

FIRST LOVE AND LAST LOVE.

When I was in my fifteenth year,
And what the world calls fair,
I loved a youth whose eyes were dark,
And raven black his hair.
My little heart went pit a pat
When'er he passed me by,
And if he looked at other maidens,
I'd sit me down and sigh.
Music was in his silvery voice;
As he would softly tell,
How, dearer far than life and light,
He loved his own Estelle!
And as he trobled told his love,
I blushed, and mine confessed;
And then—yes, then I thought and felt
That first love was the best.
Thur time sped on: two Summers more
Their splendour o'er me threw,
My fancy changed—I dearly loved
Two laughing eyes of blue.
My first love's voice its sweetness lost,
His eyes, me thought, grew dim,
And much I marvelled how I'er
Could love or fancy him.
My second love could sweetly tell
That I was wondrous fair;
That Cupid revelled in my eyes,
And vanished in my hair;
And soft we vowed our little hearts
Should own no other guest,
And then—then I was very sure
That second love was best!
But ah, alas! another change
Was o'er my fancy thrown;
The light locks of my second love
No more in splendour shone.
I worshipped at another shrine,
Blue eyes had had their day;
I loved—Oh yes, I dearly loved
Two sparkling eyes of gray,
And, softer than from brown or blue,
The look they on me cast;
And we each vowed to never change,
But love while life should last.
His love-tale, like a seraph's song,
Soft on mine ear did fall,
And then—oh then I had no doubt
THIRD LOVE was best of all!
Then did my fancy, fickle jade—
For years her wandering keep,
And many a double vow was breathed,
Of passion pure and deep;
Till Reason came to Fancy's aid,
And this truth did impart:
If thou a lasting love would know—
Seek, seek a kindred heart.
I sought and found a warm, kind heart,
That can each change defy;
No more there's magic in a form,
Or lustre in an eye;
They pass alike unheeded on,
And change has sunk to rest—
And peace and feeling prove the truth
That last love is the best.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

To Kate.

Oh Kate, where'er you are, fair Kate,
Beloved of lovers' hearts,
For though you yet may be my mate,
I love you as I might.
Could, would or should have lov'd, when young,
With feelings fresh and true;
When every voice was mine than song,
And life was all to you.
But, ah! sweet Kate, those days have fled—
The past is but a dream;
The future path is gloom;
Those visions all have gone, so fair,
The rainbow hues of love—
There's nothing left but pain and care,
Save the good man's hope above!
In heaven is love—in heaven is joy—
In heaven is love, enduring, pure—
In heaven is love of earth's alloy,
But all things there are new.
We're not the same as we were then,
Though not in heart or soul;
The friendship that we then had sworn,
Is now a thing of old.

FOR LIFE.

Translated from the German by Rev. James F. Clarke, of London.

Dear wife! Oh, see the blessing
This warm spring-morn has brought!
Each flower, the gift conferring,
New life, new bloom has caught.
The daisy's stem is swelling
Along the misty blue;
And here love still is dwelling,
Here bliss is ever new.
Thou see'st those white doves, winging
Their path to that still grove,
Where mountain trees are flinging
Their shadows o'er the lovers' love.
Together, thine and mine,
We sought Spina's flowery cup,
And there our first love feeling
So mightily flamed up.
When, from the church returning,
The dear 'Yes' whispered low,
And cheeks with deep blush burning,
The good priest saw us go,
New moons rejoiced in chorus,
Uprose another sun,
And we, the world before us,
A new life-course begun.
A thousand souls were fastened
Upon our bond of love,
As o'er the plain we hastened,
Or lingered in the grove;
On rocky summit tarried,
Reposed in bush or brake;
And in a red Love carried
His fire upon the lake.
So moving on, contented,
A happy two were we—
But Providence dissented,
And chose to make us three;
And four—five—six—at table
Partook the daily bread;
And soon these shoots were able
To bend down o'er our head.
And there, from north winds shielded,
With willows girt about,
The mansion, newly builded,
How kindly it looks out!
Who built that handsome dwelling
Upon the hill above?
The power is in telling:
Our Frederick, with his love.
Where, through the rocky hollow,
The river comes hemmed in,
Which dark abysses swallow,
Is forced with clanging din,
They tell of bright-eyed lassies—
The pretty 'factory-girls'—
But one the whole surpasses—
Our child with her dark curls.
But where thick grasses only
Cling round the church-yard grave,
And that tall pine, so lonely,
Its sighing branches wave—
Our dead one there is sleeping,
Laid peacefully low,
To lend our eyes, and whispering,
To heaven from things below.
Arms glitter, cannons rattle,
Above the distant hill;
The army comes from battle,
Which saved our homes from ill.
Who moves in front so proudly,
With nodding covered o'er?
"Your son," they all cry loudly,
So comes our Charles once more.
Of all the guests the dearest,
He greets his happy bride;
The great feast-day—the nearest—
Will see their fates allied.
And to the wedding-dances,
The neighbors crowding round,
Our youngest child advances,
With wreaths and garlands crowned.
While flutes and horns are sounding,
Comes back our wedding-day,
Which saw glad friends surrounding,
A couple young and gay;
Still, still to love we listen,
While years are gliding on;
And now we go to christen
Our grand-child and our son.

LAW AND ORDER. You have all heard of
Counsellor Higgins. He was exceedingly active in
defending a prisoner and would sometimes almost
lash down an indictment for a small offence. A
fellow, (one Smith) being on trial for stealing a
turkey, the counsellor attempted to give a good
humored turn to the affair. "Why gentlemen of the
jury," said he; "this is really a small affair; I
wonder any one would bring such a complaint into
court; if we are going on at this rate, we shall have
business enough on our hands. Why I recollect
when I was in college, that nothing was more com-
mon than to go out a foraging. We did not get the
punishment in the same place, and there was
no harm done, no fault found." Notwithstanding
this appeal the jury convicted the prisoner. After
the court rose, one of the jury, a plain old farmer,
meeting the counsellor, complimented his ingenuity
in the defence. "And now, Squire," said he fixing
a knowing look upon him, "I should like to ask
you a question; which road do you take in going
home, the upper or the lower?" The lawyer and
the counsellor. "Well then I'm not a lawyer; I only
wonder in the case if you were going any way, I
would just go on before and look up my last lawyer."

THE DEAD FRIEND.

(A STORY.)

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Deserted to contemplation
The form that once was dear!
The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that said heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Held fast thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there!
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water's mingling particles
Rise to the elements
Revered, their uses done,
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The Spirit is not there!
Oh! together have we talk'd of death;
How sweet it were to see
All dead things made alive;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depths of Heaven!
O Edward! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.
And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved.
Edward! we did not err!
Here I have left my pressure! Thou hast given
Hast kept me from the world's stain'd and pure.
I look'd on thee as on a holy thought,
Edward! we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy;
The Soul outgrows them not;
We do not cast them off;
O, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved;
The Spirit is not there!
Not in the happy hour,
Not in the evening glow,
Think that he comes thy solitude;
Think that he holds with thee
My secret intercourse;
And though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

THE SAILOR SHIPWRECKED ON LAND.—If an honest
heart beats in one bosom more warmly than another,
it is in that of the brave American seaman. Whether
it be the many dangers that beset him on a perilous
voyage, or a sense of loneliness while rocked upon
the mountain wave, that leads him to cherish and
look up with sacred care his affections and the better
feelings of his nature, and keep them untouched by
the accents of vice and temptation of which he must
often be a witness, certain it is, that the American
sailor is more sensitive to wrong, and more keenly
touched by misfortune, than any other individual in
the world. It may be that his adventurous life, teach-
ing him, as it must, to cling to his shipmates as to his
little world—his all—strengthens his noble and kinder
feelings and warms them into livelier action than the
more monotonous and peaceful life of the landman.
A sailor who had been long absent on a voyage,
came into port one day and immediately left
Boston on a visit to his friends in Vermont, whom he
had left in health a number of years before. Upon
his arrival at the spot, the light-hearted sailor found
that he had died in his long absence. Even the
bright-eyed girl whom he had left in all her virgin
blush—and to whom he was betrothed—she, who
year after year, had anxiously watched for his return,
slipped beneath the cold sod of the valley!
He retraced his steps, and when he met him on
his return he was seated by the road side weeping
like a child. A feeling of loneliness his noble and kinder
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THOSE WE LOVE.
"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wander'd far and wide,
From the sweetest river flow,
And the brightest river glide,
May, of all these eyes hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"
"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most best and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
Tis where those we love abide,
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath press'd.
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and green and in the place,
Though there be but a tender mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.
With this, you say, waste would seem
The margin of a desert stream;
And this would make a dungeon's gloom

THE DREAM-GIFT.

BY JOSEPH BOGNOTON, ESQ.

Oh I had been where glancing eyes
Shone brighter than the starlit skies,
Where wreaths encircled marble brows,
More pure than Alpine drifted snows;
Where smiles played round each feature bright,
Whereon the purest life might light.
In wanton glees, embrace the rose,
Or, blending, sink into repose;
And there were joyous hearts that beat,
And there were looks and accents sweet.
For Hymen's torch had shed its light
On Edward and Estelle that night;
And with himself, with virtue crown'd,
Said mid that smiling group enshrou'd.
And there was one, whose mystic power
Had sway'd me o'er my forehead here;
Whose smile was sweetest, brightest, best,
Whose glance more radiant than the rest:
I gazed o'er groups of ladies fair—
That smile, those beaming looks were there.
Anon she came—her half-closed hand
Held fast, and spoke in accents bland:
"The gift within this folded leaf
Accept with my injunction brief:
Let not its covering be torn,
Nor look thereon until the morn."
That night I dream'd. The balmy air
Fanned coolly o'er my forehead here;
The moonbeams through my lattice gleam'd,
My pillow sought—that night I dream'd:
Methought, in some Arcadian grove,
Alone my footsteps chanced to rove;
High in the arch of Heaven, the moon,
Like burnish'd lamp in rich saloon,
Shone forth with radiance, pure and bright,
Sweet, untriv'd queen of night;
And on the thorn-tree's leafy crest,
The young warbler sought its nest.
Bright flowers bedeck'd the smiling green,
Like pearls on robe of eastern queen;
The breeze that rush'd from southern climes,
From bowers and groves of fumes,
The fragrance of perennial spring
Had borne from buds just blossoming.
Alone I sat on grassy mound,
When suddenly there came a sound
Like music of the babbling rill,
Like shepherd's pipe on greenwood hill,
And soft the notes did o'er me steal—
"Let this your mystic gift reveal."
I look'd, and lo! a form was seen,
Bedight in robes of golden green;
I gazed upon the vision rare,
That came to me in such a dream:
Her hand, outstretch'd with graceful art,
Held forth a gift; it was—a heart!
I ran to seize the proffer'd prize,
Then—sleep foretook my slumbering eyes:
Clear on the morning's treacherous beam—
'Twas but a dream—'twas but a dream!

ELOISA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A RUSSIAN TALE OF TRUTH.

"O welcome pure and soft, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girl with golden wings,
And thou ambitious'd form of chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unsullied."
A gentleman of birth and education, named
Prieur, a native of France, who had left his coun-
try in disgust with the political and religious ex-
citement which agitated it, and which had been
the means of depriving him of a large portion of
his fortune, took up his residence in the city
of Moscow. He had but one child, a daughter,
named Eloisa, whose father died in childhood.
In addition to the natural cords of affection which
bind the parent to his offspring, this child was en-
deared to Prieur by a thousand adventures associ-
ations, and he lavished upon her all that wealth
could procure.
Prieur was received with every mark of respect
by the Czar, and his daughter immediately became
the idol of the Russian court; with descriptions of
her accomplishments, her gentleness, her syme-
try of form, and particularly of the pleasing ex-
pression of her eyes, the Russian legendary ballads

DOWNCAST, OR SHOOTING GLANCES.

BY JOSEPH BOGNOTON, ESQ.

To charms such as Eloisa possessed, the Czar
was not insensible; and neglecting his estimable
wife, the Lady Catharine, the noblest woman, if
history may be believed, that ever shared the regal
honors of the Russian throne, he sought to win
the love of the fair Gallic maiden by unwelcome
importunities, and even by unmanly threaten-
ings.
Alarmed beyond measure at his threats, and her
mediated degradation; aware also of his despotic
power, and ability to accomplish, by the aid of his
ready slaves, almost whatever he might desire,
Eloisa fled in terror secretly from the metropolis,
without informing even her father of her intended
destination.
Three leagues beyond the walls of Moscow, lay
a marsh of many miles in extent, covered with
wild briars and brambles; in the middle of that
swamp was a mound, or island, as it were, on
which was a ruined hut, once, it was said, inhab-
ited by an anchorite, concerning whom many fear-
ful legends were told by nurses to frighten and
subdue wayward children, but whether the legends
were true or false, it matters not to our tale; there
was the swamp.

"And midway in the unsafe morass,
A single island rose
Of firm dry ground, with healthful grass
Adorned, and shady boughs."

A knowledge of that island, and of the tales
connected with it, Eloisa gathered from a vessel
who lived upon the borders of the morass, and
who for several years had supplied her father with
game. Disguised, she sought his solitary hut, and
besought him with ready rewards of gold, and
promises of whatever he might ask, to lead her
through the swamp, to that secluded and desolate
retreat. The honest fowler, on hearing of her
distress, refused her gold, and conducted her
to the little island, promising to supply her, daily,
with such food as he could procure. Eloisa took
possession of her new habitation with a sense of
devout thankfulness, and there she lived for two
years, a saintly anchorite, alike contented amid
the snows of winter and the flowers and fruits of
summer.

During this time, no one in Moscow knew any
thing of her fate; all supposed her lost, and many
believed through the Czar. Her father mourned
her as dead, and the Lady Catharine (who was not
ignorant of her husband's passion,) shared with
him his grief.
Upon the rude walls of her cabin, the fair fugi-
tive had hung a picture, in accordance with Rus-
sian usage, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, with which she
communed every morn and eve. Even there, in
desert solitude, she dreamed away her time in
pleasant fancies and gentle occupations; she cul-
tivated the wild flowers, and made companions of
them and the birds that lived around her forest
home; and when the early winter came, and she
saw the white swans passing southward, she fol-
lowed them in fancy on their flight to the vin-
e-clad fields of her native France, and memory dwelt
for hours, in delight, on the recollections of child-
hood; the Kremlin and the Czar were forgotten,
the past became the present, and the future was
disregarded.

As Eloisa was indulging in a reverie, such as is
here but poorly shadowed forth to the reader, a
wounded deer came bounding through the forest,
and sunk down exhausted at her feet; he was fol-
lowed by a Russian nobleman named Inrak, who,
led on by the excitement of the chase, had pursued
his noble game through the morass, encountering
 dangers, of which to think of made him tremble.
Led by his dogs, he came boldly up to the stag,
and blew a "death-proclaiming blast."
Eloisa, relying upon the strength which ever
accompanies a virtuous mind, now came from a
thicket, where, on Inrak's approach, she had taken
shelter.
Inrak, starting back with astonishment, could
only, with difficulty, find words to ask her whether
she were the divinity of the place, or a mortal
maid, suffering cruel confinement there under
the power of some demon master, or wizard's
charm.

"Noble stranger, as your dress and appearance
bespeak you," said Eloisa, calmly, "you behold
me, as in this poor object of your pursuit, a
stricken deer. I might have lain in my covert un-
observed, but from your department, sir, I judged
that a suffering woman would find in you a friend.
My mother—she shed no tears—but I bore

you, when you return to Moscow, not to explain
the mystery which has thus accidentally been re-
vealed to you to-day. I ask no more; for the
honor of manhood do not deny a maiden in dis-
tress this reasonable boon."

"Is it possible," said Inrak, in amazement,
"that you are the maiden whose sudden disappear-
ance from Moscow, two years since, was the
theme of every tongue—whose virtue withstood
the Emperor's assaults—whose mysterious fate
has drawn unnumbered tears from the eyes of all
those who were too happy in the enjoyment of
your acquaintance?"

"My name is Eloisa Prieur," replied the fair
fugitive—"do you know if my father lives? I
have never informed him of my concealment, for
fear, O wicked heart of mine! that he would re-
sign me to the Czar."

"He lives," answered Inrak, "in inconsolable
grief for your loss."

In a moment was kindled in the breast of Inrak
a passion strong as if it had been of years duration.
He already looked upon the gentle Eloisa as his
own, and besought her to trust to him her deliv-
erance. "The Czar," said he, "has repented in
deepest grief his violent suit, as I have learned
from his own lips, and from the lips of the Lady
Catharine; he has also sought in a thousand ways,
to make reparation to your father. Therefore,
gentle maiden, if you will give sanction to my
enterprise, I will make haste to Moscow, and re-
turn to you with the strongest pledges a sovereign
can give, that you may return to your father and
live in peace."

Eloisa smiled a faint consent, and hope grew
bold in the breast of Inrak, who, taking respectful
leave, proceeded in all haste to Moscow, and re-
turned, on the third day after his departure, to the
lonely island in the morass, and bore away his
prize to her father's arms. The old man clasped
Eloisa to his heart, and the tears of joy which fell
from his eyes, "did make the meeting seem most
like a dear farewell."

Love succeeded gratitude in the breast of
Eloisa; the bridal day was appointed, the bridal
day arrived, and the deliverer and delivered were
united.

Meek Catharine had her own reward:
The Czar bestowed a dowry;
And universal Moscow shewed
The triumph of that hour."

PRAYER.

Give me, Oh God, the power and will
To do to others as I still
Would they should do to me.
Give me a conscience free from guile;
Teach me on earthly things to smile,
And turn my heart to Thee.
Thou know'st that heart's most secret spring;
To Thee no false account I bring;
For all—all Thou dost know.
Unerring Judge! to Thee I bend;
Thou know'st at my being, aim and end;
And Thou wilt mercy show.
Where I have erred, Oh Lord, forgive me;
Where I've been right, grant while I live
I in that path may stay.
And oh, whenever worldly pride
Would lure my wand'ring steps aside,
Do Thou direct my way.

ISABELLA GRAHAM.

CHARADE.

In a bower of roses fair Isabella lay,
When my first came idling by,
And he paused awhile with her tresses to play,
And bask in the light of her eye.
Fatigued with his journey he longed for rest,
And craved in her bosom a home,
For he envied the jewel that lay on her breast
Like a flower on ocean's foam.
"Now my young rover, now nay," she cried,
"Thou never shalt have thy will,
My heart is as free as the world is wide,
And free I would have it still."
And she thrust him forth on his lonely way,
Nor heeded his look of wrath,
And she woke my sorrow so blithe and gay
To cheer the wanderer's path.
Then there came a knight to the lady fair,
And wooed her with smile and tear,
But she heeded not a sigh, or prayer,
Till he breathed my name in her ear.
Then she saw my face on the morning bright,
And with smiles as the morning bright,
She gave him a kiss in her Robert's breast.