

# THE DELAWARE REGISTER:

OR,

FARMERS', MANUFACTURERS' & MECHANICS' ADVOCATE.

Our Public Journals as they ought to be—"The vehicles of Intelligence, not the common sewers of Scandal!"

No. 52.

WILMINGTON, DEL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829.

VOL. I.

The DELAWARE REGISTER is published every Saturday morning, by *Albert Wilson*, No. 105, Market Street, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Handbills, Cards, Blanks, Pamphlets, and Job Printing in general, executed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate prices, at the Office of the Register.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.

From Blackwood's Magazine for August.

## FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

(Concluded.)

Edward Trehearn, the 'young squire,' as he was usually denominated, was in his twentieth year, had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and bade fair to reflect honor upon both those eminent seats of learning. At Eton he had risen to the distinguished rank of 'Captain,' and received his forced tribute of 'salt' at the Montez; while at Oxford he had contended successfully for some of the highest academical prizes. To what specific purpose his natural endowments and scholastic attainments were to be applied—what his future course was to be—were, as yet, left to the future. There had been some talk about his standing for the representation of the county at the next general election, and promises of support had been spontaneously tendered which would almost justify the experiment; but his father was too wise and prudent a man to impoverish the family estate by squandering eight or ten thousand pounds, even for the certainty, still less for the chance, of his son's return at a contested election. Otherwise, he was not inconsiderable to the honor of again seeing a Trehearn in Parliament, which had not been the case for nearly fifty years, when the grandfather of Edward, Sir Theophilus Trehearn, ruptured a blood vessel by the vehemence with which he vociferated 'No!' upon the question being put from the chair, for the second reading of the famous East India bill.

In the close intimacy which, as has been mentioned, subsisted between the families at Trehearn Lodge and Fitzroy Cottage, (as the elegant residence of Mrs Fitzroy was modestly designated,) Edward, of course, became a frequent visitor at the latter; while, somehow or other, it always happened that he was at home whenever the Fitzroys were known to be coming to the Lodge. It was soon settled, therefore, by those who had made the match between Sir Frederick and Mrs Fitzroy, that one would certainly take place between Edward and either Agnes or Jane. But it would have perplexed the most expert interpreter of aurous heroldries to decide whether Edward cared for either Jane or Agnes, so impartially were his attentions bestowed upon both. He was, indeed, the frequent companion of their walks and rides in summer; would read to them in the long dreary evenings of winter; and sometimes take his part in singing a duet, or accompanying them with his flute, (which he played with an expression and brilliancy of execution, worthy almost of Drouci or Nicholson,) while they exerted their own skill and science alternately upon the harp and piano-forte. Occasionally, too, he might be detected in a *tertio-tete*, at one time with Jane, at another with Agnes, either in the drawing room or upon the lawn, or sauntering through the grove of quivering poplars, whose trembling leaves chequered their path with dancing moonbeams. It happened, however, that these latter walks were more frequent with Agnes than with Jane, not because they were sought or contrived, but simply because Agnes was more prone to seek such quiet rambles than her mercurial cousin. Edward with all his book-knowledge, was but a tyro in self-knowledge. He would have discovered else, and soon enough to save a pang, which he was every way too manly and too honorable to appropriate as a triumph, that he was heedlessly strewing with roses the beginning of a path whose end was the grave.

Time glided on, and month after month saw Edward Trehearn a more and more frequent visitor at Fitzroy cottage, when one morning, about two years subsequently to the period at which this narrative commences, Sir Frederick came alone, and with an air of mysterious importance, requested the honor of a private interview with Mrs Fitzroy. They were all seated in the breakfast parlor when Sir Frederick arrived,

and Mrs Fitzroy immediately retired with him to another apartment. Jane, who was embroidering a beautiful veil of Brussels lace, instead of continuing her work, could do nothing but look again and again at that portion of it which was already finished, as if she were suddenly struck with the extreme richness and elegance of the pattern. Agnes was reading; but the hand which held the book dropped upon her knee, and while a faint flush came across her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of Jane, who, for once in her life, looked serious and thoughtful. Was it not strange, that neither spoke to the other, when it would seem to be so natural they should interchange thoughts upon the object of Sir Frederick's visit? But they were silent. And the only interruption of their silence was now and then a tremulous sigh which breathed through the lips of Agnes.

In about half an hour, Mrs Fitzroy returned to the room; for Sir Frederick had taken his departure. She approached Jane, took her hand affectionately, and as she tenderly leaned forward to kiss her forehead, exclaimed, 'I have long expected such an interview with Sir Frederick Trehearn.' Jane looked up. There was a radiant smile upon her features which caught the eye of Agnes. She read all its meaning, and smiled too; but the light of her smile, as it spread itself over her pale cheeks, was like a wintry sunbeam upon a bed of snow. What followed will be as easily anticipated, I doubt not, by the reader, as it was by both Jane and Agnes. Mrs Fitzroy, having seated herself, informed her daughters (for such she always styled Jane,) that Sir Frederick had waited upon her to make certain customary inquiries, in consequence of having learned from his son that he was desirous of being permitted henceforth to consider himself the acknowledged suitor of Jane; a desire which he had no wish to oppose, provided he was satisfied with respect to her family and fortune, taking it for granted that Edward had already ascertained the inclinations of the young lady herself. 'And you may be sure, my dear child,' added Mrs Fitzroy, 'I had nothing to say which was likely to interpose an obstacle, except, indeed, upon the score of your fortune, which, though hardly sufficient, perhaps, to match with the large expectations of the heir of the Trehearn estates, is enough, coupled with the rich dowry of yourself, to make you the worthy sharer of a dukedom. Sir Frederick, I am happy to say, estimates the money value of what you possess, in the same liberal spirit. So now my child, you have only to consult your own heart well, before you finally take a step, in which, according as the heart is well consulted or not, must be ever the chances of its after felicity.'

The affectionate and parental tone with which Mrs Fitzroy uttered these words, was answered by the tears of Jane, as they fell fast upon the veil she still held in her hands; but Agnes, advancing towards her, and tenderly throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, as she gently kissed her, 'Happy, happy Jane!' in accents that too well suited with her own tears, which now mingled with those of her cousin. In a few moments the struggle was over; and then, with a touchingly contrast there was between the beaming countenance of Jane, suffused, each instant, by the mantling tinge of conscious joy, which maiden bashfulness, at times, deepened to the blush of virgin modesty—true love's silent rapture!—and the feverish crimson that burned upon the cheek of Agnes, now quenched and now revived, as hope's expiring torch shot forth its dying flashes in her stricken heart—true love's silent agony! She, like her mother, had long expected such an interview as Sir Frederick Trehearn had that morning sought; but her altered anticipation of its object was scarcely a month old. Alas! our own desires are swift and treacherous pioneers of our secret hopes. While they seem to remove all difficulties, to level all obstructions, and to open before us a straight, smooth path, for the attainment of what we covet, they only dig pitfalls, and prepare ambushes, to betray or surprise our steps in the pursuit. Agnes, who had followed in their track, found herself engulfed in one of their snares. She awoke from a dream. But it availed her nothing that her reason told her it was a dream, that she knew she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment had dis-

solved away. The scene, indeed, might vanish; but where it had once been, remained a ruin! She had realized her own prophetic fears. In the solitude of her heart, love, which had reared itself unbidden, now drooped to unseen decay, in the withering soil of its birth; and she was ready to exclaim, in the beautiful language of one of her favorite authors,—

“Du Heilige, rufo dein Kind zuruck!  
Ich habe genossen das irdische Gluck,  
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!”\*

They know little of this passion, who deem it the offspring of sighs and protestations, of oaths and tears, of prayers and entreaties, and all the small artillery of courtship. These are but the husbandry which calls forth the common produce of common soils; the needful aliment of that great principle of nature, which alike peoples our cities and our plains, our rivers, and the air we breathe. In many a heart, where it has never been awakened, lies the subtle essence, which, when touched by a kindred essence, starts at once into grant life.—And how manifold are the channels through which that kindred essence works itself a passage to the sleeping mischief! A word, a look, a tone of the voice, one pressure of the hand—though a hundred and a hundred have preceded it—a simple 'Good night,' or a parting 'God bless you!' from lips that have pronounced the former for months, shall, in a predestined moment, be like the spark that falls upon the nitrous heap, followed by instant combustion. And then, what a revolution is effected! The eye sees not—the ear hears not—the mind perceives not, as they have been wont. A new being is created—the past is obliterated; nothing seems to remain of what was; and the very identity of the object, by whom this delirium of all the faculties has been produced is destroyed. We strive, in vain, to recall the mere man or woman we have known, in the lover or the mistress we now adore. Spell-bound in the fascination, enthralled in the idolatry of suddenly awakened passions, we discover wisdom, wit, beauty, eloquence, grace, charms, benignity, and loveliness where hitherto we beheld them not, or at the most, had only dim and visionary glimpses of their possible existence. Picture to yourself the block of rough and shapeless marble, before the magic touches of a Canova, a Chantry, or a Flaxman, have chipped and chiselled away the superfluous rubbish that conceals the living Venus, or the speaking statesman, and you have the best comparison I can imagine of the transformation which the idol of the human heart undergoes, at the moment when the heart creates its idol.

Poor Agnes had found her destined moment. She knew not why, but of late, the presence of Edward Trehearn seemed to tranquilize feelings, which disturbed and harassed her when he was absent. And then, too, every thing he said, every thing he did, every thing he thought, had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. He could not be wrong; and she was surprised how any body could think or act otherwise than as he thought and acted. If he admired a flower, or dwelt rapturously upon the beauties of a landscape, that flower immediately possessed—ohs hitherto undiscovered fragrance or unnoted elegance in the eyes of Agnes, and that landscape straight had charms which she had never seen before. If he condemned another's conduct, Agnes at once thought the object of his censure vile; and if he spoke with enthusiasm of any passage in the poet he was reading, Agnes read it so often afterwards, that she could soon repeat every line. When he was expected at the cottage, neither her books, nor her needle, could fix her attention; her thoughts still ran before the hour; and many a treasured feeling was hushed into repose till the moment when it could come forth in his presence. Sometimes, indeed, she paused to ask herself the meaning of all this. To question her heart, why it turned so instinctively towards him, for the gratification of all its most cherished emotions? It was a fruitless scrutiny; a baffled inquiry; for all she gained by it was to know the fact, but

\* This is part of an exquisitely simple melody, which Thekla sings after Piccolomini has torn himself from her arms. (See Schiller's *Wallenstein*.) A despair of lifting the plaintive eloquence of the original into a language, but the more English reader, may gather its import in the following attempt;

“Thou Holy One, take thy child again!  
I have tasted of earthly bliss;  
I have lived, and I have loved!”