

THE SENTINEL.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1867.

NORDBY'S CUPID.

BY THOMAS H. CAMP.

She is in the driver, just now, at
With my forward drivers and rear drivers,
At day I'm shattered and laid low.
Hungry and shivering, now, you see,
I'm in the driver, just now, at day,
And the driver's horses won't have bread;
But why drive the wind now, when we will?
Is it because the monkey's child?

Just over the way there's a road I take,
And strength and beauty, and feelings bright,
Beautiful children, to robes and all,
Are scattered about, and the world is bare,
And the world is bare, in this beautiful glow,

With a poor little horse like me,
Wandering alone on the merciless street,

Hacked and shivering, and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do now? the world comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?

Shall I lay me down beneath the angry sky,
In the cold, hard pavement about to die?

What of the beautiful children they have here?

And mammals have linked them up singly
in her.

No dear mother e'er upon me smiled;

Why is it, I wonder? To nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister,
In all the world loves me; o'er on the little dogs run
When I wander to see them; we're all the same.

How everything shrinks from a bigger like me!

Perhaps it's a worm; but, sometimes, when I lie
Gazing up in the dark high sky,

Watching for home some large, bright star,
I fancy the stars are eyes over me.

And a host of white-ribbed, nameless things,
Come fluttering over me in gilded wings?

A land that is strangely soft and fair,
Where the flowers grow in golden fields,

And a voice like the call of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard!

Calls me many a dear far name;

Tell my heart and spirit are all alone.

And tells me of such unbound'd love,

And tells me up to their home above;

And then with such joyful surprise,
They're gone to me out of the dreamy night,

I am going up to that world of light,

And away from the hunger and storm so wild;

I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

"A speech from Wilton," cried the thoughtless fellow.

"He can't make a speech on cold water."

I defied him," said one of their number.

"My friends," began Wilton.

"Hear, hear! he's really in for it now,"

said a young man, whose flushed cheeks gave pitiful signs of his devotion to the bottle.

"Wilton the steady," on account of his quiet adherence to principle.

The head partner in the firm in whose employ Wilton was, gave a great party once a year, and it was to this gathering Wilton had been persuaded to come.

In vain his companions tempted him with the wine that flowed freely. The firm considered themselves good Christians, or, indeed, did the world generally. They gave largely to charities and to their church, where their seats were seldom empty. They did a great deal of good with their money; yet in placing this fiery temptation before young men, some of whom were as yet without fixed principles, they committed a gross and fatal error. Looking about him, Wilton saw already many flushed almost to insensibility; many eyes that, spite of their flesh and sparkle, moved with difficulty, and that dire unsteadiness that marks the incipient stage of drunkenness.

"My friends," he said, and then paused, as if to give greater emphasis to what might follow. "I am going to make a confession."

Some of the company smiled at this, but by far the greater number were aghast at the sad, yet earnest tones of his voice.

"Five years ago I had a brother, a bright, beautiful lad in whom the hopes of a large family circle centred. He was called a genius, and he was one. Sensitive, gentle-hearted, and generous to a fault, he also gave promise of extraordinary vigor of mind. One night several days in the village where I was born resolved to have a frolic. The party was to be a secret one, and we were each to carry from our houses, if we could, provisions and wine. It came off with success. There was good cheer, there were bright and flowing liquors; we were all young and buoyant. My brother had never tasted wine. Whether it was a disqualification caused by natural distaste, whether his intuitions led him to avoid it only know—and the recollection is at this moment burning in my brain—that we all thought that if we could get Herbert drunk, it would be fine fun. Friends could not have set themselves more ingeniously at work to compass this object than we did—I was foremost in the attempt. I will not excuse myself, nor in slight palliate my conduct. I know he had a manly, pronounced temper of his own, but he had been pronounced remarkable by competent critics; I knew he could improve almost without mental effort, and expected that, under the stimulus of the fiery serpent—whose sting I dread more than I dread death—his brain would be quickened, and we should be charmed, perhaps smitten, at the exhibitions of his rare gifts.

"As last we prevailed, but instead of quickening the mind, he increased his unwholesomeness, and reduced him to a state of utter inertness.

"The party broke up. We were all wild with drink and excitement; he alone was unwholesome and quite insensible. There was no rousing him from the state of deathly sleep into which he had fallen. I dared not leave the house that night, fearing that our frolic might be found out in consequence of the trouble we should have in getting him to his room. So we left him there, lying as comfortably as we could place him; his handsome face flushed and almost purple, his active brain, for once, completely stupefied.

"The sounds of sobbing and wailing—
the sounds of sobs. A white, scared face stared over me; a trembling, weak voice cried out, "O, Philip, your poor brother!"

"I sprang from my bed. My friends, I knew the truth soon enough. Herbert had recovered consciousness in the night, sufficient to mislead him. He had fallen from the window, a height of twenty feet. He was still living, to vain my prayers, and tears, and anguish." His voice faltered.

"Young men, he is living yet, but as is verily idiot. Now, will you ask me to take the accused staff? Yes, the curse of the living God rests upon it. He alone was destined to live; it was raised at noble expense, and, though, foolish, I will not be judicial, and if it was a living thing, I would strangle it—and there's nothing upon earth I hate with such a deadly hatred."

"There was a deep silence. Not one in all the company seemed inclined to delay again.—Witdomus et Redefector."

The map of the world is undergoing re-marked changes. Russia is about ten years of her altered surface of Europe, while the United States has made a new map of America in less than half the time. Our map makers should hurry up their new edition.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

[National members started in the Conservative, marked "C".]

CONNECTICUT.

James L. Dyer, c
Sam'l F. Avery, c
John C. Converse, c
George T. Moore, c
DELAWARE.

Geo. Read Biddle, c
Willard Smithson, c
Richard T. Treadwell, c
Vacancy, c

PENNSYLVANIA.

Thomas A. Hendricks, c
Lyman Trumbull, c
W. H. Seward, c
James W. Lawrence, c
James G. Blaine, c
Vacancy, c

MARYLAND.

W. P. Morrissey, c
John W. Gilmer, c
John W. Stevenson, c
John W. Stevenson, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c

MISSOURI.

John B. Henderson, c
John B. Henderson, c
Zachariah Chamberlain, c
Jacob M. Howard, c
Vacancy, c