

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 26--NUMBER 35.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1851.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1387.

"Puff's Corner."

The Fields of the Past.

BY MISS KEAY L. BRUCE.

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
In memory's opiate, her flight,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;
How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

How rarely the soul on the fields of the past,
When the sunshine of hope on the hills of the heart
Pours a stream of refreshing delight;

amidst of earth, fuses, and stone ramparts,
they arrive at the promised land; they
pass like a wave. The Algonquins, the
master hunters of the north, pour down
upon the kindred tribes of the West,
and drive them from their walled towns
and corn fields, to the westward of the
Great Lakes; like a torrent, they sweep
all before them from the mountains to the
St. Lawrence. Then the expropriated and
enfeebled bands from an alliance to assist
each other against common enemy, and
to acquire supremacy in war.

Such are the suggestions of the
vision, and such the scenes assigned as
the drif of the Indian confederacy,
known as the Five Nations, or Iroquois,
which became so famous in North America,
and which, after retreating upon the
Algonquins until the latter were nearly
exterminated, and subjecting every other
nation in that portion of the continent,
was fated in the end to own a foreign
yoke, and melt away before the white
invader, like a snow drift in the sun.

Amongst those who suffered from the
process of the Iroquois were the Eries, a
brave but not numerous people, who
occupied the western shore of the eastern
shores of the lakes that bears their name
and the borders of the Ohio.

This tribe frequently harassed by the
encroachments of the Senecas, one of the
five allied republics, who reduced it to a
single village, and held a portion of its
territory which bordered them on the west.
It is with the fortunes of this long
extinct people that we wish to occupy
the reader.

The stupendous cataract of the west
rolled in his native majesty amid the
solitude, forming in a bright green ocean,
the surplus of seventy thousand square
miles of water over its precipice of rock.
The woods that fringed this sublime pic-
ture in a soft framework of foliage, nour-
ished by the spray that hovered continu-
ally over them, were not yet pruned by
the axe of the European. The wild bi-
son roamed to the edge of the steeps,
tearing the moss with his hoof, and shak-
ing his mane, in anger at the conflict and
king beneath. The mild eyed stag
lowered his antlers and stared timorously
at the billows suspended in a waving cur-
tain across some forest avenue; and the
stately Indian came often alone, from the
chase and from the far land, to humble him-
self before the Great Spirit at that
sacred sanctuary, and to hear his voice
speak in the whisper of water.

But it is neither to pray nor to con-
template the spectacle, methinks, that
one now betakes himself along the verge
of the gulf, and glides slowly among the
columns of the oaks with his arms folded
and buried in thought.

To be an Indian, young and tall, with
a noble deportment, and a face with al-
most woman's gentleness, whose grave se-
renity was overcast at times by a shade
as of a passing cloud, which rested upon
it more in sorrow than in anger, but never
long. There was no trace of severity
in any one of its lines; and but for the
brows, which were massive and promi-
nent, his visage, like his figure, might
have challenged comparison with the no-
blest sculpture of the Greeks, it was so
heroic and benign.

Suddenly the Indian paused, and his
lips parted in a smile; a voice came from
a cove only a few paces from where he
stood. He separated the branches of a
tree quietly, but had a tiger spring him,
he would not have started back more
quickly than he did at what he beheld;
while a gleam of anger, sudden and fierce
as a tempest, shone in his eyes, and he
grasped the handle of his stone hatchet
instinctively in his hand.

Before him, and within the swing of
his weapon, were two persons one an In-
dian girl, the other an European, in semi-
American costume. The latter was toy-
ing familiarly with the black locks which
fringed the waist of his companion, in a
shining veil, while he gazed down upon
her with that air of eager assurance which
denotes the successful wooer, if not the
practised gallant and a man of the world.
He was well looking, very agreeable in
his smile, and in both face and manner,
restless levity, which contrasted in no
small degree with the repose of the fig-
ure by his side. The Indian girl was
very beautiful and very pale; but through
the rich folds of her hair a crimson ringe
shone occasionally, as her lover brushed
her cheek with his hand, and when she
raised her eyes, which was only at inter-
vals, to verify and reply to his words,
you could see that they were large, dark
and as those of a seal, and filled with a
melancholy fire.

She was the daughter of a chief who
presided over the affairs of a small village
of the Seneca nation, situated at the falls;
and her uncommon attractions had ren-
dered her celebrated among her people.
Indeed, more than one young warrior of
the allied tribes claimed the hospitality
of the Senecas, ostensibly to smoke in
the council or hunt the wild cow on the
neighboring plains, but in fact to get a
glimpse of the beauty *On-aw-ga-ra*, as
Lo-o-lo-te was generally styled. Yet the
dreams of the maiden seem never to have
been troubled by the image of any of her
numerous admirers. She received their
homage as a matter of course, without
attributing them to any ulterior motive;
and as she was the recipient of a nation's
flattery, as they supposed, she rendered
her somewhat capricious and vain, though
by nature she was a pure hearted, affec-
tionate creature. Too much adulation
will spoil the best, and Lo-o-lo-te was but
a woman.

At length, after many years, war there
came a young Erie with a calumnet, to
negotiate a peace with the Senecas, and
the young beauty was no longer unmoved
at the sound of a voice or the tread of a
moccasin by her lodge. The envoy also,
though reserved and impenetrable as a
tortoise in its shell, while in the presence
of his hereditary foes, was vanquished at
once by a glance of the dark eye of the
daughter of Tou-wis-kwan, the chief; and
so, in the course of a few weeks, it was
rumored among the gossips that the tem-
porary truce with the *Hunters of the Cove*,
the Eries were offered terms, bid
Lo-o-lo-te would certainly accompany
his return home. The young
warrior would storm and swear that it should not
be; but somehow or other, the daughter
of the chief had wonderful power over
them, for at one look of hers they would
forget all their resolves and become quite
submissive and still.

About the same time an Onondagan
runner came from the great council fire
of the Iroquois, saying that the *Pale-face*
of the Senecas, the French, had made
peace offerings to the tribes, and sent an
special envoy with a wampum belt to
bury the hatchet between them, and make
a covenant chain that should never part
or break asunder. This intelligence cre-
ated a great sensation, for the confeder-
ates had experienced enough already in
their warfare with the people of Canada
to feel the importance of an overture, so
flattering to their pride, on the part of
this redoubtable ally of their enemies, the
Algonquins and Hurons. Immediate
preparations were therefore made to re-
ceive the ambassador with a distinction
worthy of his mission, as he was about to
make a tour of friendship with the vil-
lages of the Five Nations, and might soon
be expected at this stronghold of their
Western frontier.

He came and smoked with the elders,
and talked about the greatness of his na-
tion, and the king, who lived beyond the
"brad water of the sun-rise," and all that
he would do for his red brethren if they
would let his people build forts on the
lakes and in their country, only for trade;
and the *agayawand* believed what the
stranger said, and thought it good they
should accept of his gifts, and pledge to
negotiate himself was in no hurry to de-
part, for he loitered day after day in the
village. Why? Not to confirm the good
suspects his advent had awakened, and the
grave leaders imagined, but to achieve the
more congenial conquest of the heart of
Lo-o-lo-te!

Francois Lamoyne was a young officer
of rank in the French colony, then in its
infancy, who, having spent some time
among the *Mohawks* as a prisoner of
war, had acquired the language of the
confederates and an insight into the
customs of the aborigines. This, combined
with a natural acuteness and a remark-
able facility of address, led to his appoint-
ment as an emissary with those tribes
whom the Government were especially
anxious to conciliate.

The brilliant foreigner, with his fasci-
nating manners, his polished trifling and
volubility, flashed like a meteor upon the
Indian maid, who had been used all her
life to the unpretending people of the
forest. He filled her heart with a crowd
of new ideas, and her heart with a wild
tumult, which she could neither fathom
nor quell. She gazed upon his sparkling
face, and those of her kindred, even that
of Ronla, appeared dim beside it. Ronla!
she had forgotten him. She had no time
now to recall his fading image. Through-
out the day the bright stranger was con-
tinually with her; and half the time for-
mally devoted to repose was now absorp-
ed in making over all that he had told
her. She dwelt with unwearied interest
upon his looks, and at times all his
assiduous attentions to her. Ronla! Yes,
she thought of him; he presented a ready
antithesis to the white man, who had sup-
planted him in her imagination; she com-
pared them together, like colors, contrast-
ing the gayness of the one with the so-
berity of the other.

The Erie had observed enough to
wound his keen susceptibilities and make
him wretched; but a feeling of punctil-
ious delicacy had kept him away from
the chief's lodge since the arrival of the
distinguished guest, and he was thus ig-
norant of the full extent to which
she was degraded, had also revealed in the
manner described; for it was Ronla
who witnessed the secret interview, and
became possessed with a sudden frenzy
at the audacity of the Frenchman and
the falsehood of his beloved.

Hark! they are speaking. The war-
rior replaced his weapon in his belt and
bent down sternly, to be convinced that
it was not a mere deception of the eye—
the blinding spectacle before him. The
words were low, nevertheless he caught
enough to rack his soul with torture, such as
no engine
of cruelty could inflict upon the frame;—
What he suffered in those brief moments
of bliss cannot tell, but he arose from his
task with the feeling of one who has pass-
ed through the agony of death!

Lo-o-lo-te, how beautiful you are,
said the stranger, fondling the tresses of
his companion. "You must make sad
work with the hearts of those braves of
yours. But to tell the truth, I don't be-
lieve they know how to prize such a
sweet flower, and so I intend to pluck it
myself. Nay, hide not your blushes, lit-
tle one; or stop, this will cure them."
and in an instant the lips of Lamoyne
were pressed to the cheek of the girl, who
replied him in a way that caused him to
rebel the offence were continued. "And
that proud Erie, Lo-o-lo-te, they say he
designed