

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY MRS. MARY C. YALGREN.

"I love my love with an L," said I, and away went the long apple peering over my shoulder.

There was a rush and a scramble to see if my letter had been formed upon the floor, and shouts that it was an L, and shouts that it was not, but, instead, almost every other letter in the alphabet.

All the time I sat feeling extremely shy and awkward, and not at all relieved when the point under discussion was decided in favor of the L, although I had chosen that letter because, so far as I knew, it did not form the initial of any of the young men present. But I began to be afraid that I had not chosen wisely after all, and that I might be called upon yet for some of the ridiculous forfeits of the game. How I trembled, then, when I heard the shouts: "Here is the L. Leander Holme, Miss Kate, has chosen you! Look! see the L upon the floor!"

Somebody was coming toward me. Somebody said, "Miss Derry—Mr. Holme." A tall figure bent before me, and sat down beside me. All this I saw dimly from under eyelids that were cast down in real, not affected shyness. How grateful I was not to find myself pulled into the centre of the room and kissed boisterously as had happened to many of the girls present that evening, and who, under the infliction, only blushed a little and uttered a good deal.

This was my second country party. I had suffered tortures at the first, and had expected to suffer tortures at this. I felt that I had escaped happily if I might but be allowed to sit quietly in the corner I had chosen. Even the very silent person at my side did not particularly annoy me so long as the noisy group in the centre of the room would allow me to be quiet.

I had been reared from early childhood in the house of a wealthy, childless uncle, in the city. I was very young, and had no idea of society, except what I had gained from being a looker on at my aunt's semi-annual, stiff and formal parties where the company were very decorous and excessively stupid.

My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and his heir-at-law had taken possession of his property, leaving my aunt with a comparatively small income, while I, after having been reared until the age of sixteen in the midst of wealth and luxury, was left entirely unprovided for.

My aunt went to live in lodgings, and I was sent back to my father, who was a poor man with many children, and a sullen, scolding wife, who was not my mother. My own mother had died in my infancy, and it was said my father had never been the same man since. He had become dissipated, lost his habits of business, which were fast bringing him wealth, and at last quitting business entirely, had gone to live in a little farm in the interior of a State, had married, and was now surrounded by a large, disorderly, boisterous family.

Into this uncleanly house I was suddenly thrust from the refinements of my life in the house of a wealthy citizen. I was shy and unhappy. I had never been accustomed to the companionship of children, but I soon found that whenever I shrank involuntarily from the dirty noisy crew around me, I gave offence to the mother, and through her representations, to my father, who seemed completely under her influence.

Every inductive indulgence to the tastes and habits in which I had been reared, was looked upon as an evidence of pride, and I soon found all the influences of home arrayed against me and my wishes.

I had shrank, through shyness, from attending the first party, but had gone because I could not resist my mother's sneers and my father's commands. And so much had I been terrified at the good natured boisterousness of the young people assembled, that I mentally resolved never to go again. Notwithstanding, I found myself once more in the same circle, my first trying scene at home, and in my dread of the thirty pairs of eyes fixed upon me, had been drawn into their games.

I had not yet glanced at the face of the young man at my side, nor had a word been interchanged, when the noisy group in the centre of the room broke up. They came crowding around me, uttering broad good-humored jests that I felt sent blood flushing and burning into my face. My companion must have felt me trembling, too, for he suddenly leaned forward and whispered:

"Do not be afraid, Miss Kate, they do not intend any harm, and I will see that they do not much annoy you."

I gave him one grateful glance, for I was too near crying to dare to trust my eyes, and met a pair of brilliant, dark eyes, fixed full upon my face, very mirthful, yet a good deal compassionate in expression. Suddenly he rose up, and drawing my arm within his, turned to the bantering group.

"Miss Kate has chosen me this evening, and I take her under my protection. I shall be a very tyrant, and not one of you must speak to her without my permission."

So saying, he led me away to an opposite corner of the room. There, seeing that, between shyness and the annoyance just passed, I was still unable to control my voice or features, he stood before me speaking calmly and quietly of some unimportant subject. His pleasant voice and quiet manner soon helped me to control my agitation, and then he

sat down beside me. I was amazed at myself when I found myself talking gaily with this stranger, and still more amazed to find myself happy for several hours of the evening to which I had looked forward with so much dread, and which had commenced so inauspiciously.

And when he brought several of the bright ruddy-looking girls to speak to me in the course of the evening, I found what my foolish shyness had prevented me from learning before, that they were amiable, warm-hearted creatures, in spite of their lack of refinement. So, on the whole, the evening passed pleasantly, and I was never afraid to go again, especially as, when they found I was not too proud to join in their sports, they never attempted to drag me into any of the dirt they did not like.

But chief among the pleasant memories of that evening was the kindness of Leander Holme. A pair of dark eyes haunted my thoughts for many a day, and I never forgot the soothing impression of his calm voice and pleasant manner.

Leander Holme was the son of the only rich man of the neighborhood. He had been well educated, and that alone would have rendered him infinitely superior to those around him, even if his winning manner had not been that of a perfect gentleman—refined, courteous, and manly.

Of course, no one will wonder that I became deeply in love with Leander Holme. His devotion to me never wavered from the first, and long before that first winter in my father's home was passed, I had promised to become his wife. It would have been a dreary and miserable winter indeed without his presence and his love, but with it—ah, even now that long years have passed, I think of that, only recurring to that time, and never of the discomforts that had, in the fullness of my happiness, ceased to make me miserable.

My father and his wife were all smiles and approval. But when, towards spring, our engagement came to the knowledge of Leander's father, he at once announced his decided disapprobation. I heard that he asserted that he would never consent that his son should marry the daughter of a lazy, dissipated man, and he said that my city rearing was scarcely a better preparation for the duties of mistress of Holme Place, than I should have received at the hands of that brawling slatternly father of his.

Leander was firm, and talked of the future, and of patient waiting. But I felt that I had been scorned, and my indignation was unbounded. I wrote to my aunt, telling her all in no measured phrase, and begging her to send for me to live with her once more, if possible. Her answer was to come to her at once, and I departed, much to the consternation of my father, and the filial delight of his wife, who hated me more than ever since she heard of Colonel Holme's remark.

I left a little note for Leander, who was absent at the time, saying that the engagement had better end, and releasing him fully and unconditionally. I wrote and sealed the note without hesitating or faltering, though it cost me a severe pang to do so.

I did not know until I had been settled in my aunt's home a week, and my letters in a package directed in Leander's hand, arrived without a line from him, how I had hoped through all that he would not consent to be released, but would still cling to me.

But he, too, had his indignation—he was hurt that I should have arranged for my departure without consulting him, and he was pained at the coldness of my note. So through the faults of others, and misunderstandings of their own, two hearts that really and truly loved were severed. Alas! that the story had so many counterparts!

My aunt's income, by considerable economy, supported us, and enabled us to retain our place in the society to which we had been accustomed. It had been more than she anticipated when she sent me to my father, or she would never have exposed me to the trials I had passed.

As the time passed on I had lovers, as my pretty girl will, for, if I might believe my mirror and my friends, I was not without attractions, but none of them touched my heart.

On looking back I can see that I was always waiting, waiting with an undefined expectation of something that never came. Was it for Leander that I waited? If it was, I never acknowledged it to myself, but it was with a terrible pang, a dumb but very real sorrow, that served as an excuse for illness, it was so like it, that I heard, after two or three years, that he was married.

My step-mother wrote it to me—the wedding news—dilating maliciously upon the wealth and beauty of the bride, who had come from a distant city to live at Holme Place. Upon the planning and fencing, the painting and glazing, and general beautifying of the old house, and upon the loads of beautiful furniture which the bride's father had sent to refurnish the old rooms.

I answered very calmly that Leander Holme was worthy of any lady in the land, and bade her congratulate him in my name if she saw him, hoping thus, I believe, to disarm her suspicions and convince him that I had forgotten my love for him.

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Democratic Administration, there were four Secretaries of State; Martin Van Buren, Edward Livingston, Louis McLane, and John Forsyth. Five Secretaries of the Treasury; Samuel D. Ingham, Louis McLane, W. J. Duane, R. B. Taney, and Levi Woodbury. Two Secretaries of War; Jno. H. Eaton and Lewis Cass. Three Secretaries of the Navy; Jno. Branch, Levi Woodbury, and Malton Dickerson. Two P. M. Generals; W. T. Barry and Amos Kendall. Three Attorneys General; J. M. Berrien, R. B. Taney, and B. F. Butler. Jackson's Administration must have been, according to Democracy, a very wretched one.

Musical Practice among Birds.

Many people imagine that birds sing by instinct, and that their songs come to them without any labour or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of feathered tribes a life-study, have a different story, and tell of long and laborious practice in species and individuals to acquire facility and compass of song. The following information, from a practiced observer, will be new to many of our readers. So says the *New England Farmer*.

Birds all have their peculiar ways of singing. Some have a monotonous song, as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow-bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The catbird is a mocker. The golden-robin has a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit-thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song-sparrow has the most remarkable characters of song of any bird that sings.

Every male song sparrow has seven independent songs of its own, no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Six years ago this spring I first made the discovery. A singer that had taken up his residence in my garden, attracted my attention by the sweet variations of its songs, so I commenced taking observations on the subject. I succeeded at last in remembering all his songs, which are this day as fresh in my memory as any of our airs that I am so fond of whistling. On one occasion I took note of the number of times he sang each song, and the order of singing. I copy from my journal six years back.

No. 1, song twenty-seven times; No. 2, thirty-six times; No. 3, twenty-three times; No. 4, nineteen times; No. 5, twenty-one times; No. 6, thirty-two times; No. 7, eighteen times. Perhaps next he would sing No. 2, then, perhaps, No. 4, or 5, and so on.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though but seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times; but, as far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen different birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it required a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find he will change his tune in a few minutes, and again in a few more.

The bird that I first mentioned came to the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs—always singing within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another sparrow had taken possession of his hunting grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed for ever. No doubt old age claimed him as his victim. In other cases, I have known a singer to return to the same place two, three, and four years, but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe.

Another Warning Against Hasty Business.

The Cassville (Ga.) Standard has the following:

From a letter received by our countryman, Mr. Robert B. Tomlinson, we take the following extract. It is from a gentleman whose character cannot be doubted.

BULLS CORNER, January 31, 1857.

MR. H. G. TOMLINSON: The most surprising thing that has happened is, that Tilton B. Butler, a timber gatherer, of Scriven, went to Savannah since Christmas, to sell timber, and was taken sick and it was thought dead. There being a boat about to leave, his remains were deposited in a coffin and sent home. On opening the coffin after its arrival, he was discovered to smile. Medical assistance was immediately obtained, and it is said that he is fast recovering. He was in his coffin nearly two days!

MILK MILK.—A gentleman of this city, bought of Cruise and Erwin, of Lynchburg, Va., who had cattle on exhibition at our last State Fair, a half breed Devon cow, four years old, for which he paid \$40. The purchase was made on the 17th October, since which time a strict account of the milk obtained from the cow has been kept, which foots up the enormous quantity of three hundred and eight gallons. A valuable investment. *Raleigh Standard.*

Not this! not this! in the glittering court
And the prince of the most-white plume—
Not the lady that glances from the warrior's breast,
Or a man 'neath the battle's plume,
Nor is thy place, 'mid the sunny's heat,
Where the sun-warm'd change the scene,
Where waving plumes are like sea-birds' nest,
And the tail wears a grey stain.
Not this! not this! are thy stonions lower?
But a better gift is thine:
When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
And the red blood flows like wine,
To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—
To raise the drooping head—
To cool the parched lips, forested glow,
And to smooth down the lowly bed!
Not this! not this! is the towering height,
Where ambition makes his throne—
The timid dove wings not his flight—
Where the eagle soars alone—
But in the hall, and in the tower,
And by the humblest hearth,
Man feels the charm, and owns the power
That binds him still to earth.
Yes, these are thine!—and who can say
His is a brighter doom,
Who wins fame's glory wreath of bay,
Round an aching brow to bloom?
O! to watch death's livid hues depart—
To soothe every pang of woe—
And to whisper hope to the fainting heart—
Is the proudest deed below!

A Needy Prince.

Lieutenant Wise, in his lately published book of Travels, "Scampavins," gives the following illustration of the character of many of the Neapolitan nobility.—The Lieutenant is something of a wag:

"I may here remark that the general rule of Neapolitan nobility is not a society much to be sought after. As a class, they are numerous, and generally needy. I call to mind a gentleman of this description, who, after informing me that he was a cousin to the Prince of Syracuse, the half-brother to the King, received some considerable attention on board the ship I was in. On visiting and inspecting the galley, he inquired where the stalwart old negro cook stationed at the coppers, came from, and being told from New York, he was anxious to know if the entire population of that commercial emporium were of the same colour. Being assured that they were, he declared that he had not the heart to leave the vessel without taking away some slight token in remembrance of our country.—I communicated this condescension on the part of the Prince to the Captain, who very innocently requested me to present him with a dollar. But not having the exact change about me, I substituted a cheap edition of the American Episcopal Prayer-Book, which his highness, on leaving, did not seem to be immoderately pleased with."

An Iron Goddess.

The colossal statue of the Madonna for the column commemorative of the Immaculate Conception at Rome was cast at the Vatican foundry on the 31st of January in the presence of the Cardinal, Secretary of State and a great number of ecclesiastical and municipal dignitaries, besides eight-seers, amounting to upwards of two hundred persons. The metal, weighing about twenty thousand pounds, having been gradually approaching to fusion for about twelve hours previous to the operation, the religious part of the ceremony commenced, visitors being requested to take their hats off whilst the litanies to the Virgin were chanted. These orisons were the signal for the master founder, Signor de Rossi, to begin the outpouring of the metal from the monster crucible; and the robust voices of the priestly choir delivered the sonorous responses of *Ora pro nobis*, whilst the fiery metal flowed into the mould below the floor of the building. The agitation of the master founder reminded one of Bonnavin's Cellini's transports upon a similar occasion, and as the operation came to an end without any sinister event, Cardinal Antonelli shook hands warmly with Signor de Rossi, and congratulated him upon his success; his friends crowded round him with embraces and felicitations; the ladies of his family went into hysterics; and the exertions of the spectators became most enthusiastic. The result could not, of course, be known immediately; but on breaking the mould, the casting was found to be satisfactory, although not entirely perfect.

A Word to Little Girls.

Who is lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble.—Strive every where to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that every body loved her. "I know not," replied she, "unless it be that I love every body."—This is the true secret of being loved.—"He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So, then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you. If nobody loves you, it is your own fault. Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet, winning temper, and kind, winning ways, or you do not love those of whom you complain.