most convenient H *Dye in use, for sale at* BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
20 tf No. 5 Reed House

PAINT BRUSHES.—The finest asso ment of Paint Brushes in the City for sale at
BALDWIN'S DRUG STORE,
26 tf No. 5 Reed House

SPALDING'S LIQUID GLU
Sold by 26 CARTER & BR

ERIE

ERIE, PA., SATURDAY MORNING, DECE

Poetical.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

The Light of home! how bright it beams
 When evening shades around us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
 To love, and rest, and comfort, all;
When wearied with the toils of day,
 And strife for glory, gold and fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
 Where loving lips will lisp our name
 Around the light at home!

When through the dark and *stormy night*
 The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
 That through the forest gloom the spies!
It is the light of home. He feels
 That loving hearts will greet him there:
And softly through his bosom steals
 The joy and love that banish care
 Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
 It *peeps from yonder* cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
 When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
 The blessings that the beams impart
The cheering hopes and joys that flow,
 And lighten up the heaviest heart
 Around the *light at home!*

Choice Literature.

THE LOVE OF AGATHA HOLMES.

CHAPTER I.

"Curse him! No. I told him I'd see you in your coffin first. What, let you marry the son of my greatest enemy, the son of a treacherous father, and a light-o'-love, jilting mother? They say she worships him; well, this will be a stab for her tender heart, or I'm mistaken;" and William Holmes stamped up and down the library with his hands in his pockets; and then laughed savagely as he thought of the pang he should inflict on the heart of the widow Lee.

And Agatha Holmes heard all this without a word, but her face was of a deadly white; and her sharp nails almost brought the blood in her clenched hands, as she stood by the window and looked out.

The furious old man walked up and down the room once or twice more, then taking up the poker he punched at the fire, then threw it down with a crash; and finding his daughter still did not speak, he went up to her and seizing her by the shoulder, shouted.

"Why don't you speak, you obstinate fool? Laying plans for a rebellion, are you? Mark my words, if you marry that sneaking, poverty stricken country doctor, I disown you, and curse you. Curse you, mind you! Do you hear now?" and with a "ha! ha!" that showed *how exhausted* he was with his passion, the old man sat down in his chair.

Still the girl did not answer, but she turned around and threw an appealing *glance at her mother, who sat pale, terror*-stricken, and weeping over her knitting at the other side of the room. At the frightful threat of Mr. Holmes, the poor woman had risen instinctively in her chair, and said, "Oh! William," *then sunk back again* well knowing how little *she* could do to calm such turbulent passion.

The newspaper which the old man had taken from the table, shook and rattled in his trembling hands as he folded and unfolded it, and his shaggy brows knit over his blood-shot eyes, as he endeavored in vain to fix his attention on it. At last he threw the paper on the table, and brought his large hand down heavily upon it, exclaiming.

"And I tell you, too, if you ever willingly see that man again, I'll disown you, I'll curse you with my dying breath," he almost shrieked, as he again wound himself up to his former pitch of passion.

At this Agatha Holmes took a step forward leaned her hand on the table to support her trembling form, and spoke so slowly, *distinctly and firmly, that her father* listened in spite of himself. She said.

"You will not curse me, for without your permission I'll never marry Richard Lee; but you may disown me if you please, for I will see him once more *before we* part forever," and then she left the room.

Mrs. Holmes arose to follow her, but was checked before she laid her hand on the knob of the door by her husband exclaiming.

"Stay here, will you? I'll have none of *your whimpering over* her to weaken my authority," and the poor, cowed woman took her seat again, the hot tears falling over her knitting work.

Agatha went to her room, threw herself *on the floor*, and laid her aching head on the side of the bed. She did not weep, trouble seemed to have made her dumb.—She felt too well that her *obstinate*, implacable father would carry out his threat; she could not marry with a curse upon her, so she, who had tasted so *few* of the joys of life, saw this sweet love pass away from her lips, untouched. How her heart rebelled! From childhood she had grown up, deprived, by her father's savage whims, of many of childhood's pleasures; overlooked by him, or only noticed to be thwarted, *caressed by her delicate, timid mother* by stealth; and now, just as the world was growing fair and beautiful, just as the mystic veil had been lifted, and a flood of light let in on her cold heart, to return to the old, dreary hopelessness! And to gratify a father's revenge, only for this!

Years before he had loved with all the intensity and ferocity of his ferocious nature the mother of Richard Lee, had been *engaged to* to *her*, but had so frightened her with his wild passions, that she had broken her troth with him. Then George Lee, his most intimate associate, had wooed the girl that he had long loved, and married her. He was only a village doctor, with a small income, and year by year the little that he could save somehow slipped out of his hands, and William Holmes held his notes, and was a hard creditor; and just as his son was looking forward to the time when he could assist his father, George Lee escaped from William Holmes, and all other creditors, and went to settle that last account with the most inexorable of them all, death.

In the meanwhile, William Holmes' purse had fattened in proportion as Dr. Lee's grew thin. He was a good lawyer and a keen business man, and when, after building himself a comfortable house, he began to look around like a great bloated spider, to see whom he might inveigle into it, he married little Annie Harris.—Everybody envied the new mistress of the new house, and of Mr. Holmes' purse. In the second year of their marriage Agatha was born, and she grew up a sturdy little thing, made hard by the storms of her father's passions, and the dew and sunlight of her mother's love.

But, poor girl! she forgot that there was any warmth in the mother's breast, she only felt that this brighter, more dazzling light was to be withdrawn.

All that cold autumn day Agatha kept her room, but the next morning she appeared at her usual place at the head of the breakfast table, much to her father's satisfaction, who disliked his coffee from any other hands than hers. As Mr. Holmes' was settling himself to his paper with his feet on the fender, she said:

"I have written a note to Dr. Lee, sir, requesting him to call here this morning. If you object to his coming to this house, I must meet him somewhere else, for I *must* see him this once. You can read it, sir."

Mr. Holmes sat with his eyes on his paper, but shifting his feet uneasily about while his daughter was speaking. There was something in the quiet, decided tone, the unfluttered manner, that made him know that opposition was useless, that she *would* see Dr. Lee in spite of him, so he said gruffly.

"I want to see no love-sick *billet-doux*, and let him come here if you choose; for by Jove, no daughter of mine shall make appointments to meet any man *out of* her father's house;" and he turned again to the "*Morning News.*"

But after this, William Holmes somehow respected his daughter more than he had ever done before. Wife or child had never dared hitherto to thwart his mighty will, and he rather liked the opposition; "a chip off the old block," he said to himself, with a gratulatory chuckle, as he went into his office.

Agatha, who had shed no tears before, cried like a child as soon as she saw her lover.

"Agatha, Agatha," said Dr. Lee, as he held her close to him, "don't despair so; your father will relent in time, I know he will. We are both young yet and well able to wait, I'll make a fortune for you, and then he'll give his consent, I am sure.

But Agatha shook her head as she answered.

"It isn't altogether the money, Richard, but because he hated your father and mother. I had to see you this once. I wanted to tell you that I felt my father's word would be kept, and that you must not, from any chivalric notion of your duty to me, consider that you are pledged to me. There is no hope, Richard, and you are free from this moment. I will not be a clog to all your plans for life, as this tedious waiting would make me."

But Dr. Lee was either more hopeful, or professed to be so, to cheer up poor Agatha.

"Nonsense!" he said; "from all known laws of nature, the more violent the storm the sooner it is over. We will do nothing to anger your father, and before the year is out he will give his consent to our marriage."

Still Agatha shook her head.

"I know him too well," she said, "we might as well make up our minds to it first as last. It will only be prolonging our torture, Richard, to nurse the hope, and find it slowly die away as years go by," and another flood of tears followed.

"Oh! Aggy, Aggy, what a desparing little body you are! I'm perfectly confident that we shall sit, on either side of the chimney corner, Darby and Joan fashion, eating apples and nuts, and telling over this story to a circle of romantic youngsters. Only let us have faith in each other, and all will go well."

Agatha Holmes thought she had no hope, that she had quite made up her mind she should never marry Dr. Lee; but still the knowledge of his love made her very happy, and hope is never dead at twenty.—Her father watched her curiously but silently.

"I don't see that she's any more quiet than common, love is no deep matter with a woman," he thought, and he hectored his wife and snarled at his daughter as usual.

Agatha visited but little in the village. Mr. Holmes hated to [illegible] with company, and sneered at sewing circles, Dorcas meetings and the like; and Dr. Lee's not very lucrative, but far spread practice, claimed so much of his time that they seldom met.

In the monotonous discharge of her domestic duties, with nothing to lighten up her life, except a furtive smile from her lover now and then, the next three years passed. At last came a great sorrow. Her mother, who had been starving for years for kind words and gentle household affections, quietly laid down the great burden of her life, and shut up in the grave the little remaining happiness of her daughter.

Poor Agatha felt as if she had never known trouble till then, as if this sorrow was a judgement for past repinings, that in her own selfish regrets her mother's had been forgotten.

The first shock over, the same old routine of domestic duties was gone through with; but now she missed the habit of caring for the invalid, and the kind word and smile, and depreciating look of her mother's eye, as if asking her forgiveness for not preventing her unhappiness. Agatha had only more bitter memories now than before her mother's death; except this, everything was unchanged, the house could have been no more quiet than it was, and her life no more uneventful, so, with a chill at the heart, she saw the gray shadows of her life close around her.

William Holmes, when he thought of *the matter at all*, congratulated himself on his having prevented his daughter from marrying Dr. Lee. He had not only tasted some of the sweets of revenge, but had secured for himself a housekeepr, who administered most unfailingly to his comforts. His favorite dish was always done to a turn; his toast was as brown as an oak leaf in the autumn; his coffee might have delighted an Arab; and his tea have been approvingly nodded over by a Chinese mandarian. And besides this, as he looked up from his book, or his writing, or his newspaper of an evening, always on the opposite side of the table, he saw a fair, grave face bending over a piece of sewing or knitting, the fingers moving steadily, almost unconsciously, never sighing, never seeming to feel more than an automaton. Yes, it suited him, and as his shaggy brow fell again over the book, or writing, or paper, he felt the comfort of such a daughter in his inmost soul.

Once, for a little while his serenity was disturbed. A brother lawyer, of nearly his own age, began to visit Agatha. He was a rich man, and a widower with several children. At the possibility of losing her, Mr. Holmes occasionly felt that his daughter's life was not as happy as it might be, and that, to escape the irksomeness of his home, she would prefer the liberty of her own;—but she quietly dismissed her suitor, saying she would never marry, and he again settled himself in his former comfortable serenity.

CHAPTER II.

At last it was known in the village that a young orphan, cousin of Mrs. Lee's, was going to make the widow's house her home. The girl was reputed to be beautiful, and an invalid. The rumor reached even to the quiet parlor of Agatha Holmes. She, who had thought that no joy or sorrow could quicken a pulse again, so dreary and hopeless did she think she had become, became suddenly conscious of a jealous pang, and was now, for the first time, really aware how much she had hoped through these long years. A restless longing to know something of Miss Kirtly seized her, and as she came out of church she lingered slowly among the gossips to catch stray information of one whom she looked upon as her rival; and if she seemed harder to please than hitherto, and tossed over the goods longer in the village stores, it was when she would hear a couple of chatting girls discuss the beauty and many accomplishments of Dr. Lee's cousin.

At length it was known everywhere, and

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be sure that Agatha was not the last to hear *this* piece of gossip, that Emma Kirtly had arrived. If any one had cared to notice—but no one felt sufficient interest to notice her at all—we say *if* any one had cared to notice her in church on the first Sunday after the Miss Kirtly's arrival in the village, they would have seen the usually quiet, self-absorbed, Miss Holmes glancing furtively all *the time of the gathering* of the congregation, in the direction of Mrs. Lee's pew, a quick, restless uplifting of the eyelids, and an unusual compression about the always compressed mouth. But no one accompanied *Mrs. Lee except* her son. And now Agatha's attention was turned to him. It was a satisfaction to her that he glanced at her with his usual quiet meaning smile, that for a little while yet she would not have to *give him up in her* heart.

She was now wakened up from her long lethargy to a sense of dull, heavy pain. A resistless desire to see Miss Kirtly took possession of her. *She passed* Mr. *Lee's* house several times, but saw no one but the widow tending to her flowers, or the servant about some household work. At last, one morning, as she was sauntering slowly along under the elms *that shaded* the village street, the bright sunlight flickered through the leaves, she heard, before she reached the widow's house, a sweet, birdlike voice, sing as if in very fullness of heart. At the window, enframed, as it were, in a wreath of woodbine and climbing roses, stood a young girl, beautiful enough, Agatha thought, to be an angel. The deep mourning dress brought out more vividly the wonderful purity of her complexion; and her blonde hair, which was turned back from her face, seemed to encircle her head like a halo. As Agatha approached, she was reaching forward, trying to coax a morning-glory vine from the porch, to mingle its blue cups with the white roses around the window.

With a gasp, that sounded like a sob, Agatha passed on. She hurried home, and when once in her own room, threw herself in a chair, and sat for a long while perfectly still. Alas! and alas! how could her gray, colorless face, with its dull eyes and hard lines, compare with the almost infantile beauty and innocence of the young girl's whom she had just seen? What were the measured tones of her voice, that seemed never to be modulated to either joy or sorrow, compared to the now glad, now half sad, expression given to that song?—Then she buried her face in her hands and thought for a long while again. It was true that she had told Dr. Lee, years before, that she held him by no promise; that she would not fetter him, in the life he was to look forward to, by any engagement to her. She thought she had really renounced him; but now she discovered that, through all difficulties, she had hoped one day to be his wife; that, in her *heart*, she had considered the betrothal a tacit one.

So the summer time wore on. Agatha battling with herself, getting, one by one, thorns for her martyr's crown; pierced by them, now and then, as her lover gave her one of those understanding smiles, or a lingering pressure of the hand, as they casually met, only to make her more wretched, when she shut herself up alone, and said, "He must love her in time. I can never marry him, and if I could, I ought never link such a worn-out spirit with his."

So, as we said before, the summer time wore away, and the autumn cane in with all its gorgeous but saddening beauty.

[illegible] had had one or two more suitors, middle-aged, well-to-do men, lured by her father's wealth to seek the grave, notable girl; but she had said to herself, "I will stay always with my father; I made the sacrifice for him, and it shall be complete."

Now, however, came one with whom it was different. He was a man of thirty—not so very much older than herself now—one whom she had known from a boy, and known well too, as a young man studying in her father's office. She had always liked him, and she knew that he was one whom she could always respect and rely upon. When Mr. Merrick's offer was made, Agatha asked time to consider it.—Why should not a happy home be her's? Anything would be better than the life she was now leading. So she took her bonnet and shawl, one afternoon, and strolled over the river, for she could come to no determination at home. But in the depths of the woods it was no easier to decide. She began to feel a restless impatience of the dull pain of her present lot, as if any change would be for the better; and then she thought of the long years of her mother's unhappy, unloving married life. And so the afternoon waned away, the red and yellow leaves falling silently around her; a rabbit now and then hopping close up to her, and eyeing her with its bright, black eyes, totally fearless of the mute figure at the foot of the tree. The sun was trying to sink rapidly, and the whole sky was blazing with crimson and orange. Agatha was still as undecided as ever. At last she heard the plash of oars, and the sound of gay voices, on the river below her. She rose and walked a short distance, and saw a small boat moving slowly along through the golden colors of the river; a sweet face upturned to the bright evening sky, and singing an evening hymn, and Richard Lee carefully enveloping the slender form in a happy shawl. And the lonely figure on the bank above watching till she saw the boat and its happy freight glide into dark shadows of the wooded hill, and then she sat down and wept.

When she looked up again, the orange and gold had faded to a pale amber, and lights were beginning to shine out on the opposite hill She must go home now, and she must make her decision; for Mr. Merrick was to receive his answer in the morning. Still she only drew her shawl more closely around her, watched the lights as they were reflected in the water on the other side of the river, or crept up the hill side. *The sad girl pictured to herself* the many happy households before her. The husband's return, the comfortable chair, the glowing fire, the bright light and cheerful table; she saw the wife and mother moving about with happy, quiet content; little children, with their sweet faces waiting for the good-night kiss; or white-robed figures kneeling with clasped hands, and reverent eyes, and asking with all a child's loving faith, "*Please*, God, bless dear papa and mamma!" She saw more than this. She saw how those two, the happy heads of the family, had gone, side by side and hand in hand, with firim, loving hearts along the road of years; through pleasant places; but then again through dark shadows, and over dark sorrows; and she knew that faith in God, and mutual love, had sanctified all. There she saw the light from their own library windows, far across the river, far up the hill; and she thought of the sorrowing, unloved life of her dead mother; of the shadow that was always over her brightest hours; of the cares and troubles she had to bear, unsympatized with; of her lonely, desolate sorrow ghost of a love might take its place unbidden by her side, sitting by her at the fireside, clasping a hand that was given to her husband, looking at her with tender, reproachful eyes when her glance was on another; between her wedded husband and herself, always and always. So Agatha decided; and the next morning Mr. Mer-over a little coffin, And she thought, too, that without this, that even mutual respect, and kindness, and sympathy, perhaps the

rick, too, was told that, "she should never marry."

And now she set herself resolutely to look her future in the face. She saw her line of duty plainly marked out. To administer, as she had always done, to her father's comforts; to live less in her own thoughts, and her own sorrows; to help as far as she could, those who were in "*sorrow and tribulation*;" to give cheerful words always, sympathy always; and so look forward, through the gray light that was now around her, to the brightness and peace of her setting sun.

It was soon known in the village that Emma Kirtly was very ill, dying perhaps. That evening, on the water, she had taken cold. It was gossiped of, too, by the nurse who had been called in to assist Mrs. Lee. *Now the poor girl had called* on her cousin in her delirium, begging him not to leave her when she loved him so; of his soothing words and gentle ministrations; and all that Agatha heard.

At last it was known that the present danger was over, but that the frail invalid recovered too slowly to give much hope of her ever getting actually well.

Agatha Holmes' twenty-fifth birth-day *had arrived*. *It* was the *last* day of the year; and, as she sat in her room, watching the snow falling steadily and noiselessly, wondering what good future years could bring to her, trying religiously to prepare herself for the duties of her coming life, Dr. Lee was announced.

The startled, eager face, and questioning eyes, which were turned upon the servant, made her stare at her mistress as she repeated the name. When the door was closed, Agatha came back to the seat from which she had risen, clasping her hands over her heart, which beat so tumultuously. "What can he want?" she whispered to herself; then remembering how it *must be* between them, she rose slowly, and went down stairs.

She had entered the room, before, in her confusion of feelings, she remembered her promise, given to her father, never intentionally to meet Richard Lee again. He stepped forward with the same smile, eager as of old; but she seemed only like an automaton. He drew her down on the sofa beside him, she, poor girl! trying to collect her faculties.

"Agatha, Agatha," he commenced, "this is like it used to be. I did not dare hope, when I came in, after what your father has said, that old times could be revived; but it all seems so natural now that I know he will consent to our marrying. I'm rich, now, Agatha—that is, *rich for* a village doctor, you know—and he must let you be my wife."

"Don't, Richard! don't torture me so!" was the reply. "I know my father better than you do. It was only when you paid the last note he held of your father's that I heard him mutter to himself, as he took it out and looked at it, "Aye, aye; work on, Richard Lee, hard as you will, a daughter of mine shall never be daughter of Bessie Morrison's." You see it is impossible; but still, I'm so glad to see you again, for I want to tell you that you must not consider yourself bound to me. I look upon the engagement as broken; you know I said so, years ago."

Agatha was now rapidly recovering her self-possession. Her thoughts, for the past few months, all tended to this direction.—Dr. Lee looked at her with an obstinate smile, which, poor thing! made her heart warm in spite of herself, and which nearly melted away all her determination.

She went on, "I want you to understand, indeed I do, that what I *say is so*. My [illegible] you must not waste your life in vain hope, and go on uncheered by a wife's sympathy to the end."

At the picture which she had called up, Agatha felt chilled herself; then she resumed, calmly, almost coldly,

"Indeed I very seriously thought of marrying some one else last fall."

Agatha Holmes could not help feeling glad at the sad, disappointed look which overspread her lover's face. She paused for a moment, then said.

"What I tell you is true. I think a married life is the happiest life in the world, where love is; and I believe that love often comes, if we have respect first, and mutual sympathies. After this, Richard, we can be friends, but never anything more."

"Do you mean to say, Agatha, that you are engaged to some one else?" asked Dr. Lee, walking gloomily up and down the room.

"No. I'm not engaged. I only spoke of it to show you how completely annulled I consider your pledge to me. Now I have something which I want to say to you: I heard, last fall, during Miss Kirtly's illness, that she was attached to you. If you can love her sufficiently, I believe, from what I have heard of her, that she will make you a good wife. Don't let any hope of ever marrying me, Richard, come between you and your happiness with your cousin. You know I can never be your wife; my father will never consent, so now good-bye," and, giving him her hand, she was gone before he had collected himself sufficiently to answer her.

Before the elm trees were green again, Richard Lee had moved away to the West with his mother, and with Emma Kirtly as his wife.

In two years from this time Mr. Holmes was on his death-bed; and he seemed to be dying as he had lived, a stern, inflexible man, asking sympathy from no one. All Agatha's attentions he received in sullen silence. The poor girl wondering if he was going to die "and make no sign," if even death itself could not melt that hard heart. At last, one morning, just as the gray dawn was breaking, Agatha, as she lifted the night-lamp from the chimney-place, held it so the light fell ful on her face. Her father followed the light in the indolent, half-unconscious way that becomes a part of sickness, and, at last, they rested on his daughter's face. He lay for a long while perfectly quiet. Agatha had extinguished the light, and was standing by the open window, wearily watching the slow approach of morning, and listening to the birds sing.

"Agatha!" There was something in the tone of the voice not usual to Mr. Holmes, and Agatha quickly moved to the bedside. "Agatha, you'll be very lonely when I'm gone, won't you?" he said:

It was the first allusion he had ever made to his death. For one little moment she thought, "not more lonely than I've been all my life;" but she replied, as cheerfully as she could "I should miss you very much: but you know that I care very little for general society, and besides, I hope you will soon be well."

"No, I shall never be well," and after that his eyes followed wherever she went around the room. Perhaps it was the night's watching, or perhaps it was the sickly gray of the morning light: or it might be the sickly light of all her former years gathering more deeply around her now, that gave her face that ghastly look that so attracted her father's attention.

"I most wish now that you had married, Agatha, I should like to have had my property go to my own flesh and blood. I suppose you'd been happier, too, would'nt you?

His daughter felt tortured, but replied, "That depends upon circumstances."

Again there was a long pause, when Mr Holmes suddenly said,

"I wish now that I'd let you marry Dr Lee; somehow people see things differen ly on a sick-bed, Agatha; but I hope you have not been very unhappy about it," and he eyed his daughter closely, as if wishing to have this hope confirmed.

"One's happiness don't always consist in being married, you know father; but oh! I'm so glad that you care for me," and with an outburst of tears, Agatha leaned her head on her father's pillow.

Perhaps as the dying man feebly stroked the thin, pale face beside him, he thought of the many wasted lives and aching hearts he had caused, of the love he had quenched, of the happy fireside hours he had deprived himself of. Who knows?

Before the next dawn, a white sheet was stretched over a rigid figure on the large bed, and Agatha, with her head on the window-sill, watching with burning eyeballs for the rising sun.

CHAPTER III.

It was the last day of December, and Agatha Holmes' thirtieth birth-day. Heavy, leaden clouds had been gathering all day, and at night-fall the snow storm set in.—At first it come down in large, soft flakes, slowly and noiselessly, like the tread of angel's feet; but as the twilight deepened the fury of the storm increased. Soon the whole country was enveloped in a white shroud, and the fine snow fell so fast and thick, that as Agatha looked from her sitting-room window, she could scarcely discern the lights in the houses down in the village.

"Even their cheerfulness is shut out from me," she thought sadly, as she walked away. A glorious hickory-fire was flashing and cracking in the open fire-place, and Agatha drew her little table and chair up by it for companionship. Without, the snow and the sleet beat on the casements, with a sharp tinkling sound, as if needles were being thrown against them; and the great, white pine trees were keeping up a deep murmur, and swaying and shaking their heads to disencumber themselves of the beautiful white plumes that the snow had decked them with; and the wind went shrieking and wailing around the house, giving deep sobs now and then, as if for some lost happiness; but within, the fire snapped merrily, and covered the whole room with a flush of warm light. It wavered and flickered, to be sure, creeping up and caressing the tall, old clock in the chimney corner, and lighting up the grim, straight horse-hair sofa, giving it a cheerful look in spite of itself; and sometimes, in a fit of extravagant mirth, it snapped out a spark on the old tortoise-shell cat, as she lay stretched out before it; making her spring quickly for safe quarters; but it always glowed with the same steady glow on the solitary figure by the table, flashing up the old gray color of her dress, as if it knew it was a comfort to her.

Agatha mechanically took her knitting from the table. She was accustomed to sit at this hour without a light, and her knitting was her constant companion. It was not any of the distasteful fancy work so common now-a-days, only a homely blue stocking. This she liked. The bright needle clicked on round after round, and her slender finger worked busily, but it left her eyes and her brain idle, or for other employment. And sometimes, in the glowing coals, she built up a happy home for others in the far West; and sometimes she saw *his* children around, making her old age brighter than her youth had been.—And so it was to-night. Her old memories would come back! How she hungered for one little crumb of the love which she knew was so lavishly thrown about in other happy homes! She lived on, a solitary, unloving, unloved life. Both her nature and her education made it impossible for her to go out in the world after her father's death to seek for new companionship.—Her friends were the poor people of the village, for whom she knit interminable blue stockings, and made up flannel and broths. She knit on, and on, the firelight dancing around her, and playing coquetish antics in the distant corners of the room; and out-of-doors, snow and sleet were holding their fantastic revels, decking the evergreens; building up feathery white bulwarks; and making a soft ermine bed for the old year to die upon.

Five years to-day, and she had bid Richard good bye. Since then many silver threads had been woven in her hair. She saw them to-day, and tho' she sighed, she was half glad she was growing old so fast. But oh! such a lonely, uncared for old woman as she would be! Her few poor pensioners, and her cats, and her flowers—these were to be the objects of her interest for the rest of her life.—And the melancholy wind moaned in sympathy as she laid her head on her arm, on the table, and shed tears that gave her no relief. The hand that held the half finished blue stocking dropped by her side, and the fire-light flashed on the bright steel needles; the little kitten darted from under the table for the big ball of blue yarn that rolled on the floor, and finding itself unchecked by its mistress, and its juvenile indiscretions winked at by its mother, it tossed the ball about and around sometimes shooting it over in the far corner, then again lying on its back to manage its huge plaything with its four tiny paws.

Although the work was at last twitched from her hand, and kitten at length monopolized stocking as well as yarn, Agatha's reverie was too sad and deep to be conscious of it.

The opening of the sitting-room door which let in a cold draught on her form the hall, made her start up, lest her servant, in bringing in lights should see her tears, but a man's tall figure filled up the doorway. He was in the shadow, and in the uncertain light of the room she did not at first recognize him.

But "Agatha," in that familiar voice!

For an instant all was forgotten, except that it was the "Agatha" and "Richard" of old; for an instant ten dreary years swept back, and beside the two in the room stood two others, youth and hope.

Only for an instant! All these years of schooling had not been lost on Agatha, and she quietly, almost coldly withdrew her two hands which had been firmly imprisoned in Dr. Lee's. He looked hurt and embarrassed, and with much less self-possession than Agatha's, he answered her questions about his journey, about the storm, about his mother.

"Agatha" he said, at last, haven't you forgiven me? I thought you would after my letter, for I swear to you, had I not seen Emma dying before my eyes I would never have married her. I could not make her few last years miserable; but she knew I had loved you, for my mother told her, and on her death-bed, Agatha, she spoke of you, and said that perhaps now your father was dead, you would be a mother to her little child."

All Agatha could say was,

"I'd nothing to forgive. I never received a letter from you," and she looked at him vacantly, as if unable to comprehend it at all.

The servant came in presently with lights. She was one who had lived in the family many years, and knew Agatha since girlhood. She was a discreet woman, and did not enter the room without due announcement, and then scarcely looked at the two by the fireside, only at the kitten on the other side of the room merrily entangling the ball of yarn.

Agatha saw the New Year in that morning, but not alone; and as the sturdy black clock in the corner tolled the "small wee hour" of one, Dr. Lee arose to go, saying,

"Remember, Agatha, no delays. Life is too short for us now to be long separated. I shall go the day after to-morrow for my mother and little Emma, and then such a happy family as we shall be. But won't the people talk though!" and Dr Lee gave one of his happy laughs, and—probably gave Agatha something else.

Two o'clock struck. Puss and kitten were asleep, the fire long burned down before Agatha thought of moving from the seat where Dr. Lee had left her; then she slowly went to her chamber like some one in a happy dream. As she put her light on her toilet table, she caught a glimpse of her face in the glass. Such a change! she