

PROSPECTUS.
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TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF
THE MASSES.
As a Political Journal it will try all measures and men by the standard of Democratic principles, and will submit to no test but that of Democratic truth.

CONTENTS:
The Sentinel will contain Congressional and Legislative—Foreign and Domestic—River and Commercial News—Literary Matter—Tables—Biographical and Historical Sketches, &c., &c., &c.
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PERRY D. MAINTIN,
Central Point, Jan. 1, 1858. 777

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ACTIONS—NOT WOUNDS.
Hawkins & Co.,
WOULD take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to
PAINTING
Of all kinds, such as House, Sign, Carriage, Curtain and Ornamental Painting, Gilding, Glazing, Marbling and Paper Hanging. Special attention paid to all orders from the country.
Red Wing, July 17 1857. 821f

THE RED WING SENTINEL.

Minnesota Forever!

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4.

WHOLE NUMBER 160.

RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

HOTELS.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
Lavee street, immediately opposite the Steamboat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota.
A. A. & E. L. TEELE, PROPRIETORS.
THIS new, spacious and commodious house is now open for the reception of guests. It has been constructed under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, and nothing has been omitted to insure the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their patronage. The numerous rooms are all well lighted, ventilated and furnished in a superior manner. In connection with the house is a cool and commodious stable.
Red Wing, March 1, 1858. 841f

CENTRAL POINT HOUSE.
P. R. & A. H. HART, PROPRIETORS.
THIS House is pleasantly located on the shore of Lake Superior, within a few rods of the Steamboat Landing. Persons wishing to spend a few days of recreation and leisure, will find this place to do it in a good and well-situated house. The house is well lighted and furnished in a superior style, and a comfortable table always in attendance.
The proprietors, having leased the above property from the State, and well-situated and furnished in a superior style, would say to the public that a thing that they can do to make it, calling comfortably and pleasantly situated, as the above.
May 25, 1858. 857

RED WING HOUSE.
JAMES BENNETT, Proprietor.
RED WING, MINNESOTA.
This House is pleasantly located on the shore of Lake Superior, within a few rods of the Steamboat Landing. Stages leave daily for the interior. Teams and Carriages on hand to convey Passengers to any part of the country.
April 14, 1858. 89 1/2

FALLS HOUSE.
BY BEN VAN CAMPEN.
CAYTON FALLS, MINNESOTA.
Travelers will find every accommodation on the Falls House, at Cayton Falls, Minn. Good Stables, Outhouses, &c.
July 1, 1858. 91 1/2

HACK HOUSE.
J. H. CK, Proprietor.
ON PLUM STREET, a few doors from Main Street, Red Wing.
This House is newly new and newly furnished, and the Proprietor hopes by strict attention to customers to receive a share of patronage.
Red Wing, Sept. 5, 1857. 59y

MISCELLANEOUS.
L. F. HENDRICKSON,
Rectifier and Wholesale Dealer in
DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
WINES & LIQUORS,
Corner Plum and Third Sts.,
RED WING, MINNESOTA.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FITTED UP IN a first rate manner, the room formerly occupied as his profession. Clients and strangers are respectfully invited to call.
J. W. COOK,
Red Wing, May 7, '59. 144-1/2

C. H. CONNELLY, M. D.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Red Wing and vicinity.
Office—Corner of Bush and Plum street, up stairs.

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Hon. J. L. DAWSON, M. C., Brownsville, Pa.
Dr. J. C. GORRAN,
Rev. Dr. DUMMOND, Morgantown, Va.
Dr. McLANE & BROS., Morgantown, Va.
Dr. A. H. GARDNER, Key West, Florida.
Dr. E. S. GAINES, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Red Wing, May 23, 1857. 441f

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SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY.
(One Block above Freeborn's Saw Mill.)
WE SHALL BE PREPARED TO FURNISH all kinds of planing and mill work, such as planing and match lumber, Mouldings, &c.
Orders are promptly attended to, which may also be left with Brown & Butcher.
Profuse of all kinds taken in exchange for work.
COGEL & BETCHER,
Red Wing, April 19, 1859. 142-1/2

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DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crochery, Hardware, Cut Glass, &c., &c., &c.
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92nd

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AT Z. L. HOWARD'S,
Blacksmith Shop.
CORNER OF MAIN & MADISON.
Is where you can get work done cheaper than at any other shop in Red Wing. Particular attention given to HORSE SHOING.
May 21, '59. 146-1/2

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WATCHMAKERS,
AND
DEALERS IN
AND
REPAIRERS
OF
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
Red Wing, Minnesota.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Aug. 18, 1859. 158-1/2

POLITICAL.
J. H. BAKER, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.
The Pioneer and Democrat publishes the report of a Committee appointed by the Ohio Legislature to investigate the charges made against James H. Baker, late Secretary of State of Ohio, now the Republican candidate for the same office in Minnesota.
By this report, it appears pretty conclusively, that Baker, in the year 1856, visited New York in the performance of his official duties as Secretary of State, for the purpose of negotiating a loan for the State of Ohio for \$2,500,000, and that he conspired with certain bidders (Messrs. Ludlow & Johnson) for the loan, so that other and more responsible parties were prevented from offering bids, whereby the loan only brought four per cent. premium, while its value in the market was nine per cent.—making a difference to the State of Ohio of \$132,000—and that for his share of the plunder, Baker received \$4,000 down, and a percentage of the profits.
We have only space to publish the conclusions drawn from the report by the Pioneer, which it gives in full.
Our readers will also bear in mind that this same Baker was nominated for Secretary of State by the Know Nothing party of Ohio, and was elected upon that ticket, in the fall of 1855. He shows the usual Republican consistency, by drafting and presenting the Platform of the Republican party of Minnesota in Convention, and accepting a nomination thereon—which platform pretends oppose Know Nothingism in all its forms.
An anti-Know Nothing platform, and the several Know Nothings nominated upon it. Friends, how does it look?
But here is the scoundrel, as held up to public view by the Pioneer:—
"The above statement from the Committee shows—
First—That Baker, as Secretary of State of Ohio, acted as one of the Fund Commissioners of the State;
Second—That while in such capacity he was bribed for \$4,000, and a contingent interest in the profits of the loan, to become the principal instrument of H. A. Johnson & Co., in securing the award of the loan;
Third—That by this action on the part of Baker, the State Treasury of Ohio, which it was his sworn duty to protect, was defrauded of \$132,000;
Fourth—The bidders to whom the loan was awarded, were required to pay ten per cent. of the amount, or \$210,000, on the award; they were reckless speculators without money, and by Baker's efforts were released from the immediate payment of this sum, and were thus enabled, without advancing a penny, to re-sell the State stocks at an advance upon the rate at which they purchased them; and in the profit thus realized, Baker had a contingent interest.
It is a gross insult to the people of Minnesota—it is a libel upon their political and intelligence—their political party should put forth its candidate, with the expectation of obtaining the suffrage of the people, such a man as JAMES H. BAKER. In the language of CHARLES REMEXEL, of Cincinnati, one of the most influential Republicans in the State of Ohio, Baker was "bribed at a venal by every one with whom he came in contact—he was a scoundrel, and guilty of 'four plunders'—he received the whole \$4,000 as a consideration for his rascality—he sold a libel on a bargain for contingent profits out of the loan—he had 'sold his soul'—and finally, according to the Committee, he 'lost his State, and we are unable to get his testimony.' Such is one phase of the character of the Republican candidate for Secretary of State. He is here in Minnesota, an outcast and refugee from the State of Ohio, whose people honored him with an important trust, only to find their Treasury plundered and the good name of the State dishonored. He is here, citizens of Minnesota, imprudently seeking office—the same office he disgraced in Ohio. He is here, a public plunderer, a faithless official, a bribed, corrupt, and disgraced man. Will you vote for him?
SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE L. BECKER, BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.
Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:
I am here in compliance with the invitation of your Committee to respond to the nomination which you have to-day made for the office of Chief Magistrate of this young Commonwealth.
Entertaining as I do, a profound

respect for the position, and a high appreciation of the important, and responsible duties which belong to it, I have from the time my name was first associated with this nomination dis-trusted my fitness for the office, and have both felt and expressed my sincere desire that your choice would fall on another and better man.
I have been constant in season and out of season in urging upon your consideration the representatives of the Democratic party of Minnesota, as the candidates for its standard bearer, the names and titles of older and more distinguished men, who are entitled to the services of the people.
You will all bear in witness that I have not sought this distinguished mark of your favor, but coming as it does, voluntarily from the representatives of the party with which I have ever been associated, I do not feel at liberty to decline the honor. [Tremendous cheering.]
I accept then my fellow citizens, this nomination in the same cordial spirit with which you tender it, [cheers] and through the contest which is before us, as it will be my pleasure and my pride, to bear to an honorable and a certain victory, your banner, upon which are inscribed in characters of living light the time honored principles of the Democratic party. [Loud cheers.]
It is not my purpose, now that your labors as a State Convention are but just commenced, to trespass upon your time and patience by iterating and reiterating the principles and doctrines which we as a party maintain—they are the Alpha and Omega of our institutions as a people, and as laid down in the platform you have adopted, they meet my warm and hearty concurrence. [Loud and continued applause.]
We are opposed to a re-opening of the African slave trade or to a repeal of the laws which declare the inhuman traffic to be piracy. [Cheers]
We are in favor of a homestead bill, and I may add a general revision of all our laws relating to the public lands. [Cheers].
We are opposed to a Congressional slave code, or indeed any Congressional code for the Territories, and maintain the right of the people of the territories as well as the States to frame their institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. [Loud cheers.]
If I am placed in the executive chair of this State by the suffrages of my fellow citizens, I shall endeavor to administer the Government efficiently, honestly and economically.
It will be my highest ambition to do all that can be properly done to develop the various resources of our State; to relieve our people of oppressive burthens, and to give to every man who here seeks a home, a government of law and order. [Cheering.]
I may add that neither this nor any other position in the State or Federal Government has any attractions for me unless it is obtained by the unbought, honest suffrages of a free people. [Cheers.] The purity of the ballot-box from corruption of every kind should be an object of care and solicitude to every American citizen, and if violated, it is alike your duty and mine not only to expose the wrong but bring to punishment the offenders. [Cries of 'good, good, and loud applause.]
In conclusion, gentlemen of the Convention, I return to your expressions of confidence and regard; and I submit myself, my opinions and my uprightness to the consideration and judgment of the intelligent electors of Minnesota. [Tremendous applause, and three times three cheers for the next Governor.]

MISCELLANEOUS.
INCLINED TO BE QUARRELSON.
There was once a little, slim-built fellow, rich as a Jew, riding along a highway in the State of Georgia, when he overtook a man driving a drove of hogs, by the help of a big raw boned, six-foot two specimen of humanity. Stopping the last named individual, he accosted him:
"I say, are these your hogs?"
"No, sir; I'm to work by the month."
"What pay might you be getting, friend?"
"Ten dollars a month and whisky thrown in," was the reply.
"Well, look here! I'm a weak, little, inoffensive man, and people are apt to impose upon me, d'ye see. Now I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month to ride along with me and protect me," said Mr. Gardner. "But," he added, as a thought struck him, "how might you be on a light?"
"Never been licked in my life," rejoined the six-footer.
"Just the man I want. 'Is't a bargain?" queried Gardner.
"Six-footer" ruminated. "Twenty-five dollars, double wages, nothing to do but to ride around and smash a fellow's mug occasionally when he's sassy."
"Six-footer" accepted. They rode along till, just at night, they reached

a village inn. Dismounting at the door, they went in. Gardner immediately singled out the biggest man in the room, and picked a fuss with him. After considerable promiscuous jawing Gardner turned to his fighting friend, and intimated that the licking of that man had become a sad necessity. Six-footer peeled, went in, and came out first best.
"The next night, at another hotel, the same scene was re-enacted—Gardner getting into a row with the biggest man in the place, and six-footer doing the fighting.
"At last, on the third day, they came to a ferry kept by a huge, double-fisted man, who had never been licked in his life. Whilst crossing the river, Gardner, as usual, began to find fault and blow. The ferryman naturally got mad, threw things around, and told him his opinion of their kind. Gardner then turned to his friend and gently broke the intelligence to him, that he was sorry, but that it was absolutely necessary to thrash that ferryman."
"Six-footer" nodded his head, but said nothing. It was plainly to be seen that he did not relish the job; by the way he shrugged his shoulders, but there was no help for it. So when they reached the shore, they both stripped, and as it grew dark, up and down the bank, over the sand, into the water they fought, scratched, gonged, bit, and rolled, till at the end of an hour, the ferryman gave in. Six-footer was triumphant, but it had been tough work. Going up to his employer, he scratched his head for a moment, and then broke forth:
"Look here, Mr. Gardner, your salary sets mighty well, but—Fu—of—the—opinion—that you are inclined to be quarrelsome. Here I've only been with you three days, and I've licked the three biggest men in the country! I think this firm had better dissolve, for you see, Mr. Gardner, I'm afraid you're inclined to be quarrelsome, and I reckon I'll draw!"
Times's Gazette.

THE TIGERS OF SINGAPORE.
A traveling correspondent of The New Hampshire Patriot says: "The Island of Singapore lies at the eastern end of the Straits, and is 25 miles long by 14 broad. The meaning of the word Singapore is the Place of Lions, which for a long time has been an inappropriate term, since lions have become obsolete, and their place being supplied by tigers. A considerable number live in the tall grass and jungle in different parts of the island, but the greater part swim over from the peninsula, from which it is separated by a strait a mile wide. When pressed by hunger, as they often are, they swim over to the island, and conceal themselves in the grass and thickets, watch the Malays and Chinese when they go to their fields to labor, and springing upon them, strike a blow on the back of the neck, which produces instant death by breaking it. It is stated in books and newspapers, and upon inquiry I was told it was true by the most respectable inhabitants, that between 300 and 400 Chinese and Malays are killed every year by these ferocious monsters. While we were waiting at Singapore the arrival of Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, a large tiger was killed, and his body brought into town for the inspection of the curious. Though a large reward is offered by the Government of the island for every one taken (besides which the skin is worth \$50), no progress has been made toward exterminating them, nor even diminishing their number."

A GEORGIA RAILROAD.
The Railroad between Kingston and Rome, in Georgia, if it is not a one-horse concern, it is a mighty slow team. A friend of ours rejoicing in the name of Tick—a telegraph man, too—was riding upon the lightning train on this road, when he spied a negro toddling along with a pack on his back. In the exuberant generosity of his nature Tick screamed out: "Halloa uncle! come aboard; come aboard and ride to town!" The polite and glistening African touched his beaver and replied: "Beg pardon, massa, but I can't; mus' git dar soon, and habn't got de time to spar!" When he met Tick in Rome a short time afterwards, he expatiated warmly upon the merits of the safe road. Said he: "It is the cheapest road in the United States—you can ride on it all day for a dollar!"

THE REV. MR. A. was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was speaking on the Ministry of Angels, and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he spoke: "Yes, it is the boys in the gallery!"

ARTHEMUS WARDS' COURTSHIP EXPERIENCE.
Twas a carn still nite in Joon, when all nater was lusst & nary zeffer distributed the serene silence. I sot with the obek of my hart's affekshuns on the fence uv her daddy's pastur. I had expurised a hankerin arter hurter sum time, but darsnt proclame my pashun, well we sot thar on the fence a swinging of our feet 2 & frow & blushing as red as the baldingvill skule bouce when it was first painted, & looked very cimpul, I make no dovt. My left arm was okupide in balluniss myself on the fence while my rite arm was woond affektsunly round Suzener's waste. Sez I, "Suzener, I thinks very unoon of you." Sez she, "How u do run on." Sez I, "I wish there was winders to mi sole soz you could see some of my feelins," & I side-deeply. I pawsed here, but as she made no reply to it, I continued on in the following strain: "Ah, cood yer know the sleepin mits I pars on yer accout, how vittles has seast to be attractive to me & how mi limbs is srunk up, ye wooldn't dow mi not by no means. Guez on this wastin form & these sonken ize," I side, jumping up. I shuld have continued sum time longer probly, but unfortunately I lost my balance & fell over into the pastur ker smash, tarin my elose and severly damging myself generally. Suzener sprung to my assistance & dragged me 4th in double quick time. Then drawin herself up to her full lite she: "I wont lsten to yer toments any longer. Jest sa rit out what you are drivin at. If you mean gittin hitched, I'm in."

A HAPPY MAN.
A zealous divine, who had prayed earnestly that God would teach him the perfect way of truth, was directed to go to a certain place, where he would find an instructor. When he came to the place, he found a man in ordinary attire, to whom he wished a good morning. "I never had a bad morning," replied the man. "That is very singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate." "I was never an unfortunate," said he. "I hope you will always be so happy," said the divine. "I am never unhappy," said the other. "I wish," said the divine, "that you would explain yourself a little." "That I will cheerfully do," said he. "I said that I never had a bad morning; for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails, whether the weather is serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and therefore I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances, and despaired, still I praise God. You wish that I might always be fortunate, but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God; and I believe that his will is always good, in whatever he does or permits to be done. You wish me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God." "But what if God should thrust you down to hell?" "I have two arms, faith and love, with which I would hold on to my God and Saviour, and not let him go; and I would rather be in hell with God than in Heaven without him." "The divine, astonished at the man's answers asked him whence he came. "I came from God," he replied. "Where did you find God?" "Where I left the world." "Where did you leave him?" "With the pure in heart. What are you?" "I am a king. Where is your kingdom?" "It is within my own bosom. I have learned to rule my appetites and passions, and that is better than to rule any kingdom in the world." "How were you brought into this happy condition?" "By secret prayer, spiritual meditation, and the will of God. Nothing below God could satisfy my desire; I have found him, and in him I find peace and rest."

THE AMERICAN JENKINS.
One distinguishing characteristic of the American press, considered not with reference to any particular city or State, but in its broadest aspect, is the personality—sometimes ill-natured, and often very good-natured—in which its editors and reporters indulge. Every one lives in a blaze of publicity in the United States; and English nobility, which records who dined with the Duke of This day and the Marquis of That on such a day—details gathered by penny-a-liners and Jenkins from footmen and butlers, and not communicated by the "noble lords" themselves—is outdone by the nobility of America. There being no nobles to fasten upon, it makes a grip at political or literary notoriety in the male, and at wealth and beauty in the female sex, and retails unblushingly what we in England would consider the most sacred secrets of life. In England, Jenkins tells us who dined with such a Duke Marquis, Earl, and who were present at the ball of the Duchess of Rose-water or the Countess of Dash, but he indulges in name only; and if he have any descriptive power, he displays it upon the furniture, the millinery, or the superior. Not so with the Jenkins of America; he goes further and deeper, and presumes to describe, and even to criticise, the female beauty that falls under his notice. He is gossiping, familiar, and gallant, but sometimes ungentlemanly, and writes as if it were the most natural and proper thing in the world—the eyes, the hair, the lips, the teeth, the shape, the smiles, the accomplishments, and the fortune, nay, of the very age of the maids, wives and widows. He criticises a fashionable beauty as he would a book—with the name in full, and the address also. In short, there is nothing like the same privacy in America that there is in England. Doubtless the principal cause of this vulgarity is the competition among newspapers, which has gradually broken down the barriers of propriety, and accustomed the public to a favorable and unfavorable personality, which under no circumstance, can be reconciled to good taste or gentlemanly feeling. Something of the same kind, though less virulent, has become observable in the provincial papers of England—since the abolition of newspaper stamp; but, with few and base, and no doubt ephemeral exceptions, it has not yet tainted the press of the metropolis. Let us hope that it never will.—Mackay's New York American.

MORE THAN A MILLIONAIRE.
The New York correspondent of the Charleston Mercury was allowed to last week is no less a person than ESTEBAN ST. CAZ OVIDA, of Cuba, and the fair American is MISS FANNY BARTLET, daughter of Capt. BARTLET, of Maine, late of U. S. Navy. The gentleman is one of the richest residents of a sunny island, reputed to be worth about \$4,000,000. He owns two large sugar plantations, worked by some 2,100 negroes, and a large number of houses and lots in the city of Havana. Many of your readers who have wintered in Washington will doubtless recollect the fair form, winning face, charming manners, and delightful conversational powers of Miss BARTLET. (Still in her teens) eminent among the crowd of belles who flatter in the gay saloons of the Federal metropolis. The millionaire Senator has been, of late years, a frequent visitor to this city and to the fashionable watering places North, and it is quite unnecessary in this match making world, to say that he has been an especial favorite with the ambitious mammas belonging to the real and accredited "upper ten." But the hour and the woman had not come for the Senator until last New Year's day, when he met the fair heroine of this true tale and surrendered at discretion. The preparations for the wedding are quite Oriental in their magnificence, and would have delighted the gorgeous author of *Vatsh*, whose gem dropping pen could alone do justice to them. What say you to \$600,000 worth of jewelry to begin with? But the lavish outlay of the bridegroom does not stop here. The most cunning artificers of Paris are now at work upon the bridal jewels and decorations, will cost another hundred thousand, and among which is a wreath of emerald loaves, diamonds and sapphire flowers, destined to bind upon the queenly head a thousand-dollar nuptial veil. But I will not leak your imagination by dwelling further upon these dazzling particulars. The wedding will take place about the middle of August—first in Grace Church; to suit the Protestant inclination of the bride and her family, and afterward at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The happy couple will forego the usual foreign tour, and settle down at once in a palatial residence on fourteen street, where a series of brilliant receptions will inaugurate the honeymoon. I had forgotten to say, and will now add by way of winding up the paragraph, that a sister of the bridegroom bestows her cordial appreciation of her brother's choice by sending on a little bridal present worth \$100,000 to her future sister-in-law.

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.
Napoleon alighted from his horse, and fired several times one of the guns of his own invention which proved of such efficient service during the war.

THE REV. MR. A. was more eminent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was speaking on the Ministry of Angels, and in the peroration he suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone started the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he spoke: "Yes, it is the boys in the gallery!"

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