



SOUTHERN SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY William P. Bradburn.

Office on Main street.

TERMS OF THE SENTINEL.

Subscription, five dollars per annum, in advance.

Advertisements, charged one dollar per square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE SOUTHERN SENTINEL

GRATEFUL for the patronage that has heretofore been extended him, would respectfully inform his patrons and the public generally, that having lately made considerable additions to his office, (and contemplating making considerable more in a short time) he is prepared to execute with neatness and despatch, and in a style equal to any other office, every variety of

Job Printing

Consisting of—

Handbills of all descriptions;

Blankets of all kinds;

Bill Heads;

Wedding Tickets and Cards;

And in fact any description of Job Printing, in Black or Bronze.

And at prices as low as any other office in the interior of the State.

W. P. BRADBURN, Proprietor

ACHILLE ST. DIZIER,

—Successor to Hiram Sigler—

HAVING BOUGHT the Establishment of Mr. HIRAM SIGLER, on Bank Street, and after the 7th of next month, I shall be prepared to carry on the same line of business, heretofore carried on in said Establishment, such as general

WHEELWRIGHT, BLACKSMITH AND HORNE-SHOEING SHOP.

ALSO

LOCKSMITH, IRON RAILING AND FANCY IRON WORK

FOR GRAVE YARDS.

I will also attend to my old profession, such as putting up and repairing of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Saw Mills and Corn Mills

Terms—Liberal.

Thankful for past patronage, I respectfully solicit my friends, and the public in general, for a continuance of the same.

Plaquemine and West Baton Rouge

LIVERY STABLES!

AMUEL McFADDEN takes pleasure in informing his friends and the travelling public, that he has two fine, large, and well supplied

Livery Stables, one at Plaquemine and the other at the Ferry Landing, opposite Baton Rouge. Persons wishing to hire riding horses, buggies or carriages, can be accommodated at either of his stables.

Persons wishing to hire horses or buggies to travel from Plaquemine to Baton Rouge, or from Baton Rouge to Plaquemine, and not wishing to return, can do so, by leaving them at either of the above named stables, and they will be returned by the proprietor.

Drivers with their horses or mules will find accommodation at either of the above named places.

F. Y. SCHULLY,

Boot and Shoemaker,

One Door above Galagher's Store.

TAKES this method to inform the inhabitants of Plaquemine and vicinity, that he has permanently located himself in this place, for the purpose of carrying on the Shoemaking business in all its varieties. Having on hand a large and well selected stock of Leather, is now prepared to manufacture Boots and Shoes at the shortest notice.

Plaquemine, June 4th, 1855.—1y

Runaway in Jail.

Was brought to the jail of this Parish a runaway negro man who calls his name

LOUIS, and says that he belongs to Captain Lacy of the steamer Picyune; said boy is about 40 years of age, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, a black and pink marked.

The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take him away.

THEO. BLANCHARD, Jailor.

Marron on Prison.

Il a été amené à la geôle de Plaquemine Paroisse d'Iberville, un nègre marron qui se nomme GEORGE, et dit qu'il appartient à Madame Elizabeth Tennessee, de St. Martinville, La. Le dit nègre est âgé d'environ 23 ans, taille de 5 pieds 4 ou 5 pouces et noir.

THEO. BLANCHARD, Geolier.

Runaway in Jail.

Was brought to the jail of this parish a runaway negro man who calls his name

GEORGE, and says he belongs to Mrs. Elizabeth Tennessee, of St. Martinville, La. The said boy is about 23 years of age, 5 feet 4 or 5 inches high, a black, with open countenance.

The owner will please come forward, comply with the law, pay all charges and take him away.

THEO. BLANCHARD, Jailor.

Marron on Prison.

Il a été amené à la geôle de cette Paroisse un nègre marron, qui se nomme GEORGE, et dit qu'il appartient à Mr. Octave Dalbes, de Bayou Teche. Le dit nègre est âgé d'environ 25 ans, et 5 pieds 6 pouces de hauteur.

THEO. BLANCHARD, Jailor.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

SODA WATER!

DURE, COLD AND REFRESHING!—At the Sign of the Golden Mortar.

Having just received a most appropriate for the season, consisting of Soda Water, the public may rely on having a pure article, always on hand.

W.M. CARSON,

Cor. Main and Bank streets.

PLAQUEMINE:

Saturday, June 16, 1855.

The Connecticut House of Representatives defeated by a majority of twenty votes, the bill extending the right of suffrage to negroes

A letter from Salt Lake City, says that Col. Steptoe, so far from accepting the office of Governor of Utah conferred upon him last winter, has, with many other military officers, signed a petition to the President to have Brigham Young reappointed. This, if true, accounts for the Governor, flattery of the Colonel.

It is stated as a curious fact, that the Queen of England is now the temporal monarch of more Roman Catholics than the Pope, and of more Mussulmans than the Porte.

In the Commune of Saint Helaire de la Noaille there was celebrated the extraordinary marriage of a man named Jean Lapierre, 107 years of age, to a woman named Petronille Neuville, aged 86 years. The civil marriage of these parties had been contracted more than sixty years ago.

Hall, the colored Dunkirk barber, recently arrested here for robbery, has been convicted at Maysville, New York, and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. While in Maysville jail he attempted to hang himself, but was cut down before his purpose was accomplished by a fellow prisoner.

Coneha, of Cuba, is still ill with an affection of the throat. This disease appears very common in Cuba, several cases having recently proved fatal. A contemporary suggests it may yet prove fatal to his excellency.

Elegantly dressed ladies appeared in the fashionable promenades of New York city last week, with the old fashioned hoops in the skirts of their dresses.

Americanism in Virginia.

Mr. Preston, who held the post of Secretary of the Navy, under General Taylor, addressed a day or two since, the citizens of Lynchburg, in Virginia, advising them to support the candidates of what he called the American party. He maintains that Americanism is the only safeguard of the Republic. According to the report of his speeches in the Lynchburg Virginian, he said—

"The whig party had no longer a national existence. At the North, under the dangerous lead of Seward, intent on forming a sectional party, it had become a mere party of Southern whigs and abolitionists. He would never again as a whig sit with them in a national convention organized under former regulations. Upon what party, then, could the South, with its peculiar interests, and the country one and whole, rely? Not upon either of the impotent and shattered wrecks of party to which he had referred; not upon that which, in the coming Presidential election, would stand opposed to the American—for that opposition would be composed of all the selfish and corrupt aims of the day—the wretched odds and ends of faction and fanaticism, with no common creed and no bond of union, except a kindred and intense hostility to the party that had empowered them all. The hope of the country and the reliance of the South were in the American party, or nowhere."

Hon. Thomas S. Flournoy addressed his political friends at Halifax Court House, on Monday, after the election. We are informed that he never spoke with greater power, and that he exhorted his friends never to surrender.

In the recent balloon excursion of M. Godard it is stated by the passengers that, at the height of 14,000 feet from the earth, everything said or spoken out distinctly by them was returned in about a minute in an echo, and this echo was as clear and distinct as the words uttered by the voice.

Greely writes to the Tribune from Paris—not at all complimentary to the Empire; but he thinks Louis Napoleon is no fool. He says he was in Paris at the moment of the attempted assassination, and the excitement was less than the Poole murder.

The French Exhibition.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post, in giving account of the opening of the French Exhibition, thus speaks of the imperial family:

Louis looked finely; his usual sleepy expression seemed to have given way to a little animation. Eugenie was the complete personification of everything bewitching and fascinating. She wore a light green satin dress, with deep white lace flounces, and supported a rich diadem on her graceful little cap. The Emperor appeared in the uniform of a general officer. The Princess Mathilde was dressed in white, and wore a profusion of diamonds in her hair. Upon their arrival at the grand entrance of the palace their Majesties were received by Prince Napoleon and the members of the Imperial Commission. The Emperor led the Empress into the building, and Prince Napoleon gave his arm to the Princess Mathilde. The architect struck up *Marche pour le Sacre*, and the party advanced to the throne.

A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE.

The two sections of the Union—the North and the South—present sights of surpassing strangeness at the present moment. History furnishes no parallel. We search the records of the past in vain for a precedent. There is nothing resembling it we ever heard of, or dreamed of, much less read of. The antipodes have met in a loving embrace. Bitter fanatics of the North, whose undying hatred of the South and its institutions years of unremitting hostility have amply proved, and the leaders and organs, if not the masses, of a once great Southern party, join in a chorus of rejoicing over the not unexpected result of the Virginia election! The New York Tribune—noted for the malignity with which it invariably pursues the South—is highly pleased, in fact hugely delighted over the defeat of the American party in Virginia. The New Orleans Courier, the accredited mouth-piece of the Democracy of Louisiana, has been in a state of ecstatic beatitude ever since the telegraph first indicated the result! All over New York and the North the greater and lesser Seward organs indulge in rapturous exclamations of unrestrained delight. The re-election of Mr. Seward to the United States Senate hardly afforded them as much pleasure. Their jubiliations are excessive—their exultations unmeasured. They "rejoice with exceeding great joy"—there is scarcely limit to the exuberance of their gratulations. The Allies could not get up a greater amount of enthusiasm over the capture of Sebastopol than the Abolitionists have got up over the defeat of the so-called American party in Virginia. And, if we are to judge by the outgivings of the Democratic organs South, those they represent and speak for are equally joyous—equally as exultant as the Abolitionists of the North!

Now, what a strange, what an unparalleled spectacle, is this. We can not, for the life of us, understand it. It is beyond our comprehension. Our capacity to understand and appreciate is here at fault. We can very well comprehend why the Abolitionists exult over the defeat of the American party anywhere and everywhere. The Abolitionists have shown their hands. They know that the American party is opposed to them; and that, consequently, if that party succeeds, there will be no chance to elevate Senator Seward to the Presidency of the United States—the darling and cherished object of their hopes and aspirations. Hence the rancor with which they have pursued the new party from the time it became formidable up to the present moment. But, how and why Southern Democrats, interested in and identified with, Southern cities and States, should vie in noisy rejoicings and popular demonstrations with the Abolitionists, because of the result of an election in a Southern State, excites surprise and amusement, not unmingled with apprehension.

What made the Democrats of the South in common with the Abolitionists of the North? How can they rejoice over what affords our enemies unbounded delight? Their exultations, mingled with the exultations of the Abolitionists, cannot fall pleasantly upon a true Southern ear. The South should not be particularly pleased with regard to an occurrence which has carried joy into all of the Seward camps above Mason and Dixon's line. This is a proposition few will contravert, we presume. And here we will say, in justice to the masses of the Democracy, that we do not believe they sympathize with the rejoicings of the old line leaders, who are nothing, and never would have been anything, except as politicians—who can never see anything except through partisan spectacles, or approve of anything without it is measured by a political yardstick. Caring nothing for office, place or emolument, they think and act as become Americans—men who know there are principles higher and holier than ever were inscribed upon a partisan banner.

However, the "old liners" were entitled to a little extra latitude over a triumph which has followed a series of disastrous defeats. They should have some place upon which to rest the soles of their feet, and be enabled to call that spot their own. It would have been unfair and libelous to have denied them this small privilege. We are rather glad that otherwise that they have secured one resting place on the whole "boundless continent." But, there was no use in making such a fuss about it. Besides, the issues involved were of no material moment. The aspect of affairs will not be changed in the slightest by the result. It will not affect the future in the smallest particular. The time has long since passed when a Virginia election exercised a controlling influence. She has traded too long upon the capital of character bequeathed by her great men of a former era, to now wield the power they (not she) wielded in the confederacy.—Crescent.

An Indian trader, named Piott, who has arrived at Wolf river, Kansas, from the Blackfoot country, with 20,000 buffalo robes, says that, as he passed through the Sioux country, he found all the tribes of that nation talking about the war which they were expecting to have with the United States, and moving in large numbers down towards Fort Laramie. Piott reports that the Big Chief Mountains in the Blackfoot country abound in buffaloes of a larger, more shaggy and ferocious kind than those of the plains; that more than a hundred thousand of them are annually slain by the hunters, while a like number perish in the snows and rivers; and yet there is no apparent diminution in their numbers.

To Sportsmen.—A correspondent of the Scientific American communicates the following, which may be of value to sportsmen:—

"Wash your gun barrel in spirit of turpentine by dipping it in or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrel dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old, experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years, and found it useful."

THE CAPTAIN'S BATHING TUB.

A cabin-boy of one of the ward-room officers on board the United States vessel, a good deal given to mischief, one day made his way into the captain's cabin while they were engaged above in making out a strange sail in the horizon. Here he finds all sorts of luxuries, including various wines, of which he drinks enough to raise his courage not only, but to make him somewhat reckless of consequences.

In this state he finds himself in a room adjoining the cabin, a tin bathing-tub in one corner, luxuriously supplied with rare cosmetics, and smelling like a barber's shop of the first class. "Now," he says, "I had tried all the other good things that I found in the cabin; I had drunk the captain's wine, and straightened myself out on his sofa, and swung in his hammock, and thought I wouldn't quit until I had a dip in his bath."

Accordingly he stripped, and was just enjoying the first pleasant feel of the water when he was interrupted by the messenger-boy, who had been sent into the cabin by the captain. Fortunately he was not discovered this time, but it made him cautious.

"I must contrive some way to get out with my clothes if any body come along again. I wasn't long in finding the way. The ports on the side of the forward cabin were open, and through them I could easily get out into the mizzenchains where I could dress myself without being seen. There was a big gun in each port, a caronade, as they call 'em—short but fat—the biggest kind; you never see such kind of guns except aboard ships of war. I could clamber out along side of one of 'em easy enough though. I was a little fellow then."

He taken his shoes, clothes, and hat, and sticks them outside of the port where they couldn't be seen; and then, he says, "I went back to the tub. All this didn't take more than half a minute, for I worked sharp, I can tell you. The only thing I was afraid of was that the steward would come in and catch me. I didn't care a tinker's copper for the captain. I knew I could get out of port in less time than it would take him to come down the poop-ladder. Big bugs are never in a hurry; it wouldn't look dignified, you know."

Presently, while lying luxuriously in the captain's tub, he hears him coming down the cabin stairs, when he jumped out of the receptacle and makes for the port.

"I was fairly outside and safe, as I thought, in the chains before the captain opened the cabin door. I sat there a minute drying myself, and then was going to begin to dress when I heard the sound of oars coming round the stern of the ship. I knew by the regular dip in the water and by the noise of the oars in the rowlocks that it was a man-o-war's boat, and, of course, it was the first cutter coming along side, though it seemed to me she had come up mighty quick."

"Here I was in a fix. They would see me from the boat as soon as she pulled round the stern, and I should have hard work to tell what I was doing start naked in the chains. I couldn't get my clothes on quick enough to be ready for company, for I couldn't stand up without considerable risk of being seen from the poop, in case some fellow happened to be looking over the larboard side. I concluded pretty soon what to do. I first looked into the cabin. The captain wasn't in sight, so I jammed my clothes into the muzzel of the gun, and then got in after myself, feet foremost. I told you, you know, that the guns of the kind they call caronades, are short, but have tremendous big bores. They are used in close fighting, and, when nothing else come handy, they load them with a cask of nails and such sort of things. I shoved myself in feet foremost, because I knew that if I rammed my head in first, with my body on top of it for awad it would be rather close quarters for breathing comfortably. I found it rather a snug berth as it was; I couldn't move an inch after I got in, but I knew I was out of sight at any rate."

I supposed that after the men had come aboard the boat would be hauled out to the booms, and that then I could get out of the gun; but, instead of that, they had the cutter loaded with something, I do not know what, that it took pretty near an hour, it seemed to me, to clear her off. They got a sling on the mainyard, and I could hear the orders given to hook on in the boat, and the boat's mate in the gangway piping to haul taut and 'hoist away,' and 'avast heaving,' and 'come up,' over and over again, until it appeared to me they had got a dozen launch boats over the side. By this time my back began to ache with lying in the bore of that old gun; it didn't exactly fit my shoulders.

"I began now to hear talking in the cabin. The gun, you know, was all in the cabin except the muzzle of it, that ran out of the port. I couldn't hear so well through the iron though, and it was some time before I could make out what the talk was about. I could distinguish the captain's voice, and could hear the word 'lock' and 'wafer' pretty often. At last he and the man he was talking with came close up to the very gun I was in, and then I heard him call the gunner by name in talking to him, and I recognised him by his growl. I heard him rubbing the gun off with his hand and playing with the lock, and two or three times he snapped it. That made me feel a little nervous, for I didn't know what he might have put in it."

He ends out at last what they are talking about. The gunner has been making some percussion wafers that he thinks will never miss fire. He said he would set the charge off without any priming, and he wasn't sure that there would be any need even of picking the cartridge. The captain tells the gunner to try some of these new wafers on the very gun that the fugitive is in.

"I was just going to sing out," he continues, "when the captain asked the gunner if he was sure the gun was not loaded."

"Yes, sir," says he, "the charges were all drawn when the ship came in, and these guns in the cabin have not been loaded since."

"That was not so bad after all. They were only going to try if the wafers would snap, so I concluded to be quiet. I didn't quite like the idea though, for I wasn't quite so well contented with the gunner's trial in the gun as I should have been out of it. I wasn't quite as

easy in my mind as I had been an hour before when I was swinging in the captain's cot. I lay still though, and meant to see it out. I knew there wasn't any shot in the gun at all events, and I didn't think a blank cartridge would hurt me much, seeing as I had pushed my trousers and frock before I got in myself. If I had gone in head foremost I should have been a good deal more worried about the matter; but think I to myself "I'll risk my feet."

"So there I lay, aching all over from having my shoulders and hips jammed between the round sides of my berth, and listening to the talk between the captain and the gunner, that came in at the touch-hole, and then to the noise in the boat that came in at the muzzle. It's not strange that I got every thing mixed up in a heap in my mind, also what was going on outside. At last however, I heard the click of the spring as the gunner cocked the lock, and the next instant—"

"Well, what then?"

"I was going through the air as if I had been kicked by a forty-five horse power! My clothes didn't follow me more than twenty fathoms, but I didn't touch the water till I was a mile and a half from the ship."

"That he was saved is a matter of course, 'less wherefore breathes he in a christian land to tell this wondrous yarn?"

A Remarkable Dream.

Everybody in Alleghany county knows old lawyer Martin. He had the coolest way in the world of transferring money from the pockets of his client to his own. Old Ben Brooks, a rich but clovefisted farmer in the neighborhood, was one of his clients, and in their conference there was always a pretty sharp contest who should outwit the other, the lawyer in the end generally getting the upper hand. One day they had been sitting for an hour or two, trying their wits to get the advantage of each other, when the farmer got excited, and suddenly turning to the lawyer, said—

"Martin, I had a remarkable dream last night."

"Ah! had you," said Martin, "what was it?"

"It was a terrible one," said Brooks, looking very solemn—"an awful one. I haven't fairly got over the effects of it yet. I can't keep it out of my mind for a minute