

Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

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THE GARDEN.



With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.

THE DREAM LAND.

BY MISS M. MILLS.

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.

Speak not!
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,
No fragrance of the flowers now,
From this bright band!

Speak not!
Earth has its hour of woe 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-tune died,
The fairy voices,
Here sunshine is e'er chased by showers,
And bright hopes fly!

LOSING AND WINNING.

It was a bright and beautiful autumn evening.

The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues—and the celestial cerulean of the heavens gave place near the setting sun to a glowing 'saffron color,' over which hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards the north and south was suspended here and there a subtle curtain tinged with gold, folded as by one hand could fold them. They seemed fitting drapery to shroud the feet of Him, who 'rideth upon the wings of the wind.'

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 decked with tenfold splendor, their beauty and magnificence would have been lost on him—for his thoughts, his affections, his whole being were centered in the graceful creature that leaned on his arm, and whom he again and again welcomed to his new abode—her future home. He forgot that he still moved in a world that was groaning under the pressure of unnumbered evils—forgot that earthly joy is oft times but a dream, a fantasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud that flits across the landscape, or as the morning vapor before 'the rising sun'—forgot that all on this side of heaven is fleeting and changeable and false. In his bride, the object of his fondest love, he felt that he possessed a treasure whose smile would be unclouded sunshine to his soul—whose society would make another Eden bloom for him.

It was but six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife—and he could not but be reminded of the 'delirium of love,' intent only on securing her as his own. He had attained his object, 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 the solitude of her richly furnished chamber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands supporting her head, while a letter was 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 had ever received from her husband, and ran thus:

Mrs. Westbury—Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at home this week, I write to inform you that business will detain 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 first met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language or more easily understood. It was as brief, and as much to the point as these interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors, through the agency of an attorney.

Did ever youthful bride that business will detain me 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 affection? Did I not know that his heart was given to another? Dear old man, he fondly believed his own eyes, and ever youthful bride that business will detain me from her husband such a letter as this.

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 again chilled by death,

upon my head, gave me a parting blessing, and said that his son would love me! Mistaken assurance! ah, why did I fondly trust it! Were I now free!—would I then have the knot untied that makes me his for life? Not for a world like this! No, he is mine and I am his, by the laws of God and man, we are one. He must sometimes be at home, and an occasional hour in his society will be a dearer bliss than this world can bestow beside. His father's blessing is still warm at my heart! I still feel his hand on my head! Let me act as he trusted I should act, and all may yet be well. Duties are mine—and thine, heavenly father, are the same. Overlook my infirmities, forgive 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 before he was three years old, and all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amiable, one of the best of men, but with regard to the management of his son, he was too much like the venerable Israelitish priest. His son, like other sons, often did that which was wrong, and he restrained him not. He was neither negligent in teaching or in warning, but instruction and discipline did not as they ever should do, go hand in hand, and for want of this discipline, Frederick grew up with passions uncontrolled—with a will unbridled. He received a finished education, and his mind which was of a high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and he looked down with contempt on all that was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of disposition that led him to detest deceit. He loved or hated with his whole soul. In person he was elegant, his countenance was marked with intellect and strong feeling—and he had the bearing of a prince. Sighs were Frederick Westbury at the age of four and twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Fred'k became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascinating of manners, who at once enlivened his affections. But against Miss Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a prejudice, and for once in his life was obstinate in refusing to indulge his son in the wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought he did so, the utter ruin of that solid happiness should he so ally himself. He had selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in-law for himself, more to his own advantage than Julia Horton was possessed of all that he thought valuable or fascinating in woman. Possibly Frederick might have thought so too, had he known her ere his heart was in possession of another, but being pointed out to him as one to whom he must transfer his affections, he looked on her with aversion as the chief obstacle to the realization of his wishes.

Julia was born and had been educated, in a place remote from Judge Westbury's residence—but from time to time, business led him into that part of the country in which her parents resided. In her childhood she cultivated herself around the heart of the Judge—and from that period he had looked on her as the future wife of his son. His views and wishes, however, were strictly confined to his own breast until to his dismay, he found that his affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made, than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, who was an orphan, to come and make him a visit of a few weeks. The reason he gave for inviting her was, that his health was rapidly declining—which was indeed too true—and he felt that his society would be a solace to his heart. Julia came—she saw Frederick, heard his polished manners—remarked the lofty tone of his feelings and giving the reins to her fancy, without consulting reason or prudence—she loved him.

Time passed for her security, but soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her unsought affection, she wished immediately to return to her native place. But to this Judge Westbury would not listen. He soon discovered the state of her feelings, and it gave him an unmingled satisfaction. It agured well on the success of his dearest earthly hope—and as his strength was rapidly declining, consumption having fastened her deadly fangs upon him to hasten him to the grave, he gave his whole mind to the accomplishment of his design. At first his son listened to the subject with disgust and impatience—but his feelings softened as he saw his father sinking to the tomb—and in an unguarded hour, he promised him that he would make Julia his wife. Judge Westbury next exerted himself to obtain a promise from Julia that she would accept the hand of his son and he rested not until they had mutually pledged their faith by the bed side.

To Frederick this was a moment of unmingled misery. He saw that his father was dying, and felt himself constrained to promise his hand to one woman, while his heart was in possession of another.

Julia's emotions were of the most conflicting character. To be the pledged bride of the man she loved, made her heart throb with joy and her faith in her father's assurance that she would win his affections, sustained her hope, that his prediction would be verified. Yet when she marked the countenance of her future husband, her heart sank within her. She could not persuade herself into the belief, that his unmingled gloom arose slowly from grief at the approaching death of his father, she felt that he was making a sacrifice of his fondest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died—and with almost his last breath he pronounced a blessing upon Julia his daughter—the wife of his son—most solemnly repeating his conviction that she would soon secure the heart of her husband.

Immediately on the decease of her friend and father, Julia returned home, and in three months, Frederick followed her to fulfil his promise. He was wretched, and would have given the world, had he possessed it, to be free from his engagement. But he never could be. His word had been given to his father, and must be religiously redeemed. 'I will make her my wife,' thought he—'I promised my father that I would. Thank Heaven, I never promised that I would love her!' Repugnance as such a union was to his feelings, he was really impatient to have it completed—for as his idea of his duty and obligation went not beyond the bare act of marriage, he felt that once done, he should be comparatively a free man.

'I am come,' said he to Julia, 'to fulfil my engagement. Will you name a day for the ceremony?'

His countenance was so gloomy, his manner 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 father—it is fit that we redeem it.'

'No particular time was specified,' said Julia, 'and with a falling voice, "Is so much haste necessary?'"

'My father wished that no unnecessary delay should be made,' said Frederick, 'and I see no reason why we should not as well be married now, as at any future period. If you consult my wishes you will name an early day.'

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting the anomaly of a man eagerly hastening to the altar, to utter vows from which his heart recoiled, and a woman going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

The wedding ceremony over, Mr. Westbury immediately took his bride to his elegantly furnished house, threw it open for a week to receive bridal visits—and then gladly obeyed a summons to New York to attend to some affairs of importance. On leaving home he felt as if relieved from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least, while these good congratulations congealed his heart, by bringing to mind the ties he had formed with one he could not love, to the impossibility of forming them with one whom he idolized. When he had been absent about ten days, he availed himself of an opportunity to send a verbal message to his wife, informing her that he was well, and should probably be at home in the course of two weeks, but when that period was drawing towards a close, his business was not completed, and as his house was the last place he wished to visit, he resolved to procure a reasonable excuse. 'I must write and inform her of the change in my plan,' thought he—'deceit demands it. Yet how shall I write? My dear Julia! my dear wife! no such thing—she is not dear to me!'

'She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury—she is mistress of my house and must share my fortune, let that suffice her! It must have been for these that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Mean! Ambitious! heartless!—Thou, Maria—light, beautiful and tender—thou wouldst have married me for my soul! Alas, I am undone! Oh my father! Under the influence of feelings like these he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this, that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlor, dividing the time between her work and book, when the door bell rang, and a minute after the parlor was opened, and Mrs. Westbury, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet him—but his ceremonious bow and cool recollection—and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sank back on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—though she expected it—but she had deceived herself. Notwithstanding all her ruminations on her husband's indifference towards her, there had been a little under-current of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart, and telling her she might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutations and colder eye, sent her to her seat disappointed, sick at heart and nearly fainting. In a minute, however, she recovered her self-possession, and made those inquiries concerning his health and journey, that propriety dictated. In spite of himself, she succeeded in some degree in drawing him out. She was gentle, modest, and unobtrusive—and good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. Besides she looked very pretty. Her figure, though rather below the medium size, was very fine, her hand and foot of unrivalled beauty.

She was dressed with great simplicity, but good taste was betrayed in everything about her person. She wore her dress too, with a peculiar grace equally remote from precision and negligence. Her features were regular, and complexion delicate, but the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth, with which it expressed every feeling of the heart. When Mr. Westbury first entered the parlor, an observer might have pronounced her beautifully as the bright glow of transient joy that kindled on her cheek had faded away—and left her pale—so pale that Mr. Westbury inquired, with some little appearance of interest, 'whether her health was as good as usual?' Her voice which was always soft and melodious, was even softer than usual, as she answered 'that it was!'

Mr. Westbury at length went so far as to make some inquiries relative to her occupations during his absence, whether she had called on the new bride, Mrs. Cunningham, and other questions of similar consequence. For the time he forgot Maria Eldon, and half unconsciously the Julia was his wife—and viewing her only as a companion, he passed an hour or two comfortably.

One day when Mr. Westbury came to dinner, Julia handed him a card of compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Brooks who were about giving a splendid party.

'For yourself you can do as you please,' Mrs. Westbury—but I shall certainly attend it.'

'I am quite indifferent about the party,' said Julia, 'as such a business affords me little pleasure, but should be pleased to do so, if you think best.' Her voice trembled as she spoke, for she had not yet become sufficiently 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. To render herself pleasing in the eye of her 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. 'Simply, if I thought she simplicity is the surest way; for it never offends, it never captivates.' Accordingly she arrayed herself in plain white satin—and over her shoulders was thrown a white muslin mantle, with a azure sash, and a girland of the same color encircled her hair. Her toilet completed, Julia descended to the parlor her shawl clasped in her hand. Mr. Westbury was waiting for her, and just casting his eyes over her person, he said—'If you are ready, Mrs. Westbury, we will go immediately, as it is now late.'

Most of the guests were already assembled at the mansion open for their reception and it was not quite easy to get access to the lady of the house, to make their compliments. The important duty, however, was at length happily accomplished, and Mr. Westbury's next effort was to obtain a seat for his wife. She would have preferred remaining on his arm at least for a while, as few persons present were known to her, and she felt somewhat embarrassed and confused, but she durst not say so, as from her husband's manner, she saw that he wished to be free from such attendance. In such matters the heart of a delicate and sensitive woman—seldom deceives her. It is that her instincts are superior to those of men.

Julia had been seated but a short time before Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham approached her, and entered into a lively conversation. This was a great relief to Julia, who could have wept at her solitary and neglected situation, alone in the midst of a crowd. Mrs. Cunningham was in fine spirits, and her husband appeared the happiest of the happy. Not that he appeared particularly to enjoy society, but his blooming wife was by his side, and his eyes rested on her with a look of tenderness love. While the sound of her voice seemed fondly to awaken the dull of pleasure in his heart. 'After conversing with Julia awhile, Mrs. Cunningham said—'Do you prefer sitting or walking, Mrs. Westbury. Pray take my arm, and move about with us a little—'I look so dull for a person to sit through a party.'

Julia gladly accepted the offer, and was soon drawn away from herself, in listening to the lively rattle of her companion, who although only a resident of a few weeks in the city, seemed almost acquainted with all the gentlemen and half the ladies present.

An hour had been passed in this manner, and in partaking of the various refreshments that were provided—to which Julia did but little honor, though this was of no consequence, as Mrs. Cunningham amply made up all deficiencies of the kind when the sound of music in another room attracted their attention. Julia was extremely fond of music, and as their present situation, amid the confusion of tones was very unfavorable for its enjoyment, Mr. Cunningham proposed that they should endeavor to make their way to the music room. After considerable detention, they succeeded in accomplishing their object, so far at least as to get fairly within the door. Considering the number of persons present and how many there are that prefer the music of their own tongues to any other melody, the room was remarkably still, a compliment deserved by the young lady at the piano, who played with telling and great skill of feeling. Julia's attention was soon attracted to her husband, who was standing on the opposite side of the room, leaning against the wall, his arms folded across his breast, his eyes resting on the performer with an expression of warm admiration, while a deep shade of melancholy was cast over his features. 'Julia's heart beat tumultuously. 'Is it his music,' thought she, 'or the musician that rivets his attention? Would I knew who it is that plays and sings so sweetly! She did not long remain in doubt. The song finished, all voices were warm in her praise.

'How delightfully Miss Eldon plays and what feeling she sings!' exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. 'I never listened to a sweeter voice.'

The blood rushed to Julia's head, and back again to her heart, like a torrent—a vertigo seized her and all objects before her were for a moment an indistinct whirling mass. She did not notice her opportunity, though she took the first opportunity to leave the room, and obtain a seat. For a time she was unconscious of what was passing around her—she could not even think; she only felt—Her husband's voice was the first thing that aroused her attention. He was standing near her with another gentleman, but it was evident that neither of them were aware of her proximity.

Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to-night—said Mr. Westbury's companion 'it would be,' said Mr. Westbury, 'were it not for those blue shades, and 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. Westbury—'that is—in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady.'

Julia wished her mantle and her girland off—'Yet why?' thought she, 'if I dare say he is ignorant that I have any of the color he so much dislikes about me. His heart belongs to another—and he cares not—minds not how she is clad whom he calls his wife!'

Mr. Westbury and his friend now moved to another part of the room, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety, the remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made her. At length the company began to disperse and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her—a bright hectic spot was on her cheek—and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time to remark that all this she had left the room. 'Oh, that I were away!' thought she, 'that I were at home—that I were—in my grave!' She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring 'whether she meant to be the last to take leave?' Julia mechanically rose—mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew anything, till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to the chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling.

The constraint under which she labored, served but to increase the violence of her emotion, now that she was free to indulge it. 'Oh, why did I attend this party?' at length thought she—'Oh, what have I suffered! After a while, however, her reason began to operate. 'What have I seen, that I ought not to have expected?' she asked herself, 'what have I learned that I knew not before?' except, she added, a trifling fact concerning her husband's taste!

Julia thought long and deeply—her spirit became calm—she renewed former resolutions—looked to heaven for wisdom to guide, and strength to sustain her, and casting aside the mantle which would henceforth be useless to wear, she instantly threw a shawl over her shoulders to conceal the unlucky girland, and although the hour was late, descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury, while she was sitting, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not exciting his feeling, and still more difficult, perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness, yet she succeeded in both. The question she asked, induced Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck by the deathlike paleness of her cheek. Julia could in an effort control her voice—she could in a degree subdue her feelings—but she could not command the expression of her countenance—could not bid the blood of grief recede from her cheeks at her will. She knew not indeed, that at this time she was pale—her own face was the last thing in her mind. Mr. Westbury had no sooner answered her question, than he added—'You had better retire, Mrs. Westbury: you look as if the fatigues of the evening had been too much for you.'

'Fatigues of the evening! Agonies rather!' thought Julia, but thanking him for his kind advice, she immediately retreated to her chamber.

Until this evening, Mrs. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss B. since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious that she retained the power of his heart, and his sense of rectitude forbade his indulging a passion for one woman, while the husband of another. Miss Eldon suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself. Her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks's drawing room—and she resolved to ascertain whether his influence over his affection was diminished.

She was mortified and chagrined, that even here he kept aloof from her, giving her only a passing bow, as he walked to another part of the room. It was with unusual pleasure that she complied with a request to sit to a piano, for she well knew the power of music over his heart. Never before had she touched the keys with so much interest. She did her best—the best was pre-eminently good—and she soon found that she had fixed the attention of him whom she cared to please. After singing one or two modern songs, she began one that she had learned from Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns' 'Ye banks o' bonnie Doon,' and was with him a great favorite. 'When Miss Eldon came to those lines—

'Thou'ldst me of departed joys,
Departed never to return—'

she raised her eyes to his face, and in an instant he forgot every thing but herself—'her happiness is sacrificed as well as my own,' thought he, and leaning his head against the wall of the room, he gave himself up for a time to love and melancholy. The song concluded, however, he regained some control over his feelings, and still kept at a distance from her—may, conquered himself, so far as to repair to the drawing room, to escape from her dangerous vicinity. He saw her not again until she was equipped for her departure. 'Then she contrived to get near him, and threw so much sweetness and melody into her voice, as she said "good night, Mr. Westbury," that he was instantly disarmed—and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room.

Her efforts to please him were unceasing. Her home was kept in perfect order and every thing was done in time, and well done. Good taste and good judgment were displayed in every arrangement. Her table was always spread with great care, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety, the remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made her. At length the company began to disperse and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her—a bright hectic spot was on her cheek—and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time to remark that all this she had left the room. 'Oh, that I were away!' thought she, 'that I were at home—that I were—in my grave!' She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring 'whether she meant to be the last to take leave?' Julia mechanically rose—mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew anything, till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to the chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling.

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'It does finely in its place,' said Mr. Westbury—'that is—in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady.'

Julia wished her mantle and her girland off—'Yet why?' thought she, 'if I dare say he is ignorant that I have any of the color he so much dislikes about me. His heart belongs to another—and he cares not—minds not how she is clad whom he calls his wife!'

Mr. Westbury and his friend now moved to another part of the room, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety, the remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made her. At length the company began to disperse and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her—a bright hectic spot was on her cheek—and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time to remark that all this she had left the room. 'Oh, that I were away!' thought she, 'that I were at home—that I were—in my grave!' She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring 'whether she meant to be the last to take leave?' Julia mechanically rose—mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew anything, till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to the chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling.

The constraint under which she labored, served but to increase the violence of her emotion, now that she was free to indulge it. 'Oh, why did I attend this party?' at length thought she—'Oh, what have I suffered! After a while, however, her reason began to operate. 'What have I seen, that I ought not to have expected?' she asked herself, 'what have I learned that I knew not before?' except, she added, a trifling fact concerning her husband's taste!

Julia thought long and deeply—her spirit became calm—she renewed former resolutions—looked to heaven for wisdom to guide, and strength to sustain her, and casting aside the mantle which would henceforth be useless to wear, she instantly threw a shawl over her shoulders to conceal the unlucky girland, and although the hour was late, descended to the parlor. Mr. Westbury, while she was sitting, leaning his head on his hand. It was not easy for Julia to address him on any subject not exciting his feeling, and still more difficult, perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness, yet she succeeded in both. The question she asked, induced Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck by the deathlike paleness of her cheek. Julia could in an effort control her voice—she could in a degree subdue her feelings—but she could not command the expression of her countenance—could not bid the blood of grief recede from her cheeks at her will. She knew not indeed, that at this time she was pale—her own face was the last thing in her mind. Mr. Westbury had no sooner answered her question, than he added—'You had better retire, Mrs. Westbury: you look as if the fatigues of the evening had been too much for you.'

'Fatigues of the evening! Agonies rather!' thought Julia, but thanking him for his kind advice, she immediately retreated to her chamber.

Until this evening, Mrs. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss B. since his marriage. He had avoided seeing her, being conscious that she retained the power of his heart, and his sense of rectitude forbade his indulging a passion for one woman, while the husband of another. Miss Eldon suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself. Her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks's drawing room—and she resolved to ascertain whether his influence over his affection was diminished.

She was mortified and chagrined, that even here he kept aloof from her, giving her only a passing bow, as he walked to another part of the room. It was with unusual pleasure that she complied with a request to sit to a piano, for she well knew the power of music over his heart. Never before had she touched the keys with so much interest. She did her best—the best was pre-eminently good—and she soon found that she had fixed the attention of him whom she cared to please. After singing one or two modern songs, she began one that she had learned from Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns' 'Ye banks o' bonnie Doon,' and was with him a great favorite. 'When Miss Eldon came to those lines—

'Thou'ldst me of departed joys,
Departed never to return—'

Her efforts to please him were unceasing. Her home was kept in perfect order and every thing was done in time, and well done. Good taste and good judgment were displayed in every arrangement. Her table was always spread with great care, and it was as much as Julia could do, to answer with propriety, the remarks that a passing acquaintance now and then made her. At length the company began to disperse and presently Julia saw Mr. Westbury leading Miss Eldon from the room. His head was inclined toward her—a bright hectic spot was on her cheek—and he was speaking to her in the softest tone, as they passed near where Julia was sitting. Miss Eldon's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time to remark that all this she had left the room. 'Oh, that I were away!' thought she, 'that I were at home—that I were—in my grave!' She sat perfectly unconscious of all that was going forward, until Mr. Westbury came to her, inquiring 'whether she meant to be the last to take leave?' Julia mechanically rose—mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew anything, till she arrived at her own door. Just touching her husband's hand, she sprang from the carriage, and flew to the chamber. For a while she walked the floor in an agony of feeling.

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