POETRY.

FAITH.

BY MRS. ANNA L ANGIER.

Faith is an anchor;
Faith is a Shield;
Faith is a Weapon
The weakest may wield;
Faith is an Antidote;
Faith is a Balm;
Faith can the Tyrant
Terror disarm.
Faith is a Comforter;
Faith is a friend;
Faith is a Talisman
Hearts to defend;
Faith is a monarch,
With power to control
Horror and Dread,
When they threaten the soul;
Faith is a Sentinel,
Knowing no fear;
Faith is a watchword,
The drooping to cheer;
Faith is the whisper
Of heavenly voice;
Faith bids us learn
'In all things to rejoice;'
Faith is an altar,
Where Doubt must be laid;
Faith says, in the tempest,
'Be not afraid';
Faith is a refuge
From every snare;
Faith nerves us with courage,
The burden to bear;
Faith is a Well-spring
Of peace to the mind;
Faith opens closed lids,
Gives eyes to the Blind;
In Faith's gallant Vessel
We sail o'er life's wave;
Faith flings a halo,
Where Hope finds a grave;
Faith is ours for the asking;
Then let none despair;
Faith plucks from the bosom
The arrows of Care;
Faith lifts the dark curtain
That covers the tomb,
And Faith's kindly lamp
Enlightens our gloom;
Faith triumphs o'er all;
Nor is vanquished by Death;
But the grim King of Terror
Is conquered by Faith!
Then pray that this Boon
To each heart may be given;
Till Faith turns to Sight
Mid the glories of Heaven.

WHO IS VICTORIA?—Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was son of George the Third; who was grandson of George the Second; who was the son of Princess Sophia; who was the cousin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who was the daughter and son-in-law of James the Second; who was the son of Charles the First; who was the son of James the First; who was the son of Mary; who was the grand daughter of Margaret; who was the sister of Henry the Eighth; who was the son of Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the Earl of Richmond; who was the son of Catharine, the widow of Henry the Fifth; who was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was the cousin of Richard the Second; who was the grandson of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Second; who was the son of Henry the Third; who was the son of John; who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the son of Matilda; who was the daughter of Henry the First; who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of William the Conqueror; who was the bastard son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanner's daughter, of Falaise.—*Southern Baptist.*

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE DESERT.

Bayard Taylor, in his "Journal to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural beauties of the great Nubian Desert:

I soon fell into a regular daily routine of travel, which, during all my latter experiences of the desert, never became monotonous. I arose at dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water, and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck and the camels laden, I walked ahead for two hours often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act, had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance; the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tintings of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills, was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe.—The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation.—The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, as sweet and pure, and refreshing as that which the first man breathed, on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men to stain its purity.—This air, even more than its silence and solitude is the secret of God's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting, where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed into the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the limb and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.

THE DEATH OF RANDOLPH.

Randolph, in fast declining health, reached Philadelphia, whither he went to take passage from that port. He was too late for the Liverpool packet. He exposed himself to the icicle weacy of the weather, took cold, which aggravated his disease and hastened its final termination. He was put to bed—his death-bed—in his lodgings, at the City Hotel. The idiosyncracies which had, of late years especially, marked his demeanor, distinguished the last hours of his life. The sudden bursts of petulance which disease wrung from him; the affectionkindness and tenderness which disease could not wholly take from him; the rambling conversation in the intervals of acute suffering, in some passages, as brilliant as ever—the last gleams of the sinking lamp; the groaning of remorse, which a review of his past life, at the bar of a stern self-judgment, drew from his contite heart; the fervid prayer; the hesitating hope; the trust qualified by self-condemnation in the Saviour, whose name he professed; the concluding act ere the curtain fell upon the last scene of earth, propped up by pillows, he called witnesses to his confirmation of his will, providing for the freedom and support of his slaves, and the last conscious words, which fired his eye and braced his sinking frame, as, speaking in this connection, he laid his skeleton hand strongly upon the shoulder of his faithful servant, John, and said with emphasis—'especially for this man." And then—this last charge upon his conscience off—his mind wandered away to the fight, and the scenes, and the friend of the early day; and the mutterings of the voice growing gradually fainter as he passed on into the darker shadows of the Dark Valley, the dusky group stood still, and Joan Randolph, of Roanoke, was numbered with the dead! May 24th, 1833, aged sixty.

They carried him back to his solitary home, and buried him—in death as in life, unsocial and isolated—in the forest of Roanoke. In the soil of the Virginia he loved so well, they laid the corpse of her faithful and devoted son. They left him to rest, after the long fever of his troubled dream of life was over, in an humble and sequestered grave, beneath two stately pines. There let him sleep on! The gloom of their shade, and the melancholy sighing of the wind through their boughs, are fit emblems of the life which was breathed out in sadness and in sorrow.—*Baldwin's Party Leaders.*

A LETTER OF COLUMBUS.

We lay before our readers a copy of the letter written by Columbus in the year 1502 four years before his death, to the directors of the bank of Genoa, which we are sure will be read with deep interest. If we are not mistaken, it has never been reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and, although distinctly alluded to by Irving in the Appendix of his life to Columbus, does not appear at length in that work. The letter exhibits new proof of the generous, benevolent nature of the real discoverer, who, when about to embark on his last voyage, turned his eyes affectionately toward his native city, and made a liberal benefaction for its poor.

Columbus's Letter.—Translation from the Spanish language into English, of an autograph letter of Christopher Columbus, dated 2d April, 1502, addressed to the Bank of St. George, at Genoa.

On the out side of the cover in which the letter was found folded, is this inscription—"MDII—Letter of the Lord Admiral, Don Chrisopher Columbus."

ADDRESS OF THE LETTER.

To the Most Noble Gentlemen of the most magnificent Bank of St George.

Most Noble Gentlemen—Although my body is walking here, my heart is always with you.—Our Lord has bestowed on me the greatest blessing, which, since the time of David, he has conferred on any one. The affairs of my enterprise are already brightening up, and would shine yet more did not the darkness of the Government cover them. I return to the Indies in the name of the most Holy Trinity, speedily to return again; and because I am mortal, I have orders to Don Diego, my son, that of all my income, he is to account to you for the tenth of the whole year by year, perpetually, in order to reduce the price of corn, wine, and other provisions. If this tenth part be much accept of it; and if not accept the good will which I feel towards you. I beg most earnestly to recommend to you my son. Messes Nicolo is acquainted with all my concerns as much as I am myself. I have sent to him a copy of all my privileges and papers, that he may put them in safe custody, and I should be pleased if you saw them.

The King and Queen, my Lords, designed to honor me more than ever.

The Most Holy Trinity guard your most noble persons and increase to dignity of your office.

Done in Seviglia the 2d April, 1502. The Lord High Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy and Governor General of the Islands of the Terra Firma of Asia and of the Indies of the King and Queen, my lords, and their Captain General of the Seas.

S
S. A. S.
X. M. Y.
X. FERENS.

Explanation of the above initials—Salutans, Sacris, Admirabus, Sublimus, Christopher Maris, Ferens Arcum.—*Norfolk Beacon*

EXTAR RDINARY REPOTTER.—A lady in Brooklyn, New York, was recently applied to for charity by a woman who told the distressing story that her husband was dead, and she had not the means to bury him. The lady to make sure that she was not imposed upon, visited the apartment of the widow, and there saw the coffin of the poor deceased husband, and the widow distractedly wringing her hands. The visitor, not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, asked no questions, but leaving a considerable sum of money, immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks, she found that she had lost her handkerchief, and retracing her steps, she entered the room without ceremony, and there she saw the poor dead husband sitting up in his coffin, and counting the money she had just left to pay the funeral expenses?

SLEEP.—There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than in one of Leigh Hunt's papers: "It is a delicious movement certainly, that of being nestled in bed and feeling you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful, the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping babe, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has taken its airy flight."

THE LATE CZAR.

The Emperor Nicholas may be regarded, perhaps, as the greatest Sovereign of modern times; and few have filled a wider space in the history of the world. With an empire extending from the Baltic to Behrings straits, he ruled two-thirds of the circumference of the habitable globe, and over all those vast territories and races he was known and felt—Throughout that immense region he might be said to be, "the State." He was identified with all its interests, moral, social, political and religious. He knew everything military, civil, ecclesiastical. It is not to be wondered at that, to such a labor of thirty year's duration, even his colossal frame and strong brain should at last yield and succumb. With the genius of the Great Frederick in administrative capacity, he had almost the genius of Napoleon for war. His moral and conscientiousness surpassed those of either.

The sudden death of such a man, even in a time of universal peace, might well produce a stir among the crowned heads of Europe. How much greater then must be the dread, the uncertainty, of what may be the consequences under existing circumstances?

(*National Intelligencer*

A TOTAL WRECK.—On the first of January 1854, a gentleman doing business in New York was worth with what he had invested in business, a hundred and ten thousand dollars. At the same time he was blessed with a lovely and intelligent wife, beautiful and promising children. The first misfortune was the transfer of merchandise to the amount of eighteen thousand dollars to a California dealer, for which not one cent was ever received. The next were two successive robberies, by means of which twenty five thousand dollar were lost. Soon after this, the unfortunate made an investment in real estate to a large amount. The next and crowning misfortune was a trip with his family to Europe. They embarked, on their return with thirty-eight thousand dollars in goods, on board the steamship Arctic and all shared her luckless fate? In settling up his affairs, his real estate was sold under the hammer at a sacrifice of forty thousand dollars, making the aggregate loss of his property during the year, one hundred and eighteen thousand dollars, eight thousand dollars more than his assets.

[*New York Courier*

FACETIAE.

"Whose pigs are these, my lad?"—"Whoy, they belong to that there big sow, the o'"—"No, I mean, who is their master?"—"Whoy," again answered the lad, "what little 'uns there he's care 'un to feight."

TAKING.—"Sir you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner while dancing the polka, a few evenings ago; "What would you take me for?"—"For better, for worse," replied he.

A WIFE'S RIGHT.—"Wife," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack, after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it by this time"—"Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

DISTINCTION.—A showman, exhibiting a picture, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of lions. These are the lions, and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the lions by his having a *blue cotton umbrella under his arm.*"

TOO LARGE.—"Is there any danger from the boa constrictor?" said an enormous country farmer as he drew back from the keeper who handled the creature with coolness. "Not to you sir," replied the man, with a smile, "he never bites, he swallows his victims *whole.*"

HAZY WEATHER.—Menschikoff has published a manifest to the Russian army, assuring the soldiers that the affairs at Inkermann was a great advantage to the Czar, and that the only reason they did not see it in that light at the time was, because they stole upon the English under cover of a fog, and naturally *mist* the victory!

MR JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.—The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake Thomas Jefferson Smith in 1825:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Paid cost us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count one hundred.

CHEWING TOBACCO IN CHURCH.—The following lines, it is said, were posted up in a church in Massachusetts. We opine that they would not be out of place in some of the churches in our city.

Chewing in church is not precisely the pink of etiquette, especially when one is seated in a carpeted pew, with no spittoon near. But to the poetry:

"Ye chewers of the noxious weed,
Which grows on earth's most cursed sod,
Be pleased to clean your filthy mouth,
Outside the sacred church of God.

Throw out your "plug" and "Cavendish,"
Your "twist," "twist," and "honey dew,"
And not presume to spit upon
The pulpit, aisle, or in the pew."

No nation on earth equals the French in writing memoirs.

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