POETRY.

"From The Flag of our Union."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SMILES AND TEARS

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Repine not that so much of sorrow
Falleth to the lot of man!
We weep to-day, but smile to-morrow:
At best, life's but a span.

The fairest fruits our life adorning,
Come of mingled smiles and tears;
In life,s eve, as in its morning,
This manifest appears.

Thus herbage and the fruits require
Both sunshine and the rain;
A wisdom than our own far higher,
Has mingled joy and pain.

The fields without the rain from heaven,
Would parch and wither dry;
So without tears by sorrow given,
The barren heart would die.

Then grieve not that so much of sorrow
Falleth to the lot of man;
We weep to-day, but smile to-morrow:
At best, life's but a span.

[From the True Union.]

BIRTH-DAY OF CALIFORNIA.

In order to appreciate the story we are going to subjoin, the reader must recollect that three short years ago the name of California conveyed no more impressive ideas to European or American ears than that of Kamscatka or Bhootan. The country itself was a vast unexplorable desert, and the shores of the Pacific about San Francisco were scantily tenanted by a few scores of Rusians and Spaniards, who lived without rivalry or suspicion, and who scarcely waited for the sanction of their respective governments to effect such changes or sales of ground convenience might suggest. Nobody knew or cared whether the enormous tract beyond contained inhabitants or not, and a journey across its plains was considered as remarkable as a journey across the desert of Central Africa. If we were to speak at this moment of the province of Sonora, it is probable that nine tenths of our readers would be without any distinct conceptions of the locality referred to, yet Sonora is the next "country" to California, and in 1847 one region was about as well known as the other.

This remote district is now the seat of a powerful independent State—a State which has been founded and constructed, from beginning to end, in about thirty months time, and which, though junior in political birth even to the French Republic, has obtained a formal recognition of its existence, and is exercising all the functions of an organized commonwealth. When the precious metals of Potosi and Peru were first poured into Europe, the discovery exerted an instantaneous influence on the affairs of the Old world, but failed to create any corresponding movements in the new. The treasures of California, on the contrary, have hitherto wrought their chief wonders in the land of their production, and, though they have not yet materially affected the currency of Europe, they have called into being at the extremities of the Pacific a community unparalleled in the manifold fusions of men. Apart therefore, from the amusing features of the following sketch, we seriously commend to the reader's observation the extraordinary purport of the scene, as an earnest of what the industry of all nations may succeed in commanding.

The 29th of December was selected by the Californians as the birth-day of their State—as a festival to be celebrated in honor of their admission to the American Union, and in this wise was the ceremonial solemnized. As the day broke upon San Francisco, the American banner augmented by an additional star, was hoisted in the centre of the town; under a "federal salute" of artillery. The echoes were taken up by the ships in the harbor, and the flags of every country under the sun found its appropriate place. Then commenced the procession, which according to the sentiment of the reader, may be likened either to the tournament in Ivanhoe, or the opening pomp of a pantomime. First came the Chief Marshal in white and gold, and then his staff in sky-blue and silver. Next followed the "Mounted Californians;" who would, we are told, have been stronger had they not been disappointed in horses. They were succeeded by the "Californian Poineers," who carried a banner of white satin fringed with gold and charged with a device exhibiting a pioneer just landed, who strikes off a piece of it with his hammer, and discovers the state seal of the community underneath. From his mouth issues the exclamation "Eureka," while by his side stands a native in a genuine attitude of dismay. After these followed the Guards, commanded by Capt. Hovard; an aristocratic batallion, which appeared in new uniforms for the occasion, and attracted particular applause. The officers of the state and of the revenue filled up the interval between the military and civil portion of the procession, which was headed by a company of Englishmen under the red cross of St. George, and attended by Germans, Italians, and Spaniards. Next came the Settlers, from the Celestial Empire, arrayed in the richest brocades of the East, who carried a banner of crimson satin, on which was an inscription of great length and elaborate calligraphy, but which, when interpreted, imported nothing more pretentious than "China boys." In number they were about fifty, commanded by their own chief, and decorously obedient to his command.

At this stage of the procession was introduced the triumphal car. The spacious vehicle was drawn by six white horses, and contained thirty little boys, dressed in "white shirts, black pants and liberty caps," each representing a State of the Union while the honor of personating California was reserved to a beautiful little girl, who stood in the middle, arrayed in white satin with a wreath of roses. The car bore a motto of political significance—"The Union; it must be preserved." From the representatives of the federation, the pomp descended to the delegates of the province. The mayor and aldermen appeared in dark blue scarfs with gold trimmings and white armlets, and were followed by the police, who in this land of freedom, formed an integral part of the procession, instead of escorting it. They mustered in strong force under colors of azure satin, and with a band of their own. Next to the perils of theft in California, come those of combustion, and the "fire department" accordingly outshone all other guilds in the brillancy of its displays. The St. Francis Hook and ladder Company appeared with their engines beautifully decorated, and bore for their device a burning building, with the motto. "We destroy to save." The 'Monuments' who succeeded them turned out six carriages, one engine: two suctions, and three hose-carriages, their colors like that of Bohemia, being white and scarlet. But the Sanson Hook and Ladder Brigade outdid them all, for while their carrages were covered with decorations, even to the hubs of the wheels, their firemen had ingeniously raised their ladders in the form of a pyramid, on the summit of which was perched a real live eagle, captured that morning at the Mission of Alderman Green. Lastly, by a true Parisian conceit, there came drawn on a car, a veritable printing press in full display, from which were thrown off copies of a laureate ode, composed by a lady for the occasion. An oration as long as a President's message, a concerted execution of the ode by the entire population, a general dance and a universal banquet, concluded the proceeding of the day

Forgetting for a moment the decorative features of this exhibition, let the reader consider the extraordinary character of the facts symbolized. Here was a community of some hundreds of thousands of souls collected from all quarters of the known world—Polynesins and Peruvians, Englishmen and Mexicans, Germans and New Englanders, Spaniards and and Chinese—all organized under old Saxon institution, and actually marching under the command of a mayor and alderman. Nor was this all, for the extemporized state had demanded and obtained its admission into the most powerful federation in the world and was recognized as a constituent part of the American Union. A third of the time which has been comsumed in erecting our houses of parliament has here sufficed to create a state with a territory as large as Great Britain, a population difficult to number, and destinies which none can foresee.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This great exhibition, which is soon to take place in Hyde Park, London, and for which the most costly and ample preparation are now making, is an event to which no lover of mankind can be indifferent. It is one of a series of movements, the tendency of which is to merge all national distinctions into one united brotherhood. What a contrast does such a scene present to the carnage of Waterloo! How widely different the spirit which now animates the nations! Then they met as savage beasts to devour one another, but now as men associated to add each some product of art or industry to increse the general happiness. Sublime spectacle!

It is commonly said that reform begins in the lower state of society and works upward; but in this case it begins in the palaces and cabinets of power extending downward through all the industrial classes, and the humblest mechanic is invited to show, before the face of all the world, what he can do to increase the stock of general wealth. The idea of such a museum of the arts emanated from the throne of England, has been promptly endorsed by our national government, and hailed with a coreial respons from the proudest monarchs of the world. Government ships are in waiting to convey the materials for exhibition. A building, chiefly of glass and iron covering many acres, itself one of the greatest curiosities to be exhibited on the occasion, is now in course of construction to receive the producers and products of art and industry from all lands.

The extent of the gathering to be anticipated may be judged from the fact, that ten thousand persons are already booked at the single port of New York, for a passage across the Atlantic to attend it; and when we reflect that at Paris, Rome, Petersburgh, Constantinople, Calcutta, Canton, San Francisco, and at innumerable other points, all round the globe, a like movement may be seen towards the point of general rendezvous, the spectacle is unprecedent in it social sublimity. The Egyptian comes to compar his wheat with that of the farmers of the Baltic, the Rhine, the Clyde the, Genesee and the Mississippi. The Chinaman places his specimens of oriental art side by side with those of French ingenuity and Yankee invention The Siberian meets the digger from California to compare the latest and farest discoveries of virgin gold. Thus all kinds of art, industry and production, are brought into contact to complete the means of human improvement and happiness; and the artisans of all lands meet to compare notes and improve their mutual skill.

What an impulse must thus be given to whatever concerns the physical well-being of mankind! Already have the arts advanced to a high degree of perfection. The humblest individuals may now command means of comfort which were once denied to the most opulent and powerful sovereigns. The palace of Diocletian, at Nicomedia, is said to have been without glass windows, an article now deemed essential to the log cabins of the West, and the golden chariot of the Roman lord, which cost him a million of dollars, was without springs, and afforded less comfort to its rider than vehicles which now may be had for fifty or a hundred dollars. But with all this infinite multiplication of the means of physical enjoyment, there are still other achievements to be made that may perhaps exceed them all. There is no conjecturing how much is implied in the command which God gave man, to "subdue the earth." What the soil may yet be forced to yield; what treasures may be exhumed from the foundation of the everlasting mountains, or raised from the ocean caverns; what uses the gases of the atmosphere, the electric fluid and the various agents of nature may be made to subserve in the cause of human advancement, health and happiness, no prophet here can foresee, no imagination can conceive.

While we are by no means indifferent to these physical aspects of this great movement, its civil, moral and religious bearings transcend them all. We do not believe with Lord Byron that "man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal," but that by a comparison of views, and by intercouse, what is true and good in civil government, in moral conduct, and in religious faith and worship, will, in the end, commend itself to all as more worthy to be chosen than what is false and pernicious. This gathering at London cannot fail to be a peace measure to the nations. It will do somewhat towards teaching them to beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks. It will show them how superior are the arts of peace to those of war

Steam power has already wrought a great work in this respect. It has brought remote and powerful kingdoms into contiguity, and produced between them an identity of interest that did not once exist between the provinces of the same empire. Liverpool and New York are now, commercially, nearer than Liverpool and London were in the time of the Edwardses and Henrys. The nations of Asia, Africa, Europe and America, now enjoy falilities, on intercourse unknown to provinces of the old Roman Empire. The States of Greece, with territorial limits less than those of the single State of New York, had not the means of social identity which will be enjoyed by the confederated republics which now exist, or are hereafter to be created, between the shores of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific, over an area of so many thousand miles. Boston, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco, will, in a few years, if they are not even at present, be united by more intimate and available ties, than those of London, Bristol and Sheffield, in England, a century or two ago.

It has been said that the compactness of society in Attica was owing to its limited territory; that a feeling of nationality cannot be spread over a wide extent of surface; and that like light, the social sympathies diminish with the ratio of the distance which they traverse. But steam power and the electric telegraph have obviated the force of this remark. When we know at evening what the citizens of San Francisco felt and did in the morning, why may we not sympathize with them as well as if only a river, of a mile in width, parted between us? Distance is annihilated by modern invention, and, with the causes now operating, when this nation numbers two hundren millions of people, the several local divisions of them will have a means of acquaintance equal to that enjoyed between the several parts of the inhabitants of ancient Attica or Egypt, limited as was their territory. And the same remarks apply to the intercourse of all nationts. Art and invention are rapidly converting them into one, and hastening the period when "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid."

As Christians, therefore, we hail with joy these world gatherings, whether to abolish slavery, to unite the sects, to promote national peace, or to compare the products of art and industry in all lands. We hope the London fair will be the begining of a series of like character, which shall be extended through all coming time We see it suggested that one is to be held in 1852, on one of the islands in the harbor of New York, and that provision is to be made for it by the General Government. We hope it will prove true. The resources of a nation cannot be turned into a more worthy channel. It is encouraging the industrial classes, the creators of wealth; it is raising the standard of excellence in the various occupations; it is increasing the intelligence and the mutual good feeling of all nations; it is hastening the time when.

"Every man in every face
Shall see a brother and a friend."

COMMUNISM IN FRANCE.—There are a set of "higher law" men and woman in France who for the last quarter of a century or more, had been preaching doctrines which strike at the very foundation of organized society. Taking their texts from Rousseau and Helvetius, and occasionally from the Bible, as they understand it, they have labored, not without effect, it would seem, to corrupt the popular heart and mislead the popular mind. Their pernicious effects are the most fatal obstacle to the prosperous establishment of republican liberty in France. The wisest and best man of that country—even those most attached to the republican form—have no faith in a people, upon whom such influences have been made to operate and bear fruit.

A Paris correspondent of the Brittania asserts, what other testimony abundantly confirms, that Communist principles, in their most hidious and abominable form—perfect community goods, even perfect community of women—have gained a firm hold of the majority of workingmen of Faubourg St. Antonine, and are spreading every day. In many of the large towns the same is the case, and even in the Departments, Communism is getting into favor, because the peasantry are told that it will lead to the distribution among them of the possession of the rich. "The truth is," says the writer, "the working classes of Paris are now Communists—are now no longer willing to be content with a few necessary reforms, but are bent on stripping the rich of all they have, and reducing every man to the same lodging the same clothing, the same food, crowning all this by the abolition of marriage. There is something so horrible in the idea of the masses in a great country being infective with such atroscious sentiments, that one would fain hope that it is untrue; but, alas, there is no reason to doubt.

The books and pamphlets now circulated among these classes are described as full "of the maddest and vilest communism." The writer quotes one of the mildest of the songs in vogue, omitting all that refers to the non-married state as too indecent for ears polite. Several stanzas, which we find in the National Inteligencer, extol in glowing terms communism. If such sentiments are becoming general in France, is it surprising that all Christian people are shy of the Republic.

"HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS IS!"

TUNE—"Wayfaring Man."

1 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
It charms above, the angel throng;
They find it fraught with heavenly bliss,
And wake their golden harps to song.

2 How sweet, on earth, the sacred name!
The seraph band, when CHRIST was born,
In melody, proclaim'd his fame,
And usher'd in the Gospel morn.

3 The shepherds caught the holy fire—
His name was wondrous sweet to them;
And glowing with a pure desire,
They sought the BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

4 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
He gives us light to point our way;
To show our feet the path of peace,
The path which leads to endless day.

5 How sweet his name to broken hearts!
His hand supplies the healing balm;
To every sin-sick soul imparts
An amulet, a sovereign charm.

6 How sweet his name to coverts dear!
His word, absolving them from sin,
Is heavenly rapture to their ear,
And glory, glory, all within.

7 How sweet to older saints his name!
"Tis fragrant as the dropping myrrh;
They love his glory to proclaim—
His glory to their own prefer.

8 How sweet to them his magic voice!
It speaks amid their gloomy fears,
And bids them in their hope rejoice,
Dismiss their doubts, and dry their tears.

9 How sweet to prodigals, when they—
Far wander'd—find his fold again;
The SHEPHERD sought them when astray,
O'er rock, and hill, and plain, and glen.

10 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
The dearest name to mortals known;
His love-redeeming sacrifice
For all their follies did atone!

11 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
He cures the deaf, and dumb, and blind;
And frequent fills with extacies,
The humble, waiting, godlike mind.

12 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
He calls the waried one to rest;
To find in him the sweets of grace,
And lean upon his heavenly breast.

13 How sweet the name of Jesus is!
His words of promise, fraught with love,
Assure the ransom'd they are his,
To reign, as KINGS with HIM above!

Providence, May, 1851.

AN ALLEGORY

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling doll."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

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)

1851

NEW SERIES NO 2