

WESTERN SENTINEL.

Scarf

BY J. W. ALSPAUGH.]

A Democratic Journal—Devoted to National and State Politics, Literature, Foreign and Domestic News, etc.

[TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE WESTERN SENTINEL, FOURTH VOLUME.

THE fourth volume of the SENTINEL begins June 1st, 1859. It is desired to extend the circulation of the paper in every county in the 5th and 6th Congressional Districts, and in the whole Western part of the State. The friends of the enterprise and the Democracy generally, are solicited to assist us in securing an increased circulation, that our principles may be made manifest to the people everywhere, and the deceptions of the Opposition justly exposed.

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Compounded Entirely from GUMS,
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The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and functions well the powerfully developed. The Liver is entirely dependent on the performance of its functions, when the system is at fault, and the consequence of one organ ceasing to do its duty, is that the other organs are affected. The Liver is the principal regulator of the human body; and functions well the powerfully developed. The Liver is entirely dependent on the performance of its functions, when the system is at fault, and the consequence of one organ ceasing to do its duty, is that the other organs are affected. The Liver is the principal regulator of the human body; and functions well the powerfully developed. The Liver is entirely dependent on the performance of its functions, when the system is at fault, and the consequence of one organ ceasing to do its duty, is that the other organs are affected.

It fills the mind with happy hours
That it may tell to thee,
And all the other wild-wood flowers,
That Amma Bell loves me.

It left the wild rose blushing there
Beneath the beechen tree,
And all the world seemed very fair
For love came home with me,
And folded up its tiny wings
So gently in my heart,
That while the little angel sings
This joy will depart:

For soft and sweet as waves that part
The lips of the shell,
Is that dear throbb that tells my heart—
'Tis loved by Amma Bell!

Lexington, Mississippi, May, 1859.

From the Boston Post.
The receipts into the Treasury of the United States thus far in the fiscal year greatly exceed the amount generally anticipated at the commencement of the last session of Congress, and encourage a confident belief that the Government will be relieved from the financial embarrassments which were the legitimate consequences of the extravagant appropriations of the black-republican Congress of 1857 and the financial crisis. The estimates of receipts into the Treasury, presented to Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Howell Cobb, have been substantiated by facts, and that officer is entitled to great credit for his foresight into a subject on which so large a number of persons doubted his judgment. The proposed financial measures of the National Administration have been greatly misapprehended. While Mr. Buchanan, from the stand-point of national economy, proposed a general modification in our tariff policy, Mr. Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, whose duty it was to husband the means of the Government under existing circumstances gave evidence of great ability as a profound financier and an exceedingly adroit manager. The result of the policy inaugurated is now being developed. The National Administration has not only shown that it knew how to expend money in maintaining the honor of the nation at home and abroad, but the favorable condition of the national Treasury shows that it is able by wise and prudent financial measures to replenish an exhausted treasury and place the credit of the Government on a firm basis. When all the facts are fully presented, the public will not fail to do justice alike to the Chief Magistrate of the nation and the able and sagacious head of the Treasury Department.

VALUABLE PATENT.—Dr. McNash of Berlin, Wisconsin, has sold the patent of a churn invented by him, for \$20,000.

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POETRY.

From the Avalanche.
Amma Bell.

BY SALLIE ADA REEDY.
I heard a secret told to-day,
Dawn by the beechen tree—
I heard the low wind something say
That was meant for me;

The sweet wild rose is never pale,
But blushed a deeper red,
To think that I had heard the tale
Her thoughtless lover said;

And then I spoke as one who knows
A happy thought to tell;
'Tis harm to love sweet rose,
For I love Amma Bell!

Believe but told a simple part
Of that which fills my breast,
Believer to my happy heart,
And listen to the rest:

And to the birds of dawn,
In all their life they have not heard
A song so heavenly born.

It fills my heart with happy hours
That it may tell to thee,
And all the other wild-wood flowers,
That Amma Bell loves me.

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From the London Times, May, 18. The Austrian Army.

On the 10th of May the Austrian headquarters were at Motara, Vercelli having been abandoned and the Sesia recrossed the day before. From intelligence received up to the present time we learn that the Austrians have retired from Voghera and Casteggio on the south of the Po, and there can be little doubt that the invasion of Piedmont may now be considered at an end. The consequences of this movement seem to have been small indeed in a military point of view. It has hurried on the war, and so far may have been favorable to Austria, and it has allowed General Gual to strip the entire east of Piedmont, as far as the Dora Belten, of all kinds of provisions and forage; but the strategical results have been very trifling.

From the accounts we publish it would appear that the Austrians have all the scientific skill and the completeness of appointment which are attributed to them. They constructed bridges, mined masonry, discovered the mines of their adversaries, marched and foraged with all the experience of a veteran army. It remains to be proved whether these qualities are accompanied by that vigor and endurance which will enable them to hold their ground against a force of French and Piedmontese which, perhaps, may soon considerably outnumber them.

All accounts agree that the incessant rains, the rising of the rivers, and the flooding of the low grounds have been more serious obstacles to the Austrians than the defensive dispositions of the Sardinian generals. For a fortnight the troops of General Gual seem to have roved where they pleased, from the spurs of the Alps, to the plains south of the Po, and hardly an attempt was made to stop them. Even the artificial inundations which can be produced in the low grounds were not resorted to, and the only powers of nature stemmed the tide of invasion.

But the Austrians, though effecting great indignation at the three days' delay imposed on them by diplomatic interference, may think themselves fortunate in having escaped the consequences of a march on Turin. They would probably have missed the Sardinian army, which would either have sought shelter under Alessandria and Genoa, or else have been driven to the limits of the Kingdom and they would have been taken in the rear by the French from Alessandria, while the state of the country would have prevented a retreat. The mere distinction of capturing and plundering a capital city would have been dearly purchased by such dangers as these.

This great army, over which the Emperor Francis Joseph himself is shortly to take supreme command, which is directed by the most distinguished Generals of the Empire, and which is filled with officers taken from the noble houses of Germany is now shortly to be matched against the democratic levies which own the rule of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Plebeian vigor and ambition are to be pitted against aristocratic pride.—Schwarzenbergs and Stadions will command in opposition to children of the people who have passed their lives in barracks and *estaminets*, or in the camps of Africa.

The campaign will have an unusual interest for ourselves, to whose army is attributed many of the faults which may diminish the efficiency of the Austrians. Yet there is one signal difference between them. Among us the individual soldier is of excellent material, and requires only skillful Generalship, which he sometimes fails to find; while the Austrian military organization is confessedly excellent; but the men, though robust and active, want the spirit which education, nationality, and a common language can alone give. The course of the campaign it is, of course, impossible to predict.

It is quite probable that the allies will not respect the neutrality of Parma, although the revolutionary movement in that Duchy proved a failure, and the Duchess-Regent was restored to power by her own army and the people. A small State has as much right to independence and neutrality as a large one; but then the possession of Parma and Modena would allow the French to turn the position of the Austrians, and perhaps insure the abandonment of Milan. We may expect, therefore, either that the territory of these States will be crossed on some pretext, or that disturbance will be incited to produce an imitation on the Tuscan revolt.

The French can afford to allow the neutrality of the Papal States, for the Po in its lower course is almost impassable against an enemy; but the beginning of the campaign will probably coincide with some political movements which will give the French a more extended line of operations than the course of the Ticino. The Austrians seem to expect an attack on their left, for the latest intelligence represents them as hard at work in the neighborhood of Stradella, on the right bank of the Po, a little below the confluence of the Ticino. In this direction the first blow will probably be struck.

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"WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?"

Just now this question is being asked by many of the opposition presses through the country, and it is amusing to read their answers, and note their wild speculations with reference to the "speedy downfall" of a party which has breasted the storms of so many fierce political conflicts, coming forth each time with largely augmented numbers presenting a stronger and more impregnable front, until today it stands proudly forth as the only recognized nation organization in the Union.

"What is Democracy?" We answer: It is the antagonist of monarchy—the advocate of liberty of thought, action and speech—the defender and upholder of the Constitution—the friend and guide of the people, from whom all governments and all power emanate. It lived in revolutionary times, and amid its stormy conflicts bore the standard under which we conquered in triumph through its desolation. No matter how or when tried, democracy is ever the same. It is to-day fighting for the same principles which were enunciated by Jefferson, Jackson, and Polk, and which rendered their administrations so popular. Based on popular suffrage, its vitality flows from the public will, by which it is sustained, and through which the great interests of the country are protected and advanced. No change of circumstances, no outward events, no misfortune, disappointments or defeats, can dislodge it from its deep foundations, or shake it from its chosen seat in the bosom of the faithful. Democracy is the only true line of democracy between republicanism and monarchy—it is the very life-blood of Republics, and is the incentive to every patriotic deed. It was democracy that nerved the arm of Washington to strike for the liberties of his country—it was democracy that penned the Declaration of Independence—it is democracy that has sustained and obtained for the Republic its present greatness—and it is democracy alone that will save the Republic from the ruthless hands of those who seek its overthrow.

This great Constitutional organization is again on its trial. An infuriated, conglomerated, and speckled opposition, long for the fish pots are now combining around us. Democracy to-day is the victim of the same abuses, the same slander, that clustered around a Jefferson in 1801, and threatened it with prostration and defeat at the Presidential contest of 1850, what a dark impenetrable night will envelope the Republic. Then, one and all of the faithful, stands firm and when the time for action arrives, boldly fly to the rescue as in times past, and let us put the last seal upon the doom of an organization whose only governing creed is the *Spils of office*.—*Dallas Times*.

From the Pittsburg Post.

The Democratic Party.

Mr. Editor:—In looking over many of the Opposition journals of the day, and seeing the old Democratic party traduced as it is, the weakness of poor fallen human nature is more than ever brought forcibly to our mind. In science, as well as in politics, the grandest achievements of human intellect and reason have always, and are still, opposed by weak and ignorant minds. To this class of men, in politics, we would say, look over the pages of history, from the birth of the first political party down to the present day, and tell us, if you can, that since God made this world of ours, there ever was an equal in point of achieving the perfection of all human government to the glorious old Democratic party.

If it were necessary to show you some of the workings of the Democratic party, we would recall to mind the incidents of '76—the aggressions of the mother country upon our own, and tell you that it was a Democratic party that was first to say, "these States are and of right ought to be, free and independent." We would show you how a Democratic party carried the country through the Revolutionary war, and when a kind Providence smiled upon our labors in behalf of liberty and independence, that a Democratic party showed to the world, for the first time since the creation of man, a government where the representatives are chosen by the people. Passing over the long lists of triumphs of the party, we come down to the time, when in the halls of Congress some fanatics at the North threatened to dissolve the Union, and form a compact of States apart from the South, and point you to the fact that it was the Democratic party that first took the ground in opposing the obnoxious principle of proscribing any State on account of her peculiar institutions, and in the name of our common country, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of "no North, no South, no East, no West, but the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It is true, that factions leaders have left and unwisely abused the party, but as oft have they returned to their former "faith," ashamed of the position into which misguided reason has led them, and mortified at the most dazzling triumphs of their desolating ambition. The party is co-extent with the foundations of our republican institutions, and three quarters

of a century has so entwined it in the institutions of our country, that its existence is fixed irrevocable, so long as our government lasts.

We, as Democrats, look with pride to our hand work, and rejoice that it is the destiny of the party, to guard, protect and uphold the "American Union," until the last line of liberty has been written upon the record of time.

A Young Lady Rescued from the Mormons.

The Jasper, (Iowa) Free Press, of June second, says:

A company of returning Pike's Peakers passed through here last Sunday, having under their protection a young lady, whom they had taken from a Mormon train, a few miles west of Newton, a short time previous. It appears that, on last Sunday morning, as the Pike's Peak boys were crossing Skunk Bottom, they passed a train of Mormons, who were busily engaged—men, women, and children—in endeavoring to extricate a number of the wagons that were stuck fast in the mud. While stopping for a moment to witness the exertions of the Saints, they accidentally overheard a young girl, of about nineteen exclaim, "I wish I was drowned in that slough!" Their interest was at once awakened, and they interrogated her as to why she made such a foolish wish. She replied that she was tired of life; that she had started from Iowa City for Salt Lake, with her father, who is a Mormon elder; that she had been compelled to walk all the way thus far and that when she expressed a wish to leave the train and return to the city they invariably stopped her mouth.—She was informed by the Peakers that if she desired to return to Iowa City, she should go back with them, to which she replied that she desired very much to return. The Mormons numbering some fifty men, gathered around, armed with guns, knives, pistols, &c., &c., and declared that she should not go back.

The Peak boys, nothing daunted, armed themselves with guns and revolvers, and announced their determination to take the girl at all hazards, and proceeded to carry out their intention. For a time a fight seemed inevitable but finally Mormon courage gave way and the boys succeeded in placing the girl safely under their protection. She then informed them that the Saints had a trunk and other baggage belonging to her, which they at once proceeded to obtain. The followers of Brigham boldly announced their intention to fight before they would permit the things to be taken from their wagons.

A show of guns and revolvers, however cooled their ardor, and Mormon courage oozed out at their finger's ends, while the boys proceeded to transfer the baggage to their own wagons—the Saints looking on and uttering terrible imprecations against the perpetrators of the horrid outrage, as they termed it. After obtaining all they sought, the rescuers drove away with the young lady in their possession, leaving the Mormons to console themselves as best they could in their loss.

The Pike's Peakers who were engaged in the rescue, who numbered only about twenty-eight men, were from Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa City.

Kossuth and the War—Neutrality of England.—Louis Kossuth lately made one of his brilliant speeches at Manchester, England, concerning the war in Italy.—The following is a brief sketch of his main points:

He counselled England to a strict neutrality in the present contest, not, however, from any regard to the interests of England, but in the conviction that the sympathies of the British rulers are with Austria. He distinctly charges them on this score, maintaining that they have never expressed a word of friendliness or anxiety in regard to the fate of Italy, while they had manifested the profoundest solicitude for Austria.

Kossuth's position is, of course, that of a Hungarian. He hopes to see the ferment and agitations of Italy extended to his native country; the House of Austria is to him the dragon of history, torrid and red with crime, against which he has thundered for years, and he is averse to seeing it strengthened, even by a moral approval. In this view, the burden of his adjuration to England is, "if you cannot help Italy, for heaven's sake do not help Austria, the oppressor of Italy. Do not allow prejudices against France to place you on the side of tyranny and wrong."

Kossuth draws an ingenious distinction between the French and Austrian governments; for in France the despotism is personal and temporary, while the nation is essentially free, radiating the light of science and art to all the world; but in Austria, the despotism is absolute, part and parcel of the national life, depressing and blighting whatever comes within its influence. Admitting, however, that the governments are equally odious, the fact in itself would be an argument against the interference of England. If the taskmasters go to war, says Kossuth, the year each other to pieces if they please. He adds at the same time, that he knows nothing of the intention of Louis Napoleon, although he believes that his interests were

all on the side of the independence of the nations.

At the close of his remarks, Kossuth intimated that he might soon be called upon to go to Hungary, and the Vienna correspondent of the London Times, we perceive, refers to the unquiet state of that country.

THE FEDERAL COURT.—This tribunal, which was in session here last week, his Honor Judge Biggs presiding, adjourned on Saturday evening. Among other cases was that of the United States vs. George Williams, of Elizabeth City, charged with detaining and opening a letter. Mr. Dick appeared for the government, and H. W. Miller and J. Parker Jordan, Esquires, for the defendant. The case was ably argued on both sides, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Before the verdict was rendered, however, the defendant made his escape, forfeiting his bond of \$400. He has not been heard from since.

Judge Biggs presided with ability and patience. He remained several days, waiting for witnesses in the Williams case. The District Attorney, Mr. Dick, also acquitted himself well.

Raleigh Standard.

The President's Age.—Mr. Buchanan will be nearly seventy years of age when he leaves the presidency on Saturday. His birth day is on the 23d of April. Mr. Buchanan will thus be a little older than was General Jackson when his second term expired, and older, by more than five years, than was General Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe or John Quincy Adams; by twelve years than Martin Van Buren; and by upwards of fifteen years than John Tyler, James K. Polk, Millard Fillmore and Franklin Pierce at the termination of their political life.

From San Antonio, Texas.

NEW ORLEANS, June 9.—The steamer Texas arrived from San Antonio, with dates to the 2d inst. Capt. John R. Baylon, with 350 men, had made an attack on the Indian reserve near Fort Behnap driving in the scouts, and endeavoring to capture the Indians. He was ordered to leave but refused.

HOW TO BE A MAN.

To one's self a man is to repent of sin. Strange as this may sound, it is the first step towards real manhood. That man was made for virtue and not for vice—for holiness and not sin—is evident from all the adaptations of his moral constitution. But that he has violated the laws of his moral nature and become positively vicious is evident to all. Now, the only natural or possible mode of correcting his vitiated moral nature is to repent. No other act has the least tendency towards it. Repentance, therefore, is not only manly, but is the first truly manly act a human being is capable of. Such is the universality of human wickedness that all moral acts, previous to repentance, are selfish and unworthy of a man. I am aware that repentance is looked upon as a weakness; but it is the most heroic of acts. It is self-subjection—a triumph over one's worst foes—those of his own household; yea, those of his own heart! I am not speaking of the servile covering of the hypocrite; but the honest and generous return to duty of the gring subject of the great God—an acknowledgment of the rights of the Creator and Benefactor of the Universe. It is establishing the supremacy of virtue in a self-refined soul. To prostrate one's self before the Great Jehovah, and ingeniously confess his transgressions, and abandon them forever, shows a perception of right and evinces an integrity of purpose which is truly exalted and manly. But for a moral being to persist in wrong, against the dictates of his judgment, and under the lash of a guilty conscience, argues anything but manliness.

Viewed by the standard of universal right, man is in ruins. His heart is a moral wreck, and his ignorance of the fact is one of its most melancholy effects.—Now, I ask, if the only retrograde process from vice to virtue, from misery to bliss, and that process approved and urged by every power of the soul, is not a manly process? I say, then, to the persevering transgressor of God's law. "Show thyself a man," and repent of your sin. To the self-enslaved drunkard or epicure, I would still say, show thyself a man, and trample idols in the dust. Repentance, meanness! What else is honorable? Is justice mean? What faculty of your mind says it? But repentance is only justice to God and man. Every sin is a blow at the Throne of God and a stab at the heart of man. Sin is an infraction of the law that guards the throne, and protects the interests of the universe, and its criminality and ill-desert is measured only by the magnitude of those interests. And can it be deemed manly to persevere in transgression? Every power and faculty of man's *tribune nature* answers, no! A wretched sinful race cries out, no! All the angelic world above, and all the demonic tribes beneath, unite their testimony against the manliness of continued transgression.