Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER EXPOSITOR OF MY LIVING ACTIONS.

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BY R. WHITE MIDDLETON.

ADPAMB AFIA'!

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HOUDBUR ALIAVIII

TEE GABLAND.



THE DREAM LAND.

· Silvery and bright are the floating clouds in the beautiful Dream Land."

Speak not! I am far away in the land of dreams, Wandering beside its golden streams. With those most dear! The beautiful and bright of earth. Whose music was around my path. All! all are here.

Their voices low and bird-like fall, Grief has no shade, sorrow no pall. In this fair land; No cloud is on the sunny brow, Estrangement's shadow fleeth now. From this bright band!

Speak not! Earth has its hour of wo and blight, Its flowers bloom, then fade from sight, Darkness is there! But in the Dream land all is gay. Shadow and cloud both pass away, The stars are fair!

Speak not! Alas! the light words have been spoken, The silver spell that bound me broken, The harp-notes die! Sar off and The Deschiry bowers, Here sunshine is e'er chased by showers, And bright hopes fly!

u a o t i e o q e a a t

LOSING AND WINNING

It was a bright and beautiful autumna evening. The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues-and the clear cerulean of the heavens gave place near the setting sun to a glowing 'saffron color,' over which was hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards the north and south was suspended here and there a sable curtain fringed with gold, folded as but one hand could fold them. They seemed litting drapery to shroud the feet of Him, who 'rideth upon the wings of

Such was the evening in which Edward
Cunningham conducted his fair bride into
the mansion prepared for her reception.—
But had both earth and heaven been deckedwith tenfold splendor, their beauty and

Such was the evening in which Edward
Cunningham conducted his fair bride into
thought valuable or fascinating in woman.
But had both earth and heaven been deckedwith tenfold splendor, their beauty and

The thrill of pleasure in his heart. After the thrill of pleasure in his heart. After thought valuable or fascinating in woman.

She knew not, indeed, that at this time she thought was pale—her own face was the last thing or in her mid. Mr. Westbury had no sooner walking, Mrs Westbury. Pray take my and walking, Mrs Westbury the possession of another, but being pointed wife! no such thing—she is not deed pullar to me?'

After the thrill of pleasure in his heart. After the th magnificence would have been lost on him - out to him as one to whom he must transfor his thoughts, his, affections, his whole fer his affections, he looked on her with -she is mistress of my house and must party. being were centered in the graceful creature | aversion as the chief obstacle that leaned on his arm, and whom he again | zation of his wishes. and again welcomed to his new abode-her future home. He forgot that he still moved whose society would make another Eden

ject, and life seemed spread before him a paradise of delight blooming with roses, unaccompanied by thorns.

Joy and sorrow in this world dwell side by side. In a stately mansion, two doors only from the one that had just received the joyful bridegroom and happy bride, dwelt one who had been four weeks a wife. On that same bright evening she was sitting in folly to the object of her unsought affection, His cold salutations and colder eye, sent spread before her; on which her eyes, blinded by tears, were riveted. The letter was from her husband. He had been gone nearly three weeks, in which time she had heard from him but once, and then only by a verbal message. The letter that lay before her had just arrived, it was the first she

Mrs. Westbury-Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at home this week. I write to inform you that business will de-

tain me in New York some time longer. Yours, &c., Fred'k. Westbury. For a long time, the gentle and feeling Julia' indulged her tears and her grief without restraint. Again and again she read the laconic epistle before her, to ascertain what more might be made of it than firs met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language or more easily under stood. It was as brief, and as much to the point as those interesting letters which dehtors sometimes receive from their credi tors, through the agency of an attorney. Did ever youthful bride, thought she, 'receive from her husband such a letter as this. He strives to show the complete indifference and coldness of his heart towards me. Oh. why did I accept his hand, which was rather his father's offering than his own! Why did I not listen to my reason, rather, than my fond and foolish heart, and resist the old man's reasonings and pleadings! Why did I believe him when he told me I should win his son's affection! Dic I not know that his heart was given to another Dear old man, he fondly believed his Fred erick's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly-and how eagerly he drank in this assurance. Amid all the sorrow that I felt while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undefinable pleasure, as he laid his hand already chilled by death, and father, Julia returned home, and in accept the invitation or not.

all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by thy unerring wisdom.' She fell on her knees to continue her supplication and pour out her full soul before her father in heaven—and when she rose,

her heart, if not happy, was calm-her brow, if not cheerful, was serene. Frederick Westbury was an only child. He never enjoyed the advantages of maternal instruction, impressed on the heart by maternal tenderness-for his mother died er; it is fit that we redeem it. before he was three years old, and all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amia. ble, one of the best of men, but with regard to the management of his son, he was too He was neither negligent in teaching or in | carly day. warning, but instruction and discipline did not as they ever should do, go hand in hand, grew up with passions uncontrolled—with

high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and he looked down with contempt on allthat was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of He loved or hated with his whole soul. In narked with intellect and strong feeling-

was Frederick Westbury at the age of four and twenty. wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought course of two weeks, but when that period

Julia was born and had been educated, in in a world that was groaning under the pres- dence-but from time to time, business led Thou, Maria-bright, beautiful and tender the city, seemed already acquainted with sure of unnumbered evils-forgot that earth him into that part of the country in which ly joy is oft times but a dream, a fantasy, her parents resided. In her childhood she self! Alas, I am undone! Oh my father! sent. that vanishes like the shadow of a summer entwined herself around the heart of the Under the influence of feelings like these cloud that flits across the landscape, or as Judge-and from that period he had looked he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his nor, and in partaking of the various refresh his sense of rectitude forbade his indulging the morning vapor before the rising sun—
on her as the future wife of his son. His bride so many tears.
forgot that all on this side of heaven is fleeting and changeable and false. In his confined to his own breast until to his disfrom this, that Julia was sitting one evenconsequence, as Mrs. Cunningham amply and felt piqued at his power over himself. bride, the object of this fondest love, he felt may, he found that his affections were en- ing in her parlor, dividing the time betwixt made up all deficiencies of the kind when Her heart fluttered with satisfaction when that he possessed a treasure whose smile tangled. This discovery was no sooner her work and book, when the door bell rang, the sound of music in another room attract- she saw him enter Mrs. Brook's drawing would be unclouded sunshine to his soul- made, than he wrote a pressing letter to and a minute after the parlor door opened, ed their attention. Julia was extremely room-and she resolved to ascertain whether saw her who was now his wife—and for his health was rapidly declining—which meet his—but his ceremonious boward cool Cunningham proposed that they should en- even here he kept aloof from her, giving her nearly that entire period he had been in a was indeed too true-and he felt that her good evening, Mrs. Westbury, recalled her deavor to make their way to the music room only a passing bow, as he walked to another carried the day! Julia had endeavored to delirium of love, intent only on securing society would be a solace to his heart. Ju- recollection and scarcely able to reply to After considerable detention, they succeed part of the room. It was with unusual arm herself for this evening's trial, should I can only hope to do in part, and must look to

the solitude of her richly furnished cham, she wished immediately to return to her na- her to her sent disappointed, sick at heart would not listen. He soon discovered the she recovered her self-possession, and made state of her feelings, and it gave him and those inquiries concerning his health and had ever received from her husband, and ment of his design. At first his son listen- urc, though rather below the medium size. -but his feelings softened as he saw his ed beauty.

ding character. To be the plighted bride quired, with some little appearance of rance that she would win his affections, and melodious, was even softer than usual, sustained her hope, that his prediction as she answered that it was? the countenance of her future husband, her to make some inquiries relative to her occuheart sank within her. She could not per- pations during his absence, whether she had the approaching death of his father, she felt For the time he forgot Maria Elden, was that he was making a sacrifice of his fond. half unconscious that Julia was his wifeest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died-and with almost passed an hour or two comfortably. his last breath he pronounced a blessing One day when Mr. Westbury came to upon Julia his daughter-the wife of his dinner, Julia handed him a card of complison-most solemnly repeating his convice ments from Mr. and Mrs. Brooks who were tion that she would soon secure the heart of about giving a splendid party.

upon my head, gave me a patting blessing, three months, Frederick followed her to fuland said that his son would love me! Mis- fil his promise. He was wretched, and taken assurance! ah, why did I fondly would have given the world, had he posesstrust it! Were I now free !- would I then ed it, to be free from his engagement. have the knot untied that makes me his for But he never could be. His word had life? Not for a world like this! No, he is been given to his father, and must be remine and I am his by the laws of God and ligiously redeemed. I will make her my man, we are one. He must sometimes be wife, thought he—'I promised my father at home, and an occasional hour in his societhat I would. Thank Heaven, I never ty will be a dearer bliss than this world can promised that I would love her!' Repug-

bestow beside. His father's blessing is still nant as such a union was to his feelings, warm at my heart! I still feel his handron he was really impatient to have it complet-my head! Let me act as he trusted I should ed—for as his idea of his duty and obligaact, and all may yet be well. Duties are tion went not beyond the bare act of mamine—and thine, heavenly father, are the king her his wife he felt that once done, results. Overlook my infirmities, forgive he should be comparatively a free man. for the ceremony?'.

His countenance was so gloomy, his man ner so cold-so utterly destitute of tenderness, of kindly feeling, that something like terror seized Julia's heart-and, without making any reply, she burst into tears.
'Why those tears, Miss Horton?' said he,

our mutual promise was given to my fath-Julia, timidly, and with a faltering voice. le so much haste necessary? 'My father wished that no unnecessary

delay should be made, said Frederick, and the parlor her shawl clasped in her hand. much like the venerable Israelitish priest. I see no reason why we should not as well Mr. Westbury was waiting for her, and ed the floor in an agony of feeling. His son, like other sons, often did that which be married now, as at any future period. His son, like other sons, often did that which be married now, as at any future period, just casting his eyes over her person, he was wrong, and he restrained him not.— If you consult my wishes you will name an said—If you are ready, Mrs. Westbury,

The day was fixed, and at length arriv-ed, presenting the anomaly of a man eaand for want of this discipline, Frederick gerly hastening to the altar, to utter vows from which his heart recoiled, and a wowill unsubdued. He received a finished man going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

bury immediately took his bride to his ele-gantly furnished house, threw it open for a week to receive bridal visits-and then disposition that lead him to detest deceit. gladly obeyed a summons to New York to person he was elegant, his countenance was leaving home he felt as if relieved from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrainand he had the bearing of a prince. Such ed him to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least, while those very congratulations congealed About a year before his marriage, Fred'k. his heart, by hringing to mind the ties he became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a had formed with one he could not love, to before Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham approachyoung lady of great beauty of person, and the impossibility of forming them with one ed her, and entered into a lively conversafascination of manners, who at once en-slaved his affections. But against Miss absent about ten days, he availed himself of could have wept at her solitary and neglect-Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a an opportunity to send a verbal message to edsituation, alone in the midst of a crowd. prejudice, and for once in his life was obsti- his wife, informing her that he was well, Mrs. Cunningham was in fine spirits, and

a place remote from Judge Westbury's resi- lishment! Mean! Ambitious! heartless!- although only a resident of a few weeks in chamber.

mingled satisfaction. It augured well for journey, that propriety dictated. In spite consumption having fastened her deadly dest, and unobtrusive-and good sense and langs upon him to hasten him to the grave, propriety were conspicuous in all she said. he gave his whole mind to the accomplish. Besides she looked very pretty. Her fig. ed to the subject with disgusted impatience was very fine, her hand and foot of unrival

father sinking to the tomb-and in an un. She was dressed with great simplicity. would make Julia his ... wife. Judge West- about her person. She wore her dress, too. oury next exerted himself to obtain a prom- with a peculiar grace equally remote from ise from Julia that she would accept the precision and negligence. Her features had mutually plighted their faith by the bed the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth, with which it expressed To Frederick this was a moment of une every feeling of the heart. When Mr ingled misery. He saw that his father Westbury first entered the parlor, an obwas dying, and felt himself constrained to server might have pronounced her beautiful romise his hand to one woman, while his as the bright glow of transient joy that kinheart was in posession of another. dled on her cheek had faded away and left Julia's emotions were of the most confi. her pale—so pale that Mr. Westbury inof the man she loved, made her heart throb terest, whether her health was as good as with joy and her faith in her father's assu. usual?' Her voice which was always soft

would be verified. Yet when she marked Mr. Westbury at length went so far as shade herself into the belief, that its un called on the new bride, Mrs. Cunningham, mingled gloom arose slowly from grief at and other questions of similar consequence. and viewing her only as a companion, he

I have not returned an answer, said Ju-

tend it.' 4 am quite indifferent about the party said Julia, as such scenes afford me little pleasure, but should be pleased to do as you think bes.t' Her voice trembled as she

spoke, for she had not yet become sufficient. v accustomed to Mr. Westbury's brusque manner towards herself to bear it with perfect firmness. 'I should think it very suitable that you pay Mr. and Mrs. Brooks this attention Mr. Westbury replied., The evening visit to Mrs. Brooks at length arrived, and Julia repaired to her

bed chamber to dress for this occasion.-I am come, said he to Julia, to fulfil To render herself pleasing in the eye of her my engagement. Will you name a day husband was the sole wish of her heart, but how to do this was the question. She would have given the world to know his taste, his favorite colors, and other trifles of the like nature-but of these she was completely ignorant, and must therefore be guided by her own fancy. 'Simplicity,'thought' she simplicity is the surest ray; for it never offends, if it never captivates.' Accordingly she arrayed herself in plain white satin-'No particular time was specified,' said and over her shoulders was thrown a white blond mantle, with an azure border, while a girdle of the same hue encircled her waist. Her toilet completed. Julia descended to

> flew to the chamber. For a while she walkwe will go immediately, as it is now late. Most of the guests were already assembled at the mansion open for their recep-

pliments. The important duty, however, was at length happily accomplished, and self, 'what have I learned that I knew not Mr. Westbury's next effort was to obtain a before? except, she added 'a trifling fact The wedding ceremony over, Mr. West- seat for his wife. She would have preferred remaining on his arm at least for a while, as lew persons present were known to her, and she felt somewhat embarrassed In such matters the heart of a delicate and

happy. Not that he appeared particularly he did so, the utter ruin of that solid happiness should he so ally himself. He had was not completed, and as his house was by his side, and his eyes rested on her with but she could not command the expression selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in- the last place he wished to visit, he resolv- a look of tenderest love. While the sound of her countenance-could not bid the blood law for himself, more to his own taste. - ed to protract his absence, so long as he of her voice seemed constantly to awaken visit or recede from her cheeks at her will. She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury looks so dull for a person to sit through a look as if the fatigues of the evening had

me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establito the lively rattle of her companion, who advice, she immediately retreated to her -thou wouldst have married me for my- all the gentlemen and half the ladies pre-

Julia, who was an orphan, to come and and Mr. Westbury entered. With spark fond of music, and as their present situamake him a visit of a few weeks. The ling eyes and glowing cheeks, she tion, amid the confusion of tongues was reason he gave for inviting her was, that sprang forward, her hand half extended to very unfavorable for its enjoyment, Mr. lia came—she saw Frederick, heard his cn. his civility, she sank back on her chair - ed in accomplishing their object, so far at pleasure that she complied with a request to lightened conversation-observed his pol- She thought she was prepared to see him least as to get fairly within the door. Con- sit to a piano, for she well knew the power accordingly she was not much surprised, shed manners-remarked the lofty tone of cold and distant-though she expected it- sidering the number of persons present and of music over his heart. Never before had and not much noved, when she saw her his feelings and giving the reing to her fancy, but she had deceived herself. Notwith- how many there are that prefer the music she touched the keys with so much interest. without consulting reason or prudence standing all her ruminations on her hus of their own tongues to any other melody, She did her best the best was pre-emintly she loved him.

Too late for her security, but it soon been a little under current of hope, playing for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her other. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her heart, and telling her other. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her was remarkably still, a compliment deserved by the young lady at the please. After singing one or two modern of her heart, and telling her plane, who played and sang with great please. After singing one or two modern of her might return more cordial than he went. Skill of feeling. Julia's attention was soon songs, she began one that she had learned in refing, too ranned the manner, to watch them, even long ement deserved by the young lady at the please. After singing one or two modern of the might return more cordial than he went. ber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands tive place. But to this Judge Westbury and nearly fainting. In a minute, however, against the wall, his arms folded across his was Burns' 'Ye banks o' bonnie Doon,' with an expression of warm admiration, Miss Eldon came to those lineswhile a deep shade of melancholy was cast the success of his dearest earthly hope— of himself, she succeeded in some degree and as his strength was rapidly declining, in drawing him out. She was gentle, mo- tuously. 'Is it the music,' thought she, 'or voices were warm in her praise.

passing around her—she could not even was the first thing that aroused her attenother gentleman, but it was evident that city—but now duty forbids that I indulge neither of them were aware of her prox-

'It would be,' said Mr. Westbury, 'were

it not for those blue rbbands—but I can think no lady looks well who has any of that odious color about her. 'It is one of the most beautiful and delicate colors in the world, said the other gentleman. 'I wonder at your taste.'

'It does finely in its place,' said Mr.

say he is ignorant that I have any of the thankful.

For yourself you can do as you please, color he so much dislikes about me. His Her efforts to please him were unceasing. Mrs., Westbury—but I shall certainly at heart belongs to another—and he cares not Her home was kept in perfect order and

The constraint under which she labored, served but to increase the violence of heremotion, now that she was free to indulge it. 'Oh, why did I attend this party?' at length thought she-'Oh, what have lengfered!'ought not to have expected?' she asked her. bury in silence.

her own door. Just touching her husband's

concerning my husband's taste?'
Julia thought long and deeply—her spirits became "calm-she renewed former resolutions-looked to heaven for wisdom to and confused, but she durst not say so, as guide, and strength to sustain her-and part I should seldom attend a party for the attend to some affuirs of importance. On from her husband's manner, she saw that casting aside the mantle which would hence sensitive woman seldom deceives her. It unlucky girdle, and although the hour was late, descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury was sitting by a table, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not exciting to her feeling, and still more difficult, perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness, yet she suc ceeded in both. The question she asked, induced Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was nate in refusing to indulge his son in the and should probably be at home in the her husband appeared the happiest of the struck by the deathlike paleness of her check. Julia could by an effort control her voice-

but she could not command the expression been too much for you.'

scarcely seen Miss E. since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious An hour had been passed in this man-that she retained the power of his heart, and ments that were provided—to which Julia a passion for one woman, while the husband

her influence over his affection was dimin-She was mortified and chagrined, that attracted to her husband, who was standing at Mr. Westbury's request, at the period on the opposite side of the room, leaning when he used to visit her almost daily. It breast, his eyes resting on the performer and was with him a great favorite. When situation as to render it impossible for him

'Thou 'mindst me of departed joys, tuously. 'Is it the music,' thought she, 'or she raised her eyes to his face, and in an him to escape, as to be near her was to him the musician that rivets his attention? - instant he forgot every thing but herself the most exquisite happiness - but the great-Would I knew who it is that plays and ther happiness is sacrificed as well as my er the delight, the more imminent the danand sings so sweetly.' She did not long re-own,' thought he, and leaning his head ger-of this he was sensible, and it was not main in doubt. The song finished, all against the wall of the room, he gave him without some resistance that he yielded to 'How delightfully Miss Eldon plays and The song concluded, however, he regained heart, and at this moment when she was with what feeling she sings!' exclaimed some control over his feelings, and still kept sure that no ear heard, and no eye observed guarded hour, he promised him that he but good taste was betrayed in everything Mrs. Cunningham? 'I never listened to a at a distance from her-nay, conquered her but his own, she let an ocasional touch himself, so far as to repair to the drawing of the penserosa mingle so naturally with The blood rushed to Julia's head, and room, to escape from her dangerous vicinity. back again to her heart, like a torrent-a He saw her not again until she was equiped in their original strength, those feelings, hand of his son and he rested not until they were regular, and complexion delicate, but vertigo seized her and all objects before her for her departure. Then she contrived to and those regrets he was striving to subdue were for a moment an indistinct whirling get near him, and threw so much sweetness For the time he forgot every thing but that mass. But she did not even betray her seel- and melancholy into her voice, as she said they mutually loved and were mutually ings, though she took the first opportunity 'good night, Mr. Westbury,' that he was in happy. They had been standing together to leave the room, and obtain a seat. For stantly disarmed-and drawing her arm a considerable length of time when they a time she was unconscious of what was within his, conducted her from the room. 'How,' said he, in a low and tremulous

think; she only felt. Her Hushand's voice tone, Maria, could you sing that song to hartion. He was standing near her with an- be near thee—to listen to thee, was my feliin the dangerous delight.'

. Miss Eldon replied not-but raised her night'—said Mr. Westbury's companion ther dress is peculiarly becoming.' carriage door.

Two or three weeks passed away without the occurrence of any incident calculated to excite uneasiness in the heart of Julia.-True her husband was still the cold, the Mr. Westbury. He passed but little even of his leisure time at home, and she had bury?' Westbury—that is—in the heavens above never met his eye when it expressed pleaour heads—but never about the person of a sure or even approbation. But he did not bury, as she waited to hear his answer, and grow more cold, more ceremonious; the time an expression of curiosity, contempt and Julia wished her mantle and her girdle in he passed at his own fireside, rather increas- satisfaction met his eye. It was the first Immediately on the decease of her friend this, not knowing whether you would wish to Africa - Yer why? thought she if dare ed than diminished, and for all this she was time he had ever remarked an unamiable

-minds not how she is clad whom he every thing was done in time, and well done. life are the most pure, the most rational Good taste and good judgement were dis that can be enjoyed.

mark all this ere they had left the room. - knowing that, nothing is so repulsive as a thing like rational conversation there. 'Oh, that I were away!' thought she, 'that I discontented, frowning face. She felt that

The first thing to disturb the kind of quianother party. One morning, while at bury's thought—and his feeling was one of the breakfast table, a card was brought in gratified pride, that she who was inevitably from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who were to be tion and it was not quite easy to get access After a while, however, her reason began 'at home' on Friday evening: After look- the light, the vain and the frivolous. to the lady of the house, to make their com- to operate. 'What have I seen, that I ing at the card Julia handed it to Mr. West-'It will be proper that we accept the invi

tation,' said Mr. Westbury. The remembrance of the agony she en dured at the last party recurred to her and

spesaid: 15 'Just as you think best-but for my own sake of enjoyment.

'If Mrs. Westbury, thinks it proper to mure herself as in a convent, she can,' said Mr. Westbury, for 'myself I feel that society has claims upon me that I wish to discharge.'

I will go if you think there would be any improprietylin my staying away, said Julia. 'Situated as you are, I think there would,' aid Mr. Westbury... Situated as I am!' thought Julia, what

does he mean? Does he refer to my station in society! or does he think that the erty and misery. world will think me an unhappy wife, that vishes to seclude herself from observation!" In the course of the morning, Julia called on Mrs. Cunningham, and found that lady and her husband discussing the point, whether or not they should attend Mrs. Par-'Are you going, Mrs. Westbury?' asked

'Yes, Mr. Westbury thinks we had bet-'Hear that, Edward?' said Mrs. Cunning-

'Fatigues of the evening! Agonies rather!' that his wife should enjoy the pleasures of must have been for these that she married soon drawn away from herself, in listening thought Julia, but thanking him for his kind society.' Mr. Gunningham looked a little tion of their family. She soon returned with the Until this evening, Mr. Westbury had I have only been trying to convince you straw in a corner of the hovel, while the wife For myself the society of my wife is my highest enjoyment, and of her conversation I never grow weary!' 'Thank you for the compliment, dear,' said Mrs. Cunningham -- and we will settle the question at anoth

One of the first persons Julia distinguish ed amid the company, as she entered Mrs. Parker's drawing room, was Mrs. Cunningham, who gave her a nod and an exulting smile as much as to say-'you see I have Miss Eldon make one of the company-and husband conversing with that young lady. She was too delicate in feeling, too refined

Mr. Westbury had not been in Mrs. Parker's drawing room half an hour, ere Miss Eldon contrived to place herself in such a to avoid addressing her, and this point once gained, to escape from her was impracticable. A strong sense of honor alone led self up for a time to love and melancholy. her fascination. Could she once secure his her half-subdued sprightliness, as to awaken were joined by Mr. Cunningham, who abruptly remarked-

You don't enjoy yoursell this evening, judgment excellent: Westbury. bury enquired.

You look worn out, just as I feel,' anwered Mr. Cunningham. How strange eyes to his face while she repressed a half it is, he added, that married men will suffer themselves to be drawn into such crowds!' comes the morning. If a man stumble, and fall not;

Miss Eldon turned her eyes on Mr. Westexpression on het countenance.

He calmly replied to Cunningham 'Unquestionably the pleasures of domesti

Mr. Westbury and his friend now mov-played in every arrangement. Her table 'Oh, it is strange,' said Mr. Cunningham, d to another part of the room, and it was was always spread with great care, and if 'that any one can willingly exchange them as much as Julia could do, to answer with her husband partook of any dish with pe-propriety, the remarks that a passing accoliar relish, she was careful to have it resuch as we are now inhaling! There is quaintance now and then made her. At peated, but at such intervals as to gratify nothing to be gained in such company as length the company began to disperse and rather than clog the appetite. In her dress this. Take any dozen, or half dozen of presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading she was peculiarly neat and simple, carefully them by themselves, and you might stand Miss Eldon from the room. His head was avoiding every article of apparel that was some chance to be entertained and instructinclined toward her-a bright hectic spot tinctured with the odious color.' She had ed, but bring them all together, and each was on her cheek-and he was speaking to naturally a fine mind, which had the ad- one seems to think it a duty to give himself her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her counte- strove to be entertaining and companion words said here to-night, except by yonder nance wore a mingled expression of pain able. Above all, she constantly endeavor- circle, of which Mrs. Westbury seems to and pleasure. Julia had just time to re-ed to maintain a placid, a cheerful brow, be the centre. There seems to be some-

Mr. Westbury turned his eyes, and saw were at home—that I were—in my grave?' nothing was unimportant that either pleased that Julia was surrounded by the elite of She sat perfectly unconscious of all that or displeased her husband, his heart was the the party, who all seemed to be listening to was going forward, until Mr. Westbury prize she was endeavoring to win, and the a conversation that was evidently carried came to her, inquiring whether she meant happiness of her life depended on the senti- on between herself and Eveleth, a gentleto be the last to take leave? Julia mechan- ments he should ultimately entertain to- man who was universally acknowledged as ically arose-mechanically made her part wards her! Every thing that she did was one of the first in rank and talent in the ing compliments to Mrs. Brooks-and done not only properly but gracefully, and city. For a minute Mr. Westbury sufferscarcely knew anything, till she arrived at though she never wearied in her efforts, she ed his eyes to rest on Julia. Her cheek would often-times sigh that they were so was suffused with the beautiful carmine tint hand, she sprang from the carriage, and unsuccessful. She sometimes feared that of modesty, and her eyes were beaming her very anxiety to please, blinded her as with intellectual light-while over her features was spread a slight shade of care, as if the heart were not perfectly at ease. 'She et that Julia enjoyed, was the prospect of certainly looks very well,' was Mr. Westbury's thought-and his feeling was one of his wife did not find her proper level among

Rumscher's Confession.

The following confession is given in the Boston Morning Star as a true narrative: "Sisteen years ago, I was the owner of a distillery, and was doing a large business in the way of destruction and death, and although the busi ness was at that time comparatively respectable. I must acknowledge that there was seldom a time when I did not feel, in a greater or less degree, a sense of wrong-doing. In proportion as this feeling increased, my interest in the business declined, and the consequence was a failure, which brought me_into-reduced-circumstances. I then commenced a retail grocery trade, including liquors of all sorts, and continued in this for some time, but could never get rid of a feeling of meanness, which seemed to me to attach itself to a business which I knew to be the cause of pov-

"It happened on one occasion, late at night in winter, a neighbor whom I knew to be very intemperate, called as usual with his jug for a quart of roison. After it was filled and paid for he asked me in an imploring way if I would trust him for a loaf of bread. I replied in the negative, but told him I would take back the rum in exchange for a loaf. This, however, he promptly refused to do, and soon left the afore.

"My sympathy was awakened, and thinking his family might be in distress, I went into the ham, 'you perceive that Mr. Westbury likes house and succeeded in inducing my wife to go hurt, as he said-'my dear Lucy, am I not sad tale of their misery. The drunken husband more than willing to add to your happiness? lay stretched and senseless upon a heap of dirty how much more comfortable we should be was bending over a single coal of fire, the remby our fireside, than in such a crowd as nant of their last stick of wood, and striving to must be encountered at Mrs. Parker's. quell the cries of their half-frozen and half-starved children. The storm howled fearfully with out, and I thought of their miserable condition,

"It was enough. My eyes were opened, and I made an everlasting yow that I would never sell or taste another drop. Thanks to God, who has enabled me to keep that vow inviolate to this day. I-now feel it my duty to use all the influence I may ever have, to promote the glorious cause of temperance, and if possible, to make restitution for some of the misery I have, caused. But this

What an example is this! Would that every umseller might exhibit the same magnanimity of purpose, and yield to the same unavoidable conviction of truth, before conscience shall have lost her power or the fire extinguished upon the

Gratifying to Tailors. Some one ingeniously proves that a tailor, in stead of being the ninth part of a man, possesses the qualities of nine men combined, as follows: 1. As an economist—he cuts his garments according to his cloth.

2. As a gardner—he is careful of his cabbage. 3. As a cook-he provides himself with a hot 4. As a sheriff's officer-he does much at sponging.

5. As an executioner—he furnishes a great many gallowses. 6. As a gentleman-he brandishes not a 7. As a sailor-he sheers off when he think

t necessary. 8. As a lawyer-he attends to many suits. 9. As a christian-and divine it is his chief

Brigadier General ATRINSON, of the U. S. A.,

33 The following "word of exhortation," which we clip from the conclusion of a homily on "Hard Times," in the Springfield Republican, is in our

"We have a word for debtors who are pushed to What makes you think so?' Mr. West, the wall. Let them not be discouraged let them not be overcome by despondency. Hope like truth, lies at the bottom of the deepest well. On the ashes of a new burnt dwelling may be laid the foundation of a new building. After the night Why not married men as well as bache- he is holpen on his journey. Keep a clear conscience. Be honest in spite of temptation. Keep Because they relinquish real happiness up your spirits, not by pouring spirits down, but and comfort for a fatiguing pleasure—if by doing all that within you lieth for yourselves pleasure it can be called, answered Cun. and yours, leaving the result to the hand that moves ningham. 'One's own hearth and one's the world. Above all, meet your creditors with ceremonious and of occasionally the abrupt wife, is the place and the society, for an your shirt-sleeves rolled up not for fighting, but for alloyed enjoyment. Am I not right, West- hard work. Mind all these hints, and you'll be the happier now, and the better off hereafter.

"A whole chapter to Creditors: Do As you WOULD BE DONE BY."

Coquerry is the voice of a small mind; of a mind whose frivolous vanity obscures its vision to overything open, honest, and ha-