

THE MOWNER AND THE

A DARS

BY GILB Stand Stand

DOLLARS invariably

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SELECTED STORY

MY FIRST LOVE.

Communications recomme

ing rates.

goons.

CONCERNMENTS

in the second 201 1.000 really 2)rid, with all bor altermeted ! She really 2)rid, with all bor playful spirit of succase, that I soon found myself at my ease, oven answering some of her banter-

I never shall forget that even had couse down to Courtacy young happy subsition is her service-light-hearted, merry, fun and frolic, without a care of of the morrow. I gradually self becoming anxious, the

hele inser-It be sharged the same as a ningle inser

AYou are of the favored of the earth, Harry,' she said, drawing me on one side towards the conservatory; 'poor us can do nothing but wish you man good speed. Oh, how I sometimes long to be a man, that I, too, might be a soldlet, a hallor, an ounter, or a statesman. It

a main, tast 1, 500, impact to a statemen. It seems to me so and a life to be born in a station where one can be nothing. "Oh, Maria I' -cried I surhusiastically, "tis far beger as it is. If we wish to be great, as soldiars, or sailors, or statesmeta, why is it ?" CHAPTER I. At twenty I was considered rather a handsome man than otherwise: in fact, whatever may have been the opinion 'f certain of the envious and malignant, I

had no doubt whatever on the subject. I was not rich, it is true, but my family was as old as the Conquest, my father a baronet, and myself a carnet of dra-

Linve no doubt that the generality of people would consider my position ex-cepting the fact of possessing an elder brother an exceedingly enviable one. They are mistaken. A younger con with an estate strictly entailed is no fades away, and, man povets subcess its own Bake Some few, I began.

Most men-there are those choice spirits, who do great deads from a sense of days, but with most men autilition is

Still I was happy. It was Christmas time, and Lady Maria Templeton was off spoke warmly, and yet with search bitmess. I never did, and I never shall again see such beauty as hers. It shed light as she walked. She was dazzlingly fair

'A philosopher in petticoats !'- I said in laughing tone. I have lived more in the world than

you have, Harry,' continued Maria, smiling; 'but here comes your brother Tom, to claim his turn; we will finish our conversation by and by. It was my brother Tom, and looking

eat with fearful rapidity. found this out, and then her bantering ounsed altogether; her voice sank lower, her eyes sparkted, ther besom heaved, an in whispered accents she wished me suc-ters and fortune.

I engurity led her to her place great dissocialization of the Irish why did not know of her fortune

ture in the suits; when her best eyes met mine, and our yet, h seemed to beat in unison. . It is an hour of bliss when the are steeped in veluptuous languer Nature scenis decked in wondroun ness, when all that is in the world ness, when all that is in the world upon us, when amotions new an cloue, some gualing to our heart cannot find words to describe. It this opening of the portals of a mo-istence—it is lova's young dream. I handed her down to supper, an groups of one or, two of the man, not without some spiteful looks from does young another to be totally a dear young creatures I had totally leoted. But what eared I ?

CHAPTER II.

The next day, and one or two that succeeded, was spent in riding, driving, walking, or in home soussements, accord-ing to the state of the weather. But no matter what the occupation, which took up our time, I dontinued my assiduities to Lady Maris, the daughter of a poor earl, but the heirers of a distant relative's wealth and estates.

Tom was equally attentive, but I am bound to say his attentions were not equally well met. My heart began to beat as I found myself the favorite. Wild visions of the future beg

cross my brain. I wanted a few of being of age, when I should my own master, and that property I held from path No selfish raffer

ed my heads hasidas



A Ler

MORNING, APRIL 18, 1861.

I will not allow it .-. My departure is you or nothing. With would be the most joyirrevocably fixed-Infatuated boy I' she said, and turned amay to hide her tears. Before a week I had exchauged into a

carth would be the most joy-earths; without you, a dreary I have not spoken without see. Maria, I have said that I wind in life, but I begin so fandy monoth all ambilities. I are regiment and the verge of departure to te the same. Is a faw

chait be of age; my fortune in if I dared to hope that you mald but learn to love me, it anough for both.' Is if remaining ayes, 'that you know mealth, of my fortune ?' I assued betting you have a mismuthy personal of a mismuthy

said Marie, kindly, Shat ite no difference to me

st, beloved girl of my heart, par-presumtion. I had no suspiolon y presumation. I had no suppleton ou were any other than the portion-irl, I knew a year ago. Had I sus-this,' I added, proudly, I aheadd rushed the dawning passion within art, 'tis now soo late-rich or poor, art is irrevocably gone. I should hayed, 'I should have hesitated, larged any build have hesitated, ared my brother might speak Ie is somebady-I am nobody. r brother Hawy would have been y said Lady Maria, dryly; 'and or Harry, I would not willingly on, but you must let me think the burst of boyish passion.'

ppy, merry, careless boy; I am a man, and you have made me so. epains for you to decide whether my inhood shall be one of glorious happi-ness, or whether I become a desperate and hopeless wretch, whose carees upon earth, Heaven in its mercy will aborten." 'Don's ! don't !' she cried ; 'don't say

such wicked things." "They are not wicked, Maris. It is even so. Like the gambler, I have un-wittingly placed my whole existence on the hazard of a die-death or life upon a oman's smile, You muy try to deen once a man's eyes have fixed elves in love upon you, it is for-

> Harcourt,' suid Lady Maria, would not believe it true for of the Indies."

trembling as with the

Waiting for you, Harry,' bine stren, with her soft eyes full of tears. Waiting for me, madam ?' I cried, in a towering passion ; 'are you then a widow? Worse-worse-then-a wife.' 'I never married, Harry,' she continued meekly.

No bak the

INo. 7

'Never married I' I gasped. 'Never married, infaniated boy !. You little knew that, young as you were, yo had awakened in my bosom feeling which I dayed not avow. I was

I can safely say that during years' campaign in which I served, the immage of Maria Tempitten was never absent from my mind. Despite every-thing, I loved her still.

At the end of this time I was inva-lided home. I was very fil-wounds and shelers had laid me as low as they well could. During the whole time I hever wrote home ones, and retered, no letters. I had my income unsput at my banker's. I determined to dig commy bankers. I determined to dis com-fortably, so travelled overland to Mar-seilles, and thence to Paris. I felt I had not multy nonths to live, so took up my quatters at the Hotel, das Princes-As an invalid I changed an apartment on the first floor expensive, but very com-

fortable. I was a selfish, morbid valetudinarian, full of fancies and monomanias ; a tyrant to my servant, disagreeable to all around me. What cared If The world and I

had no further relation. I was dying. On my arrival at Paris I had some spare each, but drow on my London agents for more, after advising them of my arrival. I bade them transfer apy balance might be due to my banker in Paries. I received an answer by return

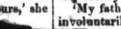
of post. """"The balance due to you and now in our hands is seventeen thousand some odd pounds. Are we to transfer the odd pounds. Are we to transfer the whole amount to your account, or will you draw for whatever you may require? We shall feel highly honored by the lat-ter course, which will show your inten-tion of continuing our services.' What on earth did that mean? The

men must have lost their senses. I turned to the back of the letter-

'Sir Henry Harcoust, Bart. 'My father and brother dead ?' I ericd

"My father and bround to my banker's. involuntarily. I hastened to my banker's. Were you not aware, Sir Henry ?" is the human brein, the physical sensation and of s on-I Who shall say how intimately Excuse the two are blended-how far their kingdoms are extended over each other When we reflect upon the fact that nothing is ever entirely forgotten-that although we may not recall at our will the memory of what once was learned or known, yet that every thought we once had, is still stored away in those small, strange chambers within our heads, it is enough to inspire us with awe at our own being; and still more, at the wonderful Power which fashioned us. Recollec-tione of the past called back by the associations of the perfume of a flower, or a strain of music ;--- the memories which rush through the brain of the drowning or the falling man, showing him every event of his life treasured up within him ; -- the ravings of the old Scotch servant who talked Hebrew in her delirium--all go to prove that nothing is ever wholly lost, which once was ours. How strange to think of these silent, unconscious inhabitants slumbering within our brain, which may, at any time, start up in witness of past pain and pleasure, error and good ! Space they cannot occupy, for they are multitudinous beyond expression, yet they are local ;-spiritual they are, but indefinitely connected with matter; they belong to us, and not to another; they are in our heads and not in our feet ;- what is it that thus chains the material to the immaterial? Secrets, hidden away in the keeping of God, are many of them mysteries, and vain is the attempt of science and phil sophy to expound them. Science may expound all laws of matter, but not the laws of mind ; they are of the impanent tralia of the Spiritual

rered as she spoke. I I was a boy when I came here-



lest, inflatmated boy ? But you wildly dis-appeared. Had you pupled and reflect-ed, we might by this time have been a steady old married couple?' It was a dream of joy I could not malize to myself. I sank on my chair half fainting. When I came to, I found Lady Maria and her sunt, Mrs. Curt, bathing my temples. "But how name I here—in your room?' I said; after some whispared words. "Well," said Lady Maria, blushing, 'I robd in the Morency Post of your arrival at the Hotel des Princes, very ill. I thought you were hurrying home, in answer to a latter of your sinter Fauny's, inswer to a letter of your sister Fauny's, in which I had allowed her to tell you

the watch a mar anowed per to tell you all; no I thought as you were very ill, the nurse you wanted was-was-' 'Xour future wife, said Mrs. Curt, laughing, while Maria Templeton blushed crimaan.

"Heaven bless you !" I muttered, and estelling her in my arms, I imprinted on her lips the first ties of love, though the sunt did frown a little.

I need starcely add that I did not die. Fanny and Mary joined us in a few days, and we were married at the British' Embassy.

I am happy, very happy, perhaps all the happier for my trials; set I often regret the four years of misery I endured through my precipitancy. Still I have great reason to be grateful that the genuine passion of my life, should have ter-minated so well, and that, unlike so many in this world, my wife should be My first Love.

yet no man could venture to call her any other than a haughty beauty. But her-eyes i will of ayes of most unholy blac, of sapphires beaming with gem-like hers to.

such enviable personage after all, as he

in skiu, and yet her hair was black.

She was tall, slight and sylph-like, and

himself soon discovers.

a visit to my mother sad sisters.

There was my bother Tom, the heir of the barouetcy, Fanny and Mary, Lady Maria and myself. She was our cousin and an heiress.

She had five thousand a year. This I did not know at the time, or possibly much that followed might not have occurred. I was not old enough to be a fortune-hunter, while my pride would have prevented the chance of my falling in love, under circumstances which might have made me suspected - But I did though, and up to my very eyes.

Tom was a hearty fellow, fond of his gun and his dogs, his horses and hounds, and hot averse to indulgences in those Bacchie revels which, even to this day, are not unpatronized by some of the gen-tlemen of England. He was, I have, heard also, the terror of rural swains and the admired of every lady within ter-miles of Courtney Chase. But even he was struck by Lady Maria.

I mat her at eventide. We had met before often, but as mere children, when we had quarreled and made it up, and been fast friends and bister enemies with in an hour. Bag now she was a lovely woman and I a cornet of dragoons.

I never was so taken aback in my life. Young as I was, I had put down the impertinence of one or two elder men, who thought they had caught a green hand. I had made a decent figure at in fact, was, supposed to know z or two.

ared a lady once out of coun-

manner in the world,

oon't look so woe-begone, Mr. Thomas, or I shall laugh. So, Harry, you are in

or I shall laugh. So, Harry, you are in the army. Why didn't you come down in uniform, spurs and all? There was comething so casy, so whimsinal, so bantering in her tone, that I could not help blushing up to the cycs. Was that merry, duightful laugh with me as about ms? For the life of me I could not tell.

You are aware, Ludy Maria,' I began it a somewint stately tone, 'that unless upon state occasions, we dispense with our uniform as much as possible.'

'Oh, yes, Mr. Cornet Haroourt," she raplied, 'I am fully awaro of the etiquette of the thing ; but then I thought-you were so new to it-that you wight like

to make a sensition for once." For once I i, the hundromest man in 'ours,' to he talked to in this way, and by a little girl, who a year ago had been in pipefores! I could not coply or the in-stant, and so pretended to pull my gloves

We denoed. As we moved to the soft endence of the music, my beart began to beat with unusual rapidity. began to beat with unusual appidite. In the dawn of manhood, while the feet-

rather surly, too, st our long tele a-tele. A somewhat vicious glance, which be cast at me, convinced me that he was deeply interested in my beautiful companion. As I resigned her arm a feel ing of despair came over me. I knew I was in love.

I retired behind some fragrant bushes, and reflected an instant. It was quite clear to me that Lady Maria was intended posities, a flome, and a goodly income on his side, while I was a mere adventurer, a younger son, an encambrance on the estate.

And with the law of primogeniture. and the example its sets, people are found to wonder at the dearth of early marriages, and at the fact that so many never marry at-all.

It'is not that they mannot afford to marty, but they cannot keep up the style they have been consistomed to at home." A weathy -nobleman, a commouer's son, while as home has as many luxurine he the heir. It is hard, then, in the eyes, to descend to the plabeian villis and no carriage, even though happiness be the result.

The evil law of entail, and the agglomerations of wealth in the hands of the few, is the great cause of modern indif-ference to marriage. The middle classes, unfortunately, are too fond of aping their hotters.

But why moralise when I have so much to tell? I watched them narrowly. Tom was grave, even sulky, while Lady Maria was more than ordinarily gay Sire fairly laughed at him, and presently a smile. This was just as the

"What made my brother so grave ?"]

Poor fellow l' she said, with a burst of merriment, he was lamenting the hard-ships to which eldest sons are subject.' 'What !' I cried.

"Yes, he really did, poor fellow. He is obliged to dance with everybody, and, therefore, cannot show me that exclusive attention which he was pleased to say, my beauty, accomplishments, &c., de-

He was quite right, said I, dryly. Bow so P

Who can see any one in the room "Bt tu, Brute !' eried Lady Maria,

bushing ; 'don't be ridiculous. Because we are old friends, and like to talk of old times, do not try to flatter me. I hate adultariation. I am what Heaven mede When is to be your first camme,

"There is talk of India,' I said ;" Aut nothing in decided." India !' she eried, with something of

start and a blush ; findeed !

2.5

I have heard it said, but scarcely wish it so much as I did.' Why? Thave met you.

live upon it, and a prospect seem, that I ad to sell out, rather than delay piness. I was wild with passio fleeted on nothing. I believed one thing-my love, ardent, d and sincere for Maria.

Men, and women too, have the crue courage to laugh at these earthly passions, for the heir to the barometey. He had, at and to cover them with ridicule. It is posall events made the selection, and what sible that many, perhaps the majority of hope was there for mor He had title, youths, are incapable of feeling love youths, are incapable of feeling love endurable and eternal, at so early a period of their career. On this point I am incapable of giving an opinion. But this I do know, that in my case, it was the one passion of my life. I felt as keenly, as deeply, as devotedly, as ever mortal man did feel-more keenly, I do nothing more. But-but-is, this enbelieve than those whose blunted feelings are in after life, attracted by beauty and

> Life had no charms, existence delight, save her. Others thought a too, and I was aware of my brot preference. I brought the affair sanh.

It was Christmas-eve. The day lovely. The snow was hard and and dry. Shakespeare's line would not have applied, for no

Rain and wind beat dark Decemb We had walked out. I, as usua the exercise of a little manœuvring Lady Maria on my arm. My br Tom, who was slower in his moveme was forced to content himself with s Fanny.

I suppose he did not wish to appea watch us; so as we came to Dilco the left. The paths met about below. Our path was down a with rows of dark fir-trees on eith -a sheltered and a pleasant plat in summer, and not without its from gusty wind puffs were alone of ered. About a quarter of the dist was passed over in stlence. I could talk. Lady Maria tried me one twice. I answered in monosyallable At length she began the conversion a tone so tender and consider could not but respond.

'Dear Harry,' she cried, 'are ve well ?

well ?" 'Well enough in body.' 'What ?" errod Lady Maria, in a joyous tone, 'something pressing on mind—can you find no physician I do anything ? 'You, and you only,' I said grave, She looked up at me with a keen penetrating glance, which I shall not forget. She turned pale as she did and bent her even upon the ground. and bent her oyes upon the ground. 'Wall, Harry ?' she said sadly.

Maria, it is no use my disguising the truth any longer. I love you. I love you with all my heart and soul. Nay, do not inforrupt me. From the very first evening I came home, my senses have left me. I am wild with intense, with carnest passions. Mine is no boy's farey. I have cast my whole soul upon

you plainly I e yours

ed to another, and shall month.' uspected it-my brother !' I

to one you do not know, and

name in your present humor I hopeless passion, which I now resolved rather not mention." Heaven have mercy on me! is this

rality, or some borrid dream ? Can it be true ? another's !

'I am very sorry, Harry,' she said, in her softest, tendorest tone. 'I should not have come, had I suspected ----- ' 'Sorry ! sorry !' I eried, 'sorry, indeed ! Why ? 'Tis but a boy's heart broken, gagement irrevocable ?

have been engaged this twelve-th, faltered poor Maria, who really pel for me.

d you love him ?'

a man of noble character, a spect rather than love. He is r than I am-and yet I had ward with delight to our union, piness-until just now.' just now,' I repeated.

Harry-if that is any satisfac-

ou-know that I regret my pre-I should have seen more of ld ere I tied myself. Do not me. Your passion takes me by e : but had I been free, gratitude, for you are a noble fellow, Harry, probably have led me to return. erous, your disinterested affecis now too late. My word is y given, and to talk even of t have been, is a crime. Not

out us. I shall leave as soon ble. Would that I had not

lieve earth has no such other pain . How I passed over that Christe, and how I endured that Christy, I know not. I heard the siren's ut I understood it not. very late, and the merry party

at to break up. I had made my ents to start at daybreak Maria,' 1 said, in as stately a I could assume - it was very and very aggenerous, but I could it-'I am come to wish you I leave to-morrow to join my

oon,' she replied, raising her brimini of tears to mine. Why The Christmas merry-makings are over, and who knows, ere the New r you may be heart whole or happy ? Never-I must go,' I said coldly.

'Harry,' she replied, meekly, 'do not go. Your father, brother, sisterh will all blame me. You were to stay until Twelth-day.'

'I cannot endure this torture-it is to) much,' I cried. 'Harry, Harry, stay for my sake-or

ther I will go."

'Had not the slightest idea. me, I will call again.

And I hurried back to my hotel in mood of mind, which may be more readily imagined than described. My father and brother had both died, leaving me an undutiful son and a bad brother, when I was but engrossed in the web of a

to conquer. I had sisters, a station to keep up. coldig resolved to marry some quick English girl, and in the peace and tran-quility of a country life, to forget my sorrows. Or would I get Fanny and Mary married, and be the good brother and uncle. At all events, I would do something. 'Strange that I no longer thought of dying. My head was, how-ever, in a great whirl, and I felt rather faint. Hurrying on, I reached my hotel hastened up stairs, opened the door, and sank upon a sofa. I believe I did not faint, but sleep soon overcome me. It

was nearly evening when I awoke, and I saw that I was not alone. Two females sat in conversation by the window. must be my two sisters. I started to my feet

'Sir Henry,' said a low voice. I shivered all over. "Lady Maria," I replied, in cold and

freezing accents, "this is an hour I little expected, and one which I must say I can scarcely appreciate.

'Nay, sir,' said she, a little, and only a little, haughtily, 'it is I who have to demand an explanation. These are my apartments. I returned just now, and you may imagine my bewilderment on finding a gentleman fast asleep on my sofa-my delight on finding it was you." 'Delight madam !' I said, for Lag firm and collected now; 'I compared understand your delight at measured your victim, and lest you should find explanation of your words difficult, allow America

me to retire.' Stay, one moment, exchaimed Lady Maris; though pale, she was more beautiful than ever; there was a soft melancholy in her eyes which I dared not minutely examine; 'one moment, Sir Henry: Have you received no letter from Fanny ?'

'Not from a living soul, madam. I did not give my address to any one. I hurried from place to place, and never, if I could help if, visited the same locality twice."

> "Then why have you couze here ?" "To die !"

To dia! you are as well as ever you were in your life.

'Madam, from that heur when in your ductive society I learned the fatal art of love, I have never known one mement's happiness or health. In dick-ever there. I have chased the tiger and

preachers-one a Prestyl

other a Methodist-met in a vi the Sabbath, where there was but one church. The Presbyterian officiated in the ferencon, and the Methodist in the afternoon. The interest upon the subject was so great that they continued the meetings for a day or two at the house. The attendance soon became so large that they adjourned to the woods, and continued the meeting for a week. And this is the origin of the modern

camp meeting.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES .- Honey soap-Take of smiles, soft answare, tolerance, temper, and fact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand. The above will be found an invaluable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation; for giving smoothness and softness; and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domentic friction. An excellent remedy, the wild elephant, in the hope by such for chafes and chills-Patience, placidi savage amusement to blunt my feelings, ity, and pleasent looks. To render tembut in vain. Bohold, madam, for once, pers incombustible-Stoep them in coma man who for four years, has been dying mon sense, self-respect, and considera-for love-four years. During this time tion for others. The best wash for the what have you been doing ?'