POETRY.

Original.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALBUM.

BY JONAS B. PHILPS.

'Tis said that a Spirit of beauty and light
Once vow'd over earth she would merrily roam;
Then spreading her pinions all glittering bright
Clear'd the air in her fanciful search of home.

Away over mountain and valley she sped
Until a fair garden first bloom'd on her sight.
Where flowers their odors ambrosial spread,
Her senses to charm and her vision delight.

"Who dwells in this scene of enchantment," she cried;
When a form of dignity rose to her view,
And presenting a garland fresh-gather'd, replied
"'Tis Poesy, sends this sweet tribute to you.'

The Spirit then roam'd thro' the bowers and groves,
Where Music and Minstrelsy lighten'd the hours:
Till again on light wing, thro' the ether she roves,
From Poetry's garden of sunshine and flowers.

Next to groves where Antiquity's sages repos'd,
Away the gay spirit, then rapidly flew,
Where the legends and learning of old were disclos'd
And mentally mirror'd, the *Past* did she view.

Then soaring again, thro' the ambient air,
To the Bowers of Fancy, she hastened her flight,
And listen'd enchanted while revelling there,
To legends of love, and the war-tales of knight.

Again were her pinions outspread to the air,
When a spirit angelic, enchanted her sight;
Her wings were of azure and golden her hair,
And her brow was encircled with halos of light.

Addressing the wandering Spirit, she said,
"I am Friendship,—o. heaven divine, is my birth,
So quickly thy wings on the ether outspread,
And hasten for me, on a mission to earth.

"Take this volume, whose pages unsullied and white
Are emblems of Innocence, Virtue and Youth;
And here bid my votaries faithfully write
Their tributes, to friendship, Affection and Truth."

"I'll obey," then the Spirit of beauty replied,
And already I've garlands to hang on the shrine,
For the gifts I have gather'd I'll gladly divide
And each shall appear on these pages divine."

"'Tis well," answered Friendship as swiftly to earth
Her messenger flew with the volume of youth;
Affection's own tribute, to virtue and worth,
And the Spirit that lights it, the Spirit of Truth.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Virginia Republican.

THE MARRIAGEABLE MAN.

BY HOMER.

"I'll set my cap for him."

What an enviable personage is the marriageable man He lives in an atmosphere of smiles. He walks in the sunshine of love: and flowers grateful to the eye, and fragrant to the smell, spring up along his path. A thousand radiant eyes, with much of wishfulness in their gaze, are turned upon him. Whenever he may go among the other sex, he is certain of a warm welcome. His society is equally courted by the matron and the maid. The mother courts him for her daughter, whom she is desirous of seeing "well settled in the world" The daughter fixes upon her countenance a most amiable expression; imparts to her blushing cheek a *stolen* hue; gives prominence to features, never intended by Divine Nature to stand out "in bold relief!" borrows from some inhabitants of another sphere, a voice that cannot fail by its angelic sweetness, to captivate the marriageable man: and thus furnished and equipped for the conquest, she makes a demonstration upon him. Thus enjoying the attention of the old lady and the daughter, how can he fail to be the happiest of men? And if the good graces of the mother and daughter are lavished upon him, he is sure also of that of the father and the sons. Indeed, all are his friends. From the old grandmama, who smokes her pipe in one corner, to her cotemporary, the tabby cat, who washes her face in the other. Why really, he must be a very modest man, not to feel himself more at home in the house of the marriageable girl, than the master of the concern himself. Every look he gives, is met with a smile! Every word he utters is a pearl! Every joke he cracks is a sparkle of wit! Every opinion he utters, is on all hands conceded to be worthy of a Solomon!

Is he a poet! every young lady in the circle of his acquaintance, sends her Album to have him write "a piece" in her own praise. "Oh! he writes so sweetly!" say they.

"Play a tune for Mr. Meredith, Oliva," says the mother.

Olivia assumes an abashed look, glances at Mr. M. and says, "ma, I can't play before so good a judge of music."

"Yes do play, Miss Olivia, and your sisters. Miss Emma and Felicina, will sing an accompaniment."

"Oh! please excuse me, Mr. Meredith, I never sing," said Emma.

"And me, too, I have a cold, a-hem! a-hem!" coughed Felicina.

"Come girls, none of your excuses," says the mother, rising from her seat, and standing very affectionately near Mr Meredith, "you can all sing and play, and as Mr. M. has asked you, he must not be denied."

"Well, Olivia, commence playing," say the other two, "we'll try our best."

Mr. M. smiled to himself at the flattering thought, that the young ladies were delighted at the opportunity of playing for him, and folding his arms, straightened himself up in his chair, throwing back his head and closing his eyes, as if in the mere anticipation of the sweet strains was exercising a magnetic influence over him he listens.

The young ladies select with nice discrimination, and with touching sweetness:

Thou, Thou, reign'st in this bosom,
There, There, hast thou thy throne," &c.

And though the music lies before them on the piano, tis strange to see their glances wandering from it, to the face of Mr. Meredith; they are reading there, lines and notes, and bars of far deeper import; and if in the expression of his countenance they read approbation, if they see a smile playing around his manly lips, they *all* regard it as a sign of personal conquest! and then the trembling keys of the sweet-toned instrument vibrate more powerfully, and more meltingly; and the voice tones swell out more richly, and fade away with falsetic sweetness right into the *heart* of the enchanted marriageable man; and with a potency irresistable, the question,

"Am I not fondly thine own?"

comes home to his affections, and he feels like claiming all the dear creatures as his "own" but then, it recurs to him that he can have but one, and his mind is immediately filled with sorrow in contemplating the disappointment that must necessarily ensue to those he cannot take; for he knows they all have equal hopes of him. The music ended, he expresses in enthusiastic terms his admiration; the young ladies apologise for the many defects in the execution of the piece, the mother smiles, and they all look with so much amiability upon the marriagable man, that he almost imagines himself the very essence of perfection.

In walks Mr. Henpeck, a worthy neighbor, blessed with a partner full his *equal*, and a host of "little responsibilities"—Mark the difference of the reception he meets with No smiles encounter his gaze, the young ladies never take their eyes off the *marriageable* man to greet him. A cold formal "How do you do, Mr. Henpeck," is all that is said to the "man of family," whilst the man in the "*market*" continues to bask in a shower of smiles—The marriageable man takes leave of the ladies They retire to their chamber, and if the bed curtains could be endowed with the power of those who wield the "gray goose quill," they might "a tale unfold," of warm disputation, as to the strongest claim of each respective lady, for empire over the heart of the marriageable man We know not that the loss of much ink would be reported, but the spilling of many words; the absence of certain tender intonations of the voice intended for the edification of the marriageable man; the laying aside of particular expressive emotions, only exhibited for his benefit, and the disrobing of some extra appandages, worn for the eye of Mr. Meredith, would certainly be disclosed

Oh! the marriageable man, how enviable his lot! What a sceptre he wields! What an influence he exerts. How exquisite in the estimation of the other sex, how genteel in deportment What lady could help loving him? Is he a preacher? What crowds of the other sex, perceive his powers of oratory, and flock to hear his ministrations? Is he a lawyer? He advises his client with so much grace, and sympathy and elegance! Is he a merchant? He selects his goods with such exquisite taste, and is so very polite. He bears with patience any amount of "jewing" without a murmer. He pulls down half the goods in his store, and after assuring me of every article that it is the finest, and handsomest and cheapest in the city: if I only buy a fip-penny-bit spool of cotton, or a row of pins, he smiles complacently and seems to be fully rewarded for the revolution of silks and calicoes which has taken place, and if I speak of the tumbling I have caused his goods, with such a winning smile, "Oh, it is no trouble at all Miss, it's in my line of business"

Oh, the marriageable men are nice things and so are the marriageable women.

But let us look at him, after he is "snapt up" Is he the same paragon of excellence? The same patron of every noble principle, and manly virtue? Is his name the theme of female conversation, around every tea-table? Are the ladies all asking each other, "when did you see Mr Meredith? how does he look? whose pew did he sit in on last Sunday night?" &c. No, no! He scarcely gets out of wedding good, before he is doomed to forgetfulness. And if the ladies meet him they look at him with an every-day look, and speak to him with a voice of their own, and not the borrowed look, and voice, which meet him when a marriageable man!

"Oh, ye marriageable men, if you wish to lose your influence and be robbed of your popularity among the young ladies—get married. Get married—and the sunny rays which now from many bright eyes light upon your path, will be eclipsed! Get married, and the blooming flowers, which here and there smile upon you, will wither and shrink away from you! Get married; but the joys that matrimony will *substitute* for the bliss you may lose; we will not declare to you so long as you are a "Marriageable man!"

THE WIND—BY PHAZMA.

A child once said to its father as it felt the play of the morning breeze through its waving ringlets, 'Father, where does the wind come from?'

'From Heaven,' said the father.

'And where does it go to?'

'It goes back to Heaven again, my child, and again to Earth returns It is the breath of the Great Spirit of beneficence, from whom we receive all happiness and all joy. Changing seasons are ordained to make the Earth happy and beautiful for us, and then we are breathed upon as is most conducive to our good. Have you not sometimes wished it would be always summer?'

"Yes, father.'

'And at another time sighed that winter were not always?'

'Yes, father.'

'Then you must see that the ruler of the seasons knows better than yourself what is best for you, as your own wishes were inconsistent.'

'Yes, father; I see now.'

'The wind, my dear son—the far-forming spirit of the wide universe—is ever near us and hovering o'er us. It kisses the sick man's temple, and the suffering invalid lifts up his eyes in hope. It plays with the breathing of the sinless infant, and weaves smiles on its dimpled cheek. It is the essence of life and breath, and you, my boy, are now inhaling it You know you did not make it, yet you feel that it is necessary for your very life, that without you would fall down and expire; then, where does the wind come from, son?'

'From Heaven, father.'

'Yes from Heaven; and it comes to bless the Earth. Were there no wind, my son, this beautiful world would be a void and stagnant waste and your arched sky, now so magnificently adorned by the rising sun, would change to some wild and strange confusion.'

'Does not the wind whisper, father?"

'Yes, child; you may learn to converse with it, and it shall tell of its errand on *E*arth. Pause when the lonely airs are calling stilly music from leaf and bough in a summer even-time, watch as the stars peep forth, and the wind shall whisper to your heart of Heaven.'

'Does not the wind howl, father?'

'Yes, boy; and then it tells the grandeur and the might of Omnipotence. If you have learned to joy in its balmy breathing, you must also know the great strength and glory of the wind. Is it not wonderful, my son? Even as this infant rivulet beneath us (upon which that dancing sunbeam has just alighted piercing the leafy forest shade above,) rolls on and on, miles, leagues, and far away, still swelling, rising, deepening, until it plunges into the vast desert of water that rolls around the globe, so can this gentle west wind now so soft, rouse into louder voice start into rage and terror and fright the land and lash the ocean with the tornado's wild and shrieking angel.'

'It is wonderful, father!'

'And it is wise, my son; and we must believe, though we may not understand why it is so Yes; the wind, now sporting with the leaves around, may tear these rooted trees from the firm earth, drive them like feathers along the land, dash off the mountain cone, and whirl it into the vale, prostrate cities, and turn the course of seas! It is wonderful!'

'Wonderful, father!'

'Then, where does the wind come from, my son!'

'From Heaven, father!'—V. *Republican.*

DESPOSITION AND EXCOMMUNICATION.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Newark N. J., held on the 10th inst., charges were preferred against Nathaniel *E.* Johnson of unministerial and unchristian conduct.

1st. In the use of intoxicating drinks to the extent of actual drunkenness

2d. In attending the Theatre in the city of New-York at several different times, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

3d. Of gross licentiousness.

Mr. Johnson having expressed his desire to forego the formalities of a regular process of trial, and having pleaded guilty to each of the charges above specified, the Presbytery resolved, unanimously, that he be deposed from the office of the gospel ministry and excommunicated from the communion of the Christian church.

E. SEYMOUR, S. Clerk.

The above will be received with astonishment and pain by the Christian public. The individual whose melancholly fall is thus officially announced, was formerly known as Editor of the New York Evangelist, and his views on the great moral questions of the day have therefore been fully given to the world. For some time past he has had a pastorial charge in the State of New-Jersey We feel that it is proper for us in recording the deposition of this individual, to refer briefly to some facts in the history of the case that will be of value to those who are accustomed to look seriously into the causes and relations of such deplorable events.

1. He has been distinguished for many years as a leader in those measures which we mentioned last week as tending almost universally to corrupt the moral sensibilities of those engaged in them. In the pulpit, on the platform, and in the press, he has been one of the loudest in their advocacy, while those who have sought more judicious and scriptural means to promote moral reforms, have been denounced as behind the age.

2. During a long series of years, he has been living in the most abandoned licentiousness, frequenting the brothels of the city, and indulging freely in the most loathsome vice. The history of this case can never be written, and we refer to these painful facts, only that we may place before our readers one of the most awful warnings that the annals of apostacy have ever furnished.

3: He is unable to refer to the period when he first fell into profligate vice, so gradual has been his course through the various stages of his apostacy. Indulging in the perusal of licentious books, neglecting the private duties of a Christian, giving scope to an erratic fancy, dallying with temptation, making occasional and afterwards free use of intoxicating drinks, visiting places of amusement where Christians should never be found, and afterwards haunts where the foulest vice and the deepest shame seek a hiding place and home, he has gone down step by step to the very lowest depths of degredation crushing the hearts of his family, blasting the happiness of those who looked up to him as an example and guide, filling the church with amazement and grief, and the world with new occasion for reproach and scorn. In this *allusion* to some of the *points* only, in this painful case, the reader may find a solemn lesson of admonition for himself. The neglect of the closet, the indulgence of wandering desires, the perusal of improper books, may be facts in the present history of some who are now reading these lines: and if there is any force in the divine words of caution, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," the record we have now made must give to it a pungency and solemnity that no *preaching* can increase.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE WAY TO ESCAPE MANY OF THE HARD THUMPS OF LIFE.

YOU mention your being in your seventy-eighth year; I am in my seventy-ninth. We are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston; but I remember well; both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father, was in the beginning of 1724 when *I* visited him, after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library; and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as *I* withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop!" I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me:—"You are young, and have the world before you:—stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high.—*Franklin.*

A Shocking Bad Character.—A young woman, brought before the Boston police, alleged, in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with "all the lawyers in New York." She was instantly committed for six months—*Bro. Jonathan.*

Maryland Historical Society

The Maryland State Colonization Society Papers

XII. Newspapers
B. Liberia Herald

February 1842(XI,4)--February 18,1857(n.s. VII,4)

1846

NEW SERIES NO 1