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Deboted to the Principles of Irue Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

¿ FOUR CENTS.

VOLUME XI.-NUMBER. 6.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1858.

TERMS.--\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

THE POTTER JOURNAL. THISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY Thos. S. Chase, whem all Letters and Communications

said be addressed, to secure attention. _{!!ms}.-Invariably in Advance : 81,25 per Annum.

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one month. of 10 lines, each insertion under 4, barts of columns will be inserted at the same idministrator's or Executor's Notice,

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luditor's Notices, each, - - - - geriff's Sales, per tract, ----Muriage Notices, each, hrorce Notices, each. dministrator's Sales, per square for 4 siness or Professional Cards, each,

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O. T. ELLISON,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa. respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply re-spond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

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E. A. JONES. SMITH & JONES, DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods Greceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

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E. R. HARRINGTON, EWELLER, Coudersport, Pa., having engaged a window in Schoomaker & Jackson's

HENRY J. OLMSTED,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES W. SMITH,) DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,

ALLEGANY HOUSE, SAMUEL M. MILLS, Proprietor, Colesburg which I look at through the double con short, except what we both knew to be surprise sent the color from Margaret's lines, th

Poet's Corner.

For the Potter Journal.

FAREWELL TO VERMONT,

Farewell! to the hills and the towering "Green The wild rocky glens and broad valleys below; Farewell to the streamlets, the flowers and

the fountains-None fairer or purer my bosom can know. I ne'er can forget old Vermont-oll no, never-Though I've left it for years—it may be forever

6 00 That sweet spot of earth I can never forget, 3 00 Though strangers now claim it, and it's naugh to me longer-But the sheltering Elm shall be dear to me yet The strong ties, that bound us so closely to-

Are broken for years—it may be forever.

16 00 A long, long farewell I must say 'mid my tears, 6 00 For, like leaves in the autumn, we're parted so

1 00 That Hope dare not whisper I'll meet them for years. Though they're link'd with my heart-strings, from them I must sever-

1 50 It may be for years—it may be forever. And now in a lone distant land I'm a ranger 1 00 1 50 Though thy evergreen hills I may never more

Ere they lay me to rest in the grave of a stranger,
My prayer shall arise for a blessing on thee!
Farewell old Vermont!—from thee I must

ELEVEN MILE, Pa., Aug. 1858. S. M. L.

THE UNION .- A SONG.

Tune: "Annie Laurie."

The Union! oh, the Union So glorious and so pure, We'll shoulder stand to shoulder To keep our Union sure,

To keep our Union sure, Her dag shall still float high; And for Liberty and Union We'll lay us down and die. The price that bought our Union Was our forefathers' blood,

And while the life is in us. We'll stand where once they stood, We'll stand where once they stood, Though storms are in the sky; And for Liberty and Union, We'll conquer or we'll die!

The people's will shall triumph-Be that will what it may; And we to him who threatens Our Union in that day! Our Union in that day

Let blustering traitors try To trail our glorious banner, We'll hold it up, or die

Ay, that were worth the dying Of true men and of brave, Our Country and our Honor To fight for and to save, To fight for and to save, When treason gathers high: Yes, for Liberty and Union, We'll conquer or we'll die!

Selected Cale.

From the Atlantic Monthly. THE ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

"Halt!" cried-my-travelling companion

Property overboard!" The driver pulled up his horses; and, before I could prevent him, Westwood ment, and enjoy a repetition of her leaped down from the vehicle, and ran triumph. back for the article that had been dropped.

open stage.

"Take your reward," I said, offering beware!" him a cigar; but beware of rendering me another such service!"

where it fell. But a glove—that is dif- ed away; I wandered about the saloons; now, my senses! I doubt you now, my where it fell. But a glove—that is dif- ed away; I wandered about the saloons; now, my senses! I doubt you now, my ferent. I once found a romance in a I tried to gossip and be gay; but the soul! She never loved me!" So I was mending it. giove. Since then, gloves are sacred." wound was too deep.

And Westwood gravely bit off the end of

I accompanied her home, late in the twenty minutes. giove.

his eigar. country, these regular ground swells; and it trembled. it is a good two hours' ride yet to yonder headland, which juts out into the prairie, between us and the setting sun. Mean-hurried from the house.

while, your romance."

WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court stripling, with dark hair, seven years her louse, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet louse, Coudersport, Pa. to the circumstance, with a some competent good reasons. Once a week, with famous troubled, questioning expression, and bustle of embarkation; strange scenes and man to jilt her. Then seize your chance. novel-writer in whom she could donfide, punctuality, I called for her, escorted her said feeling sure that the story of that period to the concert-room, and carefully reconb. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of feeling sure that the story of that period to the concentration, which is an and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potof her life would make the groundwork ducted her home—letting no opportunity happen. Tell me what it is."

Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potof her life would make the groundwork of fiction. Possiter Co., Pa.

9:44 of a magnificent work of fiction. Possiter Co., Pa.

9:44 of a magnificent work of fiction. Possiter Co., Pa. bly I inherit my aunt's tendency to mag-erence and respect—conversing with her plain what she means." ply 1 inner in my anness tendency to many eyes casting off the natures which lack the faith and fortitude affine into extraordinary proportions trifles freely about music, books, anything in Then out came the secret. A shock of sad sight to many eyes casting off the natures which lack the faith and fortitude

expect too much of my romance, and you other occasions I avoided her, and even shall hear it. "I said I found it in a glove. It was was expected—especially where she knew by no means a remarkable glove—middle-that I knew she was expected.

sized, straw colored, and a neat fit for this hand in which I now hold your very designs upon her heart, which I was goexcellent cigar. Of course, there was a don't believe I can tell you the story,' said Westwood, "after all?" I gently urged him to proceed.

cigar with a few vigorous whiffs, "what's think I did?" 5 50 Farewell to the home that my infancy shelter'd, the use of being foolish? My aunt was never diffident about telling her story, forgiveness." and why should I hesitate to tell mine? hazel eyes and dark hair. Perhaps you she had reached the impenetrable, firm neys.' ready to despair, she would suddenly turn a very sweet and tender whisper in my use it, and cherished resentment only rest to fate.

wood, "my cigar is out!"

order to provoke a temporary estrange—yes and a happier heart than before.

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evening. We scarcely spoke by the way.

"Good night!" she said, in a low voice. I replied,
"Good bye!" I answered coldly, and
"If you pe

It was some consolation to hear her she said; and I went in. "Did I say romance? I fear you would close the door after I had reached the I was ashamed and vexed at myself for I bore up well until night. Then came talk of jilted tovers and disappointed girls hardly think it worthy of the name, said corner of the street, and to know that she had to foot. There was company in the the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion. "Every life has its ro-had been listening to my footsteps. But the house, wofully tempted, my love and my companion." I was in a tremoving to the head to foot. There was company in the head to foot. The head to foot. The my love and the head to foot. The head to foot. Th

refrained from going to places where she

"Well," continued Westwood, "my more than I was torturing her. As a but I suffered for that folly.

Not I! I have a will of adamant as

trast imaginable between her fair, fresh trial of her heart. I had for some time, thoughts to do anything for me. complexion and her superb tresses and boen meditating a European tour, and my tainly-lovely, if not handsome; and-|Some friends of mine were to sail early in | deserved !' such eyes! It was an event in one's life the spring, and I now resolved to accomor the mystic curtains of reserve drawn my weakness-that I could be strong and I steeled myself. within; then again, when I was tortured happy without her. Yet with all this 'Besides,' I said 'I know of nothing drew a few whiffs, and proceeded. with unsatisfied yearnings, and almost bitter and vindictive feeling, I listened to that you can do for me,'

the curtains away, and a flood of radiance out-now if she says to me one true, kind, are tearing to pieces. streaming forth, that filled me so full of womanly word-she shall go with me, light and gladness, that I had no shad and nothing shall ever take her from me calm enough to observe it! That made owy nook left in me for a doubt to hide again!" The thought of what might be, me angry. She must have been conscious of if she would but say that word, and of Give it to me; I will mend it for you. this power of expression. She used it so what must be, irrevocably, if her pride Haven't you other gloves that need mend- There is no such social freedom to be en-

words, looks and actions and would each who can give much supernuous love or other on every convenient occasion. I was pained by her attentious to others, or perhaps by an apparent preference of a book or bouquet to me. Retaliation on my part and quiet persistence on hers my part and quiet persistence on hers and actions and would each who can give much supernuous love or that I could lorget her in the excitement of a fresh and novel experience; while she other. Don't think I am now artfully preparing your mind to excuse what I am book or bouquet to me. Retaliation on my part and quiet persistence on hers and quiet persistence on hers.

One day when I was busy with the you please of the weakness and wild imposs the part of the property of a fresh and novel experience; while she other. Don't think I am now artfully preparing your mind to excuse what I am book or bouquet to me. Retaliation on my part and quiet persistence on hers.

One day when I was busy with the you please of the weakness and wild imposs the part of the part of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am now artfully preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yields no affection in repart of the preparing your mind to excuse what I am object that yie continued to estrange us, until I gener-ciprocated. Then it expires like a flame books which I was to take with me, a pulse with which I fell in love with ally ended by conceding everything, and cut off from the air, or a plant removed small package was handed in! I need not "We will call her Flora. The most pleading for one word of kindness, to end from the soil. The death struggle, the tell you that I experienced a thrill, when superb, captivating creature that ever en-

thus easily convinced."

beware!'

That was a foolish speech, perhaps. It was certainly ineffectual. She persisted, the evidence of my external senses could the evidence of my external senses could cut it short. As we were going out, she the supreme ornament of the upper deck. "If it had been your hat or your hand-looking so calm and composed, that a not altogether destroy that interior faith gently detained me, and said-kerchief, be sure I should have let it lie great weight fell upon my heart. I walkreally very cold towards her-for about

I walked home with her; we were both "A romance? Tell me about that. I At the door, she looked me sadly in the silent; but at the door she asked me to good-bye." am tired of this endless stretch of sea like face—she gave me her hand; I thought go in. Here my calmness deserted me, and I could hardly hold my heart, while

"If you particularly wish it." "If I did not, I should not ask you,"

hardly think it worthy of the name," said corner of the street, and to know that she trembling so—for I was in a tremor from a revulsion. I walked three times past marrying out of spite. No doubt, such

calmly, but in a low and unnatural tone-'Is this so?' I said, 'I suppose I cannot deny it.' · You are really going?" 'I am really going.'

fess the humiliating truth, I soon found gratified that others should behold and feeling that America was past, and Europe that I was torturing myself a good deal know I held a power over her Well- was next; all this filled my mind with an-

while, ' because you have not told me this. looked with clairvoyant vision, and he-"You probably asked her to ask your You have no sister,' (this was spoken very held her then, locked in her chamber, quietly) and it would have been a privi- should I have been so happy? Oh, what lege for me to take a sister's place, and do fools vanity and pride make of us l' Even The young lady's name-we'll call her people find, who tear away the amable for you those little things which sisters do then, with my heart high-strung with simply Margaret. She was a blonde, with flowers and light soil that cover it; and for brothers who are going on long jour hope and courage, had I known the truth,

and dark hair? She was the only one I wards a reconciliation nor invited any .- I could speak. Then I said that I saw pilot's boat, to find something more preever saw; and there was the finest con- But i'll tell you what I did do, as a final no reason why she should tax her time or cious than all the continents and countries

'Oh, you know,' she said, you have been which I was carelessly flinging away. delicately traced eyebrows. She was cer- interest in her had alone kept me at home. kind to me-so much kinder than I have

It was unendurable—the pathos of the and cool; the heavy dews were beginning sir, just to look through those luminous pany them. I don't know how much words! I was blinded, stifled I almost to fall; the shadows of the green and flowwindows into her soul. That could not pride and spite there was in the resolu- groaned aloud. If we had been alone, ered undulations filled the hollows, like a happen every day, to be sure! Some-tion-probably a good deal. I confess I there our trial would have ended. I rising tide; the headland, seen at first so times for weeks she kept them turned wished to make her suffer—to show her should have snatched her to my soul. far and small, was growing gradually large from me, the ivory shutters half closed, that she had calculated too much upon But the eyes of others were upon us, and and near; and the horses moved at a quick-

sparingly, and it seemed to me so artfully! held out shook me mightily. But my ing? joyed anywhere as on board an ocean But I always forgave her when she did resolution was taken: I would trust the I who had triumphed, was humbled steamer. The breaking up of old associa-

I knew, I knew well at last that her heart would rush at once to Margaret with the The next day I secured my passage in the acter sympathetic and fluent. The past was mine. And a deep, tender woman's news. Then in the evening, I went for steamer in which my friends were to sail. is easily put away; we become plastic to heart it was too, despite her reserve. her; I was conscious that my manner to- I took pains that Margaret should hear new influences; we are delighted at the Without many words, we understood each wards her was a little more tender, or of that too. Then came the preparations discovery of unexpected affinities, and asother, and so-Pshaw!" said West-rather a little less coldly courteous, that for travel-arranging affairs, writing let-tonished to find in ourselves so much wit, night, than it had usually been of late; ters, providing myself with a compact and eloquence, and fine susceptibility, which "On with the story!"

for my feelings were softened and I had comfortable outfit. Europe was in pros"Well, we had our lovers' quarrels, of never seen her so lovely. I had never pect—Paris, Switzerland, Italy, lands to This freedom is especially provocative course. Singular, what foolish children before known what a treasure I was about which my dreams had long since gone be of flirtation. We see each fair brow touchlove makes of us !- rendering us sensi- to losc. The subject of my voyage was fore, and to which I had now turned my ed with a halo whose colors are the reflective, jealous, exacting, in the superlative not mentioned, and if she had heard of it, eyes with reawakening aspirations. A tion of our own beautiful dreams. Lovedegree. I am sure we were both amiable she accepted the fact without the least new glory arose upon my life, in the light liness is ten-fold more levely, bathed in and forbearing towards all the world be- visible concern. Her quietness under of which Margaret became a fading star. this atmosphere of romance; and manhood sides; but, for the powerful reason that the circumstances chilled me—disheart—It was so much easier than I had thought is invested with ideal graces. The love we loved, we were bound to misinterpret ened me quite. I am not one of those to give up, to part from her! I found within us rushes, with swift, sweet heartwords, looks and actions and wound each who can give much superfluous love or that I could forget her in the excitement beats, to meet the love responsive in some

uprooting is the painful thing; but when I saw Margaret's handwriting upon the snared the hearts of the sons of Adam. I was wrong—too quick to resent, too her a secret gratification to exercise her power over me; and at last I was convinced to the secret gratification to exercise her power over me; and at last I was convinced to the secret gratification to exercise her last sigh as big as fate, sheds a few tears, I smiled bitterly, to see how neatly she power over me; and at last I was convinced to the secret gratification to exercise her last sigh as big as fate, sheds a few tears, I smiled bitterly, to see how neatly she lips that could pout or smile with incomparable fascination; a figure of surprising last time some of the some of the some of the some of the secret gratification to exercise her last sigh as big as fate, sheds a few tears, I smiled bitterly, to see how neatly she lips that could pout or smile with incomparable fascination; a figure of surprising last time some of the some of th ed that she wounded me purposely, in experience, and becomes a wiser, calmer said, 'It is finished!' and tossed the glove symmetry, just voluptuous enough. But,

sailing of the steamer, I made farewell ity, -in her spontaneity, her free, spark-It was at a party; the thing she did "Ay, there's the rub. It is for want calls upon many of my friends—among ling, and vivacious manners. She was It was a glove—my glove which I had was to waltz with a man whom she knew of a true perception. There cannot be a others, upon Margaret. But through the the most daring and dazzling of women, inadvertantly thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. Love perversity of pride and will, I did not go without ever appearing immodest or rejudy thrown out, in taking my I detested, whom I knew she could not true love without a true perception. "Go on driver!" and he tossed it into whirled her in the dance almost put mur- tuition—not for the understanding to be acquaintance, who was to be my compag- secure steps over the commonly accepted my hand as he resumed his seat in the derinto my thoughts. 'Margaret,' I said, lieve, from the testimony of those very non de voyage. I felt some misgivings, to barriers of social intercourse, that even one last word! If you care for me, unreliable witnesses, called the eyes and see how Margaret had changed; she was those who blamed her and pretended to

'Did you receive-your glove?'

'Oh yes,' I said, and thanked her for blame me?" 'And is this all, all you have to say?'

she asked. a sigh. "But; you see, I had given her 'I have nothing more to say, except

Margaret; and the future-may you be least bridge them over with a new affec-

strange faces; parting from friends; the All the affections which have gone out to "I felt that something was going to ringing of the bell; last adieus some, who him, unmet, ready to droop, quivering were to go with us, hurrying aboard, who with the painful, hungry instinct to grasp I answered—"Your friend can best explain what she means."

were to go with as hastily going some object, may possibly lay hold of you.

ashore; the withdrawal of the plank— Let the world sneer; but God pity such which I look at through the double con short, except what we both knew to be surprise sent the color from Margaret's lines, the steamerswinging heavily around, to live and die true to their best love!

slow paddles; the waving of handkerchiefs from the decks, and the responsive signals from the crowd lining the wharf; off, at last—the faces of friends, the crowd, the piers, and lastly the city itself. fading from designs upon her heart, which I was go | She could not hide her agitation. Her sight, the dash of spray, the freshening ing to wring so unmercifully did not white face betrayed her. Then I was breeze, the novel sight of our little world young lady in the case; let me see-I meet with very brilliant success. To con-glad, in my heart, and vain enough to be detaching itself and floating away; the imation and excitement, which shut out "Pshaw!" said he, after kindleing his last and desperate resort, what do you I feel hurt, she said after a little thoughts of Margaret. Could I have I should have abandoned my friend, the never heard of a blonde with hazel eyes rock I neither made any advances to I was checked; it was a minute before voyage, and Europe, and returned in the of the globe, in the love of that heart

> Here Westwood took breath. The sun was now almost set. The prairie was still er pace. Westwood lighted his cigar,

We had a voyage of eleven days. But 'There must be many little things; to to me an immense amount of experience them upon me, the shutters thrown wide, heart which said, "Now if her leve speaks begin with, there is your glove, which you was crowded into that brief period. The fine exhibitation of the start—the breeze True, I was tearing my glove-she was gradually increasing to a gale; then horrible sca-sickness, home-sickness, lovesickness; after which the weather which sailors love, games, gayety and flirtation. joyed anywhere as on board an ocean My heart was breaking-and she talked tions, the opening of a fresh existence, when she did not.

On the day of the last concert, I imof mending gloves! I did not omit to the necessity of new relationship—this
parted the secret of my intended journey thank her. I coldly arose to go.

The parted the secret of my intended journey thank her. I coldly arose to go.

Well, I felt now that it was all over. ens the springs of life, and renders char-

Just twenty-not without wit and culture, —full of poetry and enthusiasm. Do you

"Not a whit," I said; "but for Marga-"Ah, Margaret!" said Westwood with

up. And when one love is lost, there She held my hand. Nothing else?' sink such awful chasms into the soul, that, 'No, it is useless to talk of the past though they cannot be filled, we must at happy!—Good bye!'

I thought she would speak; I could not this way, upon false foundations of hollowtion. The number of marriages built in believe she would let me go; but she did! ness and despair, is incomputable. We which appear such to him who experitions; I vowed to myself, that I would ences them. But these tender little his tories are usually insipid enough when told. I have a maiden aunt, who once them so near having an offer from a pale stripling, with dark hair, seven years her stripling which reaches out its feelers for symyathy, came and sat by my side.

"I suppose" said one, "Mr. Westwood has been telling Margaret all about it."

How I succeeded you shall hear.

I had previously engaged her to attend stripling, with dark hair, seven years her stripling, with dark hair, seven years her stripling with dark hair, seven years her stripling and the stripling with dark hair, seven years her stripling with dark hair seven years her stripling with dark hair seven years her stripling with dark hair seven years her stripling