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THE SENTINEL

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CONTENTS:

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HAVING A LOVER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Somebody loves me, I am sure,
I think I love him too;
If foolish actions are a proof,
Our evidence will do!
I thought we both had common sense,
Yet manage as we may,
We never say the thing we mean,
Nor mean the thing we say.

We sat, but yester eve, alone,
With twilight soft and dim,
And thought he only mused of me,
And I of only him:
He asked me for my thoughts, and said
That his were with his youth;
Of course I answered him without
A lavish waste of truth.

And always when he takes a kiss,
Nay, never frown at me!
I know that you've been kissed—at least,
I know you've wished to be!
Yet such very wicked things
Are shocking to the good,
I tried to look as horrified
As any lady should.

I wonder if the wedding ring
Would bind or break the charm?
I can't see how in such a case
It could do any harm.
And then I know that married folks,
Though how I cannot say,
Do manage with their love so well,
It's never in the way.

The very thought afflicts my mind,
With such desponding fits,
That if I part with him, I fear
I'll part with half my wits;
And if the priest should make us one,
In name and spirit too,
I know I'd be beside myself,
So what am I to do?

CROSSING THE DESERT.

Russell, in "My Diary in India," gives his impressions of the desert, as follows:

"The desert on which we debouched from the rich oasis of Cairo, even now a glorious mass of green, resembles the bed of some deep sea; not level and smooth, but corrugated; tossed into mountains and reefs of sand, seamed with shallow ravines, and enclosing in the sweep of the sandhill immense plains, covered with a glistening, even coat of circular and oval stones, varying in size, from a nine-pound shot to a grape. How they shine in the sun! flashing back its rays from their polished sides, so that, at times, where the plain stretches far away to the tumuli on the horizon, it is scarce possible to believe that it is not a dancing sparkling sea, which is bounding by the side of the railway. This effect is increased by the waving lines of the rarefied air, which gives to the verge of the great circle of desolation all the appearance of a rough and rapid tide way. No pen can describe, no pencil convey the real sentiment of 'the desert.' We watch with the profoundest interest, a string of camals, mere specks in the distance, which, under the charge of two Arabs, are ploughing their way over the sand hills toward the horizon, on which stands a solitary date-tree. With some such feelings, might the men of early world have beheld the first barque bearing the *robur et æs triplex* of hisfr amers toward the ocean wall, which would hide it from their sight. The sense of indefinite space is first impressed on one by that which is, we know, definite enough in actuality. But somehow or other, the sea is bounded, in our notions. We see it marked out in mass, and rounded off in tersestrial globes, so that its vastness is destroyed; but none of us can tell where this great desert ends, where are its bounds, how far it pushes its sandy waves into the heart of the continent. Sir Roderick Murchison may know; Barton may be able to tell us all about it: but it is not profitable to remove the feeling of immensity, of vagueness, and barren grandeur and primæval antiquity, which is produced by the sight of the desert whereon the Israelites wandered, and where the legions of the Cambysis found namless cemeteries. To me there is no sense of barrenness produced by the sea—the desert's first effect is productive of the sensation of a world destroyed—of barrenness, waste, and lifelessness.

Blanched bones of camels lie in dull whiteness on the sands. Not a bird fans the hot, silent air. Stones and sand, and sand and stones, are everything and everywhere, stretched out dead and hard under the blue sky and the relentless sun. The rail which conveys us through this dissolation is single, and the lines is said by English engineers to be very badly made, as the French engineers, who laid it out, took it over a ridge 1,100 feet high, instead of following a low level near the river, which would have greatly diminished expense and cost of working. The water and coal for the engines has to be carried by the trains out of the various stations. So they are like commissariat animals in a barren country, which have to carry their own fodder and diminish their public burthen.

These stations are helpless, hot, oven-like, erections, generally eked out by old Crimean wooden huts, within the shade of which may be seen an undoubted Englishman, smoking his pipe. At the twelfth station we coaled; the train ended in the desert here; but at long intervals, for miles in advance, we could see encampments of Arabs who, for the time, had become navvies, and were engaged in picking and burrowing and blasting through the rocks a way for the iron horse. In a long wooden shed, the centre of a group of tents, were laid out long tables, covered with hot joints of recondite animals, papier mache chickens, and lignite vegetables. This was our dinner; it had come all the way from Cairo; so had the wine, and beer, and spirits. It manna and quails were at all eatable, we had envied the food of the Israelites. By a pompous fiction we were indueed to draw lots, which were to determine our places in the vans, the passengers being divided into batches, one for each van. We looked out on the desert, and lo! there were seven or eight small vans, resembling Brighton bathing-boxes laid longitudinally on wheels, to which were attached creatures of an uncertain number of legs, resembling very much Scarborough ponies at the end of the season. There were passengers enough to fill them all five times over, but we were told not to be uneasy, and we quietly settled down to await the miracle which our senses told us was necessary to effect our departure.

THE PRIZE RING.

HEENAN AND SAYERS COMING TO THIS COUNTRY—THEIR INTENDED EXHIBITIONS—HEENAN CHALLENGES MORRISSEY.

From *Wilke's Spirit*, a New York sporting paper, we extract the following in regard to the "Champions:"

Among the first fruits of the settlement of the dispute about the belt is the laying out of two campaigns by the champions, from which they will, no doubt, reap a golden harvest. We learn that after a tour of eight weeks in England and Ireland, in the course of which they will give exhibitions in the principal towns, Heenan and Sayers will come to this country together.

HEENAN'S CHALLNNGE TO MORRISSEY:

LONDON, May 22.

DEAR SPIRIT:—The whole thing is settled at last, so far as Sayers and me are concerned. It is not exactly what I bargained for, but it will serve to show that I have not done the place I come from any discredit, and that I have got a big crowd of people on this side of the water who, perhaps, don't like me any too well at that, to give the lie to those at home who still try to defame me with a want of courage.

I hear that Morrissey is still foremost in this fine business, but I earnestly hope that none of my friends will interfere with him on that account. He cannot do me any harm by whatever he says, and so long as that is the case I want that he should be left for me. I understand that he still publicly says that he will fight me when I come home, and I mean to make him keep his word. Let him commence his preparations, therefore, as soon as he can, and let him get in the best possible fix, for if anything will tempt me to leave this country speedily, and postpone any intentions I may have about the old belt of England, it will be for the satisfaction of meeting him in a roped ring again. I bear the man no malice, but I want to punish him for the way in which he talks about me, and consequently I want him all to myself. All the satisfaction I have had from him thus far, is the two hundred dollars I won from him on his bet that I would not come to England and fight Sayers, and I want to give him another chance, or to get another chance for myself, to win or lose five or ten thousand dollars more: I shall have between five and six thousand dollars of my own money on the first of June next, which I will fight him for, and I will make it ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars a side if he likes, on any day that may be named after four months' notice. I shall expect him to close with this proposition for a meeting at once; but I will add that if the sums I name are more than will suit his book, I will accommodate him for one thousand or one hundred dollars a side—yes, for one dollar, or a ten cent piece! If he crawls out of this, after all that he has said, why, I suppose there is no further need of my following him up or paying any further attention to him. So, no more of that.

JOHN C. HEENAN.

☞ A poet out West, says: "It is a world of bliss fenced in with pretty girls.—*Exchange.*

If the above is true, and we should be so fortunate as to get there we intend to ask permission to sleep in the fence corner.—*Exchange.*

Being a married man are non-committal, and therefore would like to be considered "*on the fence.*"—*North Iowa Times.*

JOHN RANDOLPH'S SARCASM.

Randolph's sarcasm was withering, and sometimes his very look, or even silence was annihilating. The anecdotes told of him are almost innumerable, and some of them are doubtless pure inventions. We cannot vouch for the following, but it is charicteristic of the man:

A gentleman once related this to me which I have not seen in print. A member of the lower House, from Virginia, had recently died. With this gentleman, Randlph was on very friendly terms. His successor was elected part, as was said, from his holding up the idea that if elected he would "chastize John Randolph into his senses." This braggart had been in his seat but a few days when he sought to redeem his pledge by making a furious attack on the gentleman from Roanoke. He was in the full tide of angry declamation when the object of his abuse entered the House. On taking his seat, he barely looked at the speaker, and then began a hasty persual of the newspapers and documents on his desk. All expected a reply, and rare sport, as a matter of course, but they were, however, for that time, disappointed. Some days after, however, when the House, the lobbies and galleries were full, Randolph obtained the floor to speak to the same resolution then under consideration. In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to speak in the most complimentary terms of his friend, the deceased member, whose seat was then occupied by his successor who was a *large, portly man.* With inimitable elocution, which hushed the House into the most perfect silence, he turned to the seat ocbupied by his rude antagonist, and said, with his blandest but most scorching irony, "I allude to my esteemed friend from Virginia, lately deceased, and *whose seat is still* VACANT!" As his incomparble emphasis fell on the word "vacant," the death-like silence was dispelled by the most tumultuous laughter, defying all control, and in which friends and foes alike joined! It was told me as a fact, by an intelligent informant, who had it from one who professed to be personally acquainted with the facts, that the effect of this adroit inuendo was so killing to the principal victim, that he resigned his seat in the body in which he had so boldly proposed to chastise John Randolph into his senses.

DOING A DUN.—"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinations looking collector, as he entered the shop of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer. "Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply. "I am not speaking about the weather, but your bill," replied the collector in a loud key. "It would be better if we had a little rain."—"Confound the rain!" continued the collector; and raising his voice, "Have you any money to pay on the bill?"—"Beg your pardon sir, I am hard of hearing I have made it a rule not to lend my funds to strangers, and I really don't recognize you." "I am collector for the *Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher* newspaper, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it into the face of his debtor. "I've determined to endorse bills for no body; you may put that bill back into your pocket-book, I really can't endorse it." "Confound your endorsement! Will you pay it?" "You'll pay it, no doubt, sir, but there is always a risk about these matters, you know, so I must decline it."—"The money must be mine to-day." "Oh, yes, ninety days, but I would not endorse a bill for a week; so clear out of my shop! It is seldom I am pressed upon for an endorsement, even by a friend; on the part of a stranger, sir, it is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises." The bill was returned to the *Extinguisher* office, endorsed—"So confounded deaf that he couldn't understand."—*American Union*

A COLORED LOVE FEAST.

One of our reporters enjoyed the pleasure last evening of attending one of the colored churches in the West End, one of those remarkable demonstrations denominated a "love feast." He was first attracted to the spot by the noise as of a thousand Ethiopian minstrels. As he drew near he found the pedal extremities of the singers keeping time energetically with their voices. Entering the half open door of the church, he found himself in the midst of a scene which for grotesque singularity has not been exceeded in his experience since the time of the mysterious gathering at Faneuil Hall. On one side of the little church was gathered a group of young and middle aged men, pouring forth at the top of their lungs snatches of familiar religious melodies and pious exotics of the plantation. While they sung they clapped their hands incessantly, danced and perspired, and emitted an extravagance of emotion.

Upon the other side of the house a large number of sisters were assembled. Although at first more quiet than the brethren, they could not long withstand the sympathetic magnetism of the occasion, the effect of which upon these weaker vessels was remarkable to witness. At first a buxom female suddenly sprung from the seat, and joining the chorus of voices commenced bobbing up and down in her pew and shaking the house to its foundation. Presently this remarkable movement was communicated to a neighbor, and so extended through the female part of the audience, until the tumult among the crinoline exceeded all power of description. A few warm hearted Dinahs promenaded the aisles with upturned eyes, and arms extended to embrace everything with which they came in contact. Some were so absorbed in the ecstacy of the movement, and plunged about with such reckless abandonment, that the children under their convoy were really in danger of receiving serious injury. All this while the brethren were clapping their hands, perspiring and singing themselves hoarse, and the scene was continued till the actors gave out from sheer exhaustion. Then the sexton shut off the gas, and promising them all another glorious time on Thanksgiving evening, closed the doors upon the perspiring worshippers.—*Boston Journal.*

CORNELIUS WENDELL.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes as follows of one of the leading characters of Washington society. Having referred to the prominent individuals who appeared before the Covode Investigating committee, in both branches of the Legislature, is Mr. Cornelius Wendell. He is in fact one of the curiosities of the capital. I have heard it alleged that he has appeared before every investigating committee except the Judiciary, that has been raised during the present and last sessions, and while nearly everybody else gets into trouble Wendell manages to keep his head above water. Openly against the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, after having borne the most confidential relations to it he is still on intimate terms with Mr. Appleton and others of that concern. Denounced by Judge Douglas from the stump during his Illinois campaign, Wendell is at this moment, one of the Judge's most ardent and liberal friends. A Democrat in all his feelings, it is interesting to see how many of the Republicans are under his control. He tells everybody that he is poor, and yet seems ever ready to assist the needy, and it is told of him as a good joke, that he always borrows money, when he is rich and lends it when he is out of pocket. Apparently reckless in the management of his own affairs, his printing office is a model of regularity and completeness, and is conducted with an order a care and an economy which have rendered it the wonder of all observers. He seems to keep no secrets, to tell all he knows whenever summoned before the investigating committees, and yet contrives to protect those with whom he has had certain mysterious dealings. Charitable and kind to a fault, his appetite for making money seems to increase as he grows older. Such is Cornelius Wendell, a man more feared by the President, and at the same time more beloved by a host of friends, than almost any other I could name.

A WITTY REDSKIN.—Away down in Maine a big Indiand was tried, convicted and fined five dollars for stealing. He immediately pulled out a well filled wallet, and counted out the the money to Judge Johnson, demanding at the same time a receipt, when the following colloquy occurred:

Judge.—'Sam, you don't want a receipt, for it is settled on the docket, and can never again come against you."

Indian.—'I pay you the money, well, give me receipt.'

Judge.—'I tell you that you don't need it, for it is settled on the docket.

Indian.—'White man say me steal, Judge Johnson say me steal; I say me no steal, but me pay um; now give um receipt.'

Judge.—'Well, since you insist upon it if you will give me a good reason for wanting it, I will give you one.'

Indian.—'Well, when me die, me 'spects to go to Heaven. Werry well! when me gets to the gate, Peter say—Go 'way Indian, you steel. I say werry well, what if I do; don't I pay um? Peter says, show um receipt, and then if I don,t have um I shall be obliged to go look all through hell to find Judge Johnson to prove I pay um.'

"Do you keep matches?" asked a young wag of a retailer.

"Oh, yes, all kinds," was the reply.

"Well, then, I will take a trotting match, if you please."

The retailer immediately handed him a box of Brandreth's pills.

The census takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being sixteen. In one family in a neighboring State, there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

AN ADROIT THIEF.—"One evening, as Marie Antoinette sat quietly at her lodge at the Theater, the wife of a tradesman of Paris, sitting nearly vis-a-vis to the Queen, made great parade of her toilet, and seemed peculiarly desirous of attracting attention to a pair of splendid bracelets, gleaming with the chaste contrast of emerald and dimonds. She was not without success. A gentleman of elegant mien and graceful manner presented himself at the door of her lodge; he delivered a message from the Queen. Her Magesty had remarked the singular beauty of the bracelets, and wishes to inspect one of them more closely. What could be more gratifying? In the seventh heaven of delighted vanity, the tradesman's wife unclasped the bracelet and gave it to the gentleman, who bowed himself out and left her—as you have doubtless divined he would—abundant leisure to learn of her loss.

"Early the next morning, however, an officer from the department of police called at this lady's house. The night before, a thief had been arrested leaving the theater, and upon his person were found many valuables, among others, a splendid bracelet. Being penitent, he had told to the best of his recollection, to whom the article belonged, and the lady called upon was indicated as the owner of the bracelet. If madam posessed the mate to this singular bracelet, it was only necessary to intrust it to the officer, and if it was found to compare properly with the other, both would be immediately sent home, and Madam would have only a trifling fee to pay. The bracelet was given willingly, and with the stiff courtesy inseparable from official dignity, the officer took his leave, and the next cast joined his fellow, the gentleman of elegant mein and graceful manner. The bracelets were not found to compare properly, and were not returned."

"MY heart is in the coffin with Cæsar, and I must pause till it come back to me."

This was the exclamation of Mark Antony over a murdered idol, and it is not unfit to make the application to certain signs visible in the black Republican ranks, especially in N. York, where Mr. Seward is adored.

The case is scarcely parallel, for Antony was a friend, and the genius of the poet of Avon has presented through him the best stump speech on record. Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue. Seward "went under" at Chicago, at the very shrine of the ebony shaft he had devoted his life to erect. Cæsar had his Brutus, and Seward his Greeley. But dropping the parallel between the defunct Roman and the New York Black Republican, it is very apparent that no political Mark Antonys can excite the populace for Lincoln. The Webbs, and that school of politicians, "bow"—they have no eloquence but tears—their heart is in the coffin with Seward.—*St. Louis Republican.*

SUMNER'S SPEECH.—"No one can rise from a perusal of this speech without a contempt for the author, and a conviction of his unfitness for his place. * * * If Mr. Sumner were a religious man, he would be a persecutor. Instead, he has adopted a vague philosophy of his creed, and he proclaims a political crusade against brethren living under a common constitution. At this moment the aristocracy and the oligarchies of the Old World, unite in an attempt to decry American institutions, and to expose this country to the distrust of the people. The reason is that we are draining their life-blood in emigration; and our gold, our grains, and our cotton, places us not only in a position of independence but of dictation. Mr. Sumner's false testimony will be welcome against us in the Old World, and when the Senate adjourns he will go there, to reap his reward in the smiles and flatteries of noble lords and ladies, and the puffery of a pensioned press."—*Albany Atlas & Argus.*

A Pretty good thing come off a few days ago at one of our Justice Courts. Bill Cummings, an Irishman by birth, but a native of New Orleans by choice, was a witness in a squatter case, and was subject to a severe cross examination by the counsel on the other side. Every body knows Bill and knows his ways, and Bill knows almost everybody. He was much harassed and surprised at the temerity of the disciple of Coke and Blackstone for his impudence in trying to corner him, and sometimes was short in his answers. C—— the lawyer, asked Bill for the sixth or seventh time which way a certain flight of stairs ran. Bill fixed upon the Judge a most imploring look, but he did not answer. The question was repeated.

"Answer the question Mr. Cumming," said the Judge, and Bill turning to the lawyer, with his large red face streaming with perspiration, said—

"That depends where ye are; if ye are at the top, they run down; and if ye are at the fut they just run up; and that's all I know about it impy how."