

(From the New York Mirror.)

THE COQUETTE'S FIRST LOVE.

The annexed feeling and beautiful lines are said to have been written by a young English lady, who had experienced much affliction. There is a devotedness, a spirit of religious running through them, which cannot fail to touch the most obdurate heart:

Jesus—I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Neath, poor, despised, forsaken—
Thou, from hence all shall be!
Forsaken, every fond ambition—
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are all my own—

Let the world despise and deceive me—
They have left my saving too;

Human hopes and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;

And whilst that shafts strike upon me,

God of wisdom, love and might,

Friends may hate and foes may scorn me—

Show thy face, and all is right.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure—

Come disaster, scorn and pain,

In thy service pain is pleasure,

With thy favor loss is gain,

I have called thee Abba Father—

I have set my heart on thee;

Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—

All must work for good to me!

Soul! then know thy full salvation—

Rise o'er sin, and fear not care:

Joy to find in every station—

Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwelt within thee—

Think what heavenly bliss is thine;

Think that Jesus died to save thee—

Child of Heaven, cast thou repine.

Haste thee on; from grace to glory

Armed by faith and winged by prayer

Heaven's eternal day's before thee—

God's own hand shall guide thee there,

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,

Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Hope shall change to glad fruition—

Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

Hartford Mirror.

TO AN ABSENTEE.

"Thou hast flung away the health
And the glory of thy spring."

How hast withered the freshness of thy Morn,
And flung away thy Spring's rare sweetness;

Thou hast quenched the light in thy soul's bourn

And stayed the wing of thy spirit's fleetness!

Wo for the shadow on thy sky!

For the folly hath its brightness clouded:

Thy thoughts have been bourned from their home on high,

And the beings of thy mind are shrouded.

Why hast thou wandered so far and so long,

Reckless of all that proves thy danger—

An idler 'mid Earth's common throng—

To all 'tis known long since a stranger?

Why lavishly thy soul's rich wealth—

Hast thrown away as empty treasure—

Leaving thy youth, thy fame and health?

To waste before the shrine of Pleasure?

Will leave thy genius' flowers to droop,

When thou couldst' let the gems from dying?

O is it all too late to stoop,

And save the flowers around thee lying?

Hast thou forgot thy youth's bright hour—

The glorious hopes thou once didst cherish—

Ambition proud, thy soul's high power—

Wilt thou leave them all to perish?

Now, by the promises of thy youth—

Thy once proud hopes of Fame and Glory—

That heart whose temple was once Truth

The spell that breathes in song and story—

By these, and yet one dearer hope—

I pray thee break the chain that's bound thee—

Give but the soul her native scope,

And rise once more from those around thee!

Ere the moon tide of thy day is spent—

Ere its matchless beauty all is wasted—

While Hope and Love in thy sky are blent,

O spurn the draught thy soul hast tasted!

The half-searched leaves on Genius' vine

To thy youth's bright touch may yet unfold,

And their faded greenness yet may twine

Round thy lov'd name, in worth unroll'd.

Plainfield, Ill. August 1833.

N. Yorke.

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land! my native land!
A land with every gift replete,

All perfect in its Maker's hand,

An Empire's glorious seat!

And, far removed from thrones and slave,

There freedom's banner proudly waves.

II.

The frigid and the torrid clime,

The temperate and the genial beam,

The vale, the mountain top sublime,

The arid plain, the living stream—

There, linked in union's golden chain,

Attest her varied, vast domain.

III.

Her mountains look o'er realms serene;

O'er fertile fields and cities free;

And mightiest rivers roll between;

And bear her wealth from sea to sea;

While o'er old Ocean's farthest deep

Her banner'd navies proudly sweep.

IV.

On Plymouth's rock the pilgrim lands,

His comrades few, but faint with toil,

While warring tribes in countless bands

Roam lawless o'er th' uncultured soil.

A few brief years have rolled away,

And those red warriors—where are they?

V.

And where are those, the heroic few,

That landed on that rocky shore?

Their voice still rings—their spirit too

Still breathes—and will, forever more!

For in their sons still burn those fires

That freedom kindled in their sires.

VI.

'Tis something—though it be not fame—

To know we spring from a noble race,

To feel no kindling blush of shame,

For those we love, suffuse our face,

Then let us to our sons transmit

A land and name, unsullied yet.

VII.

For me, whatever be my fate,

Wherever cast, my country still

Shall o'er each thought predominate;

And in my bosom, peerless dwell.

Yes, e'en to life's last ebbing sand

Shall live revered, my native land.

SMOOTH CIDER.—A friend of ours has just returned from the country where he met with the following adventure.—At the house of an old acquaintance, his host was determined that the guest should have the very best the house afforded. Molly, the help, made two trips to the cellar before a bottle of cider from the right corner could be produced—and when the entertainer had poured out a sparkling goblet of it, he stood with 'an intent ear' to hear the commendation which he expected would come of course. Disappointed by hearing no spontaneous burst of praise, he inquired—"Aint it good?" "Why—ah yes, but it has a queer flavor, I must acknowledge." "Molly, where did you get the cider?" "Under the arch." "Well, there!" exclaimed the old lady, "if that aint one of the castor oil bottles."

The editor of the Little Rock Times notices the appearance of a new paper at Pittsburgh, in the following gallant style:

"A new paper has been started in Pittsburgh, (Pa.) called the 'Western Pearl,' and is edited by Miss Juliet E. A. Enos. Welcome to our ranks, dear Juliet, and here's our hand and — no, we'll not promise you our heart, for that is already disposed of; but an Arkansas bumper to your flag, be it White or not."

YOUTH AND BEAUTY joined in the 'light-toed dance,' but as Kate accepted the hand of the first groomman to join in the quadrille, she felt that it was for the last time. Her partner was a young gentleman from India. He had just arrived. Kate had been introduced to him as Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of Edward Leslie's, who had returned in order to visit his friends, and be present at Edward's weddin.

He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure; with large regular features, and dark, expressive eyes.

He was noble, dignified, and commanding in his bearing; graceful in the dance—all that a girl could love. Before they had finished the first set, Kate had

been deeply interested in his conversation, and thought he bore a strong resemblance to Henry Eaton.

She was tired and did not join in the second quadrille, but Mr. Atwood set by her on the window seat, and was even more interesting than in the dance.

Ann Duncan (now Mrs. Leslie) looked at them and thought of the diamond ring. Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the supper table. She did not flirt; she was evidently pleased with him. He handed her into the carriage, and Kate asked him to call upon her. He called the next morning. I hasten to the sequel. The winter was not more than half finished, when Ann received a diamond ring and a note from Kate, stating that she was once more engaged to be married, and before the end of winter there was a more splendid and elegant wedding. A larger and more fashionable party than that we have before described. A more beautiful bride and a handsomer bridegroom than Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie. Kate Landon was married to Henry Eaton.

SOLUTION.—Lieut. Atwood, was Henry Eaton.

The plot and the fictitious name had been contrived by Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie.

The climate and hardships of India had so changed Henry; his dress and manners were so altered, that Kate did not recognize him. After the wedding Kate received a diamond ring from Ann. She had made a new engagement; only renewed an old one.

FANNY.

AS many as that, to my knowledge, said Ann.

"Yes!" said Kate, "there was Will Harle."

He was such a wit, that I told him, that I would have him for the sake of laughing; but I soon got tired of his folly, and told him so. And Capt. Stanton, with such beautiful curling mustaches! I never liked him. I only engaged myself to him for the sake of teasing Pan Lawrence and Burwell. I don't know why I flirted with him, except because no one else offered himself just then. And there was Mr. Higgins, with such a beautiful hand and foot! I found he wore tight boots, and I would not have him. Who would? And young Simper, who looked so sentimental, and always talked of love and moonlight! I concluded he must be the man in the moon, and I should not like to live in moonshine always. And there was Wilmerton, who looked so silly, who never said anything worth mentioning in his life. But I never engaged myself to him. I flirted with him till he made me an offer, and then refused him. And Jenkins! Good reason why I refused him. The only question in my mind is why I ever engaged to marry him. And Simpson—his father was rich, but I found that he was stingy. There is a host of others, but I am tired. They call me a coquette but I don't care. I won't have any body I don't like; and if I find it out after I am engaged to them, I'll break off the match."

"I would not have any one I did not like either,

Kate; but why did you not mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue?" I thought he stood at the head."

"Because I did not want to, Ann. I don't like to speak with him of those fellows."

"But you were engaged to him, were you not?"

"Yes; we promised to have each other when we were children, and renewed the promise once a week regularly, until he went away."

"Why did you then break the engagement?"

"I should have thought it was so strong, no power on earth could have done it."

"I thought so once; but I have grown wiser. I have found by sad experience that vows are things of air."

"But you really loved Henry once?"

"Yes, and always have, and do yet."

"Why, what made you refuse him, then?"

"I did not refuse him, Ann. The fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was very wealthy; he had just returned from college, and frequently came to see me, tho' for nothing more than friendship, and because we were children together, as you yourself know. Henry was a little jealous; he hinted his suspicion to me. I was angry that he should suspect that I could love any one more than he, and especially that I loved him less because he was poor. I told him, in a pet that if he thought me so fickle, he could be released from all childish engagements. This only confirmed his suspicion; he left me. I received a letter of farewell from him. Where he went, I never knew. He has probably forgotten me, and given his heart to one more worthy of him; but I have not forgotten him, and never can.—They call me a heartless coquette; perhaps Henry does. I have not a coquette then, though I have been a coquette before. See that you keep that resolution," said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober conclusion.

"Oh! I'm in earnest. I am tired of hearing of broken hearts and dying lovers. There is no sense in it. I am tired of being called cruel and hard-hearted. I'll give no more occasions for silly words and sickening sonnets. I am really determined to take the veil."

"But, Kate, if you have loved no one but Henry Eaton, why have you so often promised to marry others?"

"Was it for the sake of breaking your promise?"