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THE SENTINEL.

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bad, but they do not appear to worship either, though they frequently make propitiatory offerings to both, seeking thus to secure success and happiness, and escape evil. Intoxicating drinks have not yet found their way among them to any extent. Few of them have ever even tasted the "fire water," but, as has ever been the case, those who have, never rest till they taste it again. Among all the wild people of the plains and the mountains, numbering many thousands, the Sioux or Dakotas, the Aricacas, the Grosventras of the Prairies, the Assinaboins, and the Black Feet, and some others occupying the western portions of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, there is not a single school or a single religious teacher of any sect. The poor Indian's strange, unaccountable being—fierce, treacherous, cruel, bloody, and yet kind, generous, brave, patient, and enduring—frequently a true and good friend, always an unrelenting enemy.—There is almost everything in his character to abhor, but many things also to love and admire. On the whole, those who know him best, love him most. Can he be civilized, christianized and perpetuated? The question is not yet solved. I do think he might be, if he could be brought in contact only with good white people, and the worthless and the vile kept far off from him.

The twelve men who accompanied me to Mount Vernon, had often heard of great WASHINGTON spoken of before they came to the city honored by his name, and desired very much to look at his tomb, and the house he had occupied.— With the permission of Hon. C. E. Mix, acting Commissioner of Indian affairs, I very willingly complied with their desire. While they stood before the resting place of the great and good WASHINGTON, seriously and respectfully gazing upon the sarcophagus which contains his and the beloved MARTHA WASHINGTON'S remains, I briefly related to them the history of the settlement of our country—of our revolutionary war—and informed them that our great WASHINGTON was one great chief—that we were successful in the war—and drove back our enemies—who had come across the Great Water to rule over us—that then our brave chief became our first Great Father. I told them how good—how brave—how just he was—and how much all the white men loved him and venerated his name—and that we all loved to come to his tomb, and think of his many virtues, and to honor him.— They all listened most attentively, but made no reply; then, after viewing the house in which WASHINGTON had lived, and the grounds he had cultivated, and the walks he often trod, we prepared to return to the boat. As we were leaving the house, they said to me, (without suggestion by any one.) "We wish to go again to the tomb, to sing a song of honor to our first Great Father." They first sang a song to the brave, called by them "The Brave Heart," then one of joy because they had been permitted to look upon the place where so great a chief slept—and as they retired, they chanted a song, because he was dead and gone, and they could never see him. They did not cease singing till they reached the boat, as you will remember, and some of them while singing at the grave, wept freely, the tears actually running down their cheeks. Yes, this is no fiction; these wild Indians shed tears at the grave of WASHINGTON.

Tomb of the mighty dead!
Sacred to every tree
That waves above thy bed,
Or sheds its bloom on thee!
While full Potomac flows,
Bright 'neath Mt. Vernon's sun,
Honored by friends and foes,
Rest here in blessed repose,
WASHINGTON!
Sons of our Pilgrim sires,
Sons of our boundless West,
Ye, whom the tropic fires,
Or the cold lakes lull to rest,
Meet here as brothers meet
Round a loved hearthstone.
Meet in communion sweet,
Here at your father's feet—
WASHINGTON!

During the visit, I had the pleasure of presenting to them the children of Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of the old homestead. This, I think, was an entirely new scene at the tomb of our hero. The red man of the far distant prairies of the Upper Missouri, standing before the tomb of WASHINGTON, and in their simple and affecting way, spontaneously offering their tribute of praise and honor to his memory. This, sir, I shall ever remember as the great day of my life.

A. H. REDFIELD.

LATEST PARIS "FASHIONS."—The late news about the Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, mashed rose leaves and such like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. The fashion will be here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is dawning.—Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash tub, perhaps.

A Courtship of Aaron Burr.

In those fortunate years it was that Colonel Burr paid his court to one of the loveliest of Philadelphia's ever lovely belles, and had the narrowest escape from a second marriage. They met—"twas in a crowd" and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities. Again he sought her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A *tele-tele*, which he sought, was interrupted by the entrance of her father, but her manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love. Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing within the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a promptness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged?"
"She is not."
"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Burr should make overtures for her hand?"
"It would be most agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six miles into the country, and thither her lover rides the next morning, with an eager but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing-room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensued. She is all wit and gaiety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks. He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good-humored, graceful malice of a lovely woman, defeats his endeavors, and so at last, quite captivated, he takes his leave.

The same hour on the following morning finds him, once more *tele-tele* with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation again. But this time the great question was put. To the surprise of this renowned lady-killer, Celeste replies that she is firmly resolved never to marry!

"I am very sorry to hear it, madam; I had promised myself very great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."
"No, certainly, sir, you cannot, for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence, as made an indelible impression on my mind."

The disappointed swain received the rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands to town, madam? I wish you good morning."
Two days passed. Then a note from Celeste surprised the rejected, informing him that she was in town for a few hours, and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled, and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tendersubject was daintily touched, but the lover forebore to renew his suit, and the conversation ended without result. Next day, another note from the lady, sent from the country, expressing "an unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed."

Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodging, the Vice-President learned that a boy had been sent three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whom it came. At last, Colonel Burr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early next morning the message came. Celeste requested an interview. Post haste the Vice-President lied to the presence of his beloved. He found her engaged with a visitor, but observed that she was agitated upon his entrance, and impatient for the departure of her guest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment, she stammered out, after several vain attempts to speak, that she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she therefore wished for an opportunity to apologise. She could utter no more. He, expecting no such matter, stared in dumb astonishment, with an absurd half-grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new comers in the rim of his hat—she all blishes and confusion—he confounded and speechless—the pair, he afterwards thought, would have made a capital subject for a painter. He was the first to recover power to articulate.—Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, proposed that it should be considered cancelled, and begged to be allowed to call the next morning and renew his suit. To this she objected but faintly. Waving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and after an hour's not unpleasant conversation took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia, (his daughter,) to whom the affair had been circumstantially related, from day to day, that he was in the condition of a certain country Judge, before whom a cause had been too ingeniously argued by the lawyers. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the Judge, "you must get along with this cause as well as you can; for my part, I'm swamped." But the sapient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least. "She meant," wrote Theodosia, "from the beginning to say that awful word, yes; but not chose

ing to say it immediately, she told you that you had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which, in French, means, please, sir, to persuade me out of them again!" But you took it as a plump refusal, and walked off. She called you back. What more could she do? I would have seen you to Japan before I should have done so much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirableness of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusive word would be spoken.

A Thrilling Incident.

During the examination of the cases of alleged frauds upon the Pension Office, at Rochester, quite an exciting incident occurred. Captain Minor, a veteran of the war of 1812, a very intelligent old gentleman, was introduced as a witness. He was shown one of his old pay-rolls by Mr. Perkins, a clerk of the Pension Office at Washington, and asked him if he recollected several of his soldiers whose names were pointed out to him upon it. He readily answered that he did.

Question by the District Attorney. Do you recollect a soldier in your company by the name of Barringer?

Answer. I do very well.

Question. Would you know that man now?

Answer. I do not think I should; it is a long time since I have seen him—more than forty years.

Commissioner Conkling then called upon Barringer, who was in the room among the witnesses from Tioga county, to stand up. He rose in a distant part of the room, stood firm and upright, in every respect a soldier, and bowed respectfully to his old captain, who, after viewing him for a moment shook his head dubiously, and said, "I do not recollect him," and added: "Gentlemen, it is a long time since I have seen him. It is forty years since this very day since I led with my company the American army of three thousand men into Sackett's Harbor."

In a moment without regard to time or place or the fitness of the occasion a spontaneous cheer loud and long broke from the audience. There stood unexpectedly to each other the two old soldiers' face to face who had almost half a century ago marched shoulder to shoulder to the frontier to defend their country from an invading foe. They had met now for the first time since then, and that upon the anniversary of that patriotic action. "So sudden and sympathetic was the expression that the worthy Marshall, Col. Jewett, allowed his patriotism to get the start of his love of order and decorum, and forgot to rap with his usual propitiosity. And the face of the good natured Commissioner, Mr. Conkling seemed more smiling than ever and to us appeared more expressive of satisfaction than of anger. The last we saw of the old soldiers was after the adjournment of the court when they were together in the midst of a circle of people fighting over their old battles."

Utica Observer.

The Dead Sea.

It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged drift-wood, form a fitting frame for the dark sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if yet the smoke of the wicked cities was ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley. It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along, and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is no doubt owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results; which were a very unattractive skin, and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been flagrant beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouths a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live, is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks quietly reposing on the water in apparently perfect health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments, as when the fire from heaven devoured the mighty cities of the plain.

Correspondence of the Presbyterian.

From the Richmond Dispatch. The Sorrows of Canada.

The refusal of the Queen of England to permit one of the scions of her royal house to gladden the eyes of the Canadians with his presence, is a sore disappointment to that loyal and sensible people. It is some consolation that her Majesty was "graciously pleased" to receive their petition, even though she felt compelled to turn a deaf ear to its agonizing entreaties. But the woes of the Canadians are still profound and intense. They have been able to bear a great many disappointments with becoming philosophy. They rather like being an appendage to a mighty empire, and can see themselves overshadowed by the United States without growling about "—d Yankees" and a "nigger-driving nation," more than a dozen times a day.— But to be denied the presence of one of Queen Victoria's hopefuls, quite breaks their affectionate hearts. They had anticipated the luxury of beholding with their own eyes a sprig of royalty, of watering it with their grateful tears, possibly of touching it reverently with their plebeian fingers, but the hard-hearted Queen has blasted their sweet expectations, and they will go to their graves without the exquisite pleasure of rivalling each other in deep dives into the lowest abysses of flunkeyism. We almost fear that, in the soreness of their disappointment, they will become more friendly to the United States, and speak of republican institutions with some degree of respect, if not of sympathy. We entreat them, however, to remember that the United States have had nothing to do with the grievance of which they complain, nor give them any cause to revenge themselves upon us by speaking well of a country which has thrived best on their abuse.

As to her excellent and exemplary Majesty, Queen Victoria, we are rather inclined to side with her in this important quarrel, and to say "God save the Queen"—from the Canadians. Her whole reign has been distinguished by good sense and moral propriety, in her domestic as well as State affairs, so that she has the name of being one of the best Queens and Mothers in the world. She has spared no pains in the education of her children, and both she and Albert have been particularly faithful and vigilant in their moral culture, their manners and associations. How the people of Canada could ever expect the heads of this well ordered family, to permit their children to visit that respectable of runaway negroes, and associate with the slabby gentility of his "high life below stairs," must be a miracle to all who have never seen the inflated balloon of provincial self complacency. The Prince of Wales is rather a gay fellow, and a youth who requires watching. We dare say the frolicsome chap would like well enough to have a Canadian spouse, and that he would "graciously consent" to wrench off the citizens' door knockers and pull their noses, but he is not yet of age, and his parents have a right to keep him out of low company, without being abused for it.

Protection.

When speculation has run riot—when nominal values have been unduly inflated—when debts have been contracted beyond the power of prompt payment, if not of any payment, a reaction must come, just as surely as the day of settlement rolls around. That much history and observation might have taught every one who has any senses at all and any reasoning powers to combine the facts which these senses report.

We have had a crisis—not the first, by any means; and, we fear, not the last.— At the close of each of these periodical visitations, we hear the cry for protection—for high duties—for discrimination in favor of certain interests, at the expense of all other interests. We hear it now.— It resounds through Pennsylvania and the States North and East of that.

Now "protection," as understood by those who clamor for it, is partial in its operation. It means protection for manufacturers. It means higher prices for their goods that all other classes must pay. Is the agricultural interest of the country so rich and flourishing that it can afford to be thus taxed? Even now, under the low tariff of the last Congress, consumption has fallen off, indicating a want of means to purchase—will raising the price help matters?

But if the farmers would consent to pay higher prices to the manufacturers, the manufacturers would pay them higher prices. Would they? and if they did, what then? One thing would balance the other. But they would not. Everybody knows that, with a prosperous agriculture, we could and would export produce. Everybody knows that a good crop, with a good return for it, would go far towards restoring things to a healthy position.— Without a foreign market the farmer would be at the mercy of the manufacturer.

It is not that imports are now large, that interferes with domestic manufactures.— Imports are small. It is that consumption of goods is reduced for the time being. Is this to be remedied by imposing fresh burdens on the consumer?

Wilmington Journal.

The Condition of the Mormon Women.

—Of the condition of women under the Mormon system, the Utah correspondent of the London Times, thus writes:

While at Provo, I had a good opportunity to observe the condition of the female population. As a class they are young women, appear to be discontented and unhappy.— Perhaps I should discriminate more carefully; and say that the old women, whose days of pleasure and worldly hope have passed, seem to be happy, the middle-aged keenly sensitive and miserable, and the young reckless, listless, and hopeless, having nothing in anticipation but sensual vassalage, painfully conscious that their natural affections must ever be unsatisfied, and the love they would share alone with a husband be divided with several feminine partners. The women are all meanly clad—many of them having scarcely sufficient to cover their nakedness. This arises not merely from poverty, but from the fact that in consequence of the merchants having been driven away from the valley, there have been no fabrics here to be purchased fit for female apparel. A friend of mine, an officer of the army, while passing along a by-road a day or two since, came suddenly upon a party of a dozen or more women, young and old, returning to their homes from the temporary refuge at Provo, on foot, who had evidently taken the by-road to avoid observation. These were almost destitute of upper clothing, and had blankets wrapped about their forms like Indian squaws, to cover their nakedness. At the sight of the stranger, they fled from the door like frightened deer, conscious of their destitute condition and unfitness for the gaze of strangers. This is no fancy picture, but plain matter of fact. The men are excessively jealous, which makes it difficult to get opportunity to converse with the women. I have been able, however, to steal brief interviews with a few of them, two being "spiritual" wives of polygamous husbands. Slight as was the opportunity to converse with them, they found time to express their secret abhorrence of the whole system, and their earnest desire to be rescued from its degradations.

GREENY USED UP.—Horace Greely, in a lecture on the sin of coveting Cuba, says:

If any of our readers are infected with the Cuba fever, or in danger of catching it, we will thank them to make a loan, from Exodus xx, 17, that commandment which runs thus:

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

The Petersburg Express thinks there must have been poor Sunday Schools where Greely was brought up. Let us says the Express, enlighten his benighted mind by informing him how this divine law does run:

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

After such a stunning lick the Express should have added a "Selah,"—which according to the best commentators, means, "pause and contemplate"; that is, "stop reader, and consider this astonishingly small grease spot, which is all that is left of Horace."

A TORCHING INCIDENT.—One of the saddest stories that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother, one bright morning, dressed in a beautiful jacket, all shining with gilt buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the Swiss cottage, when an enormous eagle snatched him from the earth and bore him high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eye being at a point which was inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In destroying the child, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned his nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

THE REASON WHY.—A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a ball.— She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you was young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," answered the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it, too."

"Papa, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the cannonmole fight the rye-no-sir-ee-hoss?" "Sartin, my son; but don't get your trousers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for natural history. No longer ago than yesterday he had a pair of Thomas-cats hanging by their tails to the clothes line."