

# Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DREWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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## Select Poetry.

### "LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY MARY HOWITT.

Mother! bending o'er the cradle  
Of thy earliest born,  
Watching till the blue eyes open  
To the rosy dawn;  
Pouring forth its purest fountain,  
Earth's idolatry;  
Listen to the voice that murmureth,  
"Lovest thou me?"

Sister! by the "midnight taper,"  
Counting labor light,  
For thy childhood's best beloved,  
In his manhood's might;  
Still for him thine eye to Heaven  
Lifting tenderly;  
Back to thee that whisper stealth,  
"Lovest thou me?"

Maiden! with a deeper trusting  
Than a sister's own;  
With the silent stars to watch thee,  
Dreaming—all alone;  
Dreaming of the star that lighteth  
Earth and Heaven to thee!  
Start not when another sauteh,  
"Lovest thou me?"

Watch! by the fainting night lamp  
O'er a fainter gleam,  
Flickering on the lips thou lovest—  
Love's last earthly beam—  
With that last, convulsive quivering,  
To thine agony,  
Comes the comforter's still whisper,  
"Lovest thou me?"

Oh! our hearts by earthly loving,  
Learn the love of Heaven;  
Not to wren from the Creator,  
Was his creature given;  
He who tunes our spirits' harp-strings  
To such harmony,  
Well may breathe upon them sweetly  
"Lovest thou me?"

### Answer to a Health to my Brother.

BY WM. R. SMITH OF WISCONSIN.

Yes, brother, quaff the generous bowl,  
Though tears have mingled with the wine;  
Our pledge—let each congenial soul  
Respond—Thy joys, thy griefs, are mine.

Our sons of youth rose brightly gleaming,  
And promised flowers in every path;  
How soon aroused from blissful dreaming,  
We struggled with the whirlwinds' wrath!

Now, in the world alone, my brother,  
Two scions of one parent tree,  
Soon shall the earth, our common mother,  
Reclaim her own, and set us free!

Religion teaches souls immortal  
To bear submissive worldly pain,  
For soaring up to heaven's portal,  
The pure in bliss shall live again.

Then let us hear our griefs awhile—  
No cause exists to shed a tear,  
When we look backward with a smile,  
And forward gaze without a fear.

## Miscellaneous.

### From America's Own. A NIGHT AT A GAMING TABLE. An Episode of Real Life.

BY WALTER GRAHAM.

A few years since the steamers on the western rivers were harvest fields that yielded gamblers golden fruit. Many a young man, who had been entrusted with produce to dispose of at New Orleans, has fallen a victim to the wily gambler on board of western boats. The thirst for wealth, gold, glittering gold—has hurled hundreds of promising young men over the precipice down the dark abyss of Vice. They risked not only their all, but more than their all, on the hazard of their die, and Fate decided against them.—These placed, they lacked the moral courage to return to their employer, but chose to float with the ebb-current into the Sea of Depravity.

In the year 1844—a party were seated around a table in the social hall of a steamer on the Mississippi, playing cards. They had played from about 9 o'clock in the evening till near midnight. This party consisted of four persons; two of whom were notorious gamblers, the other two were frank, unsuspecting countrymen who had been to New Orleans to dispose of produce and were returning home. At near midnight one of the countrymen arose from the table, saying to his partner:

"Luck's against us, Bob! Might as well try to beat the devil himself as these fellows!"

"Oh, for God's sake, don't quit yet! Give me some chance to get back my money!"

"No use, Bob, I'm nigh busted! Pretty near clean swept out."

Despair seemed to be written upon every lineament of Bob's features, when he found that he could not persuade his friend to play. At last, he said to several who had been watching the game:

"Won't some of you gentlemen take my partner's place?"

There was a pause of a few moments, then a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty, took the vacant seat, saying:

"If you have no objections, I'll try my hand."

"Agreed!"

"Here lar-keeper, give us another pack of cards," said the young man.

Another pack was brought—the stranger opened them, and then handed them back, saying:

"I want a pack of another color. These are the same color as those they have been playing with. We might as well change the color, just for luck."

The gamblers exchanged glances.

Another pack was brought—the game commenced—and the gamblers won. Bob grew uneasy.

"Come, let's double the stake!" said the stranger, whose turn it was to deal.

"Just as you like," replied the gamblers.

The stakes were doubled, and the stranger and his partner won. A gleam of sunshine illumed Bob's countenance. Another game played, Bob and his partner again successful. The stakes increased—the gamblers losers.

"Bar-keeper, bring us another pack of cards of a different color from these," said the stranger, who was about to deal.

One of the gamblers looked at his partner while a dark frown overspread his features.

Three more games were played and Bob had retrieved his losses. The stranger again called for another pack of cards. At this one of the gamblers exclaimed:

"No more changing: We play with these!"

"You may play with what you please," replied the young man, as an almost imperceptible smile passed over her features. "But if my partner and myself play we must have another pack."

Bob looked at his partner and then at George.

"Stick to what your partner says, Bob. He's the right stripe and will come out head horse, or I'm a nigger!" exclaimed George, slapping Bob on the shoulder.

"I agree to what my partner says," said Bob, in reply to the gambler's looks of inquiry.

The gamblers exchanged looks and then consented to the arrangement.

Four more games were played and each time Bob and the stranger won.

It was again the stranger's deal. One of the gamblers watched him closely, and suddenly exclaimed—

"You—young villain! Cheating are you?"

"Playing with you at your own game. I have watched you all night, and saw you cheat my partner and his friend. Even now you've got a dozen cards in the sleeve of your coat. I never play on the square with thieves!" replied the stranger hastily, as a deadly paleness stole over his features.

A knife gleamed in the gambler's hand, and as the blow aimed at the stranger descended, a dozen cards fell from his sleeve on the table. This was noticed by all the by-standers. The stranger avoided the blow, and with a rapid movement caught the assailant by the throat, giving his cravat a sudden twist, and they both rolled on the floor.

While this was taking place, the spectators prevented the other gambler from interfering, and in this struggle a number of cards dropped from his coat sleeve. The social hall was now a scene of confusion.

"Game! clear grit, by thunder!" exclaimed George, as he with others separated the combatants.

The gambler's face and breast was covered with blood as was also the young stranger's hand.

"Has the white-livered thief stabbed you, my young hickory?" inquired George as he pulled the young man towards the light.

"No, I guess not."

But the blood dropped fast from the young man's hand, and upon washing off the blood it was discovered that his right thumb was nearly severed. In the scuffle he succeeded in disarming the gambler and thus probably saved his life. The wound was dressed and bound up, and the stranger returned to the Social Hall.—The gambler who was cheating with rage, eyed him with a demoniac look then shaking his fist at him exclaimed—

"I allow no man to call me a thief, and you must give me satisfaction!"

"I'll give you any satisfaction you want, you cowardly cut-throat," was the reply.

"And if he can't I'm the chap that will!" exclaimed George, throwing off his coat.

"Stop my friend, this is my quarrel, and I'll allow no one to take my place in it!"

"Good! my young Davy; but that fellow is big enough to swallow you."

"Yes, but may-be he can't digest me."

"It wouldn't be a fair fight," interposed several by-standers.

"Well, there is one thing that modifies brute force and places all on an equal footing."

"That's the talk, Davy. You're my man!" exclaimed George, slapping the stranger on the back.

"He's right!" said one of the by-standers, a man about forty, stepping forward. "The young man is right, and I'm his friend in this matter. It is as clear as day and the affair can very soon be settled."

The speaker had been a major in the Texas Revolution, and he led the stranger down the cabin towards his state room, telling the gambler to have matters arranged within ten minutes when they reached the state room the major said to him—

"How is it that a person of your age understands so much about cards as to beat these old gamblers?"

Curiosity led me to study them, but I never play except for amusement. Most, if not all of the tricks I learned of a fellow boaster, who had formerly spent a great part of his time at the gaming table. I noticed these honest countrymen had been swindled and thought that it would be but an act of charity to beat the gamblers with their own weapons, and recover the money for my partner and his friend. Every time I noticed the gambler secrete cards called for another pack of a different color; and I watched them too closely to give them a chance to cheat in the deal. They did not suspect me until near the finish of playing. You know the rest.

"Pretty good but do you think that you could face that fellow's fire. He is an old hand at the business."

"But he's a coward or he would not have drawn a knife upon me. Yet, if it can be avoided, I would rather not meet him. I would not like to have him meet his death at my hands, nor would I like to sacrifice my own life for so unworthy a purpose."

"It is too late to back out now."

"Can it not be settled?"

"No! If you refuse to meet him—most every one will pronounce you a coward."

"Well, if it must be, I suppose it must—but I have no weapons."

"Never mind that, I have a prime pair of duelling pistols, and so if you have any arrangements to make, be about it, for the time is short, and the affair should be settled before it gets noised about the boat. I'll see to the other matters."

"Say! Make the distance short."

"Only the breadth of the boat."

"That will do. I will be prepared in time."

So saying the young man went to his own state room, but soon returned and seated himself by a table in the cabin and commenced writing. His face was pale, deadly pale, but there was a fixedness of features, which at once told that his mind was made up. A tear coursed down his cheek as he wrote—but probably that tear was for those who were far away, yet still to memory dear. Strange thoughts flitted through his mind—so young, and yet to stand on the brink of death—to make one fearful plunge into that dark, unknown river, and be carried by its current out into the Ocean of Eternity, to return home no more. A lifetime passed in review in a moment. Yet the evil geni said, "Go on—too late!" To die or kill—either was a dreadful reflection. Yet the proud passionate youth would not submit to reflection. It must be done, and the sooner it is over the better—so reasoned passion, and passion triumphed. When he had finished his writing he gave it to the major, requesting him to follow the directions which he would find written in a note addressed to himself, in case he should fail. Also to give his winnings to George to make up for the loss he had sustained.

They then went upon the upper deck of the boat. It was a calm, still night, and the moon shone forth in all its pale splendor. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but forests and water met the gaze. The pulling of the high-pressure engine, alone disturbed the stillness of the scene. The boat had just rounded for the purpose of wooding; and when she was again under way, the young stranger, his second, and three other persons, anxiously awaited the approach of the gamblers. Scarcely a word was spoken—none felt disposed to disturb the silence that reigned—half an hour passed, and the gambler came not. It was now suggested that some one should go in search of him. The messenger soon returned and reported that both the gamblers had left the boat at the woodyard.—When the young man heard this, a fervent "Thank God!" escaped his lips, and the party retired to seek repose in sleep.

A WISE LANDLORD.—One night, a judge, military officer, and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called on to decide which had the better claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garison at B," said the officer.

"I have sat as Judge twenty years at R," said the Judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen I have stood in the Ministry twenty-five years at N," said the Priest.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the theologian has stood five and twenty years; so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

MIDNIGHT TRADERS.—About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags halted a farm-house in the west in a very halcyon manner. The farmer sprang out of his warm bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Have you any hay, M—?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of corn?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of meat and breadstuff?"

"Yes."

"Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are very useful articles in a family!"

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea."

When in Canton, a few days since, I learned that there were stored in that city several thousand stand of arms, waiting for a private opportunity to be shipped to Shanghai. Since then a fleet of about one hundred and fifty Chinese junk sailed through this harbor for the North, so that you see great preparations for the season's campaign are being made. However, it will require much time to entirely revolutionize a country containing, as this does, three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants. The coast is literally swarming with pirates. It is estimated that there are at least one hundred thousand of them—desperate fellows and ready to be purchased for any cause. Sanqua, the "Trustee," or collector of customs at Shanghai, who purchased his office from Government, has employed several thousand of these outlaws, and thus carries on the scourge of that place.

The Chinese look upon this revolution as the beginning of a re-creation of the world. China, in their eyes, is all creation; and on their maps, their country covers nearly the whole surface. Europe, Africa and the Americas are represented by little dots, as though they were small islands or specks on the face of nature.

We have not heard anything from the Japanese squadron lately, except that the Russians had taken the feathers out of Commodore Perry's cap by their treaty, after having borrowed coals from him to proceed to Japan. However, our nation cannot be robbed of the credit of opening the ports of that Empire.

The weather is very warm here just now, and the fruits ripe and delicious. The banana has burst its skin to take a peep at dame Nature; the lemon seems to invite some one to squeeze her; while the pine apple seems to say, "I'm fresh and juicy—try me—who cares for fever?"

Correspondence of the London Times.  
**The Quarrel of the French Minister with the Turkish Government.**  
CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27, 1854.

The great event of the last twenty-four hours in a serious difference between the French Ambassador and the Porte with respect to the right of France to protect the Catholic Helens.—When the expulsion of the subjects of King Othman was resolved on, it was expected by those who knew the country that the question of religion would be brought into the dispute. It was asserted that the Catholics would be permitted to remain, and the Archbishop proceeded to give certificates of orthodoxy to all who applied. Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers is then stated to have made a formal demand that all Catholics should be expelled from the empire, as being under French protection, and that his guarantee for the good behavior of the members of his own Church should be considered sufficient. It was represented in return, that such a distinction would place the act of the Porte on a wrong basis, give an air of religious persecution to what was a political precaution, increase the bad feeling which already prevails among the Rayahs, and lend some show of justice to the demands of the Czar.

The Ambassador then withdrew his more general demand, and merely requested that certain persons to the number of fifteen, should be excepted from the necessity of leaving. This was allowed, and a form of permission prepared by the Turkish Government, to be filled up with the names of the individuals. This form was approved by Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was to send in a few days for the required number of such documents. In the meantime, according to the most trustworthy account of the matter, the British Ambassador interfered; perhaps disapproving the principle of such exceptions, or judging the grounds of favor expressed in the form of permission to be dangerous in their consequences.—The French Ambassador was informed that his request could not be granted. His indignation was extreme, and the withdrawal of the whole Embassy was threatened. Reschid Pasha is reported to have offered his resignation, which was declined, in accordance with the advice of Lord Stratford.

What may be the political result of such a dispute at the present juncture it is difficult to predict; but it is not to be supposed that a diplomatist to take such a step at such a moment. Should it appear that the Ambassador has acted under the influence of personal pique or vanity, the world will not fail to judge his conduct severely. The alliance between France and England and of both these nations with Turkey has been cemented, not merely for the defence of some corn-producing districts north of the Danube, but for the assertion of natural rights of the law of nations, of the principles of political liberty. To endanger this alliance merely on the grounds of personal dignity or even in defence of sectarian privileges, is a feat which can only be sufficiently reprehended. However, the provocation may have been great, and the position of the diplomatist difficult. A straight forward man may have been indignant at what he considered the deception of the Turkish Government, and a proud man hurt at the existence of an influence which set aside and nullified his own. The immediate cause of rupture may not be the only one which has influenced the French Representative's conduct on this occasion.

The French Ambassador remains till Sunday.

A SPEAKER.—"I ain't a going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't," exclaimed our imp the other day in a terrible pucker.

"Well what shall we call you?"

"Call me typographical spirit of evil, if you please—that's all."

A clergyman after having read his text, which was upon the Samaritan woman, said—"Do not wonder my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman who speaketh."

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