Democrat and Sentinel.

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

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Select Poetry.

TO A FRIEND.

My heart is sad to night, dear friend,
My soul with grief is bowed;
And earth, though wearing joyous smiles,
Seems covered with a shroud.
The breezes which around me play,
Whispering in mournful tones,
Remind me of the "passed away!"
And tell me I'm alone."

Deep down [illegible] the silent grave
A cherished form we've laid;
O! can it be those well loved tones
We ne'er shall see again?
And those blue orbs forever closed;
And has that spirit fled?
And, the one so loubly loved
Now numbered with the dead?

He's gone, yes! gone, to come no more,
This life's entirety.
He's crossed the billows, gained the shore
Of life's tempestuous sea.
The earnest memories of the past,
So holy and so deep,
Will treasure as a precious boon,
Though oft they bid us weep.

THE DESERTER.

An Incident of the Mexican Campaign.

By E. W. Davies.

It was on the eve of the battle of Buena Vista. In the ragged mountains and on the rough uplands twenty thousand Mexicans slept on their arms, confident of victory on the morrow. Day and night they had struggled through arid deserts and rocky passes, toward their present position, from which that the Northern invaders would at daybreak be annihilated before their overwhelming numbers. And besides, these twenty thousand knew well the talent of their chief—Santa Anna—a man beyond question an accomplished military commander, and who, had he but commanded Anglo Saxon or Gallic or Celtic troops, would have made his name renowned to the end of time.

Santa Anna sat in the door of his pavilion, looking out over the land to where the watch fires of Taylor and his five thousand men burned in the distance.

"To-morrow," thought Santa Anna, "we will destroy these Yankee invaders, root and branch. One single blow shall finish the campaign."

Just then his thoughts were interrupted.—Gentlemen brought into his presence a man, with hands bound behind, and blood flowing from a cut in the forehead.

"Know a deserter, Dimon el Rodrigo," said they. "We discovered him in the mountain, at an abandoned ranch. What shall be his fate?"

Santa Anna glanced at the prisoner. The light of the torches fell upon the face of singular gentleness and benevolence of expression, blended with firmness—one of those beautiful faces that we sometimes see in portraits of the old Spanish gentry.

"Is there any doubt?" queried the general.

"He does not deny it," was the reply. "Speak, Rodrigo, have you anything to say?"

The prisoner shook his head—sadly, hopelessly. He knew that there was no mercy for him. To plead was useless.

Santa Anna pointed to a ravine near at hand. The soldiers appreciated his meaning. A private had that day been shot there for the same offence. All that Santa Anna said was;—

"I cannot pardon desertion in presence of an enemy. Let him die at midnight."

No other word was spoken, save that the prisoner threw up his hands as he was led away, and ejaculated aloud:

"O, Inez, Inez! Lost, lost forever!

That agonized exclamation struck a chill to the heart that heard it, and Santa Anna himself, the victor of a hundred bloody fights, gazed reflectively after the prisoner till the latter vanished into darkness.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight. Santa Anna had just dismissed a council of officers, and was alone in his tent. Only at the entrance stood the armed guards. Suddenly there was a noise; the guards were heard challenging some new comer.—There was the sound of a struggle. A sweet tender voice—the voice of a woman—cried; "I will pass; I will see him." and the next minute there burst into the presence of the chief a female and threw herself in a supplicating attitude at his feet.

"Pardon, pardon!" she cried, "pardon for him! He meant no wrong. It was for me he incurred the penalty. Save him—O, save him!

Santa Anna looked upon the woman and saw that she was young and surpassing beautiful.—Large and dark were her Spanish eyes, and as he gazed into their jetty, sparkling and mournful depths, a feeling came over him like a memory of something half forgotten, half realized. It was with surprise that the sentinel who had followed the lady into the tent, found himself motioned back.

"I have yet to learn for whom it is you plead," remarked Santa Anna,

"For Rodrigo—for my husband!" ejaculated the lady. "He is no traitor. His colonel offered me insult. Rodrigo struck him. The lash was ordered for his noble back. But I cut his bonds, and we fled to the mountain. For me he did it—unworthy me. Pardon him or kill me!"

Santa Anna essayed to raise the lovely woman. She slipped from his grasp and clasped his knees,

"No, no," she exclaimed, "not 'till you pardon him. Let me die for him if need be. Only set him free. He is brave—he is true. You must not kill him!"

Santa Anna felt distressed. But his voice and look were as cold as the snows of Popocatapetl, He shook his head and said:

"Though you plead 'till the break of the last dawn, it will not save him. His fault is too great for pardon. It is midnight now—the hour of his doom. While you wait here, the bullets that are to take his life may be driven home in their deadly tubes. You may see him if you hasten."

The lady sprang to her feet with a shriek of despair. She looked into the unchanging and relentless eye of Santa Anna, and became hopeless.

"Let me go to him!" she cried in agony.—"Take me to him! My husband—O, take me to my husband!"

Santa Anna spoke to the guardsman.

"It is well, let her see him. Half an hour more or less, is of small account. But see to it, that the man is dead when the clock strikes one."

The lady wrung her hands. The general's merciless words had hardly died away, when he was again alone. The guard, eager and earnest, had departed with the lady; and in Santa Anna's bosom there was left the memory of her agony like a haunting spirit.

* * * * * *

In the ravine, half an hour after, down among the dense shadows of the bushes, half a dozen torches threw a lurid light on a score of glittering bayonets, a prisoner stripped for execution, and a fainting woman. The prisoner was Rodrigo, standing there with folded arms.

"Quick!" he cried, quick! I cannot witness her agony! Let the blow fall, before sorrow unmans me!"

O, the despairing firmness of that voice! The parting words had all been said—the parting kisses had all been given, and, fainting with despair, the lovely Inez had been torn from her husband's arms. Now she lay there upon the ground, her head supported by a kneeling soldier while another was bathing her hands and brow with water.

"Why this delay?" ejaculated Rodrigo. "It is torture to me. Let me give the word—ready, aim, fire!"

The soldiers did not obey the prisoner. It was only when their lieutenant repeated the word "Ready?" that the musket barrels dropped from their shoulders to their hands, and the sharp click was heard as they cocked their pieces.

"Aim!" and up the dozen muskets went, and the soldiers' eyes gleamed along the tubes to see that the muzzles pointed full at the bosom of Rodrigo.

Just then the prisoner spoke—a last ejaculation:

"My wife, Inez de Rimenas, farewell! Heaven keep you!"

It was the maiden name of his wife that the doomed man had uttered. The word 'fire' was just trembling on the lieutenant's lips.

"Hold! I command you, on pain of death!" thundered a new voice. A cloaked form, which had hitherto been concealed in the shadow of a tree, came forward. "I am your general. Platoon, shoulder, arms!"

The pieces, undischarged, were thrown to a perpendicular position again, and all present stood in fixed surprise.

"Prisoner," cried Santa Anna, "you called Rimenas. Where was your wife born?"

"In the hacienda of Los formio," returned the astonished prisoner. "Her father's name was Juan."

"Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!" cried the chief. "It is the daughter of Isabel de Rimenas. Isabel was my benefactor years ago. I have a debt of gratitude to pay. Inez—Inez de Rimenas, wife of Rodrigo, arise!" and he stooped and tenderly took the lady's hand. "Your husband is pardoned!"

The glad announcement was a potent charm. A minute only elapsed, and husband and wife were in each other's arms, Inez weeping with tears of joy.

Santa Anna softly withdrew to his pavillion.

Next day, when the fierce battle of Buena Vista was fought, when for many long hours, four thousand Americans bore up against the repeated charges of twenty thousand Mexicans, no man was found fighting more bravely for the children of the sun, than the captain of the Guadalajuar company of light infantry—Pion el Rodrigo.

And when at last, shattered and routed, the Mexican army retired, and left the Americans to mourn the loss of more than half their effective force, Captain Rodrigo was to be found in the suit of Santa Anna—for even in the hour of defeat the merciless Mexican chief had not failed to remember the debt of gratitude he owed to the mother of Inez—Isabel de Rimenas.

Thus it is, that in every man's career there are bright spots to be found, that should shine like stars so long as his name is remembered among men.

No Right to be Ugly.—Men or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, cannot be ugly, except from mental and intellectual causes, and neither man nor woman has any right to be ugly, and if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdemeanor or crime; and that being ugly, they cannot expect the love of ugly women; no women can love an ugly man; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a sore struggle, and may be a duty after all not love.

To have lost one's eye or nose, to squint or to have a hunch back, are certainly misfortunes, deterioration of the human form, and impairments of its high ideal; but if all these calamities were centered in one unhappy person, it would not make him positively ugly if he were wise witty, benevolent, just and generous, and passed his life in deeds of kindness and charity.

Milton has not endowed his sublime fiend with the horns, dragon's tail, and other vulgar ugliness of popular superstition. He was too great a poet and philosopher to fall into such an error.—The physical beauty of his Satan was originally as great as that of the angels who had not fallen, in all the outward attributes; but the hideousness was in the mind, and the mind moulded the body to its own character; and Satan though he was as Sidney Smith said 'a fine fellow in one sense, was terribly ugly in the other; sublime horrible and infinitely more fearful to think of than the grotesque compound of Satyr and Dragon.

An ugly person may have a well developed nose and regular features, he may be six feet high and shapely as the Apollo Beldivere, but the evil spirit that is in him has set the indescribable seal of a bad mind upon all his physical lineaments. He bears the brand of criminality upon his forehead as Cain did, and carries a mark of divine displeasure stamped upon his face, shaped in his aspect, toned in his voice and telegraphed in his looks and gestures.

A Confirmed Case.—A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character, in short one that would get beastly drunk. Being in the company with a few intimates one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife—since all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit, and proposed the following method; that some time when dead drunk she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings afterwards the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the lid was properly secure, the party before alluded to, watched, each in turn to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid down by the box, when the ladyship after bumping her head a few times was heard to say;

"Bless me! where am I?"

The outsider answered, in a sephulchral tone: "Madam you are dead and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the old lady inquired again:

"Where are you?"

"Oh I am dead too." said he.

"Can you tell me how long I have been dead?"

"About three weeks"

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

—"Julius, I suppose you are a very good scholar?"

"Not quite as good as I ought to be, Sam, why?"

"Because I just wanted to ask you one question."

"What is it, Sam?"

"Have you ever studied arithmetic?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, suppose that a man should buy a pair of chickens at twelve and a half cents a pound, and the chickens weighed seven pounds and a quarter, what you think they'd come to?"

"Was it in the morning?"

"Why, what has that to do with it?"

"A great deal; because if it was in the morning and my wife bought 'em, I know 'xactly what dey would come to."

"What would they come to?"

"A chicken pot pie an' a sudden disappearance."

—A broker, not long ago, when escorting a fair damsel, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. "What rate of interest does it bring? inquired the man of current funds and wildcat documents. "If properly invested it will double the original stock every two years."

From the boby's purity the mind receives a sympathetic aid.

OUR UNION RIGHT OR WRONG.

Rouse heroes of Freedom's only home,
Hark to the disunion's cry,
Dear liberty beneath her dome,
Proclaims that danger's nigh;
Come let your noble shouts ring forth,
In trumpet voices strong
"We know no South, we know no North,
Our Union right or wrong."
"We know no South, we know no North
Our Union right or wrong."

The temple our brave fathers made,
The wonder of the world,
Shall they behold their sons dismay'd
When treason's flag's unfurled;
Oh! never, by the the glorious star
Which on our banner throng;
Rouse sons of three victorious wars,
For Union right or wrong.

Our patriotic father's shades,
With Washington on high,
Point to their blood annointed blades
And to their children cry,
Rouse, freemen by your father's scars,
On to the rescue throng;
Defend our flag and sacred stars.
The Union right or wrong.

Sons of the press proclaim its worth
In telegraphic fires,
Bid young America stand forth
And emulate their sires;
Wake sister states and hand in hand,
Round Freedom's Temple throng,
Come shout in one united Band,
Our Union right or wrong.

"MORE COPY" OR THE FOREMAN'S DEMAND.

Once in August, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, wandering oe'r a memorandum book of items used before—(book of scrawling head notes rather; item taking days together, then in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather,) pondering we these items oe'r. While we cond'd them, slowly rocking, (through our minds queer ideas flocking,) came a quick and nervous knocking—at the sanctum door. "Sure that must be Jinks," was muttered—. Jinks," that's knocking at our door; Jinks the everlasting bore."

Ah, how do we remind us; in the walls which then confined us, "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all oe'r the floor. Thought we. "Jinks want's to borrow some newspapers till to-morrow, and 'twill relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinkins, the bore, by opening wide the door." still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before.

And the scattered piles of papers cut some rather curious capers, being lifted by the breeze coming through the door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinkins was the ———, to stay there evermore, there to find his level—Jinks the never tiring bore!

Backing up our patience firmer, then without a murmur; "Mr. Jinks," said we "your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is we were reading some curious proceeding, and thus it was unheeded, your loud knocking there before.

Here we opened the wide door. But fancy now our pheelings—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore, Jinks, nameless evermore.

But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come oe'r us, and memory quickly bore us back again to days of yore days when "items" were in plenty and where 'er this writer went he picked up items by the score—"Twas the form of our 'devil' in an attitude uncivil; and thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman's out' of copy! Sir—and says he wants more" Yes, like Alexander, wanted more."

Now, this 'local' had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were walked through the street called Dauphlien, and by-ways running off into the portion of the city both public and obscure, and examined store and cellar, and had questioned every 'feller' whom we met, from door to door, if anything was stiring, any accident occuring, not published heretofore; and had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with his message from the foreman that he wanted something more.

"Now it's time you were departing, you scamp," cried we upstarting; get you back into the office—office where you were before; or the words you have spoken will get your bones broken," (and he seized a cudgel that was lying on the floor,) "take your hands out of your pockets and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth our devil, 'send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door. Tears down his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes are beaming—and his voice is heard still screaming. "Sir, the foreman wants some more!"

And our soul peirced with that screaming awakened from its dreaming and has lost the peace it had before, for the fancy will come o'er as that each readers face before us, bears the horrid words—"he wants a little more!" Words on their foreheads glaring, "your funny column wants some more!"

The best life-preserver in this world, is a marriage certificate. One half the rheumatism in the market, is only vice, assuming the shape of canes and crutches.

Ex-Governor Seymour on the Importance of Preserving the Democratic Party.

The following is an extract from a late speech of Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, at his residence in Utica. The Governor says:

We believe we can best promote the interest of our country by preserving our time honored organization. It has been so closely identified with the history and progress of our country that its dissolution would seem like the severance of the last bond which holds our country together. I know that many of our citizens and those for whom I entertain a strong personal regard, have united in this movement with a belief that they should secure a greater degree of unity of action among our people. They felt that past divisions should be overlooked. I appeal to them if these expectations and hopes have been realized. Has this movement produced unanimity of purpose or has it caused confusion? Has it made fewer parties or more parties?

We do not object to this organization that its members or its nominees hold different views in the past, but we do not object to it that they hold discordant opinions now; we do not object to it that they held different purposes heretofore, but that they are pursuing different objects at this time. The election of its tickets will not carry harmony and unity of purpose to your State Capitol, but discord and confusion. Its very authors have admitted that this movement was a great mistake It is simply a party which is all Union and no harmony; it agrees with regard to offices and disagrees with respect to principles One wing of this organization is conservative and patriotic; the other is violent and revolutionary. Some of its nominees have avowed the most extreme doctrines of Secessionists of the South, others agree with ultra Abolitionists of the North. Which class will prevail? If they are placed in power no principle will be settled, no contest will be ended Controversies will begin with their advent to place.

I appeal to the conservative and patriotic men who have joined that organization. If they are acting wisely and well affiliating with those whose principles and pursuits they detest, or in placing in office men whom they believe to have been instrumental in causing this war and, who do not hold one purpose as to the future in common to themselves. Are they not contributingto bring about the very evils and calamities which they wish to avoid? If they succeed, what influence will any conservative or patriotic man have in the State? their nominations are supported most cordially by every journal and every class of men who have not only been vindictive, violent and revolutionary in the past, but are also vindictive, violent and revolutionary now.

I implore the patriotic conservative men, who have heretofore acted with this organization for conservative purposes, to pause and ponder, and see if they are not about to fall into the hands of those from whom they differ most widely. This movement is not only dangerous but absurd. There is usually attached to the travelling menageries of our country an exhibition called the "happy family," where animals of the most opposite character are penned together in one cage.

We admire the skill which seems to subdue their natural instincts to rend and destroy each other, and are surprised to see birds beasts and reptiles living in apparent harmony. This may do for one of the curiosities of a museum, but it will not answer for the Government of a State. It will be found that the passions and prejudices of of men are not so easily subdued, and our political "happy family" will be found to be not only a blunder but a disaster.

But is the proposition of our Republican friends, that they will dissolve their organization and that we shall give up ours, quite fair and equal? Their party is but a thing of yesterday It grew out of a sectional passion or prejudice. It never embraced our whole country within its organization. Its first victory is associated with the ruin of our land If they wish to abandon it let them do so, but let them not attempt to cover that abandonment by a proposal that we shall give up a party which is identified with the greatness, the progress and the power of our nation.

It has been well said by one of our townsmen, that if an American citizen returning from abroad and ignorant of the events which have happened within the past two years, should hear that civil war was raging here, his first exclamation would be: "Then the Democratic party was defeated at the last Presidential election!" We believe that our success at this time will strengthen the Union men of the South. We believe that the dissolution of the Democratic party would discourage them We mean, therefore, to emulate the example of our brethern in Pennsylvania, and strive to place in power not only a harmonious State Administration, but one that will have the confidence of patriotic men in every section of our country.

We are willing to support this war as a means of restoring the Union, and because we regard it as a harsh but a necessary remedy for the evils of the day. But we will not carry it on in a spirit of hatred, malice or revenge. What our views be with respect to slavery, we do not regard it as the cause of the controversies. We hold that the controversies of the day do not grow so much out of the institution of slavery as from the existence at the South of vast numbers of the African race, that abolition of slavery would not end the contest, but would be the commencement of a lasting, destructive terrible domestic conflict. We know that the people of the North would not consent that 4,000,000 of free negroes should live in their midst, that they would not agree to the abolition of slavery if those manumitted slaves were to be moved into the Northern States and placed upon the vast unoccupied lands of our Government. If we could not live with them under the [illegible] ances with what justice do we de[illegible] the people of the South should be s[illegible] to all the evils and insecurity and loss of constitutional right, involved in the immediate abolition of slavery?

We cannot, therefore, make this a war for the abolition of slavery We will not permit it to be made a war on the rights of the States. We shall strive to make the contest in the re-establishment of the Government and the restoration of fraternal feeling among the people of this country. We shall see that it does not crush out the liberties of the citizens or the reserved powers of the States. We shall hold that man to be as much a traitor who urges our Government to overstep its Constitutional powers as he who resists the execrcise of its rightful authority. We shall contend that the rights of the State and the General Government are equally sacred. Our motto is: The Union the Constitution and the Laws The Union upon equal terms the whole Constitution, and all the Laws.

ALL ABOUT KISSES.

Kisses are an acknowledged institution. It is as natural for "folks" them as it is for water to run down hill, except when it is so cold that won't run at all. Kisses like faces of philosophers, vary some are as hot as coal fire, some as sweet as honey, some as mild as milk, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort. As to proposed kisses, they are not liked at all. We have made it our business to inquire among our friends, and they agree with us, that a stolen kiss is the most agreeable—that is if the theft is made by the right person. Talk of shyness and struggling; no wonder! when some bipeds approach, it is miraculous that ladies do not go into convulsions. We do not speak from experience, but what we have others say. We have been kissed a few times and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more.

A clean mouth and handsome teeth are indispensible requisites, but they are seldom to be found. Most men would contaminate the cheek of a lady, (her lips must be left alone) with the odious insense of Champaze, tobacco, or seeds—which are worse than all even though they do conceal the perfume of the first two mentioned; For certainly that is all they are eaten for We expect that gentleman think we are entirely innocent of understanding their use, but they are mistaken.

The very idea of one who professes to be an elegant gentleman, to appear in the presence of ladies with his pockets well stored with those abominable seeds, is absurd. If you wish to kiss a lady, without her blushing and struggling, dispense with these disagreeable articles, and we will guarntee you will have no unnecessary trouble.

[*Ladies' Enterprise.*

Found His Crowd—A young man, clad in homespun, was standing in Court street, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted with half a dozen genteel dressed idlers with

"Just come down?"

"Yes, guess I have, great place this, ain't it yeou!" said the countryman,

"'Tis so, bub; how [illegible] marm! asked the city buck, bent on spo[illegible] the greeney.

"Wall, she's pretty well; she sent me deown on business"

"She did? What kind of business are you on?

"Why, she wanted me to come down to Boston, to look around and find half a dozen of the biggest [illegible] to edicate 'em, and, I rather guess [illegible] my eyes on 'em neow," said the strange[illegible] in the whole crowd at a glance.

The next moment he had the curb stones to himself, where he quietly finished his doughnut.

Love.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not so common to love The one is a flower that may bloom and wither in a night; the other rich in fruit from the flower that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more When feverish anxieties have passed away—When "hopes and fears that kindle hope" have ceased—When selfish jealousies and lovers' quarrels are buried—When 'honey moons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrikled, and the eye lost its moisture; then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home:—love, pure, noble, devoted, self-sacrificing, seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved—a love such as youth never dreamed of or realized.

Accepting a Tract.—A colporterur some time ago, when engaged in distributing tracts among the poor benighted ones about town, met with an amusing incident; coming to an isolated building, of humble pretensions on the common, he opened the door without knocking, saying—

"Will you accept a tract of the Holy Land?" meaning the four pages of letter press he had in his hand. The man of the house instantly replied

"Yis, be jabers, a whole section if you give a good title But I'd like to know if there be much prarie or ague there to bother a poor devil"

Don't marry too smart a girl, for she will outrun you; nor one to simple, for children take their talents from their mother; nor too rich, for she will remind you of it; nor too poor, for she will act the beggar on horseback.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

When is thunder like an onion? When it comes peal on peal.