POETRY.

THE RAINBOW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they g[illegible] w'd,
When [illegible] of beauty appeared on the cloud;
'Tw[illegible] the sun, as at mid-day we view,
[illegible] that rolls nightly through star-light

[illegible] came in the van of the storm!
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
Whose grasp st[illegible] creation the universe spanned;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariots, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain;

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

A while, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded—grew warm, and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friends—it a day,
That bow, from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul!

THE WATCHER.

BY MRS HALE.

The night was dark and fearful,
The blast swept wailing by,
When a watcher, pale and tearful,
Look'd forth with anxious eye;
How wishfully she gazeth—
No gleam of morn is there;
And the look to heaven she raiseth,
'Tis the agony of prayer.

Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him—
She feels that this must be;
But oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not mourning there;
Oh young and joyous creatures,
One lamp from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To his mother's gaze once more.

The morning sun is shining—
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
[illegible] pale, dead mother lay;
A[illegible] her lips were wreathing,
[illegible] of hope and love,
[illegible] she still were breathing—
[illegible] light for us above"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baptist Banner and Western Pioneer.

ON THE MORALS AND LITERATURE OF THE YANKEES.

Brother Peck:—All the New England States, (to leave out Maine,) have not so much territory as Illinois; much of the territory of these States is covered with water, marshes, *st ms* of mountains, &c., leaving a small portion only, that can be cultivated: the soil of that portion is sandy and barren, and the climate very unfavorable to agriculture. The people are, therefore, a manufacturing people, they necessarily become local and provincial: which has a great bearing on their morals and literature. From the sterility of the soil and climate, they have to labor very hard, for what an Illinoian would think half pay: they are therefore driven to habits of strict economy, that western people know noting about. They have received it from their ancestors, and they transmit it to their children. All their thoughts, time, and labor are employed with reference to dollars and cents. Even the wealthy, from habit, are not exempt from this rule. Propose any thing novel to fifty yankees, and the first idea they all will have about it, is: "What profit will it be to me." They, therefore, have no idlers, loafers and loungers; they have no sports, games, or parties of amusements; they very seldom have social parties; no convivality! and their conversational powers are not good. In fine they must work, and consequently have not the time for idleness, vice, or to cultivate the social virtues. There is, then, a standard of morals and learning to which they all come; they are all moral from educatian and habit; and they are all learned in some branch of mechanics, science, or letters. They educate their children, raise them, and put them to some trade or profession in reference to their profit, in dollars and cents. Having this in view in all their raising, they do not give culture to the finer faculties of the soul; they become more phlegmatic in their temperament, as they grow up, and of course less excitable, than the people of the south and west; less sentient, less irrascible, but more philosophic, steady, deliberate and grave. From their local and mechanical habits, male and female, their physical systems are more robust than southern people. They travel none, mix, and intermarry none with strangers, which gives them a oneness of character, of body and mind. There is then a regular current of morals among them. They are not religious one day and irreligious the next, by *feeling*, as we are; they are the same thing all the while. They all go to church, most belong to some church, but they scarcely manifest strong *feelings* in religion. Much of all this has grown out of the practice of reading manuscript sermons: very few ministers preach extempore. And from the fact of the ardor and warmth of youth having been restrained by too cramped and too long a theological training; the preacher has the theory and philosophy of the gospel without unction or pathos. Very few of the preachers of New England, are what we would call good speakers. They have, upon the whole, no more religious enjoyment than we have; we, of the west, are sometimes much higher in our religious enjoyments, than they ever are, sometimes we are much lower than they ever are, on an aggregate we are about the same. Notwithstanding they are so regularly moral, and so little excitable. New England produces more enthusiasts, fanatics, and religious monomaniacs, than any other section of the United States. Abolitionism among them, is a species of religious monomania, from the same cause; I found few Abolitionists in the east, but what were so, from local influence, ignorance of the institutions of the South, or an over balance of veneration and benevolence, propelled by fanaticism, amounting to religious monomania. Some, or all these, enter deeply, into the composition of the great apostle of equality, John Q. Adams.

The same geographical causes mould their literature. Their literature is of the solid, scientific, moral character, they have but little taste for romantic reading, neither does, Algebra, Mathematics, or any science of an abstract ideal character, receive much of their attention from the mere love of these sciences. It must be something that can be worked into practical use. They are partial to the languages, because the demand for teachers is great, they make profit by it; *therefore*, it is a favorite study. More than half our literature in the south and west, is for pleasure or amusement, or simply to *know*, music especially. I never heard of a yankee that cultivated music, only so far as he expected to make profit by teaching it. To cultivate any branch of polite literature merely as a matter of accomplishment, is something that never entered the head of a "down easter." They have more colleges, and about those colleges more learned men than we have in the west; those learned men are however only learned in the languages or sciences, but about the practical, common things of life, they are not learned. The mechanic, for instance, that makes pegs for books, all his life time, knows all about that business, while he remains ignorant of all other branches of business; equally so with him who digs Greek roots all his life: he knows all about that business. I visited several of the most celebrated institutions of literature in New England, among others, the University at Cambridge: and I was surprised to find such profound ignorance of many things practical, and common in the west. Among the Professors, one man of a literary character, with whom I conversed, about the west, very knowingly asked "is Illinois north or south of New Orleans? Even the learned are always "guessing." I heard the phrases "*guess*" and "*should think*" used so often, and so ungrammatical, that even they have become offensive to me. I was introduced to a circle of intelligent men and women, in a town in New England, on one occasion, when I observed, as a common place remark, to one of the gentlemen, "a very unpleasant day," "I should guess it is," replied he. I addressed myself to a lady on the other side of me, "it gives me the exquite pleasure to enjoy your hospitality." "I should think it had ought," she replied. The reply of six intelligent gentlemen and ladies, to words I spoke, was, "guess," "had ought," or "should think," and on one occasion at sea, with a family of the best caste, I observed, "in the west, we frequently preach out in the woods, under the boughs of trees," whereupon every one let fall knife and fork; and all exclaimed at the same time, "now I want to know." While such phrases are frequent in the higher circles, the commonality have hundreds; many of them, that I never understood. They have, as aforesaid, more colleges, and about those colleges, more learned men, but the main portion of the community have not so much practical knowledge of men and things as we have. Shrewdness is peculiar to them, but common sense is only a common affair among them. From local and physical causes, there seems to be a diminution in mental and physical vigor, in the New England population, compaired with their forefathers.

In their religious feelings they have a great interest for the west, and in fact for all the world. They have a true missionary spirit, had they the wealth of the middle southern and western States, they would send the gospel to the whole world, in less than ten years. They are strictly honest in their professions of charity to their fallen man in heathen lands, they prove it by liberal contributions to give them the gospel,

Yours, as ever,

W. F. BOYAKIN.

The following spicy article from the Boston Courier, will give our readers some idea of the Established Church in England. How striking the contrast between such ministerial labors, and those of Christ and his apostles. We devoutly pray that our country may never be cursed with such a ministry.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IN ENGLAND.—It has long been a standing reproch against us in the mouths of the high Tory partisans of the English hierarchy, that we have no established church. To take their word for it, this is the bane and scandal of American institutions—enough to stamp the whole country as unchristain and reprobate. Religion, according to them, is inseparable from the mitre; the Christain graces cannot live out of lawn sleeves; and tithes and stipends must be made the corner stones of all sound doctrine.

While we lend an ear to these plausible charges against our morals and religion, let us see what sort of a system is that which they recommend for our adoption. We will say nothing of the 5000 sinecures of the Church of England, nor of the £20 000 a year of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But as an instance to show how the comfortable fat livings of the church are bought and sold upon speculation, like ship cargoes, we quote the following advertisement from the London Times:—

"TO THE CLERGY.—An incumbent would resign directly, with patron's consent, to one not under 46 years of age, a beautiful living a perfect gem, one of the prettiest things in England, with excellent new free-stone-front house, facing a park, in the county of Somerset, at the skirts of a small market town, with every necessary of life cheap; productive garden, lawn, pleasure-ground, wall-fruit;—six acres of pasture adjoining, coach-house, stabling for six horses, out-houses!—no trouble as to income—*duty easy*, most healthy, roads and society good,—the whole worth £280 a year. Terms—Incoming incumbent to pay down £1900,—to indemnify present incumbent's outlay on the spot, and for his fixtures, and his *old wine*, worth £180; also, for live stock, including three cows, horses, and pony-carriage:—piano forte, by Stoddar, cost 85 guineas; hand-organ, by flight, cost £38; plate and linen, and a few pictures."

This is about as comfortable a picture as we ever saw, of ministerial *labors*. Who can wonder at the total absence of religion in this benighted western region, where we have no fat voluptuaries to teach us the way we should go, with their "perfect gems"—"pleasure-grounds"—"wall-fruit"—"*easy duty*"—"*old wine*"—"pony-carriages"—"piano"—and "hand-organ by Flight!"

THE HONEST MAN.

He looks, not to what he might do, but what he should do. Justice is the first guide; to which he makes expediency always subservient, although the latter is the second law of his actions. He would rather complain than offend; and hates sin more for the deformity of it than its danger. His simple uprightness works in him that confidence, which often wrongs him, and gives advantage to the subtle and designing; when he grieves more at their faithlessness than at his own credulity. He hath but one heart, and that lies open to sight; and were it not discreet he would not avoid a witness of his thoughts. His *word* is his *bond*, and his *yea* his *oath*, which he will not violate through fear, or to avoid loss. The untowardness of events may cause him to blame his want of prudence, but can never cause him to eat his promise; neither saith he "This I saw not," but rather, "This I said." When he is made his friend's executor, he defrays debts, pays legacies, and scorneth to gain by widows and orphans, or to ransack graves; and therefore he will be true to a dead friend, because he sees him not, and abhors to take advantage of the incapacity of those who cannot call him to account. All his dealings are square, and above board: he suppresses not the fault of what he sells, and restores the overseen gain of an erroneous reckoning which by chance he have made. He esteems a bribe venomous, though it come gilded over with the color and gratuity, or the usual compliments of office; without which he is always ready to perform the duties of his station, satisfied with the lawful remuneration it yields him. His cheeks are never stained with the blushes of recantation;—neither doth his tongue falter to make good a lie with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses: and when his name is traduced, his innocence bears him out with courage; then, lo, he goes on in the plain way of truth, and will either triumph in his innocency, or suffer with it. His conscience overates his providence, so as in all things, good or ill, he regards the motives of his actions rather than their immediate effect upon his temporal interests. If he sees what he ought to do, he leaves to God the care of what shall follow. He never loads himself with burdens above his strength, and no consideration of apparent advantage can induce him to undertake a business which his friends do not give the means of fairly carrying on; and once bound, what he can he will do; and he is careful not to will or wish what he cannot do. His ear is the sanctuary of his absent friend's name, of his present friend's secret: neither of them can miscarry in his trust, and he is faithful to vindicate the honor of his friend. If he has committed wrongs in his youth, he remembers [illegible] them with that interest which he would not himself accept. He would rather want than borrow, and beg than not pay. He remembers "the wicked borrow, and pay not again" And if, from unforseen circumstances, he becomes insolvent, he is not satified that bankruptcy should discharge him from all obligations to his creditors; nor is he content with fruitless wishes, but uses every effort to pay those debts which are justly due from him. His fair professions are without dissembling; and he loves actions above words. Finally, he hates falsehood in words or deeds worse than death; he is a faithful defendant of truth; no man's enemy; and it is a question whether he is more another man's friend, or his own. And if there was no heaven, yet he would be virtuous.—*Bishop Hall.*

TEMPER.

How inconceivably would the social and public happiness of man be improved by the universal prevalence of good temper. The principal evils of life are not inevitable. They do not arise from poverty which cannot be averted, or pain and sickness which cannot be avoided, but from the affliction of bad temper. We suffer from the ebullitions of others, and, what is worse, we suffer from our own. The passionate, the fretful and peevish, the irritable, the provoking, the envious, not only scare peace from their own bosoms, but drive it from their firesides, and neighborhoods. Like the ocean, they are never at rest, but foaming, roaring, & "casting up mire and dirt." Evil temper is a fiend, which on its entrance, has converted a happy house into a Bedlam, alienated the dearest friends, and clouded the most pleasing prospects of worldly enjoyment

"How happy," said Lorenzo, "must Philander be; his estate is large; his house, garden, and park are furnished with every luxury which invention could suggest, or wealth purchase; his wife is beautiful and intelligent, and his children are growing up around him in health and manly beauty." But how mistaken was Lorenzo; true happiness was a stranger to Philander's house; passionate and fretful, he would neither be happy himself nor suffer those around him to be happy. His servants hated him, his children feared and avoided him, and his wife was rendered discontented and peevish by his unreasonable petulence. The inevitable ills of life might be endured with comparitive ease, were it not for the perpetual annoyances from this source. What is poverty to a mind which is exempt from envy and peevishness? And what is pain to one whose mind is at peace? But evils of this kind are indefinitely increased in magnitude and stringency, where they fall upon one who has not learned to control and subdue his own temper.

Serenity of temper beautifies the countenance, and counteracts a mere defect in features, it beams forth so pleasantly as to attract general admiration; while on the contrary, the most regular and beatiful features are distorted by the scowl which a bad temper imprints upon them

Who then wishes to be beautiful and beloved, a blessing to themselves and to all around them? let them cultivate a better temper, which shall neither annoy their neighbors nor disturb their neighborhoods; and never let it be forgotten, that in order to success, the holy aids to religion must be sought.—*Presbyterian.*

A French cook having grated [illegible] much peper on a favorite soup, hung himself in despair!

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)

1842