

**Terms of Publication.**  
THE TOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of  
**ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.**  
Invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the signature on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.  
The Agitator is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. Its sent free of postage to any Post Office within the County limits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.  
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$3 per year.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
**J. B. LOWE & S. T. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties, (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1858.)  
**S. B. BROOKS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
at Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.  
at the multitude of Counties there is necessary. —Belle Sept. 23, 1858, 17.  
**C. N. DART, DENTIST,**  
OFFICE at his residence, near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. [April 22, 1858.]  
**DICKINSON HOUSE**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
Mar. A. FISH, Proprietor.  
Guests taken and from the Depot free of charge.  
**J. C. WHITTAKER,**  
Hydrophobic Physician and Surgeon,  
EKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA.  
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14.]  
**ISAIAH WALTON HOUSE,**  
-E. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.  
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.  
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.  
April 12, 1858.

**H. O. COLE,**  
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.  
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city. Preparations for shaving, dressing, and hair-dressing, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.  
**THE CORNING JOURNAL.**  
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.  
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County. Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.  
**DRESS MAKING.**  
MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she has taken rooms over Niles & Elliott's Store, where she is prepared to execute all orders in the line of DRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the business, she feels confident that she can give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.  
Sept. 29, 1859.

**JOHN R. SHAKESPEAR,**  
TAILOR.  
HAVING opened his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Son's Store, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and dispatch.  
Cutting done on short notice.  
Wellsboro, Oct. 2, 1858.—6m

**D. BACON, M. D.,**  
Graduate of Buffalo Medical College,  
HAS established himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the village of Tioga, and will promptly attend all professional calls. Office at E. B. Smith's Hotel, where he will always be found except when absent on professional business.  
Particular attention paid to the diseases of women and children.  
Tioga, May 24, 1860.

**N. DE BOIS,**  
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
ADVICE as to the patentability of inventions given free of charge. Drawings from models neatly executed. Charges for obtaining patents moderate.  
Hon. G. A. Grover, Ex. Hugh Young, Ed. Agitator.  
Hon. G. W. Scrantom, Pa. H. H. Frazier, Ed. Republican.

**TO MUSICIANS.**  
A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and Organ.  
**VIOLIN STRINGS.**  
Best Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks, Bridges &c., just received, and for sale at  
**ROY'S DRUG STORE.**

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
S. S. FARR, PROPRIETOR.  
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)  
Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable.  
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

**WATCHES! WATCHES!**  
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER CASE Gold and Silver Watches, which he will sell cheaper than any other place. He will also repair and regulate (approved) Gold. All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party ordering it, no charge will be made.  
Past favors appreciated and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.  
Wellsboro, June 24, 1858.

**F. W. KRISSE,**  
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,  
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA.  
TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Tioga, and of the County generally, that he has established himself at Tioga, where he will manufacture and keep on hand for sale a good stock of Saddles, Bridles, Heavy Harness, Carriage Harness of all kinds &c. Also Hames, Halters, Whips, Traces, Collars &c. All work warranted.  
Repairing done on short notice.  
Tioga, Sept. 1, 1859.—17.

**MCINROY & BAILEY,**  
WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property known as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do  
**CUSTOM WORK**  
to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the unsurpassed efforts of the proprietors, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. They will grind wheat and corn, and the highest market price given. EDW. MCINROY,  
March 15, 1860, JNO. W. BAILEY.

**TIOGA REGULATOR.**  
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at  
Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.  
Where he is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All work warranted. He will also repair and supply it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do  
**CUSTOM WORK**  
to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the unsurpassed efforts of the proprietors, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. They will grind wheat and corn, and the highest market price given. EDW. MCINROY,  
March 15, 1860, JNO. W. BAILEY.

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1860. NO. 8.

**Rates of Advertising.**  
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly, and Yearly advertisements.  
Squares, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 12 MONTHS.  
1 do. \$3.00 \$4.50 \$6.00  
2 do. 5.00 7.50 10.00  
3 do. 7.00 10.50 14.00  
1 column, 8.00 12.00 16.00  
2 do. 15.00 22.00 30.00  
3 do. 25.00 35.00 50.00  
Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.  
Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

From the Training Post.  
**THE MOSS-GROWN BRIDGE.**  
BY MRS. L. M. MARION.  
A wild, rude spot, yet just the place  
Where poets love to dream,  
In the deep, deep shade, on the moss-grown bridge  
That spans the mountain stream.  
On either side the craggy rocks  
Like sentries stand abreast,  
While on the top of their tawny brows  
The eagle builds his nest.  
'Tis a wild, wild spot, yet I love to stray  
Alone by the winding stream,  
And sitting down by the mossy bridge,  
Of other days to dream.  
There fancy weaves her fairy web,  
Of every shade and hue,  
While a golden thread of the buried past  
Like a sunbeam wanders through.  
Where evening weaves her mystic charms,  
To deck the twilight hour,  
With pleasant thoughts I hie me there,  
To the bridge in the shady bowers,  
And there with happy heart, I sing  
Of future bliss I dream.  
While laughing echoes from the cave  
Come dancing down the stream.  
And oft, methinks, I hear a voice  
Among the bending trees;  
And the rustling of an angel's wing  
Born on the evening breeze;  
And countless voices seem to rise  
Around me everywhere—  
While friends I loved long, long ago  
Come back to meet me there.  
And this is why I love this spot,  
It ever brings to me  
The happy by-gones of my youth  
Enobed in purity;  
And fancy weaves her fairest web,  
As thus I sit and dream,  
In the quiet shade on the moss-grown bridge  
That spans the mountain stream.

**CONSTANCY.**  
A Love Sketch in the Nineteenth Century.  
That assertion that "What is everybody's business is nobody's" is true enough; but the assertion that "What is nobody's business is everybody's" is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is of all others, a thing apart; an engendered dream, where "common griefs and cares come not." It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefited by the interference of others; it is a sweet and subtle language, "that none understands but the speakers," and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business. All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter, always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run smoothly, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did everything. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, "the little" became "the young lovers," and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.  
The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same churchyard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of marriage. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of so disinterested affection. But for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age.  
The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Everybody said that it was the cruellest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority: they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.  
Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipation of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighborhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding; no one spoke of them but as that romantic and devoted young couple. I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that of a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelve month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their heart's content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, when she sank back in a flood of "falling pearls," which men call tears.  
Edward was wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable which helps wretchedness on every much. It was a thorough wretched day, all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was a young gen-

tleman more utterly at loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach box looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton.  
In these days, roads have no adventures—they might "exclaim" with the knife grinder, "Story! bless you, I have none to tell!"—we will therefore, take our hero after he was "four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been "like a tee tum all in a twirl," he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quietly domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favorite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair "done to a turn," ribbands which make a complexion, and an exquisite chausure, sets off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sauterie*, and then it is difficult to ask those tender questions appropriate to duets, such as "Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?" "Canst thou teach me to forget?" &c., without some emotion.  
A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustees, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put upon his mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thought, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. "To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much genuine sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject longer after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was no drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then "some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; no," said Laura, "but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmonte."  
Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—she had been singing "Meet me by moonlight alone"—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will send me with you." He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her own sweet languid smiles, Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was that sort of a smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—it is eleven. Good-by, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."  
She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—  
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,  
This blessed air that's breathed by thee!"  
but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping and even the attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribbands, silks, and bargains—  
"Bought because they may be wanted,  
Wanted because they may be had."  
Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—what a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door, he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong in appropriating their softness to himself. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.  
When evening came, and after a toilet of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on one-self, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house. The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking as bright as the Americans say, "dreadful beautiful." She had on a pink dress, direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere of ruse, and nothing could be more finished than her whole ensemble. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.  
It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when to that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that weariful Sir John Belmonte, do come and make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.  
The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley Street—and how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame des denrees*, alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

bred men—dispatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the herony.—  
"MY DEAR MISS WORTHINGTON,—Hurried as I am I do not forget to return the volume you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immerse myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of  
Your devoted servant,  
ELMSLEY."  
No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's and the following words in the envelope—  
"MR. ADONIS [Emt],—You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. I would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you tomorrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven  
Your faithful and unhappy  
EDWARD."  
That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—each sat down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.  
"Three months' absence," as a lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington, to Edward Rainsforth, soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmonte. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read.  
They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the 19th century.  
[From the Waterbury Magazine.]  
BOY LOGS.

plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! if he were a little tired boy in a long white night gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, pushing his curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.  
If I had only my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how much I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy I might now be more to my grown up one.  
**HOME! SWEET HOME!**  
Who has not felt the power of that charm which binds the heart to the home of its early days—to the spot blessed by a father's smile and a mother's love? Amidst all the bustle and occupation of advanced life—amidst all the disappointments and trials, the thoughts will wander back to those happy days when all was light and life and love; and fondly linger over them as the green spot in the desert wilderness. Surely the sun then shone more brightly! The trees waved a richer foliage! and the waters murmured a softer melody! Life was then one dream of beauty—a bright vision which received its coloring from that freshness of feeling which made life fraught with enchantment, ere the young heart had learned to harbor one suspicious thought; or one generous and ardent feeling had been chilled, and withered by the worldly wisdom and selfish prudence of a cold, heartless world. In those hours when sleep asserts her dominion, and fancy seems to delight in blending, in one fantastic group, the past and the present—who has not visited the home of infancy, and felt his heart beat quick as he again tread the avenue that sweet sequestered spot, and heard the kindly welcome, and saw that look of tender love, which was wont to reward every infant exertion in the acquirement of knowledge? There is the cheerful, affectionate band of glad companions, who played and sang in harmless glee; who with smiles lit up the hall, and cheered with songs the heart; whose voices mingled in one hymn of praise, and who bent the knee around one family altar. Sweet and cherished recollections! Yes, in dreams we may revisit that home, and all—even the loved, the lost—are there. But if we should visit it in our waking hours, might we not realize the story of the Persian, who came to the place of his birth, and said—"The friends of my youth, where are they?" and he answered, "Where are they?" The heart may form new ties—may form dearer and stronger ties—chains of affection, to be severed only by the hand of death; but there is one feeling which can never be felt again—that unsuspecting confidence, that warm enthusiasm, which lent its kindly glow to all it met. We may love well—we may rejoice in the possession of a more rational, more intellectual happiness—but the first charm of life has passed away like a leaf on the stream that will never return.  
**GETTING IN WHEAT IN WISCONSIN.**  
A gentleman of this city, a few weeks ago, went out into Walworth county to transact some business. At that time the country was ascertained entirely in the securing of the harvest, and the gentleman had a great deal of trouble in finding anybody "to home." We will let him tell his own story:  
"I stopped at the house of my friend B— and knocked at the skin of my knuckles at his front door, but could not start anybody, and just as I was going away, a passer-by, in answer to my enquiry, said that B— was getting in his wheat." I then went over to another part of the town, to where an old school-mate, Squire R., resided. I walked in at the open door, sat down in the parlor a few minutes, and no one appearing, I walked up stairs and down stairs, but couldn't find a soul.  
When I got around on the porch again, the same fellow came along who had answered my question before, and I hailed him:  
"Is the Squire in town?"  
"Getting in his wheat, I reckon."  
"Well, where is his lady?"  
"She's helping the Squire."  
"And the young ladies?"  
"Getting in the wheat, stranger—you'll find 'em all down in the field, about a mile from here."  
I then concluded I would try the hotel, and carried my carpet bag to the public house.— There was a notice on the door, saying that the house was closed for a week, as the proprietor was getting in his wheat. Things began to look desperate now. I had carried my carpet bag about five miles, already in the hot sun, and it was growing momentarily heavier.  
So when I saw a boy coming toward the house, I made up my mind to give him a dollar to carry it for me. I was somewhat surprised, however, when in reply to my offer he gazed his digits at the extremity of his nasal projection, and "guessed I'd have to wait till dad got his wheat in."  
At this stage of proceedings I resolved to walk to the first house I saw, and demand, in the name of civilization, the hospitality due to a traveler. As the house happened to be a boarding school for young ladies, I was fortunate enough to secure a night's rest, and the next day, not being able to see anybody but young ladies, as everybody was getting in his wheat, I left for home, resolved never to return when people were harvesting.—*Mitwaukee Sentinel.*  
TROMT LACING.—A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise only to grow into women.  
A friend of ours says he never extracted so much sweetness from one spot as he did when he drew a pretty girl, weighing 225 pounds, from a hog hole in his father's pasture, where he was hunting with her for bird's eggs.

Long to speak, and yet shrink back,  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be for a moment.  
Edward certainly felt a little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a pretty look of surprise.  
"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmonte! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him; we should be so interrupted here with morning visitors."  
She disappeared, and that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet that they had sung together:  
"Who shall shame the heart's affection?  
"Who shall banish its regret?  
If you blame my deep devotion,  
Touch, oh touch me to forget!"  
She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."  
"So you are alone," exclaimed she. "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmonte. How can she marry a man she positively despises?"  
"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious; I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."  
"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"  
"Ah! no," answered she, looking down. "The heart is my world." And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.  
"Ah! too contracting, dangerously dear,  
In woman's eyes, the unanswerable tear."  
Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the "dove-eyed Julia" must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford came into his own drawing room.  
"So, Madam," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger. "I know it all. You were married to Captain Daore, yesterday; and you, Sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."  
"No," interrupted Julia; Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."  
Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribbons, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.  
On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians in which he found the following entered among other items—Miss Emily Worthington had been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgment to her. If she had answered his letter, he would have saved all his recent mortifications. He decided on adjuring the flattering and fickle sex forever; and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-ferocious, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken? He started from his seat in consternation. Why it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been! He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the trunk letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.  
In the meantime what had become of the fair disconsolate Emily? She had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was assigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed not along the beach, but along the fields toward the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, "came not." A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighborhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink may, that she stopped to gather it;—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley,—and of course, apologised for her intrusion. He, equally, of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.  
Next day they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked,—may, read together. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and runs thus:  
"My Dear General,—Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you. However, as women are inconstant, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress. Your affectionate uncle, E."  
"Tell them," said the Earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."  
During this half hour he dispatched his luncheon, and for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well

breed men—dispatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the herony.—  
"MY DEAR MISS WORTHINGTON,—Hurried as I am I do not forget to return the volume you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immerse myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of  
Your devoted servant,  
ELMSLEY."  
No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate-looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's and the following words in the envelope—  
"MR. ADONIS [Emt],—You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. I would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you tomorrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven  
Your faithful and unhappy  
EDWARD."  
That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—each sat down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.  
"Three months' absence," as a lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington, to Edward Rainsforth, soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford with Sir John Belmonte. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read.  
They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy—in the 19th century.  
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