

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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## MISCELLANEOUS

### TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let me show you one of the cheapest pieces of cloth I have seen for six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer. "The silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broad cloth, and slapped his hands upon it self-complacently, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; "but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards. "At least from such men as you." Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to his meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards, smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that in my store," was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen of buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and examined it closely. "This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broad-cloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus, he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eyes soon told him that his customer was becoming tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yard stick, "I know you want it. Don't hesitate about the matter." Jacobs did not say "no," although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half-triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings, of course."

As he spoke, he turned to the shelves for padding, linings, silk, &c., and, while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. "This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," remarked Jacobs, as he glanced down at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards, in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to the coat. After that, he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of any thing else?" enquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife of what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of mus-

lin," said she. "We want sheets and pillow cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs. "We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh yes, easy enough," responded the wife confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But, things did not stop there. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply-source, want became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something, simple souls! that an alarmingly heavy debt was accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to "make both ends meet." Some-what independent in his feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, and, no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducement held out by Edwards, had regulated his outgoes by his actual income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world though not to gain any advantage on the side of fortune. Let us see how it was with him at the end of six months, under the new system. Let us see if his "good credit" has been of any real benefit to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable or for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs, was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was "good," and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning was approaching, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things, the purchase of which would have been omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands, and tempted needless expenditure.

As the end of the six months' credit period approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill, he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed, at times, as if it would suffocate him.

One evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of but little else all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife, he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane?" said he kindly.

"Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes drooped as she made it, and her husband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half-closed lids—the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if any thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness. "The credit was for only six months. But, how much is the bill?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars." And poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars? Never!"

"There is the bill." And Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the long column of figures, where were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty.

"It can't be," he said in a troubled voice. "Edwards has made a mistake."

"So I thought, when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But, I am sorry to say, that it is all right. I

have been over and over it again, and cannot find an error. O, dear! how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money had to be paid down.—But, I never thought of a bill like this. Never."

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said, at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get under the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we happier, now, for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But, has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither the husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober-minded, and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self-reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man, gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait. But, I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit!—He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards,—but, he now avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he, kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see; your regular year is up to-day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for the question suggested a discharge from his place—business having been dull for some time.

"I was looking at your account yesterday," resumed the employer, "and find it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," returned Jacobs. "Living is expensive; and I have six months to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, "as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to your salary. You now receive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty."

A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which, the employer, already blessed in blessing another added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as the balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated for him to trust himself with oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterward, the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I've come to settle your bill," said Jacobs.

"You needn't have troubled yourself about that," replied the storekeeper, "though money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, when Edwards, rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said—

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing," was the young man's grave reply.

"Nothing! Don't say that," replied Edwards. "I've just got in a beautiful lot of spring goods."

"I've no more money to spare," answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A word too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who has lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the storekeeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards, looking serious.

"It's a very plain case," answered Jacobs. "This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would, otherwise, have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent, under temptation, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"

The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book accounts for me."

Wise will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate incomes, and should never under any pretence be opened.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Jenny Lind's Rehearsal.

The editor of the New York papers who were present at the rehearsals of Jenny Lind, at Castle Garden, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, are in perfect raptures with the "Nightingale."

The New York Herald says: "The Nightingale descended from the gallery and made her appearance on the stage, when she was received with an enthusiastic burst of applause from the orchestra and from the few spectators who were permitted to be present. She looked pale, which was no doubt the effect of the inspiration that was upon her, whole soul seemed filled with but the one idea, and when she laid aside her bonnet, and took up the music, she evidently labored under the deepest excitement, yet of that lofty kind that is regulated and controlled by a sound judgment. Every eye was intent upon her, and breathless stillness pervaded the building till the first note of her glorious voice burst upon the audience in the *canta diva*, and from that moment she held them enchained. No description can fully portray the astonishment that sat on every countenance as she poured forth such a volume of songs as, never heard from mortal lips before—powerful enough to fill a building three times the size—and thrilling every fibre of the listener, while it was soft as the warbling of the skylark. In fact, her voice is more like that of a bird than any we have ever heard."

Even the calm and dignified *commercial* says:

"We have not time now, nor is our excitement yet sufficiently subdued, to describe our impressions or note our observations. Suffice it to say that we have heard her. Such surpassing, divinely sweet sounds never before came from human voice—now clear and bird like, then seeming to come from afar, like the tones of a flute in the still evening air from the bosom of a placid lake—and anon pealing in truest tone far above the crash of the orchestra."

"We can now understand the spell that surrounds her; though the explanation is to be found only where we found it, in her presence. As natural and unaffected in manners as it is possible for a lady to be—sensitive to the slightest jar in the instrumental accompaniments,—she is "divine in song," and we know no other word that will convey any adequate idea of the all powerful spell—the absorbing intensity of feeling—with which she draws all hearts to herself."

The prize song, "Greeting to America," was also sung by her for the first time, and was loudly encored. The Tribune, after describing her voice, and its astonishing qualities, says:—

"As an instance, which may serve to show that we were not alone in our enthusiasm, we would mention that at the close of the first part of the Trio Concertante for the two flutes and voice, (in which Mr. Siede, one of the finest flutists of the age, plays *second flute*), the orchestra came to a dead stop. They had been listening to the vocalist, and had forgot their parts and all else. There they

stood with open mouths, until Mr. Benedict told them that they must not listen if they wanted to play their parts." And that orchestra contained George Loder, who played the double bass, and Theodore Elsford, both well known conductors, and not easily carried away by enthusiasm."

The New York Herald estimates the proceeds of the sales of tickets for the first night's Concert at \$26,238. A despatch from New York, dated September 11th says: "I hear upon good authority that the portion of the proceeds of Jenny Lind's concert to-night coming to her, which is valued at about ten thousand dollars, will be given by her to the various charitable institutions in this city.—This is certainly a good beginning."

The Secret.

A correspondent of New York Evening Post gives the following as the secret of Mr. McKennan's resignation of the Home Department:

"Mr. McKennan was dissatisfied with the Chief Clerk, Mr. Goddard, son-in-law to Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, who is said to have assumed to make, or promise appointments even after Mr. McKennan's arrival, without consulting his superior. He found as the story goes, that his freedom of action was hampered and trammelled by the proceedings of the late Secretary, to such a degree that he had merely stepped into the position of an executor with the will annexed. He repudiates the will and declines the trust, as some of his friends state; change of air and business, likewise, have had a deleterious effect upon his health. The state of confusion and embarrassment in which he finds the Department, multiplies the labors which properly belong to its administration, and Mr. McKennan prefers leisure to hard work."

FIRMNESS is a very important quality, whether of the mind or of the body; it is one that recommends itself to worthy consideration. We all admire it more or less; those who do not comprehend its full value will often wonder at and respect it. We like to see firmness in a Government, because it assures us that the ordinary course of our political and social life is not likely to be disturbed, and we feel that the continuance of many of our most esteemed privileges depends on it. Sailors like to sail with a captain whose firmness may keep them in proper control in fine weather, and provide for their safety in storms. Workmen generally prefer a master who keeps firm discipline, before one who is always uncertain of his intentions. Children are happier under firm management, than when left to alternations of severity and indulgence, or to a take-care-of-yourself system. Animals, too, are affected by firmness; it is well known that lions or tigers have sometimes been prevented from making their attacks by those they threatened showing a bold front. Horses know when they have a firm rider on their back, and will very often throw off a weak one. We prefer firmness in buildings also; it gratifies us to look on some old tower that has withstood the shock of time for a thousand years or more; and we shrink from trusting ourselves in an edifice which has the character of being unsound or unsafe. On all hands, then, it appears that firmness is a desirable quality; it partakes of the nature of decision, and, if people would but exercise it a little more than they do at present, they would find good account in so doing.

A PATTERN HUSBAND.—It is related that Lady Arden, having the tooth-ache, and all remedies having been applied in vain, she at length decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles, for a dentist to extract the stubborn tooth. When the extractor arrived, however, she declared that her nerves were unequal to the task unless she first saw it performed on her husband. He, good soul, submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw; when Lady A. declared she had seen enough to satisfy her that she could not undergo a similar operation!

Daddy, what kind of ware is it that you want to be—hard-ware, glass-ware, stone-ware, or crockery-ware?"

"Not any kind of ware, Cimon. What do you mean?"

"Why, this morning, when it lightened, you said, when it stormed, persons ought to be-ware."

"Peggy, pin this boy's ears to his shoulder-blades and put him to bed. He'll be the death of me, yet, some day, that boy will.—*Boston Museum.*"

The editor of a newspaper being challenged, coolly replied, that any fool might give a challenge, but that two fools were needed for a fight.

A Jaw Breaker.

The following actually occurred at the house of a lady in New York, some fifteen years ago. It was the custom to hand round cracked livery nuts, apples, raisins, &c., to company that might happen in of an evening. The lady of the house had hired a servant a few days before, a green Irish woman, fresh from the Emerald Isle, by the name of Peggy. Some nuts were to be cracked one evening; Peggy was called, and receiving a dish of nuts from the lady, was told to take them down to the kitchen and crack them. (It was thought Peggy knew all about cracking nuts.)

Time enough had elapsed for Peggy to have cracked them, when the lady stepped to the head of the stairs and called—

"Peggy!"

"Marm!"

"Have you those nuts cracked yet?"

"No, marm."

"Well, make haste; we're waiting for them."

Another half hour, and no nuts appeared.

"Peggy! Peggy!"

"Marm!"

"Come, come; have you those nuts cracked yet?"

"No marm—they ain't half cracked, and my tath are almost out of me head, alrudy!"—*Horn of Mirth.*

No Excuse.—Our farmers never forget the barn, the corner, nor the spring-house; but a bath room, quite as necessary to the comfort and health of their households, rarely enters into their calculation. Even when it is impossible to convey a sufficient supply of the element directly into the house, a sponge and plentiful buckets of water will be found to answer the purpose admirably, where the bath is unattainable. No person is excusable for neglecting a daily ablution with the common wash-bowl and picher apparatus within the reach of all. The only objection that can be urged against this healthful practice, is prompted by indolence—a cowardly shrinking from the trouble, and a mayhap of the first plunge, but this grows less and less; habit steps in to aid us, and by rising a few minutes earlier, the business man or woman may secure the necessary time. Then the warm glow and brisk and healthful circulation, that succeed the chill, is an ample remuneration for all transient discomfort.

The Hungarians in America.

The following interesting statements in relation to the Hungarians who have sought refuge on our soil, we copy from the New York Journal of Commerce:—

"The whole number of Hungarian officers and soldiers who have already come to this country, is about one hundred and fifty. About one hundred are officers; many of them superior men, both in intellect and in devotion to their country, and to the cause of freedom. Some were recently in possession of large landed estates, yielding ample revenues. All, or nearly all, except those just arrived, are now engaged in industrial pursuits, often of an humble and an exceedingly laborious kind. A large number are employed as assistants to farmers; others are at work on railroads. Three officers of distinction are teachers, another is a watch maker. Two, who graduated with honors at one of the most eminent academies of Europe, and were the owners of two villages prior to the revolution, are now engaged in a paper factory. Still, knowing that every honest calling is honorable, they are contented."

Allegheny City Scrip.—Upon an appeal from the Court of Allegheny county, Judge Grier has decided against the city of Allegheny, confirming the decision of the State Court, making the city liable for its notes or scrip, with damages of 20 per cent and costs. The suit was for a small amount. City of Allegheny has honorably redeemed, or is redeeming all of this issue.—But a very small amount is now afloat, and this regularly redeemed with specie on presentation.—*Pittsburg American.*

O, for youth once more, that green spring-time, before suspicion had milled the fair flowers of the ideal.

A Rich Joke.—An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in, was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bed room. The next morning the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of—

"Be jabers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise.

"Why, the bull bed-bug, sure, that has been attem' the children for the last two months."