



The Sentinel.

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ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—Ten Dollars for all offices, in each language—inserted in advance.

OBITUARY NOTICES, not exceeding three or four lines, will be cheerfully inserted without charge, but those of greater length will be charged as advertisements.

JOB WORK—Cash on delivery.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The printing of yearly advertisements is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of the individual member.

Advertisements of two columns width will be charged double the usual rates.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified time will be inserted till paid, and payment exacted.

And finally—All communications for this paper, of any kind, and every character whatsoever, intended to promote the private ends or interests of individuals, corporations, societies or schools, will be charged as advertisements.

Taming of a Shrew.

The origin of Shakespeare's idea for his drama of the "Taming of a Shrew,"

is to be found in an old Spanish chronicle, a translation of which I now present to your readers:

"In a certain town there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor that he had the will but not the power to execute them.

In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter, but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her.

The young man came to his father one day and said: 'Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life I lead—I wish to marry.'

The father said he should be delighted if he found a party that suited him. Upon which the young man named his neighbor's daughter.

On hearing this the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter.

The Moor said, when he was applied to, that he had no objection, but that whoever had his daughter would be better dead than alive.

The wedding day, however, was fixed, and the bride was led away to her husband's house, and according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom till the next day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should find the bridegroom in the morning dead or not far from it.

As soon as they were gone, the new-married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he, looking about him, saw one of his house dogs, and calling to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring water to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, ran away, and he after him, till he caught him—out of his head and legs and his body in pieces, and dashed his blood over the table, and all over the room; then came and seated himself at the table.

He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle, and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened to serve him as he had done the mastiff, then springing from the chair he caught him by the legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces; then he returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces, and stared wildly around him.

The bride, who was an eyewitness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable. He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one remaining to him; then having killed his horse, he came back to the table, with his sword resting in blood, and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes on his wife, and cried with a furious tone of voice, 'Get up and bring me water to wash my hands!' She immediately arose and brought him water. Then he said, 'if you had not done it I would have served you as I served the dogs and the horse.' He then ordered her to help him which she did, but with so horrid an accent that she expected to have her head cut off.

In this same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke; and when they had slept some little while he said to his wife, 'I have not been able to rest for rage to-night. See that nobody disturbs me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast. Early in the morning the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and as no one answered, they concluded that the husband was either killed or wounded, and when the bride came to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions.

As soon as she saw them, she began to call them traitors and asked them how they dared to come

to the door without speaking. 'Make no noise, or you are all dead men.' This astonished them still more, and when they knew how the night had been spent, they thought very highly of the young man for his great skill in governing his wife, and arranging his household; and from that day forward she was so well managed that he lived perfectly well with her; and the father-in-law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep his wife in order."

Kissing the Baby.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Herald relates the following:

"I will mention a trifling incident which occurred yesterday opposite my window, and which created more enthusiasm than I had ever witnessed on any previous occasion towards the imperial family.

The little prince imperial was on his return home from the Bois de Boulogne, escorted as usual by a body of smart lancers, whose fluttering penons danced gaily in the breeze, when the carriage of the Empress met him just as his cortege was ascending the brow of the slope leading from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to the Arc de Triumphe.

The Empress made a sign for the carriages to pull up, and immediately afterwards the little prince was conducted across the road to her majesty. The empress taking him up in her arms and kissing him, held him out for the by-standers, who were now clustering in thousands round the carriages, to gaze at it, and as the little fellow laughed and crowed, and waved his tiny hand, you could see the tears of delight rolling over the rough cheeks of men and women, while they poured forth their heartfelt benedictions upon him.

It was really a pretty sight, and one that placed power and people in a most pleasant point of view. The fair Eugenie seemed to unite all hearts by her gracious and winsome manner; and as the little fellow was again conveyed back to his nurse's arms, and kissed his little fingers in token of adieu to those that looked on him so kindly, many a sturdy democrat for the moment ceased to think of the imperial dictatorship which was over the boy's future inheritance, and to remember only that he was a child of France, and a bony one to look at."

Unusual Readings.

A pious old grandam, illustrating the power of the Creator to a bevy of children's children, desired their especial regard for that impressive paragraph in one of the books of Moses, where we are told that "God smote Abijah, the Hitee, that he died."

Like the illustrious dam of the precocious Ike, however, she was prone to introduce her first conclusions with a solemn preambulatory lecture, and so, after having prepared the young minds of her audience for the solemn truth, she gravely peered over her venerable specs, and mentioning chapter and verse, read with impressive dignity:—

"And God smote Abijah, hitee-titee, that he did." In this connection, it may be reported, that one of the pupils of a city school, the other day, reading a chapter about the "Sacred Redeemer," astonished the class by reading to them concerning the merciful kindness of the "sacred redeemer."

In the same category may be mentioned the preacher who, preparatory to his regular discourse, read a chapter, as usual, from Holy Writ. At the bottom of the page he read 'I am'—but accidentally and unconsciously turning over two leaves, he proceeded—"an ass," but discovering his error, he turned back a page and continued, "that I am," greatly to the edification of his attentive flock.

Perfectly Cool.—A waggish friend of ours tells the following, which we do not remember to have seen in print:

A certain man, whom we will call M—, was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crosscut wife in the neighborhood.

More than one attempt had been made to frighten M—, without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chaps resolved to see if there was any scare in him, fixed himself up in the most ghostly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of wood through which M— had to pass on his way home.

The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M— hove in sight, and came whistling along as unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop. M— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come and take supper with me—I married your sister."

"Where do all the pins go to?" This question, which has so long agitated the world, has at length been solved. It has been discovered that they fall to the earth and become terra-pins.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—[Locke

Teaching the Teacher.

The editor of the Carolinian, published at Fayetteville, N. C., tells how he once caught a live subject in South Georgia.

We were teaching an "academary" down in the wire grass country of South Georgia, soon after we left college, and among the "higher branches" taught in that "institushun" were the rudiments of astronomy, to which text-book we had introduced a class of sand-hill boys and gopher-trapping girls, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty years.

A few recitations, confined principally to corrections of mutilated pronunciations, "stairs," "heav'ingly bodies," "the yearth," "comics, planics," &c., and we made "the advanced class" the starting and incredible announcement that the sun did not rise and set daily; that the revolution of the earth on its axis made night and day, &c.

There were a few open countenances in that gaping, wonder-stricken class, about then. Next morning we were waited on by a grave, sage-looking patron of outs, who, with some asperity of countenance, and, as we imagined, contemptuous severity of expression, thus delivered himself:—

"We've employed ye here to larn our young 'uns, hain't ye?" We assented to the proposition.

"Well," continued he, "What's all this rigmarole and stromony and stuff about the sun not settin' and risin' and the yearth turnin' upside down of a night, and sich like infidel talk ye've bin foolin' the skollars with?"

Now, thought we, for a triumph of science, a lighting up of this benighted understanding. Inviting him into the academy, we proceeded to draw a diagram upon the blackboard, for the purpose of illustration.

"Now," said we, "the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and—"

"Stop," cried he, "how do you know that? Who's been thar to measure it? What surveyor's ever drug his chain over that route? 'Taint so?"

In vain we assured him that scientific men had demonstrated it, philosophers proved it beyond a doubt, and that all learned and eminent men in the world admitted and believed it.

"They don't know nothin' about it," was his dogmatic response; "not a bit more'n I do, they've never been any closter to the sun than I hev. Its agin reason, sense, and Scripeter, to say that the sun don't set—for thar's a text, melbe you've seed, if you ever read the Bible—which I kain't scarcely believe you ever did read—it saying 'from the risin' of the sun to the going down tharof; and see here, young man, if you kain't teech the children somethin' better'n sich fool talk and infidel argyment, you mont as well look out for a Dooly settlement, whar thar ain't no churches, and the folks never heard of the Bible."

We caved, wiped out the diagram with our left coat tail, bowed out our indignant patron, and the next morning the "stromony" class was advanced to Peter Parley's geography, and the sun permitted to rise and set as usual.

Judge Longstreet, the newly elected President of the South Carolina College, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper: Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill it fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.

Every parent whose son is off from home, at school, should supply him with a paper. I still remember what difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they have command of more facts. Youth will peruse newspapers with delight, when they will read nothing else.

The editor of the New Idea, at Sandida, Shelby county, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half interest in the concern. Who wants to become the proprietor of "half an idea?"

Blankets were first made at Bristol, England, by a poor weaver named Theob. Blanket, who gave his name to the peculiar manufacture of woollen cloths.

A sailor was recently brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the weaker vessel? "If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.

Douglas on the Senate Floor.

The Washington correspondent of the Independent gives the following vivid description of the "Little Giant," when under full headway:

"He is very short, in stature, but of such physical proportions, aside from this lack, as instantly to attract the attention of a stranger. A very large head, connected with broad and powerfully built shoulders by a short full neck; a chest sufficiently roomy to contain the lungs of a giant, and a pair of short, dumpy legs, complete the physical picture of the "Little Giant."

If we except the broad, lofty Websterian brow, and the deep-set cavernous eyes that sparkle and glow, when excited, like miner's lumps beneath it. It is the tremendous brain power, lodged in that perpendicular precipice of a forehead, and shooting out its fires from its shadowed eyes, that has given him the sonbrigniet which he will carry to his grave.

When excited and in full flow of debate, that massive head rolls and shakes with the emphasis of his thought; and the huge hands double until the nails indent the palm, or else the broad, open hand receives the blow of its mate, and italicizes the sentence with a stunning report. The sweat pours from him profusely, and falls from his head, or is thrown clear from his shoulders by the inimical shakes of the head, as the rain-drops are shaken from the trees by a storm.

Add to this a thick bushy head of black hair, and a restless, uneasy feeling, which prevents his being at rest for five consecutive minutes, and keeps him moving from one point to another in the Senate Chamber, and my picture of the "Little Giant" is complete."

Children Playing with a Bear.

Mr. Atkinson heard the following story in his Siberian rambles:—Two children, one four, and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymaking. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun.

At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and, without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor.

In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

Literary Men and their Wives.

I do maintain that a wife, says Sara Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever.

Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew that she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in the room, and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

THE ANNUITY TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The act of Parliament (20th and 21st Victoria, cap. 2) to enable Queen Victoria to settle an annuity on the Princess Royal was passed on the 20th of June last. She is empowered by letters patent to give and grant unto the Princess Royal, or to such persons as she shall think fit, for the use of her Royal Highness, an annuity of £8000 for her life, to commence from the date of her marriage with Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, to be free from taxes, assessments and charges, and to be paid quarterly—on the 5th of January, 4th of April, 5th of July and the 10th of October. The proportionate share is to be paid on the next quarter-day after the marriage. The annuity will, therefore commence on the 25th inst.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a familiar spirit, yet superior to our own.

Why is an echo like a certain body of water. Ans.—Because it is a round.

The Duke of Brunswick has brought an action against the Gazette de Paris, for censuring his practice of playing chess in his opera box. He demands 10,000f.

Suicide.

Dr. W. S. Wilson of Mobile, who committed suicide in Montgomery, a few days ago by taking poison, left behind the following note, a curious evidence of the workings of a mind wrapped in the darkness of insanity:

"I know that I am a murdered man, and that through a jealousy of some of my medical brethren in Mobile. But that Dr. F— should ever have proved himself an assassin, I never could have believed. My blood be on his head and it shall cry aloud against him on the judgement day. Man, woman or child, I never have injured in Mobile, so help me Heaven. No murderer ever prospered in God's sight. I heard all to night that was brought against me before Col. T—.

Those that made such charges against me know that they are false; they have been paid to murder me, and I know they will do it. I thank Col. T— for the manner in which he justly and manfully spoke to them in my behalf; but nothing but my blood will satisfy them, be it therefore upon their heads—Col. T— can see that they are bent upon murder, and that alone will satisfy them. May God have mercy on my soul!"

W. S. WILSON.

Incompleteness of Wit.

Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny? Why, there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones. The clown knows very well that the womey are not in love with him, but with Hamlet, the fellow in the black cloak and plumed hat. Passion never laughs. The wit knows that his place is at the tail of a procession.

If you want the deep, underlying reason, I must take more time to tell it. There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit—all the prismatic colors—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick in mental epics; throwing the shadows of two objects so that one overfills the other. Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white light of truth.—[Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

A letter from Paris, to the New York Times has the following: "A sale is soon to take place in Paris, of the furniture belonging to Mr. Parke Custis, of Virginia. This gentleman, who lived twenty years in a modest apartment, of the Faubourg St. Honore, in this city, had but one mania—that of collecting portraits of Washington and Lafayette. He has collected, it is said, 1176 portraits—engraved, lithographed, in bronze, in plaster or in bust, on foot, on horse, in all forms and in all shapes. Mr. Parke Custis, who is now a *seigneur*, is a distant relation of George Washington, and heir of George Washington Parke Custis, lately deceased. He has returned to the United States on account of this death. Mr. Custis intends to return here to pack up all his portraits and leave with them for his new residence—that of his late relative—at Bridge Creek. At the same time he has ordered from his brother Danton, two ornaments for the vestibule of his house, two colossal statues in marble of his two great heroes."

VALUABLE LINIMENT.—As for liniments the best I know of for horses or human beings, for sprains, swellings, (slight, consequent on blows, etc.) in horses, and sore throats, and rheumatism in horse-masters, is as follows: Equal parts of hartshorne (aqua ammonia) oil oreganum olive oil, gum camphor, laudanum and spirits turpentine—all best quality—to which add three parts good soft soap. I used this for several years.—Country Gentleman.

A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close—for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

The Laurel Hill, Lanark, master, leaves New Orleans every Sunday at 9 A. M., and every Wednesday at 10 A. M. Agent—

The steamer C. D. JR. VASCENT, master leaves New Orleans every Tuesday and Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, and every Saturday evening at 5 o'clock, for Plaquemine.

The steamer RELF, CHARLES HALL, master, leaves New Orleans every Sunday and Wednesday morning, for Grosse Terre Railroad.

The Capitol and Laurel Hill will take no coas freight below Donaldsonville.

J. A. COTTON, Jan'd Tchoupitoulas street, N. O.

Fireworks. MADE BY CATOIR of New Orleans, and far superior to those usually sold in stores, such as SKY ROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES, WHEELS, GUNS, TRIANGLES, SERPENTS besides Fire Crackers and Torpedoes.

STOCKLEY & DELAVALLADE. Kersey Jackets and Pants. WE have a large stock of the above now being manufactured, which we shall soon have in store. J. Mc WILLIAMS

PROSPECTUS.

"THE STATES,"

WHICH has now been published near seven months, has met with such a success as to justify the Proprietor in enlarging the Daily Edition to the size of the Washington Union.

The "States" will continue to represent the sound constitutional principles of States' rights, which have ever been upheld by the National Democracy; but it will not be so entirely political as its columns will interest the politician exclusively, nor so subservient to party as to be any principle at the command of power, nor disguise its convictions at the suggestions of expediency.

In addition to the discussion of important political questions, its columns will be devoted to the Proceedings of Congress, to the current transactions of the Government, to general news, and matters of interest appertaining to Literature, Agriculture and Commerce.

TERMS: The subscription price of the enlarged Daily will be: One copy for one year, \$ 6 00 Two copies for one year, 10 00 Tri-Weekly, one copy, one year, 3 00

The Cheapest Paper in the South.

The Weekly is published in a large Double Sheet Form, and is printed on superior paper, with handsome, bold type, at the following reasonable rates of subscription:

Single copies, \$2 00 Two copies, 3 00 Five copies, 7 00 Ten copies, to the address of each subscriber, and any larger number, at \$1 20 each. 12 00

Any Postmaster, clerk, or other person, who may send five subscribers, with \$7 enclosed, will receive an extra copy.

Payment in all cases is required invariably in advance; and no papers will be forwarded until the receipt of the money.

Extra Notice.

As Congress will soon assemble, and as it is expected that it will be one of the most important and interesting sessions ever convened in the Metropolis, it must be an object with persons at a distance to secure the earliest and most reliable intelligence from the Capitol.

In order, therefore, to oblige those who desire to subscribe for a paper published in Washington City during the session of Congress, we propose to furnish the Weekly States on the following terms:

FOR THREE MONTHS. One copy, \$1 00 Five copies, 2 00 Ten copies, 3 00

FOR SIX MONTHS. One copy, \$1 00 Five copies, 3 00 Ten copies, 5 00

The Proprietor of "The States" was one of the original founders of the Washington Union, and his long newspaper experience, before and since the establishment of that paper, justifies him in promising a paper well worthy of their patronage. JOHN P. HILLS, November 7, 1857-dec16 Proprietor.

Job Printing.

The Proprietor of this paper (being himself a thorough practical printer, well acquainted with every branch of the art,) devotes his individual attention to the proper and expeditious execution of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

JOB PRINTING.

Handbills, Cards, Labels, Bakers' Tickets, WEDDING INVITATION CARDS, and Wedding Tickets of all Styles; FUNERAL TICKETS, Blanks of all KINDS,

LAWYERS' BRIEFS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

and in fact he is well prepared for doing every description of Job Work in the Printing Line that could be desired or thought of, and as handsome and cheap as could be done in the city. He trusts that his friends and the public generally will not forget him, when they have anything in the Job Printing way which they want done well and quickly. dec23

New Orleans and Bayou Sara.

U. S. MAIL LINE.

CARD.—The splendid steamer CAPITOL, BRANCO, master, (Monsieur, clerk) has again resumed her trips in her old trade, and will continue throughout the season. Leaves New Orleans every Monday at 5 P. M., and Friday at 10 A. M. Returning, will pass Plaquemine on Tuesday and Saturday evenings.

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