POETRY

FROM THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST

LINES,

Suggested by an Engraving of

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY MRS. S. A. LAKE.

Upon a soft and snowy couch
Two lovely children lay
O'er wearied with the summers heat,
And with their evening's play.

Amid the shrubs and flowers long
In artless glee they roamed
Or by the brooklet's tiny shoal
O'er which the waters foamed.

Their nutshell barques had skimm'd [the tide,
Or by the cascade hurled
Down neath the grass or clusterings weed
Where roots and tendrils coiled.

When twilight cast her misty veil
From off the impatient sky;
And stars in circling billows gleamed
Throughout their caves on high,

Then side by side those sweet babes knelt
Close by their little bed;
And with sweet tones and loving words
Their pure orisons made

Then slumber set his mystic seal,
As gently on each brow,
As if his grim twin brother Death,
Had sought to claim them now.

But from the kingdom of the blest
All pearl and jasper lined,
Two holy guardian angels gleamed
Upon the evening wind.

With hands enclasped and heart (entwined
They, their blest mission fill
And gently guard the innocents,
From every passing ill.

And noiselessly their shadowy wings
Drooped soothingly and fair;
And soft the beams of glory shed,
Above their golden hair.

Throughout the land, miasma stalks,
And with her simoon breath;—
As subtle as the Aconite,
She marks her steps in death.

When through the casements shel- [tering vines]
Her hissing vapours gleam:
Their trembling wings are all unfurld
To ward the poisoned stream.

And oh if Heaven in kindness gives
The Basilisk his sway;
Those loving guardian angels wait,
To bear their souls away.

Through endless space their shining [forms
Like meteors gild the sky;
To plant those death scathed blossoms [where
The flowers never die.

THE GREAT MEN OF FRANCE—THEIR IRRELIGION.

BY LAMARTINE.

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Austria, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is wort living and dying,—they live and die looking at the spectator, or at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying. But cross the Atlantic, traverse the Channel, come to our times open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that his name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when it recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death.—"Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music."

Not a word of God, or of his soul. Sensual ilosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance towards heaven. Only one word for the earth she was quitting.—"O Liberty!"

Approaching the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise! Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last dying thoughts of this dying man on his way to his last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it: let me go to sleep?" Then to the executioner, "You will show my head to the people: it is worth the trouble!"

His faith, annihilation; his last sign, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age.

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death, itself recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The Republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism, and by so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful, and God non-existent! So finished atheist revolutions.

A NEW PHASE OF ROBBERY—CHLOROFORM IN THE CARS—A WOMAN IN THE CASE.—We learn the following facts respecting a recent robbery committed on board the cars of the Central Railroad. On Friday last, a young woman took the cars for the West, at a station a short distance beyond Utica. Her baggage was checked for Buffalo. After proceeding a short distance upon the journey, a woman who was a fellow passenger, with an affectionate desire to relieve the loneliness of the young lady, took a seat with her, and became very social. She was in fact quite attentive, and among other marks of familiarity, offered her protege a bottle of smelling salts, which was accepted and used. Soon after inhaling the pungent odor of the vinaigrette, she became powerfully affected by the influence of some suotile soporific agent which it contained, and fell asleep. She remained in this unconscious condition for some time, and on recovering from her stupor, discovered that she had been robbed of her purse, baggage, checks, &c. On arriving at the Clyde station, she made known the facts to the Conductor, and the railroad men made up a sufficient sum to take her on to her destination. This circumstance developes a new and dangerous scheme for the robbery of unsuspecting persons on the railway trains. Doubtless, the famale adept had caused her victim to inhale the vapor of chloroform, and thus had her fully in her power, while she perpetrated the robbery. If they carry their operations to the extent of taking baggage, also, it is still more serious buisness. Let every one be cautious about encouraging the approaches of plausible strangers on the cars.—*Rochester Dem.*

DUELLING.—Two mosquitoes one morning met on a leaf in a garden. Both were filled with blood drawn from their last noctural depredations. They were silent and "dummy, cross and savage. One of them ran out his sting and wiped it on his fore leg. The other thrust out his sting, and pointed it toward the first mosquito. This was considered an insult And so the offended mosquito steps up to the other, and says:

"Did you turn out your sting at me?"

The answer was—"I run out my sting; you can apply it as you choose."

"Sir!" says the first, "you are very impertinent."

Answer—"Sir, your remark savours of rascality."

"Ha," exclaimed the other," a downright insult! No gentleman mosquito will submit to such treatment without demanding satisfaction! Draw ,villian, and defend yourself at once!" They rushed together, and running one another through the body, died "honorably."

From the Philadelphia North American, May 2d.

ALLEGED SLAVE PIRACY.—James G. Darnen, the captain of the brig Grey Eagle was arrested in August last on the charge of taking on board his vessels, at some port of the coast of Africa, 600 negroes with a view to make them slaves, was arraigned yesterday morning, and pleaded not guilty to all the counts in the indictment.

The allegations are, that the Grey Eagle was an American vessel, and owned by George Marsden, Samuel S. Grey, John A. Machado, or by some owner or owners unknown, and that the negroes were taken on board the vessel on the 1st of April, 1854.

The defendant has been in prison ever sience his commitment by the U. S. Commissioner to take his trial. The negroes were landed on the coast of Cuba, and on the arrival of one of the crew at Havana, he gave information to the American consul, who sent the witnesses to New York, with such other information as he was able to procure, in order to secure the arrest of the defendant, who had escaped from Havana, and was believed to be in New York.

The defendant came to Philadelphia, and was shortly afterward arrested by U. S. Marshal Wynkoop and his deputies, at a sailor's boarding house in Penn street. At his hearing before the Commissioner, some five or six witnesses were examined who testified that the defendant was one of the captains of the brig Grey Eagle, and had charge of the vessel on her return voyage from the coast of Africa to a port in the Island of Cuba; that he landed the negroes on the Island of Cuba, near Cabanos, by bribing the officer stationed at that point, and received for his cargo several hundred thousand dollars, which was shared among the owners, officers and crew of the vessel. Several of the counts of the indictment charge the vessel with being a foreign one, but allege the defendant to be a citizen of the United States.

The trial is for life or death. The case may eventually turn upon whether the defendant is a citizen of the United States.

POLITICAL PREACHING.—An anecdote is related of the celebrated Abbe Maury, a clergyman of Boston at the time of the Revolution.—On being asked why he did not preach on politics sometimes, replied that he had thrown up four breast works behind which he had entrenched himself, neither of which could be forced, and continued, "In the first place I do not understand politics, in the second place you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion, in the fourth place I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance; give to me any subject to preach of more consequence than the truths I bring to you and I will preach on it the next Sabbath."

THE TITLE OF A COLONIAL BISHOP—A few weeks since the Revd Dr. Vidal, Bishop of Sierra Leone, died, and the Government offered the See to the Rev. J. W. Weeks Incumbent of St. Thomas, Church Lambeth. The Rev. Gentleman intimated his willingness to accept the appointment upon one condition, namely that his letters patent, should not confer upon him any right or claim to be called "My Lord," as is the case with all the other colonial prelates. This somewhat singular request has been complied with by the Government, and the bishop's designation will be, not "My Lord," or "My Lord Bishop," but "Right Reverend sir."—*London Morning Paper.*

BARNUM—The indefatigable Barnum has just favored the prodigy—loving public of New York with the announcement of a new marvel, i. e. the "Infant Esau, two years old, covered with hair, and has already a full beard and whiskers".—*London News.*

General Canrobert resigned the command of the French army in the East, in May last. His reasons for this are assigned in the following letter to the Emperor:

"My shattered health no longer allowing me to continue in the chief command, my duty toward my sovereign and my country compels me to ask you to transfer the command of the army to General Pelissier, a skilful and experienced leader.

"The army which I leave him is intact, hardened to war, full of ardour and confidence. I beseech the Emperor to leave me a soldier's place (*place de combatant*) as commander of a simple division."

To which the Minister of War replied:—

"The Emperor accepts your resignation. He regrets that your health has suffered; he congratulates you upon the sentiment which makes you ask to remain with the army, where you shall have the command, not of a division, but of the corps of General Pelissier.

"Hand over the chief command to that general."

The command was given up to General Pelissier, on the 28th May, accompanied by the following address:—

"Soldiers,—General Pelissier, Commander of the First Corps, assumes from this day's date the chief command of the army in the East. The Emperor by placing at your head a General accustomed to great commands, grown old in war and in the camp, has wished to give you an additional proof of his solicitude, and to prepare still more the successes which, believe me, shortly await your energetic perseverance. In leaving the exalted position where circumstances and the will of the Sovereign had placed me, and where you maintained me in the midst of severe trials by your warlike virtues and that confiding devotion with which you never ceased to honour me, I do not separate myself from you; the happiness of taking a closer share in your glorious fatigues and your noble labours has been granted to me, and it is together, under the skilful and firm guidance of the new Commander-in-Chief, that we will continue to fight for France and for the Emperor.—CANROBERT.—Head quarters, before Sepastopel, May 16."

SILENCE.

There are some thoughts that will no more come upon the soul among rude sounds and harsh labors than dews will fall at mid-day.—There are message-thoughts which come to us from God; there are soul-certainties of God in self; there are convictions of immortality far deeper than reasonings ever bring—intuitions as it were eye-sight and not deduction. That longing which the soul feels that there should be some voice of God, actual, audible, is never so great as in solitudes of beautiful scenery.—Why will he not speak to us? What need of an everlasting silence? We speak to Him, and and none answers. We pour out our heart's confession; it does away into the air, and none answers. We yearn and beseech for the food of life, on which the soul of man must feed; whatever we get we get it silently. Minds speak, trees speak, waters speak; human life with mingled mental voices speak; but God never! He is the Eternal Silence. It was not always so.—In olden days men heard the voice of God. It shall not always be so. That voice will be heard again. I have a firm faith of the future. I shall behold him face to face. I shall hear Him and be satisfied. But oh! in the struggle on the field of duty, and the strife of battle, one word of Christ would be worth all the voices of that angelic choir which sang the coming of Christ! But wait, O my soul! Thou art a plant just sprouted. Ask not for blossoms before the leaves are grown; ask not for fruit before the blossoms open.

There are times in the seclusion of the forest, or upon a sequestered lake, or upon a lofty hill top, that one can bear to unbury their dead, behold again their pale faces, unlock old joys of love, and let the spectors forth. There are some things which one can think of only once in a great while.

Our solitudes act upon our affections and friendships just as death does. For death draws into the grave not alone the dishonored body but also all those weaknesses of the soul and imperfections which sprang from its alliance with the body, and we see our friends purged from their faults, dressed in the rarest excellencies, and touched with golden glory. Thus, too, is it in separation and solitude of the wilderness. They whom we love rise up in a mellowed remembrance, as a tree stands charmed in a midsummer's moonlight, its broken branches hidden, its unequal boughs all rounded out and softened into symmetry, and the whole glowing with silver light, as if transfigured. Then we entertain thoughts of affection such as might become God. We enter into its royalties, and conceive its function, and know that it is the life of the world, the breath of every holy soul, the atmosphere of the Divine Heart, and the substance of heaven. When the tranquil eye of God looking around, traces that circle within which love wholly prevails, so that all things spring from it, and it lives in them always and perfectly, then that circle is heaven and such are the bonds thereof.—*Independent.*

SCRIPTURE WELL APPLIED.—It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, Rev Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of the "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine desired the revarend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker."

"Take a glass of brandy then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging."

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Perkins—

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you,"

"No, Bishop, I can't do that, 'woe unto him that puttete the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

What was the peculiar mental condition of moral state of the Bishop at this state of the proceedings, our informant did not state.—*Ohio Observer.*

CONUNDRUM.

When Queen Victoria dies, what kind of weather may the English expect?

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