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POETRY.

HYMN.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Approach not the alter,
With gloom in thy soul;
Nor let thy feet falter
From terror's control!

God loves not the sadness
Of fear and distrust:
O serve him with gladness—
The Gentle, the Just!

His bounty is tender,
His being is love—
His smile fills with splendour
The blue arch above.

Confiding, believing,
O! enter always
"His courts with thanksgiving—
His portals with praise!"

Nor come to the temple
With pride on thy mem;
But lowly and simple,
In courage serend.

Bring meekly before Him
The faith of a child;
Bow down and adore Him,
With heart undefiled;

And "by the still waters,"
And through the green shade,
With Zion's glad daughters,
Thy path shall be made.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE LOST GLOVE.

A Story of Domestic Life.

BY MARIE C. SUBLETT.

Gathered around the large fireplace of an elegantly arranged parlor, one cold winter evening, were a group of interesting young people. They had been spending a social evening with the master and mistress of the mansion—Mr. Weston and his beautiful wife—who had recently taken up their residence in the village, and of whom little was known, except that he was a young physician, eminently handsome, with a dignified and impressive manner. The young being who was his wife had been the talk and admiration of the village ever since her arrival in it. Rather above the middle height, graceful and elegant, her manner was so fascinating that few could withstand its influence. Her beautiful hair was dark chesnut, and curled in natural ringlets over her neck and face. With a complexion of dazzling fairness, and so very changeable, that many thought it too pale, while others contended that the deep carnation which sometimes dyed her cheeks was unnatural, her eyes were so dark that it was but seldom their blue tint could be discerned.—Then the thrilling glance of those eyes revealed an intellect of great power, and a heart full of warm and passionate emotions.

If the reader is tired of admiring our worthy hostess, and wishes to know the subject of the animated conversation carried on in the parlor to which we have introduced him, his curiosity shall be gratified. It was love, courtship and marriage—subjects more generally interesting, we believe, than any other. Some of the younger ladies, professing profound ignorance on the subject of courtship had requested a widow lady of the company to enlighten them, and she had just given her experience, in which she related, laughingly, that the gentleman whom she married had been, unfortunately, so timid and bashful, that it required much encouragement and patience on her part to enable him at last to make a declaration.

"I am sure that will be my case," said a bashful young gentleman present. "If I loved ever so devotedly I do'nt think I could ever summon courage to tell my love to the object of it—no, never!" he repeated despairingly.

"Then you deserve to be an old bachelor all your life!" exclaimed a sparkling little beauty. A loud laugh followed this gay sally. Our bashful man blushed crimson, and the young lady continued, more seriously—"I do not agree with you, I think, if a warm attachment subsist between any two persons, nothing is more easy or natural than the expression of their feelings."

"I am just of your opinion," said Mrs. Weston, with a glance at her husband.

"Oh, Mrs. Weston," said the young lady, eagerly, "I am thinking your courtship must have been very interesting; you are so romantic, so beautiful, and so unlike others, that your love passages must have been very different from any thing we poor girls have any idea of. Now do relate it to us, my dear Mrs. Weston," continued the gay girl; "it will not only be intensely interesting, but it will be of use to a little unsophistocated creature like me."

This request was echoed by the whole company, but the lady playfully refused, until Dr. Weston said—"Suppose you relate it, Isabel; at least that part of which concerns the sleigh-ride."

Mrs. Weston laughed, blushed slightly, and consented. Her listeners disposed themselves to hear the relation of their beautiful friend, and she commenced:

"I was about seventeen when Frederic and I first met, and I believe our destiny was decided at the first glance. We did not see each other very often, nor did he pay me any particular attention, but I fancied that his manner was different when he addressed me, from what it was to others, and I was sure that when his eye met mine it expressed more than it did to any other. As yet, I did not acknowledge even to myself that I loved him, but my heart beat quicker when he approached. I trembled when he touched my hand.—Thus several months passed, and our love remained unexpressed, save by that beautiful language of the soul which no one that loves can repress.

"One evening I had promised to attend a large party with Frederic. I was already dressed and awaiting him, when a vehicle dashed up to the door, and in a few minutes Mr. Ashby, a young gentleman who had recently come into the neighborhood, and who was reputed wealthy, entered the room in which I was sitting. He came to request my company to the party; and when I replied that I was under an engagement to accompany another gentleman, he said, 'I regret it extremely, Miss Isabel; but may I ask who was so fortunate as to be before me?'

"I was conscious of blushing slightly, for his eyes were fixed eagerly on my face while I replied, 'Dr. Weston.'

"'Oh,' exclaimed Mr. Ashby, in a tone of vexation, 'I suppose we must all give up to Weston; *he* is privileged, at least with you.'

"'You are very much mistaken,' said I, considerably annoyed; 'Dr. Weston is no more to me than you or any other gentleman.'

"'Well,' replied Mr. Ashby, 'I suppose I must believe you, though report says the contrary. Now do, Miss Isabel, prove your words by going with me this evening; you would not hesitate, I am sure, if any other gentleman were concerned.'

"This provoked me again, and I began to waver, for I was very anxious to prove to Mr. Ashby and the world that I was perfectly indifferent to Dr. Weston. Mr. Ashby saw my hesitation, and took advantage of it.

"'Be generous for once, Miss Isabel,' said he, 'and consent; besides, I am sure, Weston has been prevented from coming, or he would have been here before; it is already late, and it will require an hour to drive there.'

"'Oh well,' said I, rising gaily, 'if you think so, I will go with you immediately.'

"In a few moments we were driving rapidly from the house. I was in high spirits. Conscious of acting ungenerously, I tried to banish my unpleasant thoughts by forced gayety.

"We had gone but a short distance when I saw a carriage approaching.

"'There is Weston after all,' exclaimed Mr. Ashby. 'Now, Miss Isabel, I shall discover the truth or falsity of those reports,' he continued, laughing. 'I shall watch you very closely as we pass.'

"'Do so,' said I, gaily; 'make use of all your penetration.'

"Before he could reply, we had passed the other carriage. Though we were driving very fast, Frederic's eye met mine, and such a look! It haunted me for long months after. Though I was very wretched, I believe I succeeded in appearing as usual during the ride; but my thoughts were so painfully interesting that they were indelibly impressed on my memory, while the frivolous conversation I carried on with Mr. Ashby has long since been forgotten.

"I determined to apologize to Frederic, for he might ascribe my conduct to unworthy motives. Mr. Ashby was very rich, and Frederic was poor, and withal immeasurably proud—he would never forgive me—and all for a thoughtless though foolish act, which I was so bitterly repenting. I was relieved when we arrived at our destination. I wished to escape from Mr. Ashby, whose company had become in a few moments hateful to me.

"I will not describe the weary passing of that long evening. I looked around the rooms in vain for Frederic—he was not there. When would I see him again?—perhaps never. The thought was agony, and I repressed it.

"During the next fine day I looked anxiously for him, but he came not. At last I heard that he had left the neighborhood, to be absent several months!

"For a whole week, which had seemed years, he had been the subject of every thought. I had firmly resolved, when I saw him again, to confess that I had acted wrongly; but *now* he was gone—if he cared for me, he would have forgiven so slight a transgression—pride come to my aid, and before the expiration of the term of his absence, I had persuaded myself that he was forgotten.

"After the lapse of about four months, I heard of Frederic's return, and, in spite of myself, my heart beat wildly at the thought of seeing him again; but I blushed for the momentary weakness, and determined, if I *must* meet him, to be as cold and unconscious as himself.

"After this we met frequently, and treated each other as common acquaintances. I always tried to be gay and thoughtless in his presence, but it was not so with him; he was more grave and serious than usual, and I fancied that he was very pale, and seemed in delicate health. The idea was confirmed one day by a careless word of a lady whom I heard telling my mother that Dr. Weston intended leaving for the South soon, as he had been threatened with consumption.

"*Then* I knew that I had been deceiving myself: that he was as dear to me as ever, and in the solitude of my own room I wept without restraint. I felt utterly desolate—all hope of reconciliation was over—and I must in reality forget the past—the bright and beautiful past!

"Winter was approaching, and a heavy fall of snow was the commencement of merry-making among the young people in the vicinity; sleigh rides without number, and that old fashioned amusement, quiltings, were all the rage. Several young ladies were staying with me, and we had been invited to a quilting at the house of a friend, some miles distant. Early in the morning, some of the beaux arrived in sleighs for us.—Dr. Weston was among them: a very unusual piece of gallantry for him—as he had almost entirely relinquished the company of ladies. After a gay discussion as to who were to occupy the different sleighs, and a thousand different opinions had been expressed, I found myself alone in a sleigh with Frederic!

"It had been so long since we had any intercourse with each other, that we were both embarrassed.—There was very little said by either of us, but I thought he was less cold to me than he had been since that fatal evening. Our conversation consisted in the most common-place remarks in the world—but then we were friends! Intoxicating thought! He had forgiven me! I knew it—I felt it—and when I sprang from the sleigh on arriving, I was the happiest being in the world. I am sure Mrs. Brown may thank Frederic for the small amount of work I accomplished that day: but fortunately same of the company proved themselves able quilters, for about dark it was finished, and then came the most delightful bustle imaginable—dressing, laughing and talking—for we were to have a regular ball that night. About eight o'clock we commenced, and danced till twelve. I will not attempt to describe the ball,—all of you have no doubt attended a country frolic of the kind.

"Most of us were to return home that night, as the moon shone so brightly on the snow, that it was as light as day and a thousand times more beautiful. I had just wrapt my shawl around me, and was ready to depart, when good Mrs. Brown, our hostess, came up to me.

"'Why Isabel,' said she, 'you are not going out this dreadful cold night, with nothing on your hands but them little gloves?' pointing to a pair which covered about half my hands.

"'Oh! Mrs. Brown, I shall not be cold,' I said hastily; 'I can keep my hands under my shawl.'

"'No, no,' replied the good lady, 'you must take mine,' and she gave me e pair of thick woollen gloves, in one of which I could have thrust both my hands.—She would take no refusal, and putting them on, I gave my hand to Frederic, and we soon left the door at a rapid pace. For some time neither of us spoke—I suppose we were admiring the beautiful effect of the moonlight on the glittering snow.

"We had not proceeded far when, I observed that Frederick wore no glove on the hand which held the reins—it was very cold, and at last I ventured to ask him why he wore no glove on that hand.

"'I must have dropped one of my gloves before we left the house,' he replied; 'but it makes no difference.'

"'Your hand must be very cold,' said I pityingly; 'take one of mine. Mrs. Brown would lend me these great thick things. I am sure they are large enough for you or any one else,' said I, laughing; and, drawing off one, I handed it to him.

"'Oh of course I would not deprive you of it,' he replied, with a glance which sent every drop of blood to my heart; and you must know that glances in the moonlight are very different from glances any where else.

"'Indeed, you must take it!' I said; 'you are obliged to expose your hand in driving, and mine will be sufficiently protected by my shawl—now do take it: I shall be offended if you do not.'

"'Nothing could be more dreadful to me than your anger,' he replied, in a soft low voice, 'but I cannot take it!' Then smiling, he continued—'except on one condition.'

"'What can it be?' said I raising my eyes to his; but there was something in their expression which caused me to turn mine away.

"'That you will permit me to clasp that little hand, which I deprive of its covering,' said he, in a thrilling voice.

"I could scarcely speak, but pretending to think him in jest, I said, smiling:

"'But I am really in earnest; you must take the glove: I ask it as a favor.'

"'I too am in earnest,' he said; 'I will wear it on one condition.'

"I was almost dying with vexation—it would be unmaidenly—improper to accept his condition—I could not do it! Then his hand it would certainly be frozen! For some moments I hesitated—but his poor hand looked so blue and cold that I could not refuse. I handed him the glove with downcast eyes, and a burning blush on my cheeks. Frederick clasped my hand with a look of ineffable tenderness, saying:

"'Forgive me, Isabel—and"——

Mrs Weston ceased.

"Go on! go on!" cried several voices.

Oh! no," exclaimed the interesting story teller; "I can tell you no more! Frederick may tell the rest."

But Frederick begged to be excused, and the young people were obliged to content themselves with an unfinished story.

FRONTIER LIFE.

THE LOST CHILD.

We doubt whether, among the whole catalogue of fiction and mawkish tales—got up and paid for by the publishers to the hired contributors—can be found within the embossed and gilded covers of the numerous annuals which adorn the parlor tables of our fashionables, a single fiction of such simple and thrilling interest as the following account of the hunt for a "Lost Child," by a correspondent of the St. Louis Weekly Gazette—in one of the frontier settlements of the West:

About ten o'clock in the morning, was head a loud shout at the gate—"Ho! Mr. W., ho!" "What's wanting?" "O'Larry's boy is lost—little Johnny!" This was enough to secure a father's aid; and on he rode to shout the same at every door he passed. Little Johnny! said I, and my heart burst forth at the very sound. He was a fair and lovely child, Johnny, and had a gentle and affectionate mother, with an ardent and sacrificing love which few mothers ever feel. His father was a bold hunter—his horses and hound and rifle had more of his heart than all the world besides; but little Johnny nestled there; indeed he was a great pet with the neighbors, and won more caresses and more sympathy than all the rest of the children together.

Such appeals are always sovereign; but few, perhaps, have ever met with a more quick or general response—every body turned out—the news flew like lightning; and men and boys for ten miles around came to assist in the search, while women and children were running to and fro, and hailing every passer by, to learn the progress of the work. Never before, I may dare say, was there such a neighborly union as now prevaded the motley mass—the same gush of sympathy, the same fearful apprehension, and the same images of death and wo, prevaded every home and heart. It seemed as if one vast cloud of gloom enwrapped the region round, from which shone out, in lurid glare, and to which every eye was turned, and every pulse beat true—the lost child!

Little Johnny was about four years old; he had been out in the field with his father and the black man, who were harvesting corn—had filled his little bag with roasting ears, and had started for home about two o'clock, P. M. On returning at night, they ascertained that the child had never been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given; some 15 or 20 neighbors took their horns and commenced the search.—The corn, where he was first seen, was the first object, of course; here they took single rows and scoured the field in vain. They then scattered through the wood—the fantic father often calling out in a voice of thunder:

"Ho! John—ho! John—O, John!" Then fearing the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle, winning tone of the fire-side—"Johnny, Johnny, my dear, father's come?"

It was a cloudy evening; and though, perhaps, he had never bowed the knee "before Jehovah's awful throne," he prayed—O how earnestly he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The air was damp and chilly, so that if the child were alive, with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the wolves! ah, this was the fear, this the terror, which all felt, none dared to breathe. A wolf had been prowling around the premises—indeed, they had a common path across the prairie—and the point were several beside myself had heard the cries of distress, was a famous haunt for them; even in the midst of their anxious search, a distant growl would now and then burst upon the ear picturing forth the den, the cubs, the ——

The dogs were very eager in the field, especially the wolf dogs. Winder, one, of the best, would run no other trail. O'Larry knew this, and watched with intense anxiety; his every move. He scents—he scents—he runs; "Oh, my God, he's got my boy!" He leaps from his horse, he sees the foot prints of his own dear Johnny in the gopher hill by his side—he tracks him to the wood, and off from Winder's trail—ah, he breathes again!

The search was continued till midnight, when a part thought best to relieve their horses and wait for daylight to begin afresh. But the father with three of his hunting friends, who had resolved not to eat or sleep till they had found the boy, still kept on—sometimes riding, sometimes walking—calling and shouting if for no other purpose than to keep the wolves at pay. At length they stationed themselves within hearing distance of each other, and sat down to protect the child, or rush to his rescue, in case they should hear him attacked, to watch until the morning.

At early dawn, about 50 new horsemen arrived and the search commenced anew. The field was examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt, as he had been there three successive days. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf woods, the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his bag dragged along by his side. Here the father's anguish anew, as the fears of the preceding night were justified and corroborated. They now egreed to take a station of about 15 roads abreast, go up one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of the extensive area farther than he could possibly have travelled, had been explored. They had completed one side, and were returning, when the signal was given—Johnny was found! The noisy shouting, and repeated beals of the hunter's winding horns, soon grouped the solemn cavalcade.

But O'Larry, though foremost in the hunt, fell back at the first note of the summoning horn, nor did he speak a word, or scarcely breathe, till he snatched his own true Johnny from the arms of his delighted bearer, and pressed him with a frantic fondness to his own bursting breast. The dear boy was found about two miles from home in a thicket of hazel, picking filberts with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy, and when asked where he was going, said he was going home, but it was so *far*. He said he hadn't seen any body, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid; that he ran till he was very tired, and then he laid his head down on his bag and cried—that while he was crying, he saw a big carriage go by with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning) and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep. He seemed amazed to see so many around him, and all so glad to see him.

A SCENE WORTH CONSIDERING

Years ago the office of the old Gazette was in Hanover Square, near the corner of Pearl street.—It was a place or resort for news and conversation especially in the evening. The evening of February 15, 1815, was cold and at a late hour only Alderman Cebra and another gentleman, were left with father Lang the genius of the place.—The office was about being closed, when a pilot rushed in and stood for a moment so entirely exhausted as to be unable to speak. 'He has great news!' exclaimed Mr. Lang. Presently the pilot, gasping for breath, whispered intelligibly 'Peace! peace!' The gentlemen lost their breath as fast as the pilot gained his. Directly the pilot was able to say, 'An English sloop of war is below, with news of a treaty of peace.' They say that Mr. Lang exclaimed in greater words than he ever used before or after. All hands rushed into Hanover Square, crying 'Peace! PEACE PEACE!'—The windows flew up, for families lived there then. No sooner were the inmates sure of the sweet sound of peace, than the windows began to glow with brilliant illuminations. The cry of 'peace! peace! peace!' spread through the city at the top of all voices. No one stopped to enquire about 'free trade and sailors rights.' No one enquired whether even the national honor had been preserved. The matters by which politicians had irritated the nation into war, had lost all their importance. It was enough that the ruinous war was over. An old man on Broadway, attracted by the noise to his door, was seen to pull down immediately a placard, 'To let,' which had been long posted up. Never was there such joy in the city. A few evenings after there was a general illumination, and although the snow was a foot deep and soaked with rain yet the streets were crowded with men and women, eager to see and partake of everything which had in it the sight or taste of peace.

[Jour. Com.

LONG FACED PEOPLE.

We find the following remarks in Willis's Mirror. If they serve to shorten the length of some lugubrious visage, or impart a bright and cheerful air to some sad and sallow face, they will fill the space they occupy:

"Why are we Americans (as a nation) so grave a people? Walk the streets and a large majority of the persons you meet are alike solemn and sallow. They look as if they had just risen from the perusal of "Blair's Grave," or the "Elegy." In vain nature smiles upon them. They return it not—their eyes court the ground—their faces are filled with untimely wrinkles—their gait is rapid and awkward—their features gaunt and spectral; their voices husky and uncomfortable, and their conversation quite unembroidered with wit or humor. Follow these people to their homes—still all is murky—they bend frowningly over the newspapers—they neither dance nor sing, nor frolic—they drive all gaiety from their wives and children, and make their domestic life as dull and senseless as one of Lillo's tragedies. Why is this? Is life a heavier burden here than elsewhere? Are we cursed with a dismal climate or sterile soil? Have we no business to do, or is our labor without reward? Gratitude forbids that we should say so. Nature has been most bounteous to us; she has given us a land as full of beauty and grandeur, as it is of all the elements of wealth. Fairer skies never canopied mortals. Our lakes are seas; our rivers run their thousand leagues unwearied; our waterfalls sing their ceaseless song in the forest; our mountains are worthy of the valleys they protect; the rainbow hues of autumn are our peculiar boon; the earth yields us a hundred fold; we blush when we gather in returns so disproportionate to our labors. Our ancestors, too, have been most liberal to us. They have given us a good government and a good name. We are also blessed with minds naturally active and inventive, and kept in perpetual play by the freedom of our institutions. No other nation has such a mass of intellect in constant employment.

Why, then, are we so unhappy, thus surrounded by all the materials of happiness? Is not the simple truth thus: we pervert our powers and abuse our privileges; we place our affections upon the wrong object;—we utterly mistake the true prizes of life—we pass by nature, art, love, friendship, faith, and bow the knee to mammon; we idolize it; we erect costly temples to its honor, and on its altars we sacrifice health, character, our wives, our children. To be rich, or to be thought rich, is, with too many of us, the sole, exclusive, all-engrossing object of our lives. Thus the heart contracts, the affections droop and wither; no tears water them, no smiles warm them. Home becomes a dreary; and it loses its Sabbaths and its holidays. The muses and the graces abandon it. Its songs and its festivities, its hymns and prayers depart from it. Love and faith flee affrighted from its threshhold. Sullenness, frowns, taunts, reproaches, these are its inmates. Its fireside becomes one constant scene of jealousy, conspiracy and strife, till at last we almost long for death, to break up and destroy a place so depraved and perverted.

We will not dwell on so gloomy a picture, but simply ask is wealth worth such fearful sacrifice? What honest heart can hesitate in its reply?

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