THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

MAY.	R. SUN.	S.	MOON.	H.	W.
6 Saturday,	4 43	7	10 9	41	0 17
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First Quarter, 12th, 0h. 54m.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Hugh Johnston, Esq.

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Miscellany.

LOSING AND WINNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "COTTAGE IN THE GLEN," "SENSIBILITY," &c.

[*Concluded.*]

In due time Mrs. T——'s invitation was received, and this it was Mr. Westbury's wish that Julia should accept. Without manifesting the least reluctance she consented, and Mr. Westbury went so far as to thank her for her cheerful compliance with his wishes. This was a very slight courtesy, but there was something in Mr. Westbury's voice when he spoke, that went straight to Julia's heart and she left the room to conceal the strong emotion excited by so very trival a cause. 'She certainly strives to please me, be the motive what it may,' thought Mr. Westbury when left alone—'and though I cannot love her, honor—nay, gratitude demands that I make her as happy as circumstances will allow.' He took a pen, and hastily writing a few lines, enclosed a bank note of considerable value, and left the little packet on her work table, that she might see it as soon as she returned. He then left the house. When Julia resumed her seat by her table, the packet was the first that attracted her notice. She hastily opened it and read as follows:—

'As Mrs. Westbury is too delicate and reserved ever to make known a want, she may have many which are unthought of by him who is bound to supply them. Will she receive the enclosed, not as a gift, but as her right? Perhaps a new dress may be wanted for T——'s levee; if not, the enclosed can meet some of those calls on benevolence, to which report says Mrs. Westbury's ear is ever open. And if Mrs. Westbury will so far overcome her timid delicacy, as freely to make known her wants whenever they occur, she will greatly oblige her husband.'

Julia pondered long on this note. It was ceremonious and cold—cold enough!—yet not so frozen as the only letter she had received from him. Perhaps it was his way of letting her know that he wished her to dress more elegantly and expensively. 'I will know explicitly,' thought she—and taking a pen in her turn, she wrote the following:

'Mr Westbury is so munificent in supplying every want, that his wife has none to make known. If there is any particular dress that would gratify Mr. Westbury's taste, Mrs. Westbury would esteem it a great favour, would he name it, and it would be her delight to furnish herself accordingly. She accepts with gratitude, not as her right, but as a gift the very liberal sum enclosed in Mr. Westbury's note.'

Julia placed her note on Mr. Westbury's reading-desk in the library, and felt an almost feverish impatience to have an answer, either verbal or written. For more than an entire day, however, she was doomed to remain in suspense, as her husband made no allusion either to his note or her own, though the one she laid on his desk disappeared on his first visit to the library. But her suspense at length terminated. On going to her chamber she observed a little box on her dressing-table. On raising it, she discovered a note that was placed beneath it. The note ran thus:—

'Mr. Westbury highly approves the elegant simplicity of Mrs. Westbury's style of dress, and in consulting her own taste, she will undoubtedly gratify him. He has yet but once seen her wear an unbecoming article. The contents of the accompanying box were selected, not for their intrinsic value or splendour, but because they correspond so well with Mrs. Westbury's style of dress and beauty. If she will wear them to Mrs. T——'s, she will gratify the giver.'

Julia opened the box, and a set of beautiful pearls met her view. 'How delicate, how kind, and how cold he is!' thought she. 'Oh, how trifling the value of these gems, compared to one particle of his love!—Yet for his sake I will wear them—not as my adorning—may that ever be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, but as proof of my desire in all things to please him, and meet his approbation.'

Mrs. T——'s were well filled with the elegant and fashionable, on the evening on which her house was opened to receive company. But the heart of Julia was not in such scenes. The more she saw of fashionable life the less she liked it. Education, envy, destruction, and dissimulation were obtruding themselves on her notice, amid gaiety and splendour. Her conscientious scruples as to the propriety of this mixing with the world, increased rather than diminished. 'I promised,' thought she, while she was surveying the gay assembly—'I promised, in all things lawful, to obey my husband—but is this lawful for me?—It is my duty—it is my pleasure to comply with all his wishes, where superior duties do not forbid; but is it allowable for me to try to please him thus? His heart is the prize at which I aim, but will 'the end sanctify the means?' Can I expect a blessing from above on my efforts, while my conscious is not quite clear as to the rectitude of the path I pursue? Can I not have moral courage enough to tell them my scruples? and dare I not hazard the consequences?' Julia's reflections were interrupted by the approach of Mrs. Cunningham.

'How serious you look, Mrs. Westbury,' said she. 'Really, you and Mr. Cunningham would do well together. for you are both more grave in a party than anywhere else. Mr. Cunningham actually tries my patience by his disrelish for society. I do believe he is now quite well; yet he made indisposition an excuse for not coming with me to-night! But,' said she lowering her voice almost to a whisper, 'I shall show him that I can be obstinate as well as he! He chooses to stay at home—I choose to come out—and if he will not come with me, neither will I stay with him. I should rather live in a cottage in the country, and have done with it, for there I should have nothing to expect; but to live in the midst of elegant society, and yet be constrained to immure one's self, is intolerable, and I will not submit to it.'

Mrs. Westbury had not the pain of replying to a speech from which both her heart and her judgment revolted, as Mr. Eveleth at that moment addressed her. He soon engaged her in a conversation which was continued still longer, due to a general movement of the company, which separated them. Not long after, Mr. Eveleth found himself near Miss Eldon, who was chatting with two or three gentlemen. Mr. Westbury was standing hard by, but his back was toward them, and Mr. Eveleth did not observe him.

'Are you acquainted with Mrs. Westbury, Miss Eldon?' Mr Eveleth inquired.

'No, not in the least,' said Miss Eldon, 'and do not wish to be. She looks altogether too fade for me.'

'Fade!' said Mr. Eveleth—'I should think that the last word that would apply to Mrs. Westbury in any way. She is certainly animated both in countenance and manner. And she talks better than any lady I ever conversed with. Her thoughts have something of masculine strength and range, delightfully modified by feminine grace and delicacy.—Her manner is perfectly lady like and gentle.'

'Every thing she says must sound well,' remarked another gentlemen. 'She has woman's most potent charm, in perfection—a voice whose tones are all music.'

'Perhaps it is all just as you say,' said Miss Eldon, 'but really, I never saw a lady that appeared to me more perfectly insipid, or less attractive. I hope'—but the tone of Miss Eldon's voice contradicted her words—'I hope her husband sees with your eyes rather than mine.'

'I do—I will!' thought Mr. Westbury, who had heard all the conversation, with a variety of conflicting emotions. 'Fade!' reiterated he, as Miss Eldon uttered the word.—'Tis false!' He glanced his eyes towards Julia, who stood on the opposite side of the room, talking with a lady. She was dressed in black, a colour that finely contrasted with her pearls, which proved to be very becoming. Her cheek was a little flushed, and her whole face beaming with animation. 'Fade, 'tis false!' Mr. Westbury's pride was piqued. Julia was Mrs. Westbury—his wife! could he patiently hear her thus unjustly spoken of? Was there any thing noble in that mind that could thus speak of a rival? How grateful to his feelings were the remarks of Mr. Eveleth! How clearly he read the feelings of Miss Eldon in the tone of voice in which she uttered her last remark! He waited to hear no more, but moving towards a table that was spread with refreshments, filled a plate, and carried it to Julia. It was the first attention of the kind he had ever paid her, and her face was eloquent indeed, as she looked up with a smile, and said, 'thank you.' He stood by her for a few minutes, made some common place remarks, even took a grape or two from her plate, and then turned away. It was one of the happiest moments of Julia's life! There was something indescribble in his manner, that a delicate and feeling woman could alone have seen or appreciated, of which Julia felt the force.

When the party broke up, Miss Eldon contrived again to secure Mr. Westbury's arm. She saw that he purposely avoided her, whether from newborn indifference, or principle, she could not determine; but having boasted to quite a number of her confidential friends of his passion for herself, and the reluctance with which he had complied with his father's command to marry Julia, who had made the most indelicate advances—she resolved, if art or manœuvering could accomplish it, to maintain the appearance of power over him. From the first she exulted in her conquest of Mr. Westbury's heart. She admired his person. His fortune she loved; and bitter was her mortification, unbounded her displeasure, when his hand was bestowed on another. To make it appear that he still loved her: to wring the heart of his wife, and detract from her character, were now the main springs of her actions whenever she met them. The sight of Julia's pearls, which she thought should have been her own, awakened, on this evening, peculiarly bitter feelings. The hand—the heart even, of Mr. Westbury were trifles, when compared with such beautiful ornaments, except as they were the medium through which the latter were to be obtained.

A ten minutes' conversation with her ci-devant lover was all her art could accomplish during the evening at Mrs. T——'s, until she secured his arm on gowing out. In the entry they were detained by the crowd at the door, and looking round, they saw Mrs. Westbury, together with Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, examining a bust of Gen. Layfayette, which stood on a pedestal, near the foot of the staircase. With a smile on her beautiful features, which very slightly softened a compound expression of scorn and malignity, Miss Eldon said—

'Really, Mrs. Westbury has made a conquest! Mr. Eveleth is devoted in his attentions, and enthusiastic in his encomiums! Do you not begin to be jealous?'

'Not in the least,' replied Mr. Westbury.

'The attentions and approbation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth are an honor to any lady; and Mrs. Westbury's rigid sense of virtue and propriety will prevent her ever receiving improper attentions, should any one be disposed to offer them. She had too much delicacy and refinement to court the attentions even of her own husband, much less those of the husband of another!'

Miss E. was stung with mortification, and dropping her head, that her face might be concealed by her hood, she said, in a voice tremulous with conflicting passions—

'How little did I ever expect to hear Frederic Westbury speak to me in such a severe tone.'

'Severe! March—Miss Eldon! Does common justice to Mrs. Westbury sound harshly in your ear?'

'Certainly not—but your tone—your manner are not what they were, and I hoped that no circumstances, no new engagements, would prevent your retaining a kindly feeling towards one whom,—'she hesitated. 'One whom I once loved,' said Mr. Westbury, finishing the sentence for her. 'Yes, you well know that I once loved you.'

'Once!' interrupted Miss Eldon. 'But this man's fidelity?'

'Miss Eldon, you astonish me,' said Mr. Westbury. 'I am married: my wife commands my respect—nay my aspiration; and duty, honor, everything command, that all former ties, however tender, should be broken. Our happiness, our respectability demands that henceforth we be only common acquaintance.'

'Be it so; farewell,' said Miss Eldon, with irrepressible bitterness of expression, and snatching her hand from beneath his arm, she sprang forward and took that of her brother, who had just issued from the parlor.

'Is that, can that be Maria Eldon?' thought Mr. Westbury; 'the amiable, the feeling, the refined Maria! Where has my love, my admiration, my passion for her gone? or rather, by what blindness were they first excited? Does she wish to retain—nay, does she claim the heart of the husband of another? What perversions of principle is here!'

The crowd at the door was by this time nearly dispersed, and Mr. Westbury, advancing to the trio that still remained near the bust, drew his wife's arm within his, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth 'good night,' led her to their carriage.

'How have you enjoyed yourself this evening?' Mr. Westbury inquired, as soon as the carriage door was closed, and the coachman had mounted his box.

'Quite as well as I ever do scenes of similar character,' Julia answered.

'Do you not then relish society?'

'Not very well in such large masses,' said Julia. 'So far as my observation has extended, they have little tendency to increase benevolence, or any of the finer feelings of the heart. I have often feared that vanity and thirst for admiration were the cause that drew together one-half the crowd; and a vulgar love of luxuries the other.'

'Those causes surely do not influence all these who attend large assemblies,' said Mr. Westbury.—'Such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth, for instance are entirely above them.'

'Undoubtedly,' said Julia. 'Still I believe the rule as general as any other.'

'Does not the elegant and instructive conversation of such a man as Mr. Eveleth reconcile you to a crowd?' Mr. Westbury inquired.

'Certainly not,' said Julia. 'How much more highly such conversation would be enjoyed—how much greater benefit derived from it, in a small circle. Artificial delicacy and refinement—artificial feeling—artificial good nature—artificial friendship, are the usual compound that make large companies. Had Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth spent this evening with us, in our quiet parlor, how much greater would have been the enjoyment! how much more profitably the time might have been occupied!'

'It might,' said Mr. Westbury. 'Mr. Eveleth has great colloquial powers. His conversation is at once brilliant and instructive. I know no gentleman who equals him in this particular.'

'I cannot say quite as much as that,' said Julia, 'though he certainly converses uncommonly well.'

'Who can you name that is his equal?' asked Mr. Westbury.

Julia hesitated a little, and blushed a great deal, though her blushes were unseen as she said—'In conversational powers, I think my present companion is very rarely, if ever excelled. And why, she added, 'such gentlemen should mingle in crowds, where their talents are in a great measure lost instead of meeting in select circles, where they could find congenial minds—minds, at least, in some degree capable of appreciating them, I cannot conceive. But I suppose my ideas of rational enjoyment, of elegant society are very singular.' She stooped short, fearing she was saying too much, but Mr. Westbury requested her to proceed. After a minute's hesitation she said—

'I think the crowded drawing room should be abandoned to those who are capable of no higher enjoyment than gossip, nonsense, flirtation, and eating oysters, confections and creams; and that people of talent, education, principle, and refinement, should associate freely in small circles, and with little ceremony.

In such kind of intercourse, new friendships would be formed, and old ones cemented, the mind and heart would be improved, and the demons of envy and detraction excluded. After an evening spent in such a circle, the monitor within would be at peace, and the blessing and protection of Heaven be sought, without a feeling of shame and self-condemnation.'

'Then your conscience is really at war with large parties?' said Mr. Westbury

'I cannot deny that it is,' Julia answered. 'Impelled by circumstances, I have striven to think they might sometimes be innocently attended, and perhaps they may; but I confess that the reproaches of my conscience are more and severe, every time I repeat the indulgence. Whatever they be to others, I am constrained to believe the are not innocent for me.'

Mr. Westbury made no reply, for at that moment the carriage stoped at their own door, and the subject was not again resumed.

Every party was sure to procure for Mrs. Westbury the favor of a call from Mrs. Cunningham, On the following morning, at as early an hour as etiquette would allow, she made her appearance.

'I could not stay away this morning,' she said, the moment she entered. 'I am so vexed, and so hurt, that I must have the sympathy of some friendly heart; and you are a friend to every one, especially when in trouble.'

'What troubles you, Mrs. Cunningham?' Mrs. Westbury inquired.

'You recollect,' said Mrs. Cunningham, what I said to you last night about Mr. Cunningham's indisposition. Well, as soon as I got home, I ran up stairs, of course you know, to see how he was, expecting to find him a bed and asleep. Judge how I felt, when I found my bed as I had left it, and no husband in the chamber. I flew down stairs, and searched every room for him, but in vain. I then rang for Peggy, and asked 'if she knew where Mr. Cunningham was.' 'La, ma'am,' said she. 'I'm sure I don't know. He went out just after you did. He called me to give charge about the fires, and said he was gowing out. I thought he had altered his mind and was going to Mrs. T——'s.' I dismissed the girl, and went to my chamber in an agony, as you may suppose. I declare I hardly know what I did or thought for three long hours—for it was so long before Mr. Cunningham came home! I don't know what I said to him when he came, but he was not the kind, affectionate creature that he ever has been, for he almost harshly told me, to 'cease my upbraidings!'—upbraidings! think what a word—'for if I sought pleasure where I liked, I must not quarrel with him for doing the same!' My dear Mrs. Westbury, I could not make him tell me where he had been, do all I could—and I have horrible surmises. What shall I do? I am sick at heart, and almost distracted.'

'Will you follow my advice, my dear Mrs. Cunningham?' said Mrs. Westbury, who truly pitied her distress, much as she blamed her.

'Oh, yes—I will do any thing to feel happier than I now do. Really my heart is broken,' and she burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Westbury attempted to soothe her, and then said—

'Forgive me, if I would, when I would only heal. You have been a little imprudent, and must retrace your steps by confirming to the taste of your husband. He does not like crowds, and you must, in part, relinquish them for his sake.'

'And is not that hard?' said Mrs. Cunningham. 'Why should he not conform to my taste, as well as I to his? Why must men always have their own way?'

'That point it is not worth while to discuss,' said Mrs. Westbury. 'Your happiness, my friend, is at stake. Can you hesitate an instant which to relinquish, those pleasures, which, after all, are so unsatisfying, or the approbation, the happiness, perhaps the heart, even, of your husband?'

'But why,' persisted Mrs. Cunningham, 'need he be so obstinate? You see he could go out and stay till two in the morning! It seems as if he did it on purpose to torment me,' and she again burst into tears.

'I have not the least doubt,' said Mrs. Westbury, 'that would you yield to Mr. Cunningham's wishes—would you let him see that you care more about pleasing him than yourself, he would cheerfully, and frequently, perhaps, accommodate himself to your taste. Few men will bear being driven, and they would be objects of our contempt if they would, for authority is divinely delegated to them; but there are very few who have not generosity enough to take pleasure in gratifying the wife, who evidently strives to meet his wishes and is willing to sacrifice her own pleasures, that she may promote his happiness.'

'But I can't see,' said Mrs. Cunningham, 'why my happiness is not of as much consequence as my husband's; I can't see why all sacrifice should be on my side!'

'Do you not perceive,' said Mrs. Westbury, 'that the sacrifices you make, are made to secure your happiness and not destroy it?'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Cunningham. 'I can't bear to have Ned think to manage me as he would a little child, and then punish me, as he did last night, if I don't do just as he says. I don't think it fair! And I don't know as it would be of any avail, should I follow your advice. Some men will be ugly, do what you will! And why should you understand managing the men better than I do? You are two or three years younger!'

'I never studied how to manage them,' said Mrs. Westbury; 'but I have thought a good deal on the best way of securing domestic happiness; and reason, observation, and the word of God teach me, that would the wife be happy and beloved, she must 'be in subjection to her own husband.' He may not always be reasonable, but she cannot 'usurp authority,' without at once warring against heaven, and her own peace and respectability. Think of it, my dear Mrs. Cunningham, ruminate upon it, and in your decision be careful not to let will influence to sacrifice a greater good for a less. It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband; on the contrary, she never appears more lovely than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes, that she comply with his. Women were not made to rule, and, in my view, the wife who attempts to govern, and the husband who submits to be governed, are equally contemptible.'

'What an admirable wife you would be for a tyrant!' exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham. 'I never heard the doctrine of passive obedience more strenuously inculcated. Indeed, you would make a tyrant of any man.'

'If any thing would disarm the tyrant,' said Mrs. Westbury, 'I think this passive obedience would do it, if at the same time, it were a cheerful obedience. But happily, you have no tyrant to disarm. Your husband, I am satisfied, should be easily pleased. Try, my friend, for a little while, to yield to him, and see if you do not meet a rich reward.'

'Well, I will think of it,' said Mrs. Cunningham, 'and perhaps shall do as you advise; for really I am very wretched now. Oh, dear I do wish the men were not so obstinate! so overbearing! so selfish!'

For some time things went on very calmy with Julia. Though there was nothing tender, or even affectionate in the manner of her husband, there was a gradual alteration, sufficient to keep hope alive, and stimulate her to exertion. He spent more and more of his leisure time at home, and was at least becoming reconciled to her society. Julia's system of visiting had been partially adopted, and Mr. Westbury enjoyed it highly. Mr and Mrs. Eveleth, and a few other friends of congenial minds, had been invited to drop in occasionaly without ceremony; the invitation had been complied with. and Mr. Westbury and Julia had returned a few visits of this kind. Thus many evenings had been profitably spent. Another great comfort to Julia was, that her husband had cheerfully permitted her to decline several invitations to attend large parties and had sometimes remained at home with her himself, and even when he had thought best, on her own part, to accept the invitation, he had been absent but a short time, and had then returned to pass the remainder of the evening with his wife.

But after awhile, this faint gleam of sunshine began to fade away. A cloud of care seemed settling on Mr. Westbury's brow; he passed less and less of his time at home, till at length Julia scarcely saw him, except at meal times. 'What is the matter?' thought Julia. 'Am I the cause? is Miss Eldon? or is it some perplexity in his affairs?' She longed to enquire. If she had displeased him she wished to correct whatever had given displeasure. If his sadness was in any way connected with Miss Eldon, of course she could not in any way interfere; but if it originated in any cause foreign to either, she ardently desired to offer her sympathy, and share his sorrows. Day after day passed, without producing any favourable change, and Julia's feelings were wrought up to agony. She resolved, at all hazards, to enquire into the cause of his depression.

He came in late one evening, and taking a seat near the table, beside which Julia was sitting, leaned his head on his hand. Half an hour passed without a word being uttered. 'Now is my time,' thought Julia. 'Yet how can I do it!—What can I say? A favored wife would seat herself on his knee, entwine his neck with her arms, and penetrate his very heart—but I, alas, should only disgust by such freedom!' she drew a sigh, and summoning all her courage, said, in a timid voice—

'I fear I have unwittingly offended you.'

Mr. Westbury looked up in some surprise, and assured her 'she had not.'

'You have absented yourself from home so much of late,' said Julia, 'that I feared your own fireside was becoming less agreeable to you than ever.'

'Business of importance,' said Mr. Westbury 'has of late demanded all my time, and to-morrow I must start for New York.'

'For new York!' said Julia. 'To be absent how long?'

'That,' said Mr. Westbury, 'must depend on circumstances. I may be absent some time.'

'May I not hope to hear from you occasionally?' Julia assumed courage to ask.

'Yes—I will certainly write, from time to time.'

'He does not ask me to write,' though Julia, with a sigh. 'He is indifferent how she fares whom he calls his wife!'

The following morning witnessed the departure of Mr. Westbury, and Julia was left to painful conjecture as to the cause of his dejection. Three weeks passed away, in each of which she received a letter from him comporting exactly with his manner toward her—friendly and respectful, but neither tender nor confiding.

At the close of that period Julia was one day alarmed by the unceremonious entrance of a sheriff's officer. He was the bearer of a writ of attachment, with orders to seize all the furniture.

'At whose suit do you come?' Julia asked the officer.

'At Mr. Eldon's, madam. He holds a note of some thousands against Mr. Westbury, and thinks no time ought to be lost in making it secure. You have jewels of value, madam, which I was ordered to include in the attachment.'

'Will you allow me a few moments for reflection?' said Julia, whose faculties seemed benumbed by the suddenness of the blow.

'Certainly, madam, certainly—any accommodation in my power I shall be happy to grant.'

'What can I do? what ought I to do?' thought Julia. 'O, that Mr. Westbury were at home! Mr. Eveleth—yes—I will send for him; he can advise me, if the officer will only wait.'

'Will you suspend your operations for half an hour, sir?' asked Julia, 'that I may send for a friend to advise and assist me?'

'Why, my time is very precious, madam, and my orders to attend were peremptory; nevertheless, half an hour will make no great difference; to oblige you, I will wait.'

The pale and trembling Julia instantly despatched a servant for Mr. Eveleth, and in twenty minutes that gentleman arrived. He was instantly made acquainted with the business in hand, and without hesitation receipted for the furniture, and dismissed the officer. Julia felt relieved of an enormous burden, when the officer left the house—though in her trepidation she scarcely comprehended how he was induced to go, and leave every thing as it was. As soon as she was sufficiently composed and collected to take up a pen, she wrote to her husband, giving an account of all that had transpired. Her letter despatched, she had nothing to do but wait in torturing suspense, till she should either see or hear from him. On the third evening, as she was sitting with her eyes resting on the carpet, alternately thinking of her husband and her own embarrassing situation, and at times raising her heart to heaven for strength and direction—as she was thus sitting, in deep and melancholy musing, Mr. Westbury entered the apartment. Quick as thought she sprang towards him, exclaiming—

'Oh, my dear husband, how glad I am that you are come! But what is the matter?' she cried, as he sunk into a chair,—'you are ill!'

'I find that I am,' said Mr. Westbury. 'My strength has just sufficed to fetch me home.'

Julia took his hand, and found it was burning with fever, and instantly despatching a servant for a physician, she assisted her husband to his chamber. The medical gentleman soon arrived, and pronounced Mr. Westbury in a confirmed fever. For twenty days, Julia was in the agony of suspense. With intense anxiety she watched every symptom, and administered every medicine with her own hand, lest some mistake should be made. It was in vain that the physician entreated her to take more care of herself; she could do nothing but that which related to her husband. When nature was completely exhausted, she would take an hour's troubled repose, and then be again at her post. On every account the thought of death was terrible. 'To be lost to me,' thought she, 'is unutterable dreadful; but, oh, it is a trifle compared to his being lost to himself! He is not fit for heaven. He has never sought the intercession of the great Advocate, through whom alone we can enter on eternal life.' How fervently did she pray that his life might be prolonged! that he might come forth from his affliction like 'gold seven times refined!'

Mr. Westbury was exceedingly reduced, but there had been no symptoms of delirium, though weakness and pain compelled him to remain almost constantly silent. Occasionally, however he expressed his gratitude to Julia, for her unremitted attentions; he begged her, for his sake, to take all possible care of her own health, for if her strength should fail, such another nurse—so tender, so vigilant, could not be found. Julia entreated him to take no thought for her, as she doubted not that her heavenly Father would give her strength for the discharge of every duty. Sometimes, when he was uttering a few words of commendation, she panted to say, "Aimez moi, au lieu de me louer;" but with a sigh she would bury the thought at the bottom of her heart, and proceed to the discharge of her duties. Oftentimes she would kneel for an hour together, at his bedside, when he appeared to be sleeping, with his hand clasped in hers, dividing her time between counting his fluttering pulse, and raising her heart to heaven in his behalf.

But Julia's constitution was unequal to the task she had undertaken. Protracted fatigue and anxiety did their work, and on the day that her husband was pronounced convalescent, she was conveyed to a bed of sickness. Unlike Mr. Westbury, she was in a constant state of delirium induced by mental anxiety and unremitting watching. Most touchingly would she beg to go to her husband, as he was dying for want of her care. It was in vain that she was told he was better—was rapidly recovering, the impression was gone in an instant, and her mind reverted to his danger. Her physician was anxious that Mr. Westbury should visit her chamber, as soon as he could do so with safety, hoping that the sight of him might change the current of her thoughts, and remove that anxiety that greatly heightened her fever. At the end of ten days he was able to be supported to her chamber, and advancing to the bedside, he said—

'My dear Julia, I am able to come and see you.' 'Thank heaven, said Julia, clasping her hands—and then raising her eyes, she added 'Heavenly Father, I thank thee!' But how sick you look,' she continued; 'oh, pray go to bed, and I will come and nurse you. I shall very soon be rested, and they will let me come.'

'I will sit by, and watch, and nurse you now, Julia,' said Mr. Westbury, 'so try to go to sleep; it will do you good.'

'You called me Julia,' said she, smiling; 'oh, how sweetly that sounded! But I will mind you, and try to sleep, for my head feels strangely.'

She closed her eyes, and Mr. Westbury sat at the head of the bed, watching her with intense interest Presently her lips moved, and he learned forward to hear what she was saying.

'Oh, should he die,' she murmured in the softest tone—'Oh, should he die without ever loving me!—die without knowing how much—how fondly I loved him!' And, Oh, she added, in a whisper, while an expression of deep solemnity settled on her features—'Oh, should he die without ever loving the blessed Saviour!—that would be the most dreadful of all!'

Presently a noise in the street disturbed her and she opened her eyes. She did not see her husband, as she had turned her face a little on the other side, and calling the nurse, she said—

'Do beg them to make less noise; they will kill my dear husband! I know just how it makes his poor head feel,' and she clasped her own with her hands.

Mr. Westbury's feelings were much moved, and his debility was such he could with difficulty restrain them. He found he must return to his own chamber, and taking his wife's hand, he said—

'I hope to be able to come and see you now every day, my dear Julia.'

'Oh, do,' she said, 'and always call me Julia, will you?—it sounds so kindly!'

Scenes similar to this were constantly recurring for the next ten days. Mr. Westbury continued to gain strength, though his recovery was somewhat retarded by his visits to Julia's chamber while she was gradually sinking under the violence of her disease. The hopes, however, which her physician gave of her recovery, were not delusive. Within three weeks of the time of her seizure, a crisis took place, and the next day she was pronounced out of danger.

Soon after this, Mr. Westbury was able to attend a little to business, but all the time he was in the house, was spent in Julia's chamber. One day after she had so far recovered her strength, so as to be able to sit up for an hour or two at a time, he chanced to be left alone with her.

'My dear Julia,' said he as he took her emaciated hand, and folded it between his own, 'I can never express my gratitude for your kind attentions to an unworthy husband; nor my thankfulness to heaven that your precious life did not fall a sacrifice to your efforts to save mine. I hope to prove by my future conduct, that I have learned to appreciate your value.'

He spoke in the softest tones of love, while his eyes were humid with tears.

'Do you then love me?' said Julia.

'Love you! yes most tenderly, with my whole heart,' said Westbury; 'more than any thing: more than every thing else on earth!'

Julia leaned her head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

'Why do you weep, Julia?' said Westbury.

'Oh, I am so happy!' said Julia. 'There wants but one thing to make my cup of blessedness quite full.'

'And what is that dearest?'

'That you should give your first, your best affections where alone they are deserved, to your Creator.'

'I trust, my dear wife,' said Mr. Westbury, with deep feeling. 'I trust that your precious intercessions for me at the throne of mercy, have been answered. My bed of sickness was a bed of reflection, of retrospection, of remorse, and I hope, of true penitence. I feel as if in a new world: 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'

Julia clasped her hands together, leaned her face upon them, and for a long time remained perfectly silent. At length she raised her head, and said,

'Your fortune, I suppose, is gone; but what of that? It was a trifle—a toy—compared with the blessings now bestowed. A cottage—any place will be a paradise to me, possessing the heart of my husband, and he a believer!'

'My dear Julia,' said Westbury, 'my fortune is unimpaired. I was in no danger of sustaining great loss, through the embarrassments of my banker in New York, but all is now happily adjusted. The difficulty here was the result of mance. Eldon was embittered against me. I doubt not, through the influence of his sister, of whom it is unnecessary to speak to you. He heard of my difficulties, and knowing that he should be perfectly safe, purchased that note against me, that he might avenge her, by increasing my embarrassments. I have been recently informed that the unhappy girl looked on your pearls with peculiar malignity. Her feelings were too bitter, and too strong for concealment. Poor girl; I fear that she and her brother are kindred in heart, as well as blood. I now look with something like terror, at the gulf into which I wished to plunge myself, and from which my dear father alone saved me. I can never be sufficiently thankful for being turned, almost by force, from my rash and headstrong course; and for having a wife bestowed on me, rich in every mental and moral excellence, who loves me for myself, undeserving as I am, and not for my wealth.'

It was now in June; and as soon as Julia's strength was equal to the fatigue, Mr. Westbury took her into the country for change of air. They were absent from the city for some months, and made, in the course of the summer, several delightful excursions in various parts of the country. A few days after their return to their house in town, Julia asked Mr. Westbury 'if he had seen or heard any thing of the Cunninghams.'

'I have seen neither of them,' said Mr Westbury, 'but hear sad accounts of both. Mrs. Cunningham is now with a party at Nahans. She has been extremely gay, perhaps I might say dissipated, during the whole season, and her reputation is in some danger. Cunningham has become an inveterate gamester, and I am told that his face shows but too plainly, that temperance is not among his virtues.'

'Poor creatures,' said Julia, 'how I pitty them for their folly, their madness!'

'I pity him most sincerely,' said Mr. Westbury, 'on being united to a woman who selfishly preferred her own pleasure to her husband's happiness. Her I have not yet learned to pity. Had she taken your advice, Julia—for most touchingly did I hear you warn her'—she might have been happy, and her husband respectable. Now they are both lost! Oh, that every woman would learn where her true strength; her true happiness lies! Oh, that she would learn, that to yield is to conquer; to submit is to subdue. None but the utterly ignoble and abandoned, could long resist the general influence of a cheerful, meek, patient, self-denying wife; nay, instances are not wanting, in which the most profligate have been reclaimed through the instrumentality of a consistently amiable and virtuous woman! If the whole sex, my dear Julia, would imbibe your spirit, and follow your example, the effect would soon be manifest. Men would be very different creatures from what they are, and few wives would have occasion to complain of unkind and obstinate husbands. A vast deal is said of the influence of women on society, and they, themselves, exult in their power; but how seldom, comparitively do they use it, to benefit themselves, or the world! Let it be woman's first desire to make her husband good, and happy, and respectable; and seldom will she fall short of her object, and at the same time securing her own felicity.'

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—During one of the college vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury. Thinking he had a right to some return for their money expended on their education, the father got scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet, "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree, and putting on a grave countenance, said, "It hangs very well now; I'm perfectly satisfied."

A down east editor says, that there is a man living in Maine, whose feet are so large, that when he takes his pantaloons off, he is obliged to pull them over his head.