

The Queen Dispatch.

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The Queen Dispatch
FRIDAY MORNING,
APRIL 18, 1861.
BY GILBERT S. DARR.

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SELECTED STORY.

MY FIRST LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

At twenty I was considered rather a handsome man than otherwise; in fact, whatever may have been the opinion of 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 cornet of dragoons.

I have no doubt that the general opinion of people would consider my position—excepting the fact of possessing an elder brother—an exceedingly enviable one. They are mistaken. A younger son with an estate strictly entailed is no such enviable personage after all, as he himself soon discovers.

Still I was happy. It was Christmas time, and Lady Maria Templeton was on a visit to my mother and sisters.

I never did, and I never shall again see such beauty as hers. It shined like a star in the sky, and yet her hair was black. She was tall, slight and sylph-like, and yet no man could venture to call her any other than a haughty beauty. But her eyes—eyes of a most unearthly blue, of sapphires beaming with gem-like sparkles. I know not what to compare hers to.

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

Now, Harry, do not look so much as if you had just seen a ghost. I suppose you are thinking of your father's old friend, John Power's boat up the river.

I never shall forget that evening. I had come down to Courtney Chase, young Harry's substitute in her services—light-hearted, merry, fun and frolic, without a care on the morrow. I gradually became more and more anxious, the

best with fearful rapidity. The boy had become a man in one evening. And yet I was there was a delicious intoxication in the sound of her voice, in her soft hand, as it lay in mine—there was a thrill in the water, when her blue eyes met mine, and our yet unspoken words to each other seemed to beat in unison.

It is an hour of bliss when the young happy substitutes in her services—light-hearted, merry, fun and frolic, without a care on the morrow. I gradually became more and more anxious, the

CHAPTER II.

The next day, and one or two that succeeded, was spent in riding, driving, walking, or in home amusements, according to the state of the weather. But no matter what the occupation, which took up our time, I continued my attentions to Lady Maria, the daughter of a poor earl, but the heiress 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 began to cross my brain. I wanted a few of being age, when I should be my own master, and that I should have property I held from no one.

CHAPTER III.

I spare the reader my campaigns in India. I arrived there in a desperate mood, I had rejected the advances of the young ladies who accompanied me on my journey. I hated the sight of a woman.

I can safely say that during my years' campaign in which I served, the image of Maria Templeton was never absent from my mind. Despite everything, I loved her still.

At the end of this time I was invalided home. I was very ill—wounds and cholera had laid me as low as they well could. During the whole time I never wrote home once, and received no letters. I had my income unpaid at my banker's. I determined to do something, so I travelled overland to Marseilles, and thence to Paris. I felt I had not many months to live, so I took my quarters at the Hotel des Princes, the first floor—expensive, but very comfortable.

I was a selfish, morbid invalid, full of fancies and moonshines; a tyrant to my servant, disagreeable to all around me. What cared I? The world and I had no further relation. I was dying.

On my arrival at Paris I had some spare cash, but drew on my London agents for more, after advising them of my arrival. I bade them transfer any balance might be due to my banker in Paris. 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 you to transfer the whole amount to your account, or will you draw for whatever you may require? We shall feel highly honored by the latter course, which will show your intention 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 Harcourt, Bart.'

'I will not allow it—My departure is irrevocably fixed—'

'Infernal boy!' she said, and turned away to hide her tears.

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'Waiting for you, Harry,' said the stern, 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.'

'Never married, Harry,' she continued meekly.

'Never married, infernal boy! You little knew that, young as you were, you had awakened in my bosom feelings which I dared not avow. I was affianced to you—'

'But how came I here—in your room?' I said, after some whispered words.

'Well,' said Lady Maria, blushing, 'I rode in the Hackney Post of your arrival at the Hotel des Princes, very ill. I thought you were hurrying home, in answer to a letter of your sister Fanny's, in which I had allowed her to tell you all; so I thought as you were very ill, the nurse you wanted was—'

'Your future wife,' said Mrs. Curt, laughing, while Maria Templeton blushed crimson.

'Heaven bless you!' I muttered, and catching her in my arms, I imprinted on her lips the first kiss of love, though the sun did from a little.

I need scarcely 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; yet 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 terminated so well, and that, unlike so many in this world, my wife should be my first love.

THE BRAIN.—What a strange and physical sensation and of spiritual conception! Who shall say how intimately the two are blended—how far their kindred 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. Recollection 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 his 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 philosophy to expound them. Science may expound all laws of matter, but not the laws of mind; they are of the immaterial of the Spiritual.

AMERICA.—One a Presbyterian preacher, and another a Methodist—met in a village, on the Sabbath, where there was but one church. The Presbyterian officiated in the forenoon, 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 smilax, soft answers, 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 domestic friction. An excellent remedy for chafes and chills—Patience, placidity, and pleasant looks. To render temper incombustible—Steep them in common sense, self-respect, and consideration for others. The best wash for the face—Milk of human kindness.