

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1849.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Petticoats a Test of Womanhood.

Mrs. Swisshelm editress of the *Pittsburg Saturday Visitor*, makes petticoats the test of womanhood, and will hear of no compromise nor coalition with the other sex, except upon the entire abandonment by the ladies of the pantaloons.—Mrs. Swisshelm defines her position in an article commenting upon Mrs. Fanny Kemble's reported appearance in public places attired like a man. The following is an extract from her protest:

"But we cannot still believe she dresses really like a man. If we did, we should think very little of her. Most likely, her rambling, fishing, exercise costume, so much talked about, is some fanciful imitation of boy's surtouts—something like the short dresses and drawers worn by missis. Mrs. Butler certainly has too much sense—too much taste—to appear in straight coat and pantaloons. Our long wide skirts are indeed a great impediment in rural exercises. We have often felt this in walking through wet grass, getting over fences, and clambering round rocks. A short dress, and some substitute for pantaloons, would be a great convenience in such excursions, provided the costume was sufficiently marked and distinguished from men's apparel. It would be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man. We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep thief. We shall use all our influence to preserve man's right to his pantaloons inviolate. They ought to be his, and his only, for they are too ugly for any body else to wear.

"But the best distinction between the sexes is the beard. Why do not all men wear the beard, or some part of it? A smoothly shaved or beardless man meets our ideas of manhood about as well as a square shouldered, shingle shaped woman meets our notions of womanhood. There is very little difference between the mental formation of man and woman, still there is a difference; but the physical structure is another matter. Nature has made the lines of difference very marked and strong and the more perfect the development of either, the greater the dissimilarity. A Venus with the muscles of a Hercules would be a fright. Art should not interfere with nature's arrangements. Let men look like themselves, and women like woman. Let men keep their distinct apparel their strength, and their ugliness in welcome. Nobody wants either unless indeed Mrs. Butler has taken a fancy to their clothes; and if she has, she should be court-martialed, and deprived of her woman's commission.

Poetry of a Steam Engine.

There is to our thinking something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam engine. Stand amid its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted—the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old Gothic cathedrals are solemn places, preaching solemn things; but to him who thinks, an engine room may preach a more solemn lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind welding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—intellect battling with the elements. And how exquisitely complete is every detail! how every little bar and screw fit and work together. Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but a tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity of design and execution. There is a deep poetry in the steam engine—more of the poetry of motion than in the bound of an antelope—more of the poetry of power than the dash of the cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in inventions, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science was once the laughing stock of jeering thousands, and once only the waking fantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and in seeming idleness, watched a little column of vapor rise from the spout of a tea kettle!

Singular Ignorance.—A countryman being in Buffalo lately and after being shown the sights by a friend, suddenly asked—"But where is the *Buffalo platform*?" The gentleman accompanying him explained with some difficulty in restraining himself, that the staging put up on that occasion had been taken down after the performance was over!

"There appears to be a great gathering about these premises," said a pretty damsel, as she put on her new skirt. "Yes," quickly added her cousin, "and a great bustle too."

The Bottle Trick before the Queen.

The following, from the *Caledonia Mercury*, throws into the shade Bliiz, Herr Alexander, and we do not know but it goes ahead of the *old gentleman* himself. "On Monday, prince Albert's birth-day, during the festivities at Balmoral, the wizard of the north, professor Anderson, was present, and was asked if he would perform the feat they had heard so much of his having done successfully, 'The Inexhaustible Bottle.'

"On receiving the royal command to perform it, he called for a champagne bottle, and handed a large number of glasses round, and asked lord Portman what he would drink. His lordship replied, whiskey; whiskey was poured out. Mr. Anson preferred brandy, which he got. Several demanded wine, which passed freely; and one of the proprietors of the royal distillery, Mr. Begg, thinking to baffle the professor, asked him if he would give him a glass of his best Lochnager whiskey.—No sooner said than done; and the Lochnager whiskey became in great demand. A large number of additional glasses were distributed, and some called for Irish whiskey, numbers brandy, the Highlanders patronized Mr. Begg; when Lord John Russel, perhaps like Mr. Begg, wished to try the wizard's skill, asked for a glass of rum, which was immediately supplied, and his lordship pronounced it excellent. The London portion of the domestics and police called for gin, which was freely poured out of this extraordinary bottle; and the wizard was returning to his seat, when his royal highness, anxious to test the bottle—presumed, as he was returning, that it was exhausted—asked him if more could be poured out. Glasses were bro't for her majesty and prince Albert, and on being asked what they preferred, requested Begg's best Lochnager, which immediately ran forth, and her majesty and the prince, tasting it, acknowledged its purity; and the wizard gave the bottle to the prince, and asked him to look if it was empty—it was. Mr. Anderson brought some water, and in the prince's hand, filled it, ordered glasses, and asked the prince what wine he preferred. Port was selected. The prince poured out port, then milk, then champagne, then broke the bottle, and in it was discovered a beautiful turtle dove.

Philadelphia Lawyers Benten.

The following card of a new "beginner in the Law," is so decidedly original, that we publish it free of charge. Mr. Coxson must be well read in the Levitical code—more so, it is fair to presume, than in Roman pandects. But read his card:—
Our Country, our Laws, our Side.—John K. Coxson, attorney at law, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Jefferson county and the public generally. He can be found at his office in Puxsatawney, Jefferson Co. Pa. Collections entrusted to him of money will be attended to promptly in any part of the State, and shall be placed immediately in the hands of good collecting officers.

He will council on all matters touching the laws of God or man, taking no fees for the former; for its fruits of peace yield a sufficient reward; its summary is love thy neighbor as thyself, and owe no man anything. By strict obedience to this first code, most likely you will never call on him for council on the second; but if you desire to leave the troubled waters of peace, and to tempt the troubled seas of discord and commotion, he will stand your pilot through hells of strife, and waft you gently over yawning elements of hungry ruin, howling to swallow wrecked estates, that when you have once more set your foot on *terra firma*, like Moses and Aaron, you will rejoice over Korah, Dathan and Abiram, or like Miriam over the host of Pharaoh, that horses, chariots and everything pertaining unto them, except what the law allows them, are engulfed into the Red Sea.

J. K. Coxson.

Oct. 1, 1849.

Vox Populi.—That maxim is of earth, of fallible man which says, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' It may be, but with equal probability it may be the voice of the devil. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing, is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be the spirit of heaven or hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the precept of reason. Even then that knowledge must be infinite, embracing the whole cycle of God's universe. Better said, by the same, 'Public opinion is the average prejudices of the community.'

A young lady engaged in writing, observed to a clergyman present that she was a *Scribe*. To which the man in orders, with a sagacity and clerical discernment truly creditable, replied, 'And fair I see,' (Pharisee.)

Terrible Affair in Boston.

Awful Murder of Dr. Parkman.

The disappearance of Dr. Parkman, well-known in Boston for his wealth and eccentricities, and which was mentioned about two weeks since, has resulted in the supposition that he was cruelly, brutally and wantonly murdered, and his remains or a portion of them, destroyed. The good city of Boston has been harrowed by the details of the supposed murder. Up to Friday, of last week, the most frightful rumors had been flying from tongue to tongue, and the police were dragging rivers and scouring woods in search of him, when of a sudden it was asserted that he had been murdered by Professor Webster, of the Medical College, and his remains partially burnt. The high standing of the parties—their social position, moving in the most fashionable circles of Boston—their advanced ages, the victim being 60, and his supposed murderer 55 years of age—all tended to increase the excitement.

Suspicion had rested upon Professor Webster by persons employed at the College, owing to the fact that Dr. Parkman was known to have called there about a note of the Professor's for \$425, which he held. Dr. Parkman was not seen to leave the College, and a Mr. Littlefield stated to the other professors that Mr. Webster had been locked up in his own room for a length of time that aroused his suspicions. A secret plan was laid to search the apartments, which was commenced by breaking through stone and brick walls under the chemical room, occupied by Professor Webster. There, in the well of the water closet, was found part of a human body—the intestines having been taken out. The search was continued, and parts of two legs were discovered. The head, hands and feet were gone. In the ashes in the fire place, particles of gold, teeth, &c., were found, which were identified by the dentist, as those belonging to Dr. Parkman; this was confirmed by the discovery of a jaw bone. A pair of trousers belonging to Professor Webster, with blood upon them, was also found, and in a tea chest, covered with minerals, other mutilated remains; a saw with which it is thought the head was cut from the body, was also found. Of course, these evidences being found in the apartments of Prof. Webster, to which only himself had access, were sufficient to cause his arrest. The officers of the law proceeded to his house at Cambridge, and there found him bidding adieu to a gentleman who had been visiting there. The officers told him they wished him to proceed to the College and aid in searching for the remains. He complied readily, but instead of conveying him to the College, the carriage in which he was placed, proceeded direct to the Leverett street jail. This seemed to surprise him, and he asked the officers the meaning of it. He was informed of what had transpired at the College, and the effect upon him is described as appalling. The next day he was conveyed to the college, to witness the putting together of the mutilated remains. Various stories were published of his manner on that occasion, but the truth is, he was perfectly calm, though quite feeble from the effects of his arrest, and having passed the night in jail.

In addition to the foregoing, we find in the Boston papers of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, long accounts of the state of things there. They do not, however, contain any additional particulars, further than that the family of the late Dr. Parkman had taken the mutilated remains found in the College, and had them buried with due ceremony—satisfied of their identity. Professor Webster was arraigned on Monday, and committed by the Court to await the decision of the Grand Jury for the January term. He was attended by his counsel and friend, Franklin Dexter, Esq. He is represented to have gained his equanimity, and to converse quite freely with his friends. His family, at his residence in Cambridge, consist of a wife and three daughters, the youngest of whom is 16. His eldest daughter, aged 23, is married to Mr. Dabney, the present Consul at Fayal, and is abroad with her husband. Those at home are merged in the deepest despair, at the position in which the father and husband is placed. Those who best know Professor Webster, do not believe him guilty of the crime, and suspicion has occasionally rested upon others, but upon examination it proved to be unfounded. Others assert that if the remains were those of Dr. Parkman, they were placed where found for the purpose of entrapping Prof. Webster. He has not, however, attempted any explanation, and we confess, from all we have seen, appearances are strongly against him.

The supposed remains of Dr. Parkman were buried from the residence, No. 8

Walnut street, on Thursday morning. A large concourse of persons were present, mostly attracted by curiosity. The funeral proceeded to Trinity Church Cemetery, where the remains were deposited in a vault.

From the Boston Herald of Tuesday.

One of our reporters visited Cambridge last evening, and ascertained that on Saturday night Marshal Edwards, in consequence of apprehensions by the Mayor, that an attack might be made upon the residence of Professor Webster, on Garden street, assembled 25 special police men, who were directed to patrol near the house, without exciting suspicions of their object. No attempt, however, was made to molest the innocent occupants of the house, which is not owned by Prof. Webster, but by Jonas Wyeth, Esq.—Our reporter also learned some facts in relation to the personal history and family relations of the Professor. He is the son of the late Redford Webster, Esq., formerly an affluent resident of the north part of Boston, where he died some time about the year 1834, leaving about \$40,000, which, we learn, is conveyed as a life estate to Professor Webster, and at his death, to his children. Young Webster, while in College, was not considered passionate or fractious, but rather chicken-hearted, as one of his college mates expresses it. He was nervous but not quarrelsome. After he had graduated, he went to Europe, and finished his medical education in England and Scotland. On his return from thence, about the time of his father's death, he stopped at the Azoras, and became acquainted with Miss Hinckley, now his wife, at the port of Fayal; she was then residing with her father, who held the post of American Consul at that port. He married her there, and returned to Cambridge, and lectured at the college for a year or two, when he was elected professor, in the year 1837.

Since then he has resided in Cambridge and has lectured upon chemistry, geology, mineralogy, at Cambridge and in this city, and was in receipt of a salary, and from tickets to his lectures at the medical college, at the time of his arrest, of from two to three thousand dollars, which from his carelessness about money matters was insufficient for his wants, and kept him always in debt. His family now consists of a wife and four daughters, the youngest sixteen years of age, and the eldest about twenty-three. The oldest is married to Mr. Dabney, the present Consul at Fayal. The other three daughters reside at Cambridge, and with their mother, are in deep affliction on account of the arrest and suspicions of their husband and father. The feeling entertained among the citizens of Cambridge, who best know Dr. Webster, is, that he is innocent of the charge on which he has been arrested, or that if guilty, some unknown provocation must have induced the fatal attack. Our reporter called last evening at the jail, and ascertained that the professor had passed a quiet day, having partaken of his meals regularly, and being free from that alternate excitement and gloom which characterized him for some 24 hours after his arrest.

How to tell the Hour of Day!

Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the points of the forefinger; and allow the shilling to hang in the centre of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the centre; if you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is most complete. I need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand; otherwise the vibrating motion will be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night, the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

In a certain district in the Highlands, one day, some years ago, the bell-man made the following proclamation:—'O yes! O yes! O yes!—and that's three times—you'll a' betak' notice, that there will be nae Lord's day here next Sunday, as the laird's wife will hae a muckle washing, and she wants the kirk to dry the claes in.'

Chicago is said to be the largest beef-packing market in the Union. The amount already packed there this year is reported at 60,000 barrels, some 20,000 beef cattle having been killed in the last seven weeks.

Remarkable Rock in Lake Superior.

One of the most remarkable rocks of which we have any knowledge has lately been discovered in the middle of the Inland Sea, Lake Superior. By a gentleman who has lately returned from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of trap rock has very lately been discovered rising in the lake from 150 to 200 miles from land and ascending above the water a distance of not above four feet. What renders it more extraordinary, is that it stands entirely alone; and all around it so far as examinations have been made, no bottom has been reached by any of the lead lines used on the lakes; and the point of the rock itself does not extend an area of more than six or seven feet square; and so far as observation of it has extended, it does not appear to enlarge in size as it descends. It has already, he states, become a source of alarm to the mariners who navigate the lake, who take especial care, in passing, to give it as wide a berth as possible.

It is too small—too remote and dangerous to admit of a light, and therefore its removal will doubtless pertain to government. A single blast from a bore of sufficient depth would do it; but the surface of the rock being so near that of the water, and the space so narrow as to forbid any regular lodgment for workmen, they would have to be attended constantly by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden storm on the lake; and would also have to be kept constantly under way, as no harbor or even bottom for an anchor is within a day's sail.

The discoverers relate that the rock appears to be a place of general resort for the salmon trout of those lakes, as they found them in almost incalculable numbers; and having during their short stay caught several barrels with no other instrument than a rod of iron, on one end of which they turned a hook.

They tried with all the lines on board for soundings immediately round the rock, but without success. Such a vast column could it be exposed to view, would laugh into ridicule Cleopatra's Needle, Pompey's Pillar, the Colossus of Rhodes, or any production of ancient or modern art.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The Power of a Vote.—One single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the long parliament, Charles Stewart to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free.

Four votes in the city of New York, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States; one vote gave us the tariff of 1842, and gave us Texas; made war upon Mexico, slew thousands of our people, and purchased California with their blood, turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world.

Definite Answers.—We had to laugh at reading the answers, 'to a correspondent' in the Bunkumville Flag Staff. He asks about the 'Falls,' and the editor says: 'How many gallons of water goes over the Niagara in an hour we do not, as we have no slate. However, a good many, we do think, and probably more than we think. A friend of ours has made a calculation how many miles all creeping things in God's world would creep in one hour, provided they took it easy. And the total summum bonum, if we remember right, was extremely much.'

A Royal Argument.—Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking him, very few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to express his opinion on some particular question. 'It is impossible, your majesty,' was the reply, 'to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions and who wears such thick boots.'

The freshmen at old Dartmouth made themselves quite merry over the following conundrum:—
'Why is the sophomore class, studying trigonometry, like the scribes and pharisees of old? Because they are a wicked generation seeking after a sine, &c.'

The sophs retorted by the following:—
'Why is the freshman recitation room like that remarkable tree whose leaves quiver in the slightest breeze? Because it is an *ass-pen*—(aspens).'

A Mr. Hughes announces himself as a candidate for agent of the State of Indiana before the next Legislature, and concludes by holding out an inducement as follows:—
'If elected I stand the oysters, if beat I slope.'

Military Glory.

There is something inexplicable in the reverence paid by men to honors won in battle. The world's history appears, indeed, to be preserved rather in the history of battle fields than in any other way. It is very true that the struggle of man with his fellow man has been incessant, and the contest for power or fame make up the daily current of political events; but that will hardly account for the fact that while a few men worship at old shrines of learning, and do homage to the divinity dwelling in them, by far the greater portion of the race are better satisfied with viewing battle fields, and relics of hard blows, battered swords, and like evidences of man's hatred to man. Few who visit Greece care to search out the favorite resorts of the old philosophers; but all rush to Marathon or Thermopylae. Even in countries made interesting by modern events, few care to remain for any length of time in the houses of great or good men, or to tread on ground hallowed by the footsteps of departed worthies, while the mass pour steadily to Waterloo, to Culloden, Marston Moor and a hundred similar places, renowned as soil fertilized by the blood of men. If further illustration of the fact that men worship military glory, were needed, it may be found in the attention paid to soldiers who have fought bravely, compared with that paid to men who are only known as giants in intellect; but no proof is required.

An illustration is afforded by an anecdote of Kosciusko in his retirement, not long before his death. He then resided in a cottage in a village of France; and during the invasion of France, a Polish regiment passed through the village.—Some outrages were committed by the soldiery, and Kosciusko, an old and feeble man, came out of his cottage and addressed them. 'When I was a Polish soldier,' said he, 'we did not do thus.'

'Who are you that speak so boldly?' asked an officer very rudely. 'I am Kosciusko,' was the quiet reply. 'The name run from rank to rank, from corps to corps, until it grew to a sheet of intense devotion, and the march abandoned all gathered in a mass around the veteran defender of Poland.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.'

A Pretty Conceit.—Some one says of the roses—how they became red:

'They were all of pure and spotless white when in Eden, they first spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as for the first time she gazed upon the tiarless gem could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, but stooped down and impressed a warm kiss upon its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet it wears it.'

It would be too bad to mar the beauty of so sweet an idea; but it is said that white handkerchiefs are frequently made red now a days by rubbing them over 'rosy cheeks.'

Sunday Globe.

'Mr. Jukes, how are you? You look well.' 'Yes, I hold my own pretty well.' 'And somebody else's too, according to my figures,' muttered a grocer, who caught the remark as he passed by.

An Irishman and a negro were fighting a few days since in Philadelphia, and while grasping with each other the Irishman exclaimed:

'You black vagabond, holler enuff! I'll fight till I die.'

'So will I!' sung out the negro. 'I always does.'

'How does the thermometer stand?' asked a father of his son. 'It don't stand at all sir, it hangs,' was the reply. 'Well but I mean how high is it.' 'Just about 5 feet from the floor.' 'Pooh! you fool!—how does the mercury range?' 'Up and down—perpendicularly.'

Men generally look with distrust upon each other. The wealthy one, like a dog in the possession of a good bone, watches it jealously, and snarls if a lean half starved cur approaches within smelling distance.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice when they will not so much as take warning.

Fortune's Favorites.—The favorites of Fortune are like men on horseback. The power—the speed—the activity—the curving and prancing, are in the dashing charger, whose beautiful proportions and gay trappings set off the man. All the rider has to do is to set on his horse with ease, and to be carried about to admiration—who, if he happens to catch a fall—ten chances to one, he breaks his neck.—A. American Cabinet.