

# Mountain

# Sentinel.

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

VOLUME IX.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1853.

NUMBER 11.

## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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## A Frightened Chinaman.

The San Francisco Herald, in describing a late fire, describes the following amusing scene:—"Mr. Hessefross finding it impossible, from the intense heat, to get his pipes to work in the rear, determined to smother the flames for a moment in that quarter, by blowing up a portion of the building. The samsone truck was at hand with the necessary sapping and mining materials. Mr. Hessefross adjusted a charge of twenty-five pounds, applied the fuse, and was just on the point of igniting it when a grief-torn Chinaman, whose property was suffering, rushed into the building to save all he could. Mr. Hessefross tried every expedient to warn him of his danger, but not speaking Chinese, was compelled to eject him forcibly. The poor fellow pulled his pigtail distractedly, and rushed into the house again and again. Mr. H. finally pointed to the match, the fuse, and the powder, and imitating the noise of an explosion, at last made the Chinaman understand what was going on. As soon as the idea struck him, he cleared the door at a bound, and sped up the street, his pigtail and breeches flying in the breeze, on the wings of fear. When last seen, just previous to the explosion, he was bounding up the embankment at the head of Sacramento street. Mr. H.'s expedient was successful, and taking advantage of the momentary cessation of the heat behind, he planted his pipe, and the gallant firemen soon held their own, and gradually gained control over the flames."

## Statistics of the Presidential Election.

The New York Journal of Commerce says the Whig vote at the recent election is greater than at any previous one; though the gain over 1848 is only 11,889; 71,292 over 1844, and 98,592 over 1840. The Democratic vote is 365,246 greater than in 1848; 246,598 greater than in 1844, and 468,478 greater than in 1840. The abolition vote is 136,880 less than in 1848 and 23,756 greater than in 1844.

Vermont is the banner State on the Whig side, as is New York on the Democratic; the latter having given Pierce a plurality of 27,269, and a majority over both Whig and abolition of 1836, but in proportion to the whole number of votes polled, Texas is the banner State on the Democratic side, having given nearly three times as many to Pierce as to Scott. Georgia comes next, having given Pierce more than twice as many as Scott; then Arkansas and Florida.—The least plurality in any State is 25 in Delaware for Pierce. The States polling the highest aggregate vote, are New York, 522,480; Pennsylvania, 386,272; Ohio, 353,368. The State polling fewest votes is Florida—7,161.—Delaware comes next—12,065.

The largest abolition vote given by any State is 21,782 in Ohio. Next comes Massachusetts with 28,028, and New York with 25,433. In proportion to the whole number of votes, Vermont is the greatest hot-bed of abolitionism.

## Dialogue on Smoking.

"No, my dear Mr. Smashespikes, I am sure you are ruining your health, smoking and smoking as you do all the time. I never saw anything like it in my life." "Bless me, my love, what's the matter now? You talk as if you never saw a cigar before!" "No, I do not mean that, but I really think you do carry it to excess." "Why, I only smoke twenty-five or thirty a day." "Twenty-five or thirty!" "That's all. My stars and garters! And you don't call that smoking to excess?" "No." "Well, Mr. Smashespikes, perhaps you'll tell me what you do consider smoking to excess?" "Certainly, my love." "I'm listening." "Well, I think a man may be said to smoke too much when—" "Well, what?" "Why, when he smokes two cigars at once."

Soon after the late Presidential election, Mr. Healey, the artist, waited upon Gen. Scott, and solicited him to sit for his portrait. He left not a charge of expressions of his admiration for the fame and achievements of the general, and the compliments of State stockholders, and veteran, and to the North Branded him high General heard stage railroad, quietly, then to him said— "120,000 49, have had my painted many portraits. I have even seen the very unusual process of hat, bust taken; and an old he, straighten, "sir, I have 76 build, he my mind that American people one — for me, I'll not have my created any more."

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

List! list! what fearful tone was that which Upon the wind of midnight? Nature sounds No knell o'er earth for the departed year, Yet when its last breath passed into the void Of the by-gone eternity, I heard Echoed within the chambers of my soul A sound, perchance the shadow of a sound, Wild, strange and dismal, as it were a wail, A low and blended wail, from all the graves And sepulchres of ocean and of earth Upon the stilly air. Oh was it not The solemn voice of old Eternity Uttering an cry, one wild and deep lament, For his dead child?

The year, alas! is gone Forever from the world! He seemed too strong, Too mighty e'er to die. He laid his hand On breathing millions, and they sank beneath The green grass of the grave, he blew aloud The trumpet-blast of battle, and dark hosts Met in the mortal shock, and when the flames And smoke of conflict had gone by, they lay Like autumn's red leaves on the plain; he passed O'er earth, and, at each wave of his broad wings, Volcano, earthquake, whirlwind, storm, and flood Sprang up beneath the silent spell and wrought The fearful errands of their destiny; Yet now his own great mission done, he lies On scorched and broken pinions with the dead, There, there to sleep.

What is Time? A giant power, stern, vast, and bodiless, That we may feel but never see. We gaze With aching eyes into the past, and there We see a thousand shapes of light and gloom Floating like atoms in the pallid beam Of mournful memory, but the perished year Is all unseen. From thence we sadly turn, And gazing on the future, we behold Dim, countless phantoms trooping from its dark Unfathomed ocean to the lonely shore Of earthly being, but the coming years Are all invisible. And then we pause And gaze above, around, beneath, and lo! Our eyes are startled by the mighty deeds Of the now passing time; the iron weight Of his stern presence rests upon our souls, We feel the awful spectre touch our brows With his cold death-like finger; and we hear The deep and mingled roar that rises up From all his mighty doings on our earth; And yet he has no form to cast its gleam Or shadow on our sight.

The parted year Called forth from earth a blooming Paradise Of sweet spring-flowers—he waved his autumn wand And they were not. He woke in human souls Myriads of hopes and joys and burning loves, That seemed like things of immortality— He touched them and they died. Another year, The gift of God, is cast beneath the skies, And what is darkly hidden in the still And silent depths of its mysterious months, We may not know—thank God, we may not know. We only know that with each passing month And day and hour, the low, deep wail of grief, The maddened cry of agony, the shout Of fierce ambition, the loud thunder shock Of bloody conflict, and the knell of death Will echo, each, its one brief moment o'er The sea of time, and then be swallowed up And lost forever in the onward sweep Of its unpeopled waves.

The midnight skies Are weeping silent tears as if they grieved For the old year, and the pale stars look sad And tremble, as if living, sorrowing hearts Were throbbing in their breasts. In vain! in vain! The faded year is nothing now. The flowers, The birds, the waves, the thousand melodies Of vernal life and nature will come back, But he returns no more. The winds may search For him in their far journeyings; the grand Old ocean with its thunder tones may call Forever to him in its ceaseless dash Beneath the heavens; the bright and burning stars With their high tones of Eden minstrelsy May speak his name in their eternal sweep Along their flaming paths; the comets wild May seek him by the baleful blaze they spread Through realms of ancient night; but none of these Shall ever find him, for he liveth not In all the universe of God. Years die, And centuries die, and there will come a day When the dread angel of the Apocalypse, Standing on land and sea, will lift his hand And swear that time shall be no more.

Yet thou, Oh man, wilt never die. The earth will pass Like a wild dream away, the very heavens Be rolled together as a scroll, but he, Beneath whose feet the sun and stars are dust, Hath said that thou shalt never die. Thou art great. And awful words of the Omnipotent Are caught up and re-echoed to thy soul By all the world of nature. A deep voice, That tells thee of thy immortality, Speaks in the breeze and in the hurricane; Blends with the gentle music of the stream, The loud rush of the storm of the cloud, and all From the dark bosom of the night, The thousand mystic whispers of night, Deep mingled with the everlasting roar Of ocean in his wild unrest and swells Forever in the angel's midnight throne. Sung by the stars around a midnight throne. LOUISVILLE, Ky., 1852.

The New York and Railroad, as all know, runs through an exceedingly wild and thinly settled country; but one would have supposed that the cars were to lose their way, and wander about through the wilderness. It is alleged, however, that a car started out from New York, last spring for Dunkirk, and has never since been heard of.

## From the Harrisburg Keynote.

Commerce and Finance.

### THE CURRENCY AND THE TARIFF.

When the immortal ADAM SMITH, in Scotland, and the illustrious SAY, in France, first laid open to view the sources and means of national wealth and prosperity, they did not expect the truths they unfolded to find acceptance in the Old World for many long years. They knew that it was wedded to its idols; and they saw that it had cherished its commercial errors, and practised its financial abuses so long, that they had at last become necessary to the very existence of the social state, and could not be eradicated without a total revolution in the very frame-work of society.

But they turned to the Model Republic of the West, then being peopled by strong-minded men, busily engaged in upbuilding a new social and commercial system, trying all things, and holding fast those which were good, as the land of hope and promise. There they hoped to see their great ideas realized, and to behold the Young World teaching the Old the direct road to national wealth, comfort and well-being. Little did they dream that here, separated by a vast and stormy ocean from the errors of our Fatherlands, a great party would rise up, whose object it would be to infuse into our political system those out-worn and exploded errors respecting the currency and the tariff, which have made Spain poor, with Mexico and Peru at her back, and which have sadly impeded the progress of some of the proudest nations of Europe.

And yet it is even so. The Whig party claims to be the conservative party of this country, and to make good its boast, it has ever prided itself in keeping as far behind the age as possible. It resists every great measure designed for the general good. Distrusting whatever is new, however true and useful, it ever reverses and sustains whatever is old, however false and feeble. It is pre-eminently the party of the past. It lives in a past age, and ever upholds institutions which have lagged far behind the wants of the present time. Hence its advocacy of a high protective tariff and an inflated currency.

The chief argument of the Whig party, and the one which it addresses to the great masses of consumers in favor of protection, is that a high tariff proves quite as effectual as free trade in the reduction of prices; that home competition will eventually bring down prices to their lowest possible rate. Now, if the cost of our labor and capital is such that we can produce as low at home as can be done abroad, what need is there of protection? But if we can import an article cheaper than we can produce it at home, why not do so, and invest our land, labor and capital in that which will yield us a better return? We can raise pine apples in hot-houses, in great profusion, at double the cost of those imported. But he who raises his own pine-apples, instead of importing them, really pays for each one the price of two; for his labor otherwise directed in agriculture, would furnish him with the means of buying two.

But, rejoins our Whig friends, we want a protective tariff to build up our infant manufactures, which will thus in a few years become self-sustaining. To which it may well be answered, you have abundant protection for this purpose already in our revenue tariff. As the individual States levy a direct tax to sustain the State governments, so the United States, to support the federal government levies an indirect tax upon all consumers of imported goods, in the shape of a tariff—which tax is paid by the importer to the custom-house, by the wholesale jobber to the importer, by the retailer to the consumer; the tax in each sale being included in the price of the article. This revenue tax or tariff, mainly levied on the import of goods now manufactured in this country, amounts to over \$50,000,000 annually. Is not this sufficient protection? A manufacture which could not plant itself under such auspices, would be a curse to any country.

The true policy, alike dictated by nature, and confirmed by the teachings of political economy, is for each country to produce those articles for which it is most specially adapted by producing which, its land, capital and labor will receive the fullest possible return. And in such a competition we would have nothing to fear. We have vast mountains of iron ore, the purest in the world. We have the finest and most immense water power known; while our soil yields, in close proximity, the products necessary for the loom. We have great prairies, on which the sun sets on the sea, whose virgin soil will repay the husbandmen a thousand-fold for centuries to come. We have a great valley, in itself a world, veined by ten thousand streams, affording unbounded facilities to our internal trade. We people a continent so little disjoined by nature, that you could construct a railroad without an inclined plane, from Philadelphia to San Francisco; a continent situated in the very commercial centre of the world, and which is destined to become the great highway of nations over which shall pass to our ancestral Europe the teas and spices of the "barbaric East." All

we need in order to fully realize these rich blessings, is a government which shall leave free scope for individual enterprise, and which shall not, by means of tariffs, endeavor to build up a sickly manufacturing system upon the ruins of a healthy and vigorous commerce.

But we must bear in mind that the Whig party, owned and controlled chiefly by capitalists and cotton lords, really wants a high tariff, not for the sake of low, but of high prices, whereby the profits of the manufacturer may be augmented by his monopoly of the home market. Yet even here it is mistaken. Under certain circumstances a high tariff may temporarily raise prices exorbitantly. But there is a great natural law—the law of supply and demand—which proves an effectual limitation. So soon as the supply of an article much exceeds the demand, the market will be glutted and its price will fall. This will discourage the production of that article, whereby in time the demand will exceed the supply, and its price will rise. Such is the case with flour and wheat, whose price is on a perpetual see-saw. Such is the case with the window-glass makers along the Monongahela river, of whom we have been told that during every ten years one-half of them break up, while the other half made their fortunes. And such is the case with the iron interest, which having been for a long time too much depressed, is just now unduly exalted. It has been depressed chiefly because two tons of metal were made where one was needed; and it is now exalted because the demand has great outgrown the limited supply.

But even allowing the Whig party that a protective tariff, with its accompanying imaginary advantages of checking importations, keeping specie in the country, and turning the balance of trade in our favor, is right and expedient, we claim that its policy with regard to the currency contradicts its tariff policy; that its financial policy tends to increase importations, hurry specie out of the country, and turn the balance of trade most effectually against us.

The financial policy of the Democratic party is well known. Knowing the currency to be a good servant, but a dangerous master, it endeavors to keep it under strict control. It views with jealousy the too great multiplication of banks, those machines for artificially making money cheap by issuing their bills, and then making it dear by withdrawing their notes from circulation; thus baffling the acutest foresight, and often causing the severest commercial distress. It has hence ever advocated the policy of having a specie currency to circulate from hand to hand in the community, so that labor may be sure of receiving its just due—reserving bank bills of high denominations only for large commercial transactions, and to circulate among those whose able to bear the loss which inevitably attends the use of paper money. It holds as a truth attested by all fact and all history, that money is as much of a commodity as soap or tea, deriving its chief value from its being the chief instrument of exchange and transfer, without which no extended commerce were possible; and that its value is determined, like that of every other commodity, by the law of supply and demand; so that when its quantity is lessened, money becomes dearer, less of it is given for any article, or in other words, prices fall.—To the reverse, when the amount of the currency is increased beyond the demands of an increased commerce, money becomes cheaper, and more of it is given for any article; or, what is the same thing, prices rise. Thus, a bushel of wheat is worth now four times as much specie as it was four hundred years ago—not because the intrinsic value of wheat is greater now, but because the vast influx of silver and gold from Mexico and Peru has caused them to fall to one-fourth of their former value. Acting upon this truth, it has ever been the Democratic policy to confine the currency to specie, with so much paper money as will suffice to supply the wants of extending commerce.

The Whig financial policy is just the reverse. Mistaking the quantity of a currency for its value, it strives to multiply banks and paper money as much as possible. It endeavors to make bank notes of low denominations almost the sole circulating medium. Discarding specie as the sole basis of banking, it advocates the use of State stocks and even of real estate, both of very uncertain value, as banking capital. To make it popular, it calls this system free banking. Free banking would be a much more appropriate name, as we shall presently see. Follow it out to its full extent, and you have a paper currency doubling or trebling in value all the real estate and State stocks in the Union.

Now what is the result of such a policy as this? Money will inevitably become plenty and cheap. Prices of goods will rise, not because their intrinsic value is become greater, but because money is so much cheaper. Vast fortunes will spring up in a night, like mushrooms, through the universal rise in prices. Speculation will be aroused. The most absurd schemes will be blindly rushed into by men who hope lazily to win fortunes in a day, instead of building them up by frugality and perseverance in a lifetime. Under the influence of the general excitement, prices rise until it becomes immensely

profitable, in spite of a high tariff, to import goods from those countries where a specie-basis currency has kept them at a fair price. Importations are immense. All goes well until the day of payment arrives, when it is found that our paper money will not pass current beyond the Atlantic. Our specie, rendered superfluous by the superabundance of paper money goes abroad to pay our debts. Then confidence is shaken.—A general run is made upon the banks, whose coffers, are found not to have a dollar in them wherewith to redeem their paper, while their books show thousands of dollars, lent to speculators, lost forever. The bubble bursts, and universal distress and ruin ensue. The capitalist of yesterday suddenly finds himself reduced to the level of the laborer of to-day. The widow and the orphan are suddenly hurled from competence into destitution.

This is no fancy sketch. It is every word true. It is but a history of the great financial convulsion of 1837. That great calamity was a legitimate result of Whig policy and Whig legislation.

We have now performed our promise of showing how completely Whig policy on the currency, nullifies Whig policy on the tariff. Our task is done. We have not now time to notice further the multitude of errors our Whig friends teach in relation to these kindred topics. Their name is legion. Those we have noticed are probably the most important. On them the truth or falsehood of the rest depends. The voice of the people has lately rolled in thunder tones from the granite hills of New Hampshire, to the magnolia groves of Alabama, in condemnation of them. Never again can the Whig party triumph, so long as its commercial and financial policy remains unchanged. It must cast down its old idols, marshal under new banners, clothe itself in new armor, and enlist under new leaders, before it can ever go forth again to battle and to victory. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

## Benjamin Franklin's Letter to a Young Woman.

The Boston Post gives five copies of unpublished letters from Dr. Franklin, which have recently been found in that city. The following one seems to have been addressed to a lady with whom he was on intimate terms previous to his marriage, and who was still single at that time: "Philadelphia, Oct. 16, 1755.

"DEAR KATE,—Your favor of the 18th June came to hand, but it was written, just three months after it was written. I had two weeks before written you a long chat, and sent it to the care of your brother Ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lovely as usual. Let me give you some fatherly advice. Kill no more pigeons than you can eat; be a good girl, and don't forget your catechism; go constantly to meeting or to church till you get a good husband; and then stay at home and nurse the children, and live like a Christian. Spend your spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cipher.

You must practise addition to your husband's estate by industry and frugality—subtraction of all unnecessary expenses. Multiplication—he will soon make you master of. As to division, I say with brother Paul, 'Let there be no division among ye,' but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the rule of two, I hope you will become as expert in the rule of three, that when I have again the pleasure of seeing you, I may find you, like my grape vine surrounded with clusters, plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues, just like their mamma. Adieu, the bell rings, and I must go among the grave ones, and talk politics. B. F."

## A Wife's Prayer.

If anything comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it:—

"Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in all the world; make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and for ever dear to him. Unite his heart unto me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance.—Keep me in all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God for ever."

## A Model Speech.

The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Buncomb in favor of 54—40 North and 155—49 South:

"Mr. Speaker—When I open my eyes and look over this vast expanse of country; when I see how the years of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization, and expand on either side; when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet; I cannot resist the idea, sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room, the continent, the entire continent, and nothing but the continent, and we will have it. Then shall Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm upon the Oregon coast, his left upon the eastern seaboard while away the British power while reposing his leg like a freeman upon Cape Horn. Sir, the day will come, the day must come."

## Marked Down.

"Mornin', squire," quoth a Cape Cod-fish looking genius, as he sidled into a large flash dry goods store on Washington street, one morning this week; "got a pooty good lot of things in here."

"Yes sir," says a frizzle-headed clerk, one of those whose complexion exhibit strong symptoms of "boarding house diet," a dearth of fresh air and exercise; and a ghostly profusion of starched linen, soap and hair grease; "what shall I sell you to-day, sir?"

"Well, sir, I was tellin' on the old woman afore I left hum, ef I could trade to please myself, I'd buy her some stuff for a gown, and myself a pair of trousers."

"Well, sir, if we can't sell to you, I'll stake the reputation of our house that you can't be suited in this city!" says frizzle head.

"I want to know! Then just let us see some of your stuffs."

In course of half an hour's pulling down and overhauling, frizzle head had "the goods" cut and rolled up, and they were under the arms of a specimen of the human family, about as stercorally disposed and physically constructed as the man who was supposed to—but the bull off the battery.

"Can't I sell you something else to-day sir?" says frizzle.

"Guess not," says Cape Cod, "I'll come agin when I want a fresh mess of stuff. My name's Jenkins, Josiah Jenkins; jiat mark down these things, and may be afore Christmas I'll be in and see about 'em."

"Sir?" inquiringly responds frizzle head.

"Jenkins—mark 'em down."

"I don't comprehend you, sir."

"Don't? Come round here," says Cape Cod, leading frizzle out to the door, where, placing his bony, big forefinger upon a large placard, says he, "what's that? Do you calculate Cape folks can't read nor nothin'? Goods marked down! Mark these down I've got; when I come in agin, we'll see about 'em."

Whether the clerk was trying to see through the fog of the fact, or whether he was stunned by the "marked intelligence" of a Cape Coder, we know not; but when the clerk looked around the customer was hull down.

A Yankee lad, who had concluded to take a few lessons in the art of dancing, so that he might astonish the 'gals' when he returned home, applied to one of the celebrated French dancing masters of the city. "How much do yew ax a lesson?" asked he of the teacher.

"Ze first will be only four dollar, ze second two dollar, and ze third one dollar, was the answer.

"Just so," said he; "well, I guess I'll commence with the third, as I can't stay in town long."

## A Frenchman Beating his Wife.

A man named Coucoussou, was lately tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, for having beaten Madame Coucoussou, his wife.

"It appears that you thrashed her with great brutality—what have you got to say for yourself?" asked the President.

"Pray, Mr. President, if your wife wouldn't let you carry an umbrella, what would you do?"

"Oh, the monster! oh, the brigand!" chined in Madame Coucoussou.

"What he says there is not true, Mr. President. He was drunk when he beat me."

"Who doesn't get drunk now and then?" asked M. Coucoussou.

"But you get drunk always," answered the wife.

"And Mr. President, when he's drunk he insists on going to bed with his boots on, and with his umbrellas—that is his character."

"I wear my boots in bed to keep my feet warm," observed the accused.

"I don't so much object," said the wife, "to the boots, though they are dirty and tear the sheets, but I do object to the umbrellas. Think of a wet umbrella in bed, Mr. President."

"It is in the wetness of the umbrella," related the husband, "that I find my excuse. A prudent man is never without his umbrella when it rains; and as it was raining when I went to bed, I took it with me."

"Oh, you drunkard!" shrieked Madame Coucoussou. "But I appeal to all women present," she continued, turning round to the auditory, "if it be pleasant to be in bed with a damp umbrella?"

"It was raining, I tell you, and I was afraid that I might have dreamt that I was getting wet and as I have a great antipathy to water I took my umbrella with me as a precaution."

"Yes, and you beat me when I wanted to remove it from bed."

The Tribunal out this discussion short by condemning M. Coucoussou to two days in prisonment.—French Paper.