POETRY.

Hymns sung at the celebration on the twenty fourth.

Tune Bermondsdy

Paraphrased by B. F. Yates.

Liberia 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land for our children's pride
From all that on our side
Let freedom ring.

Adopted country thee,
Land of the feeble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy wild and scattered hills,
My heart with rapture fills,
Where'er I rove.

Let music swell the breeze
Ring from the wild wood trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let every tonge awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let hills their silence break;
The song prolong.

Our nations, God to thee
Giver of liberty—
To Thee we sing.
O let our land be bright
With liberty and light,
Protect us by thy might
Great God our King.

Oh may our rulers be
Men that will worship Thee
With hearts sincere;
Our land and cause defend
Our Father and our friend:
Let us before Thee bend
Lord hear our prayer.

Tune Coronation.

Lines by Mrs. C. Ellis.

Lord of the nations now to Thee
Liberia we commend;
Be Thou her keeper, ever be
Her guardian and her Friend.

We bless Thee that our eyes have seen
The day star on us rise:
Our fathers' prayers and toils have been
As incense in the skies.

O guard us Lord from every foe:
With peace and plenty bless:
That all our race indeed may know
This is a land of rest.

Unite us in a band of love—
Of wisdom, truth and Thee;
And let Liberia ever prove
Worthy of Liberty.

Tune Olivet.

Lines by H. Teage.

Wake every tune ul string,
To God loud praises bring;
Wake heart and tongue!
In strains of melody,
And chorus harmony,
Sing for the oppress'd are free!
Wake cheerful song.

See Mesurado's height!
Illumed with new-born light
Lo the lone star:
Now it ascends the skies,
Lo the deep darkness flies!
While new born glories rise
And shine afar.

Shine life creating ray!
Proclaim approaching day;
Throw wide thy blaze;
Lo savage Hottentot—
Bosjesman from his cot—
And nations long forgot
Astonish'd gaze.

Shout the loud Jubilee'
Afric once more is free
Break forth with joy;
Let Nimi' fettered tongue,
Let Niger's join the song,
And Congo's loud and long
Glad strains employ.

Star in the east shine forth!
Proclaim a nation's birth:
Ye nations hear!
This is our natal day;
And we our homage pay,
To Thee O Lord we pray—
Lord hear our prayer.

All hail Liberia! hail!
Favour'd of God all hail!
Hail happy Land!
From virtue ne'er remove:
By peace, and truth, and love—
And wisdom from above
So shalt thou stand.

Tune Sabbath.

Lines by James S. Payne.

'Tis but right that we should bring
Our best praises to our King,
To the God of equal love,
Who hath call'd us from above
None besides Him have we here.
With Him none to us so dear
He hath seen our helpless state
In his time vouchsafed us aid.

By his guidance we have come
To the land of freedom's sons,
Land where our ancestors lie,
Land bequeathed us from on high.
Here with ease and joy we meet
Worship at our Saviour's feet:
Give we him the tribute due
And devote our hearts anew.

Love of liberty brought us here—
Nothing to our hearts so dear:
Here thank God we find the Gem,
None for us with us contend.
Hence O Lord we Thee adore.
It becomes us to do so:
May we ne'er unfaithful be
Never turn our hearts from Thee.

O thou God of nations all,
Here when'er we on thee call:
May this young Republic be
Mindful of her trust in Thee.
Bless, preserve and her defend;
Knowledge skill and virtue send;
Let from her the gospel light
Pierce the gloom of Afric's night

Doxology.

Glory be to the Father, Glory be to the Son,
Glory be to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now,
And ever shall be; world without end. Amen

MISCELLANEOUS

THE SOCIETY OF FOUR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Somewhere in——state, and in a school that shall be nameless, where my young ideas taught to shoot. I will say, in justice to my teachers, all of whom are exemplary and respectable ladies, that if in this present time, and in the dim future, said ideas do not take right aim, or in any way fail to hit the mark, the faulties of my own door.

Our seminary was in "a perfect love" of a situation—in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds, near a silvery stream, and overlooked by towering hills. I am sure no one can fail to recognize it by this graphic description.

We were very happy there, we girls; for Providence blessed us with teachers almost wholly exempt from the too common faults of persons in their exalted station. I, of course, mean severity—principles sternly upright, and those mistaken and unreasonable ideas, that the freeborn spirit of young ladies in their teens, must be curbed by the sober hum-drum rules of propriety. We had pretty much our own way, until our parents or guardians found it out, and then, alien to the classic shades of——seminary! By the way, it is my private opinion, that the system of subduing the wills, and making mental machines of the intellects of *faire maydens*, in our pattern seminaries, is the great, lamentable cause of their being such spiritless, submissive wives, in after years. I am convinced that there is an alarming conspiracy formed by fathers and guardians, to patronize only such institutions. Kate Richmond, the liveliest and most charming of brunnettes, secretary; Mag Melton, a rich southron's daughter, treasurer; and Grace Greenwood, whose beauties and excellencies, are they not written in the heart-book of those who knew her? private member; for being of a modest turn myself, I felt a blushing unwillingness to be honored with any office

We had a constitution, which stated that the objects of the society should be *fun* first, *fun* last, *fun* always. We bound ourselves to keep nothing in the least degree laughable from one another; and that in order to have every joke or amusing occurrence, *new* we would be close to all the world, but open as day to the society. A heavy fine was the penalty for a stale piece of pleasantry. The funds of the Society were to be appropriated to buying presents to bribe monitresses, to connive at egresses and ingresses and to purchase nice things of the cook, (a most obliging woman,) for refreshment, after our arduous labours. The times of meeting were to be as often as we had opportunity; and last, we pledged ourselves over a glass of lemonade never to betray one another, but to assist in any piece of practical witchcraft, where assistance was required; and to avenge singly or collectively, any affront offered to either of us.

Immense capabilities for all sorts of fun and nonsense, we found this secret society to possess. As just the right spirits were first engaged in it, those who were impressed with its value, and devoted to its interests, it succeeded admirably for one entire term; but a vote having been passed to admit some three or four others to its honours and privileges, it happened mysteriously that soon after they were let *in*, the important sayings and doings of the society were let *out*; and it fell, and "what a fall was there, my country" women!

Our principal was a widow, with one fair son, a promising youth of nineteen or twenty. Well, in the palmiest days of the society, young Hal came to spend a college vacation with his "ma." He showed himself to be, from the first, that sad creature, that pitiable piece of unfinished manhood—*a dandy!* But the partial mother evidently doated on the lad. She made a grand party for him and introduced him to all her pupils who were beauties or heiresses. When he had honoured our seminary with his ethereal presence three weeks, one of our number being monitress, the society met in my room.

While Secretary Richmond was reading her report, I, who had just commenced Euclid was puzzling over my lesson for the morning, the never-to-be-forgotten "fifth proposition." The report ceased, and still I kept at my book, stumbling along over the 'dunce bridge," when I was roused by hearing the silver voice of Mag Melton, addressing the presidentess thus—"I beg leave to state, in the way of fun and business, that *I have received a bona fide offer of marriage.*' Love before mathematics, for ever! Away to one of the right angles of the room sped Euclid cutting the air in a horizontal line, and springing up with a you-don't-says-o? sort of expression of face, I drew my chair into the semicircle by the window.

Mag then made known that Master Hal had proposed, in form professing the warmest admiration of her, but, oddly enough, not mentioning her fortune. As the young gentleman was what Kate Richmond called "a little softy," we guessed his declaration was something quite laughable" but were sadly disappointed when Mag averred that he really woed in such elegant and poetical language, that he had not been guilty of burlesquing the tender delicacy of our sex, by dandyism she could never have pierced his heart with the cruel "no!" which flew from her lips like a bullet from a rose-bud!"

In less than a week, the learned society again met, and we were electrified to receive a similar announcement from our persidentess! Ay, from the Honorable Sal Stevens herself! The indomitable Hal had made her a declaration which, as well as she was able to judge, was the same *verbatim et tueratim*, which he had before made to our little treasurer. Alas! bullet the second had whizzed through his devoted heart!

A few evenings from this, I was sitting rather late, in my little dove house of a room penning an examination composition, on "the sublime and beautiful," ever and anon threading my fingers through my curls, and gently irritating the organ of ideality, when my door opened, softly, and the officers of the society entered, in pursuance of a call for a special meeting.

"Monsieur Tonson come again!" Kate Richmond reported that the declaration of love which the presidentess stated she had received, sounded to her, Kate Richmond, rather familiar, she, on reaching her room, drew Bulwer's last novel from under her pillow, and found said declaration in a certain love speech of the gallant hero. Kate has presentments sometimes, and put the book, which was in pamphlet form, in her pocket. On the fourth day, while walking in the seminary grounds, she was joined by the great rejected, who then and there made her an offer of his hand, and what heart he had left. He went on with his set speech, smoothly and glibly for a while, but getting lightly embarrassed towards the end, by the fixed gaze of the lady's round black eyes, Kate leisurely drew forth the novel, and opening at the declaration scene with a half arch, half innocent smile playing around her lips, said demurely, "suffer me to prompt you sir!"

He bowed and vanished! No, I am not sure he stayed to bow, but I am sure he vanished—for the first things we saw on our way down to breakfast the next morning were his travelling trunks in the hall, and the stage rumbled away from the door soon after.

Ah Hylas! sweet youth! He had been borne down the tide of love, by two mischievous nymphs, and then left to float prone! The last was evidently "the unkindest shot of all;" his poor little heart was quite riddled. The thanks of the society were voted to Kate Richmond for furnishing the best joke in its annals. I of course did not refuse my vote, though, to tell the truth, slightly provoked at Kate, for exposing the fellow so soon, and thus preventing me from sharing in the triumph of my roguish friends a triumph seldom exactly displeasing to the heart feminine—and thereby capping the climax to the discomfiture of a vain and assuming coxcomb.

YOUTH.

IT has been often said, that the season of youth is the season of pleasure; but this can only be true in savage countries, where but little preparation is made for the perfection of human nature, and where the mind has but a very small part in the enjoyment. It is otherwise in those places where nature is carried to the highest pitch of refinement, in which this season of the greatest sensual delight is wisely made subservient to the succeeding, and more rational one of manhood. Youth, with us, is but a scene of preparation; a drama, upon the right conduct of which all future happiness is to depend. The youth who follows his appetites, too soon seizes the cup, before it has received its best ingredients; and, by anticipating his pleasures, robs the remaining parts of life of their share; so that his eagerness only produces a manhood of imbecility, and an age of pain.

ACCIDENTAL MEETINGS

ACCIDENTAL meetings, though they happen every day seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite, before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply,

SLAVERY.—At the recent Loco-Foco Convention in the First Congressional District of New Hampshire, Mr. Winthrop T. Marston, a delegate from Somersworth introduced a set of resolutions concerning Slavery, &c. similar to those offered by Mr. Barstow, to the State Convention. They were unceremoniously dismissed, and the mover was told to take them elsewhere.

ANECDOTE.

In the relation which the much lamented traveller Park gives of his first journey to Africa, he has exhibited a striking example of the good effect of Christian forbearance even among uncivilized men, in the following anecdote:—"After having passed through the greatest distresses he arrived at the village of Song, where the people refused to receive him within the gate, though the country was infested with lions. Here Mungo Park with much difficulty; as it is related, collected grass for his horse and lay down under a tree near the gate; but being soon roused by the roar of a lion, which advanced so near to him that he heard him rustling among the grass, he immediately climbed the tree for safety. The inhabitants, who having believed him to be a Moor, would not admit him, notwithstanding the danger that threatened him, till midnight, when convinced of the error they opened the gates declaring that no Moor ever waited long at the gate of a city *without cursing its inhabitants.*"

ANECDOTE OF CROMWELL

When told by some of his friends, that the sacrifice of a few lives would insure him stability in his high office of Protector "If," said he, "a single life is a requisite for the purchase, I would rather relinquish it." A more honourable trait does not exist in the fertile page of history, yet the historian is disposed to consider it rather as a mark of weakness than of magnanimity.

Pictures of War, 296.

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