

MISCELLANY.

First Love.

BY CHARLES P. RUSSELL.

O many a maid have I cherished,
And many my love have returned—
Their vows of affection are perished,
And quenched are the fires that burned.

Vain, vain, is Time's ceaseless endeavor
The mark from my heart to erase;
It may break, but one remnant will ever
Preserve that indelible trace.

AUNT AGATHA'S STORY.

"Climb the rock, Agatha, quick!
the waves are rushing rapidly to the
shore; let me help you here." I gave
him my hand, and with one bound
I reached the rock; there we stood, side
by side. The heavens were filled with
black clouds, not fixed and motion-
less, but careering swiftly through the
skies in dark masses; the thunder
rolled heavily; and the sea, one vast
chaos of waves of inky hue, whose
summits were crested with snow-white
foam, tossed angrily around the rock
on which we stood. The lightning
flashed in lurid glare, and the rain
poured down in perfect sheets of
water. What a storm! Half an hour
before it was bright and serene, only
a few clouds floated slowly through
the heavens; and now how frantically
the elements rush over the earth;
what confusion—what terror! I crept
closer to my companion, as each vivid
flash revealed him standing firm and
resolute by my side.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I with
dismay, as I looked into the fearful
sea foaming and dashing below; "these
billows will overwhelm the rock, there
is no safety here, Mr. Raymond."

"Be strong, Agatha," he said quiet-
ly, "be trusting."

"But I cannot," I replied shudder-
ingly, "I feel all a woman's fears."

He drew my arm within his, and
said, "Agatha, do you remember, in
Mrs. Browning's noble poem, 'A
Drama of Exile,' the question Adam
puts to Eve, as the poor exiles stand
banished and forlorn without the
gates of Eden, in the 'dark exterior
desert?'"

"Yes," I answered, he says:

"Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?"

"And what does Eve reply?"

"I have strength to look up to thy face."

"but Mr. Raymond"—

He interrupted me, "O, beautiful
love, that in moments of sorrow and
danger, gathers strength by looking
into the face of the beloved one.
Agatha, let me strengthen you, even
as I would cherish, love and protect
you."

I remained silent; I felt too weary
and dispirited to tell him, that as
much as I respected him, I did not
desire his love or his protection. I
groaned aloud, and exhausted with
terror, threw myself down on the
rock. I was wrought up to despair,
and I covered my face with my hands,
and sobbed. I felt something thrown
around my shoulders; I looked up, it
was Mr. Raymond's coat. "Oh, no
no," I said, "keep it on—I have my
shawl."

"You must allow it to stay," he
said, "you are becoming drenched
with the rain."

I felt the force of that authoritative
"must," and remained quiet. Mr.
Raymond took his seat beside me.

"Agatha," he said calmly, "three
hours ago a little boat set sail on a
smooth sea; the object of its inmate
was to cross over to the island oppo-
site. These tears are not for yourself,
they are for that lonely voyager, who
even now, may be sleeping quietly
beneath the sea. You are tortured
with tears for his safety, until you feel
as if you could stand it no longer,
you would even now plunge into the
foaming sea and reach him if you
could." I shuddered. "I ask not if
this is so, Agatha, but I affirm it, and
you will not deny it."

"No, I had no intention to deny it—
you guessed aright, Mr. Raymond."

"Guessed, Agatha," he said quietly,
"no, this knowledge, bitter to my
heart, came not by guessing. I studied
the dark lesson day by day; your looks
and actions were my teachers, Agatha,"
he continued in his earnest, quiet
way. "I have lived thirty-five years,
and gained much sad knowledge, but
there seems nothing sadder than the
truth, that warm-hearted, earnest
woman will waste the rich out-pour-
ings of a tender love on cold, selfish,
unloving men."

I endeavored to interrupt him;
"Stop, Mr. Raymond." He laid his
hand on my arm, and quietly con-
tinued:

"Agatha, it is too late for me to say
be warned in time—love not. Ah!
dear Agatha, how many wrecked hearts
lie along the shore of time."

"Yes," I said passionately, "your
warning comes too late. I loved when
I was a child; I am now a woman—if
I love unworthily and without a re-
turn, heaven help me, that is all I have
to say," and I shook off the protecting
coat angrily from my shoulders.

Mr. Raymond smiled at my petu-
lence; he picked it up and put it on
himself. I had expected him to urge
it again upon my acceptance, but I
was mistaken; unselfish, tender, and
kind as he was, he had no idea of coax-
ing a petulant woman.

All the while the storm was raging
around us. I felt no disposition to
converse and sunk into a gloomy sil-
ence. Mr. Raymond grew equally
silent, and sat watching the dashing
waves made visible by the lightning's
glare. At length the thunder ceased,
the waves grew calmer, and the rain
fell in slower drops. The storm was
over, and we left the rock upon whose
summit we had sought shelter from
the encroaching waves.

That night I pondered long on the
unselfish devotedness of Mr. Ray-
mond, his reverence for woman, his
consideration for her feelings and her
comfort. He is the very sort of a man
I thought to marry and be happy with;
married to him, a woman would feel
so cared for; I hope some one may yet
love him for his loveable qualities.
Thus I thought; then came before me
another picture. O, how different from
this—cold, selfish, calculating. Alas!
how perverse is woman's love, that
could turn away from Mr. Raymond
to lavish its deepest feelings on Charles
Howard.

"And during those fearful hours
that your boat lay tossing on the deep,
of what did you think?" asked Mr.
Raymond.

Charles Howard replied, laughingly,
"myself, of course. I filled the
entire circle of my thoughts; I thought
not of father nor mother, sister or
brother, nor of you, Agatha."

"Thank you," I said, coloring, "I
scarcely expected your thoughts to
rove in my direction."

"But what thought you of, Mr. Ray-
mond, when high 'on Cornwall's rock'
you stood?" asked Charles Howard.

"Of Agatha," he answered quietly.
"I thought it deplorable that a feeble
woman should have to face so fearful
a storm."

"Well, so it was," he answered care-
lessly. "What did you think about,
Agatha?" he asked, turning to me.
"while contending with the fretful
elements?"

"She thought," said Mr. Raymond,
before I had time to reply, "of a lon-
ely boat struggling with the fierce
waves; and she saw Death sitting at
the helm."

"Stop, stop," I whispered, "Mr.
Raymond." He continued: "She saw
the fiery billows drive the frail bark
down, down into the fathomless depths
of an awful eternity. She heard the
shriek of despair as it mingled with
the howlings of the storm, and she
thought how gladly she would have
died to save him, the lonely voyager,
and throwing herself down on the
rock, she sobbed bitterly. She thought
not of the rain that drenched her, nor
of the fierce lightning that played
around her. One, one thought filled
her mind, her very soul; he is dead—
the love of my childhood and my wo-
manhood."

I grasped Mr. Raymond's hand and
said imploringly, "Oh, spare me."

"No," he whispered, "Agatha, it is
for your own good." His cheek was
pale, and his eye flashed indignantly
upon Charles Howard.

"One who loved her long and ten-
derly stood by her side; he could not
shield her from the cruel storm that
beat upon her frail form, but he strove
to speak kindly to her, and to make
her strong. She heeded not his tones,
the music of another's voice lingered
on her ear. And this other, did he
love her?"

Charles Howard started and at-
tempted to speak; and I involuntarily
exclaimed, "Spare me, oh spare me,
Mr. Raymond."

He turned upon me a look of pity
and love, and simply said, "My dear
Agatha, trust me."

I sank back pale and trembling. I
was rapidly nearing my heart's final
destiny, and said, despairingly, "Go
on, if you will."

He continued: "This one, did he
think of the form on the storm-beaten
rock? Oh, no, he thought of himself,
and yes, he thought of another. His
boat danced over the stormy deep—he
gained the shore—his gift of choice
roses was drenched with spray—he
nevertheless presented them. That

night he danced the gayest at the
ball; his handsome face, gay exterior
and insinuating address had won the
heart of the youthful heiress of the
house, and they plighted their troth."

"Good heavens!" I gasped for
breath—the room swam round—all
grew dark—dark as the grave. Oh,
love, how you floated away from my
grasp. I threw out my hands eagerly
—the whole world seemed laughing at
my futile efforts to hold on to the vain
dream of a life. One more despairing
cry, and it floated from under my
hand—gone; gone forever.

"Yes," Mr. Raymond continued,
"he forgot the sworn love of his boy-
hood—he knew he was loved by the
thoughtful girl now grown into a
noble, earnest woman—he knew how
she turned from the spoken love, so
freely tendered, yearning for the love
unspoken, which she dreamed was
still hers. He never entirely forsook
her, he lingered about her, her finely
cultivated mind could appreciate his;
her wit amused him, her rare charac-
ter interested him. But—and the
world calls him strictly honorable—he
has given his love to another, and
that selfishness which has thrown such
deep shadows upon the heart of Aga-
tha Murray, will never cloud the hap-
piness of Rosalie Vane. Alike selfish,
alike unfeeling, proper mates most
proper married."

Charles Howard arose abruptly, and
said sneeringly, "Thank you, sir, for
your good opinion, and for telling my
story so pathetically. Adieu, Mr. Ray-
mond; adieu, Agatha," and with a
mocking smile he departed.

I buried my face in my hands.

"Oh, that I had died upon the rock
that wild and stormy night. Oh,
that his boat had sunk beneath the
waves. I would rather, far rather,
weep him dead, than mourn him false,
Mr. Raymond," and I raised my head
and looked at him, "go, you have de-
stroyed the dream of my life."

He grew pale, his lips quivered with
emotion, and he said, "once more,
Agatha, before I go, I tender you a
love that seeks but your happiness,
and asks no return save a quiet affec-
tion. May I hope for that?"

I answered sternly, "Never! never!"

Thus I threw into the deep sea a
precious jewel, that the waves never
again restored. What was left my
lonely life's sorrow, solitude and re-
gret. And did not Mr. Raymond say
truly, "how many wretched hearts lie
along the shores of time."

To-night the "storm-king" is
abroad; it is the very time to listen to
Aunt Agatha's story. I have just had
it from her lips, as she sat at the win-
dow, and looked out on the stormy
waves, as I now give it to the world—
to the world of women, who, like Aunt
Agatha, too often resign the substance
to grasp at the shadow.

In view of the importance of the approach-
ing Convention, it is of vital consequence
to us that we should be represented by men,
not only of patriotism and experience, but
of legal acquirements. I beg, therefore, to
present to the voters of Richland the names
of the following gentlemen, who are emi-
nently fitted for the responsible post for
which they are nominated:

- CHANCELLOR CARROLL,
HON. WM. F. DESAUNSURE,
COL. WM. WALLACE,
COL. F. W. McMASTER.

August 3

THE following gentlemen are respectfully
suggested as candidates for the Convention
to be held in September next:

- WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS,
J. G. GIBBS.

July 31 *

For the Convention.

The friends of the Union and of their
State, desiring to bring into her councils
practical knowledge, sound patriotism and
devotion to her best interests, respectfully
nominate the following gentlemen as dele-
gates to the State Convention from the
District of Richland:

- JOHN CALDWELL,
WADE HAMPTON,
A. R. TAYLOR,
W. A. HARRIS.

August 1*

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Linen,
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Drill,
Mull Muslin,
Neisook Musain,
Victoria Lawn,
Linen and Paper Collars,
Cambric Edging,
Tuck Towelling,
Enamel Shirt Bosoms,
Fancy Grenadine Dress Goods,
Muslin,
Cambric,
Calico,
Alpaca,
Black,
Brown 7-8 and 4-4 Shirtings,
Drill,
Striped,
Shirting,
Blue Denims, Gent's Buck Gaultierts,
White Flannel,
Servant's Handkerchiefs,
Dress Braids, Brown Windsor Soap,
Children's Dolls, Black Alpaca,
Palmetto Fans,
Hair Pins, Diaper do.,
Dress Pins, Needles, Ladies' Gloves,
Tuck, Dressing and Fine Combs,
Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes,
Pearl, Agate and Lasting Buttons,
Coat and Vest Buttons,
Hoop Skirts, Children's White Hose,
Children's Round Combs,
Embroid, Lace Handkerchiefs,
H. S. and Plain Handkerchiefs,
White and Brown Half Hose,
Ladies' White Hose, Pocket Knives,
White and Black Spool Cotton,
Black Silk Belt Ribbons,
Broadcloths,
Cambric Spencers, Gent's Gloves,
Bonnet Wire,
Blue, Green and Brown Veil Berage,
Fancy Cravats,
Spotted Linen for pants,
Embroidery Cotton, Darning do.,
Silk Elastic, Linen Tape, Cotton do.,
Leather Belts, Black Silk do.,
Colored Silk Belts,
Linen Collars,
Linen Sets, Suspenders,
Hooks and Eyes, Hair Nets,
Corsets, Trunks, Whalebone,
Ruffling, Sewing Silk, Shoe Lacets,
Corset Lacets, Ball Cord,
Veils, Scissors.

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Wheat Flour, Molasses,
Soap, Starch, Segars,
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Mackerel, Herring, Sardines,
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August 1

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The Boats will leave Columbia at 6 a. m.,
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Alston at 6 a. m., every Wednesday and
Sunday. Apply to B. B. SIMONS,
Agent, Columbia.

July 31 3

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may favor him with a call. The citizens of
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July 31 4

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