

[From the New York Leader.]

HOW I WAS SOLD:

AND
HOW I DIDN'T GET ANY MONEY.

BY BOHEMIAN.

It was in the summer of 18— that having nothing to do and more than a sufficiency of time to do it, I determined to start off on a short tour—where, it was no easy matter for me to decide. I had various things to take into consideration and obstacles to overcome; in fact, I wished to go in first class on a limited amount of the root of all evil, and again I had an object in view.

For four successive seasons had I laid myself out for the capture of an heiress; twice had I almost obtained my prize, twice had it eluded my grasp, and now I found myself in such a position that if I could not soon meet with some lovely (ah! well, that was of no consequence) provided her purse was heavy, I should be obliged to—*to—to—to work*—actually work. The idea seemed highly ridiculous, but the fact was palpable. I had therefore determined on a grand and final spurge.

In this condition were matters when one day in July, while enjoying my smash at the hotel, my eyes fell upon a small card sitting forth the superior attractions of the Sulphur Springs, Va. In an instant my resolve was taken. Visions of cotton plantations, niggers, dark and lovely eyes—and all to be had for the asking, passed through my mind. Not to be profuse I may pass over the preparations, etc., and say that without accident I arrived at the— Springs.

It was some days before I got fully initiated into the habits, etc., of the place, but being of a somewhat distinguished air, and without dressed in taste and "got up" regardless of expense, I soon worked my way into the first clique. Impudence was my stock in trade, and I made the best use of my capital.

During one of the balls, of nightly occurrence, I was introduced to the most beautiful of the beautiful boys of girls then visiting the Springs, and I went in with a perfect rush. Morning and evening was I at the side of the fair Amaryllis. In the bowling alley, at the springs, the ride and ball room, I was her shadow. She was all my heart could desire—elegant, accomplished, and what was of more consequence to me, rich. The latter I had discovered by pumping her servant—not a very distinguished performance but a necessary one to me.

I learned that she was an orphan, her father having died some two years previous, leaving her the sole heiress to his property, consisting of a plantation, niggers, and any amount of Virginia Sites. But she had a guardian—the most irascible stand-offish customer it had ever been my lot to meet. Never would he condescend to be even commonly civil, and in fact by every means in his power did he try to snub me; but I could afford to be snubbed, and still kept up the "even tenor of my way," determined to succeed or come to the usual tragical alternative.

As the season drew towards a close, I resolved myself into a committee of one and passed a resolution to the effect that further delay was dangerous; and on the very next evening, while walking on the piazza in front of the hotel, I determined to "go in lemons, if I got squeezed." I did, and the result was that Amaryllis and myself agreed as to the plan on which we should operate.

Knowing that her guardian would throw every obstacle in our way, it was decided that I should go on in the next day's train as far as B—, and stay there for one week, when Amaryllis would elude the vigilance of her guardian, and meet me, for matrimonial purposes, and we would then go on to Richmond, and so north.

As we finished our conference, I fancied I heard a footfall on the gravel beneath us; and looking down, I thought I saw a figure stealing away, but supposing it to be one of the servants, I took no further notice of it. The next morning I left the Springs, and as I bade adieu to Amaryllis, the irascible guardian seemed much more complaisant, and actually, with one or two others, came as far as the cars with me. Telling them all I was bound for New York, I started.

For a whole ten days I waited at B—. At length the morning post brought me a note in the most delicate feminine hand-writing, which stated that Amaryllis would come in the train leaving— Springs next morning; that she would be dressed in a traveling dress, but I should be sure to know her by her thick brown veil. I was not to come near her until the cars reached Lynchburg, and then, when we changed cars, I was to take her, for fear of observation.

With other through passengers, we were conveyed to the cars going North; and a few hours would bring us to Washington, where it was arranged we should be united. Already my mind revelled in the anticipation of future luxury and ease—of niggers to do my back and call of unlimited amounts of cash, etc. The cars started, and I placed my arm around her lovely form, and whispered sweet love tales into her ear. We reached Fredericksburg, and after the usual entrance and departure of passengers, the conductor called out "all on board," and my heart leapt for joy, for every stopping place I looked on as dangerous. The guardian might be around.

On a sudden some one called "stop," and there appeared to be some excitement outside on the platform, and a conversation in loud tones carried on in the disappointed sentences of which I heard "bravoo!" I clasped Amaryllis closer to me; "silence," my heart jumped with surprise. The next moment the door of the car opened, and the conductor and two or three others with lanterns entered.

As the conductor came in, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will excuse me, but a telegraphic message has arrived here to stop this train, as it is supposed there was a gentleman endeavoring to run off" (my heart failed and my companion trembled violently,) "a slave," (my heart was firm once more, but my dear Amaryllis trembled more than ever.) "Ladies will please remove their veils." Amaryllis whispered in tones husky with emotion, "Do not let them remove mine."

I was bold—I was determined to resist, but as the officer came up, I found it impossible, and the veil was removed from the face of— Good heavens! a wench black as the North West corner of Tartarus!

I fell back, stupefied, and although I heard the shouts of execration that arose around me, I had no power to resist, as they handcuffed me. They took me to Richmond next morning, and but for the guard kept over me, I believe I should have been hanged. I was put into a goal, but a message which arrived from— Springs the same day, relieved me from all complicity. I was taken before the mayor, and discharged, and advised to make tracks for cooler quarters. The steamer Roanoke was leaving that afternoon, and under escort of the officers of the law I went on board, and it is needless to say I have never been South hunting for heiresses since.

I never knew how much of the trick was Amaryllis' and how much of it be-

longed to her guardian. The wench was evidently put up to the trick by one or the other. Amaryllis may have remained pining for me for months; she may have only been laughing for about the same length of time. As I remarked, I am going South again to inquire. Without being a "collud' passon," I have once been "sold" and "got no money."

A Most Infernal Scoundrel.

A runaway match, of more than usual interest, is related in the Cleveland Herald of the 15th. It appears that a short time ago, Mr. Stephen G. Kennedy, residing in Franklin County, Mississippi, absconded with the proceeds of the sale of six of his wife's negroes, and taking with him a Miss Hatch, left for parts unknown.

His wife eloped with him in 1850, and they subsequently lived on a plantation in Franklin county, Mississippi, given him by his father who also gave him three negroes. Mrs. K's father, also gave her six negroes, and subsequently dying, left her five more negroes and \$10,000. She gave her husband the money, and with it he bought negroes in his own name. They lived on this plantation until 1858, he meanwhile becoming a confirmed gambler, and he frequently ill-treating his wife, until she was obliged to flee to her brother's house. Mr. A. D. Gillespie, her brother, then obtained Mrs. K's negroes and an attachment was issued for the seven negroes bought with her money. She commenced a suit for a divorce, but subsequently became reconciled to her husband, and went to live with him again in New Orleans, taking with her eleven negroes. She subsequently went to Mississippi, leaving him and nine negroes behind. When next she heard of him, he had sold the negroes, gambled away the money, and absconded to Texas.

In August, 1858, K. and his mother came to Mrs. K's house, and he asked to be forgiven, saying he had lost all his money. She forgave him, and told him he should share what was left to her, if he would quit gambling. In October, one of the negroes, sold by K. ran away from his owner, and came to her, telling her where the others were. She bought them all back, at an expense of \$8,000.

After this, she left him again, in consequence of his ill-treatment, and subsequently returned to him, and decided to him six negroes, which he afterwards sold, and gambled away the money.— They then went to Memphis, where the Miss Hatch was introduced and became an inmate of the family.

After 4 or 5 weeks, she suddenly left on a fictitious errand, and Kennedy told his wife that her (Mrs. K's) mother was dying. Mrs. K. started on the boat for her mother's home, and the next morning he took her child and 3 negroes and left, meeting the woman Hatch at Humboldt station. Two days after, he took 4 more negroes and went on to Chattanooga, where, for some reason he parted with the woman Hatch, she going on to Richmond with the child and 3 negroes. She then left the negroes there and came to Cleveland with the child.

The parties now lodge within sight of each other. Mrs. Kennedy is at the New England Hotel, whilst Kennedy and the woman are at the cottage opposite the police station, near the New England. The child has been removed by the police, and is in safe custody.— Kennedy is making desperate exertions to get the child away. Mrs. Kennedy is greatly excited, and earnestly prays to get her faithless husband in a slave State.

A day or two ago a citizen of Cincinnati found a small dress button in the interior of a hen's egg. The egg was a fresh one, and had been hard boiled. The button, which was perfect, was near the center of the egg. How did the button get into the—

When the Baton Rouge Convention meets their first and most grateful work will be to pass a vote of thanks for the strong, honest and manly efforts of our delegates at Charleston to secure the insertion in the National platform of an anti-Squatter declaration. This done, they will next consider what is proper and right and safe to be done relative to the future action of our delegates.— The questions as to whether they shall go back to the adjourned National Convention or not, as to what they shall there attempt to do, as to their course in certain contingencies, as to whether the action of the Baltimore Convention is to be accepted as final, as to the reaction in which the electoral vote of Louisiana shall be given—all these and other topics must be reviewed at Baton Rouge. We do not expect the propriety or expediency of the course pursued by our delegates will be called in question—for nothing will tempt the representatives of the Democracy of Louisiana to pass censure, express or by implication, upon the true and noble band of delegates who battled for our rights at Charleston and who left the Convention there because, as they believed, they could not honorably remain. Our State Convention can do their whole duty without raising a discussion on this point—a discussion as distasteful as it would be profitless.—*Courier.*

Some wag lately took a drunken fellow and placed him in a coffin, with the lid so that he could raise it, placed it in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time, the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated."

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