

NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME IV.

MONROE, PA. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1847.

NUMBER 21.

The Democrat
is published every Thursday morning,
BY FULLER & HEMPHREY.

TERMS.

One dollar per annum in advance, or \$5.00 per annum in arrears.
Advertisements are charged for in the following manner:
For the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Business letters and communications for the paper must be sent to the publishers to ensure attention.

POETRY.

Don't you Remember.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! these are the words that eternally utter,
The spell that is broken e'er it is vain,
With the wings and the wand of a fairy's duster,
And desire a charmed circle about us again,
We return to the spot where our infancy passed,
We linger once more in the haunts of our youth,
We recede where young Pansy first sweetly rambled,
And whisp'ers are heard full of Nature and Truth,
Saying, "Don't you remember?"

We treasure the picture where Colour seems breathing,
In landscapes mocking a long worship'd face,
We are proud of some tree in a chain of close wreathing,
And fondly of the twilight e'er peering in place,
Oh! what is the secret that giveth them power,
To bring us back to our dearest of days?
The tones of Affection—Life's holiest power,
This summons about them and blissfully says,
"Don't you remember?"

The voice of Old Age, while it tells some old story,
Enails on the tale with fresh warmth in the breast,
As the haze of the twilight e'er deepens the glory,
Of beams that are fast going down in the west,
When the friends of our childhood are gathered around us,
The spirit returns to its wild-dancer track,
The tears are still held by the strings that first bound us,
And feeling keeps singing, while wandering lack,
"Don't you remember?"

When they whom we prized have departed forever,
Yet picture is shed on the eyes we were true,
Yet fond recollection refuses to e'er,
And turns in the Past, like a saint to the shrine,
Faintly carved on the marble is often deceiving,
The picture of the e'er, is left in the plain,
But the sweetest of love and the truest of grieving,
At heart when lips dwell on the missing one's name,
Saying, "Don't you remember?"

MISCELLANY.

LOSING AND WINNING. A Story for the Ladies.

It was a bright and beautiful and autumnal 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 magnificent drapery of crimson. Farther towards both 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 fitting drapery to shroud the feet of Him, who "rideth upon the wings of the wind."

Such was the evening on 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 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 time but a dream, a fantasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud that fits 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 about six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife, and for nearly that entire period he had been in a "delirium of love," intent only on securing her 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 elbow 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 that she had ever received from her husband, and ran thus:

"Mrs. Westbury: Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at some time, I write to inform you that business will detain me in New York some time longer."
Yours &c,
FREDERICK WESTBURY.

For a long time, the gentle, the feeling Julia, judged her tears and her grief without restraint. Again and again she read the letter, and sought to ascertain what the message might be made of it than that first met her eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language or more easily understood. It was brief, and as much to the point as the interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors through the agency of their attorney. "Did ever a youthful bride," thought she, "receive from her husband such a letter as this? He strives to show me his complete indifference and coldness of his heart towards me. O, why did I accept his hand, which was rarer 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 Frederick's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly—and how eagerly I drank in his assurance! Amid all the sorrow that I felt, while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undiminished pleasure, as he laid his hand, already 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 undid that makes me his 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 not, as he trusted I should not, and all may yet be well. Duties are mine—and thine, Heavenly Father, are results. Overlook my infirmities, forgive all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by thine 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 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—which with him subsided. 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 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 concealment or 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. Such was Frederick Westbury at the age of four and twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Frederick became acquainted with Maria Eiden, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascination of manner, who at once enslaved his affections. But against Miss Eiden, 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 re-saw, 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 taste. 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 placid 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 entwined herself around 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, in his diary, he found that his affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made, than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, that was now 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 her society would be a solace to his heart. Julia came; she saw Frederick; heard his enlightened conversation; observed 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. Too late for her security, but too soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray herself to the object of her unrequited 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 gave her unmingled satisfaction. It argued well for 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 disgusted 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 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 their bedside.

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 the possession of another. Julia's emotions were of the most conflicting character. To be the pledged bride of him she loved, made her heart throb with joy; and her faith in his 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 solely 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 fulfill 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 am repugnant as such a union was to his feelings; he was his idea of his duty and obligation were not beyond the bare act of making her his wife, he felt that once done, he should be comparatively a free man.

"I am come," said he to Julia, "to fulfill 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, timidly, and with a faltering 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 consent to my wishes you will name an early day."

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting the singular anomaly of a man eagerly listening 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 his guests, and then he gladly obeyed a summons to New York to attend to some affairs of importance. On leaving home he left as if released from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least, with those very congratulations concealed his heart, by bringing to mind the ties, he had formed with one he could not love, to the impossibility of his 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 that that period was drawing towards a close, his business was not completed, and his house was the last place he wished to visit; he resolved to protract his absence, so long as he had a reasonable excuse. "I must write and inform her of the change in my plan," thought he; "decency demands it. Yet how can 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 it suffice her. It must have been for her that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Thou, Maria—bright, beautiful, and tender—thou wouldst have married me or myself! Alas, I am undone! O, my father!" Under the influence of feelings like these he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many bitter tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlour, dividing the time between her work and book, when the door bell rung, and a minute after the door opened, and Mr. Westbury entered. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, he sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet him—but his ceremonious bow, and cold "Good evening, Mrs. Westbury," recalled her recollection; and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sunk back on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—she had expected it—but she had deceived herself. Notwithstanding all her bitter humiliations on her husband's indifference towards her, there had been a little undercurrent of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart; and telling her he might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutations and colder eye, seat 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. Reader, she looked very pretty. Her hair, 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 every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision 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 parlour, an observer might have pronounced her beautiful; but the bright glow of transient joy that shined 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 Eiden, was half-conscious that Julia was his wife—and viewing her only as a companion, he passed an hour or two very 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."
"I have returned no answer," said Julia, not knowing whether you would wish to accept the invitation or not."
"For yourself you do as you please, Mrs. Westbury—but I shall certainly attend it."
"I am quite indifferent about the party," said Julia, "as such scenes afford me little pleasure, but should be pleased to do as you think proper; as you think best." Her voice trembled a little 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 the occasion. To render herself pleasing in the eye of her husband was the 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," she thought she—"simplicity is the safest way;—it never offends, if it never captivates."
Accordingly she arrayed herself in a plain white satin—and over her shoulders was thrown a blue broad mantle, with an azure border, which a girle of the same hue encircled her waist. Her toilet completed, Julia descended to the parlor, her shawl and cash 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 retaining 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 his wish to be free from such attendance. "In such matters the heart of a delicate and sensitive woman seldom deceives her: Is it 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 looks of tenderest love—while the sound of her voice seemed constantly to awaken a thrill of pleasure in his heart. After conversing with Julia a while, Mrs. Cunningham said, "Do you prefer sitting or walking, Mrs. Westbury? Pray take my arm, and move about with us a little—it looks 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 resident of a few weeks in the city, seemed already acquainted with all the gentlemen, and half the ladies present. An hour had 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 among the confusion of tongues 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 about to prefer the music of their own tongues to any other melody, the room was remarkably still—a complaint deserved by the young lady at the piano, who played, and sang, with great skill and feeling; Julia's attention was soon attracted by 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 the music, thought she, or the musician, that thus rivets his attention? Would that I knew who it is that plays and sings so sweetly!" She did not long remain in doubt. The song was finished, all voices were warm in its praise: "How delightfully Miss Eiden plays! and with what feeling she sings!" exclaimed Mr. 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. But she did not even betray her feelings, though she took the first opportunity to leave the room, and obtain a seat. For a time she was unconscious of all that 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 evi-

dent that neither of them were aware of her proximity.

"Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to-night," said Mr. Westbury's companion, "her dress is peculiarly becoming."

"It would be," said Mr. Westbury, were it not for those blue ribbons; 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. Westbury—"that is, in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady."
Julia wished her mantle and her girle in Africa. "Yet why?" thought she. "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 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 Eiden 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 Eiden's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time enough to remark all this ere they had left the room. "O, 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 arose; mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew any thing, 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. "O, why did I attend this?" at length thought she. "O, 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 my husband's taste!" Julia thought long; and deeply; her spirits 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 girle, 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 her feelings—and still more difficult, perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness, and she succeeded in both. The question she asked led Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck with the death-like paleness on her cheek. Julia could by 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 visit or 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, Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss Eiden, since his marriage. He had avoided meeting 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 Eiden suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself; her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks' drawing room; and she resolved to ascertain whether her influence over his affection were 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 at 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—her 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 at Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns: "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," and was with him a great favorite. When Miss Eiden came to these lines—

"Thou mind'st 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; nay, 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 melancholy into her voice as he said, "Good night, Mrs. Westbury, that he was instantly disarmed, and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room, and with another gentleman; but it was evi-

dent that neither of them were aware of her proximity.

"Mrs. Brooks looks uncommonly well to-night," said Mr. Westbury's companion, "her dress is peculiarly becoming."

"It would be," said Mr. Westbury, were it not for those blue ribbons; 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. Westbury—"that is, in the heavens above our heads—but never about the person of a lady."
Julia wished her mantle and her girle in Africa. "Yet why?" thought she. "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 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 Eiden 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 Eiden's eyes were raised to his face, while her countenance wore a mingled expression of pain and pleasure. Julia had just time enough to remark all this ere they had left the room. "O, 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 arose; mechanically made her parting compliments to Mrs. Brooks—and scarcely knew any thing, 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. "O, why did I attend this?" at length thought she. "O, 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 my husband's taste!" Julia thought long; and deeply; her spirits 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 girle, 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 her feelings—and still more difficult, perfectly to command her voice, that its tones might be those of ease and cheerfulness, and she succeeded in both. The question she asked led Mr. Westbury to look up, and he was struck with the death-like paleness on her cheek. Julia could by 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 visit or 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, Mr. Westbury had scarcely seen Miss Eiden, since his marriage. He had avoided meeting 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 Eiden suspected this, and felt piqued at his power over himself; her heart fluttered with satisfaction when she saw him enter Mrs. Brooks' drawing room; and she resolved to ascertain whether her influence over his affection were 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 at 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—her 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 at Mr. Westbury's request, at the period when he used to visit her almost daily. It was Burns: "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," and was with him a great favorite. When Miss Eiden came to these lines—

"Thou mind'st 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; nay, 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 melancholy into her voice as he said, "Good night, Mrs. Westbury, that he was instantly disarmed, and drawing her arm within his, conducted her from the room, and with another gentleman; but it was evi-

dent that neither of them were aware of her proximity.