

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

From the *Christian Register*.
At the recent scientific convention at Charleston, South Carolina, Professor Agassiz developed, with some minuteness of detail, the theory that the human race is not descended, as is generally supposed, from one parent stock, but has diffused itself from several original centres of creation, the progenitors from each portion of the race having been distinguished by such peculiarities as adapted them to their position as to soil and climate, and to the part which they were destined to play in the economy of life. He at the same time expressed his faith in the sacred records, and his profound reverence, not only for their religious but their historical contents, maintaining that even they confirm his theory, inasmuch as the story of Cain almost necessarily implies the existence of human beings not of his father's family. We are sorry that this speculation should have been denounced on ostensibly religious grounds. We are not, indeed, prepared to embrace it; yet it seems to us entirely tenable, and consistent even with the highest ground that may be taken as to the credibility, nay, the verbal inspiration of the Mosaic record. It is the primer, not Moses, that says dogmatically that Adam was the first man. He may have been, for all that we are told to the contrary, only a first man, one of the world-fathers. Moses may have designed simply to give, subsequently to his cosmogony, the history of that portion of the race from which his own nation derived their origin. Nor is the race any the less one, if not the descendants of a single human pair. It is not as Adam's, but as God's children, that we are brethren in Christ. A common Father and a common redemption make "the whole family in heaven and earth" one. Nor does any Christian look this side of God and Jesus for his motives, to universal philanthropy. "The declaration, 'The field is the world,' and the command, 'Preach the gospel to every creature,' are enough to consummate the essential unity of the race, even if every continent and island had its separate Adam.

If divine inspiration pervade, as we believe it does, the Old Testament, no less than the New, science can do no detriment to revelation, and revelation can need no defence against true science.—They can only lend each other mutual confirmation. They may seem for a while to utter contradictory responses; but their respective languages can only need mutual translation to coincide. Fear of scientific research betrays a lack of the very faith which it pretends. The Scriptures, indeed, have not for their primary design instruction in astronomy, geography, history, or philosophy; and, as addressed to the popular mind, they employ language adequate to the popular comprehension of the times when they were written; but, if they are, as we regard them, the authentic record of the divine administration of human affairs, it is impossible that in the last analysis they should fail to harmonize with all scientific truth, and whatever alleged truth contradicts their teachings only needs space for its development to demonstrate its own absurdity. Time and again have the professed friends of revelation trembled for the ark that they upbore, lest it should be overthrown and scattered by the rude hand of science; but as often has science laid its finished testimony in the ark, and enriched religion with more comprehensive and enlarged views of the truths of revelation.

Never can there have been greater consternation than filled the hearts of good men all over Christendom, on the promulgation of the Copernican system, because the Bible seemed to recognize the revolution of the sun round the earth. But the Christian, now that he has humbly receded from the centre to the remote circumference of the creation, finds himself in a universe immeasurably more vast and grand than before, and reads in the same scriptures an equally authentic, but an infinitely more stupendous record of the divine power, wisdom and beneficence. Geology, in its divine infancy, was denounced as pretending to trace in the strata of the earth a process and order of creation subversive of the Mosaic cosmogony. But its researches, while they have confirmed the narrative in Genesis, have, at the same time, whether by lengthening out its days into ages, or by interposing successive epochs of creative energy between the original formation of matter and the work of the six days, indefinitely enlarged and elevated our views of the Creator, and our adoring contemplation of the primeval history of our planet. Modern investigations in chronology, history, and archeology, after having been decried and vilified as hostile to faith, have, in their turn, brought their

several contributions to the illustration and corroboration of the sacred record, thus multiplying the proofs that science "can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." Let this theory of Agassiz be fully elaborated and tested. It will either fail to substantiate itself on scientific grounds, or else it will take its place in harmony with revelation, and will open expanded views of the attributes of the Creator, the plan of His providence, and the genuineness and adaptation of the successive religious dispensations recorded in the Bible.

The Erasive Soap Man.

BY J. J. HOOPER.

The itinerant fellows who frequent our towns, during the sessions of the Courts, and on all other occasions of popular assemblies—vending their small wares a la la Razor-Strop man—are something very amusing. We noticed one of them last week crying his *erasive soap* to as simple a crowd as we have observed in some time. He was a sharp eyed fellow with a sanctified look, black whiskers and a still blacker and enormous straw hat.

"Gentlemen," he said, or rather sang—"gentlemen, I offer you a splendid article, a superb article, an incomparable article—magical, radical, tragical article! [Here he displayed a cake of his soap.] Magical, radical, tragical, *erasive Soap*! Yes, in its effects upon its inventor most tragical! Shall I tell you how? It was invented by a celebrated French Chemist, after twenty years toil, labor and privation. In just fifteen minutes, two seconds and a half, after the discovery, he fell into the arms of death, and his name became immortal! You can draw your own conclusions, gentlemen!

Magical, radical, tragical, *erasive Soap*! Dime a cake! Hand me the money!—served me right—there's the soap! Yes, there's a man has got a cake of the incomparable, inappreciable, infallible, invaluable, magical, radical, tragical, *erasive soap*!

Gentlemen, you'd open your eyes if I were to tell you the wonders performed by this in-con-pa-ra-ble article. It cleans oilspots, removes stains, hides dirt, brightens good colors and obliterates bad ones!—such is the virtue of the all-healing, never-failing, spot-removing, beauty-restoring, health-giving, magical, *erasive Soap*! The vender wiped his brow, heaved a sigh, and recommenced, standing at ease against a piazza post.

"Why gentlemen, when I first became acquainted with this inextollable gift of divine Providence to erring man, I had an obstruction of the vocal organs, an impediment of speech, that bid fair to destroy the hopes of the fond parents who intended me for the bar or the pulpit. I was *tongue-tied*—but I came across this precious compound—swallowed half an ounce, and ever since, to the satisfaction of my parents, myself, and an assembled world, I have been volubly, rapidly, and successfully, interminably, unintermittingly, most eloquently sounding the praises of the incomparable, inimitable, inappreciable, never-failing, all healing, spot-removing, beauty-restoring, magical, radical, tragical, *erasive soap*!

Ah! gentlemen, a world without it would be naught! It takes the stains from your breeches, the spots from your coat, removes the dirt, and diffuses a general cheerfulness over the character of the whole outer man! True, gentlemen, I've worn the forefinger of my right hand to the first joint, in illustrating the efficacy of this ineffable compound; but I hold that the forefinger of one man—yea, or the forefingers of TEN MEN—are as nothing when compared with the peace and welfare of society and the world!

Oh, magical Soap! oh, radical Soap! oh, tragical Soap! what wonders thou dost perform! The frightened locomotive leaves its track (as it were) on thy approach! The telegraphic wires tremble and are dumb in thy presence!

Why, gentlemen, it clears the complexion of a nigger, and makes a curly headed man's hair straight! It removes the stains from the breeches, and the spots coats—in like manner, it purifies the conscience and brightens the character! If you're a little dishonest or dirty, try it! If your reputation or clothing is a little smutty I'll warrant it! For ladies whose slips—I mean these little brown, yellow, white, blue and many colored *lippers*—have become soiled, it is the only cure, panacea, medicamentum, vade-mecum, in globular creation. Then come up, tumble up, run up and jump up, like Hung'ry patriots, and by my incomparable, infallible, ineffable inappreciable, coat-preserving, beauty-restoring, dirt-removing, speech-improving, character-polishing, virtue-imparting, all-healing, never-failing, magical, radical, tragical, compound, *ERASIVE SOAP*!"

Here Hard cheek's oratory was interrupted by a shower of dimes from boys, men and hobbledoys, and the "show" was considered "closed."

The Demagogue.

The following remarks by the Louisville *Journal* have point and applicability beyond the locality for which they were intended.

Under every form of government, selfish men become the flatterers of power for the sake of their own advancement. The principle is the same whatever may be its manifestation. In a monarchy the selfish aspirant is a courtier, and tells the monarch that he can do no wrong. The most tyrannical measures of the ruler are cordially supported by the courtier, who expects preferment as the reward of his servility. In such circumstances the friends of humanity are the noble men who dare to stand up for their rights against the force of the oppressor, who will not prostrate their free souls in the dust, nor bow down to the calf which the oppressor orders them to worship. In a republican government, the courtier becomes a demagogue; but he is the same fawning sycophant still. As changes the object of his flattery, but not his own servile nature. He fawns on power still with the same base motive,—Power is placed in other hands, but it cannot elude his watchful eye. However rapidly it may pass from one to another, his eye is fixed upon all its motions. The last possessor is his master, before whom he crouches with more than dog like servility. He abused Hampden and Sidney because his master bade him do so; he now lauds them to the skies because he expects thereby to gain the favor of his new owner. He reviles courtiers, though a change of circumstances would find him the most cringing sycophant of them all. The courtier is the demagogue transferred to a monarchy; the demagogue is a courtier removed to a republic. In short, courtier and demagogue are but two names of the same despicable character, and the demagogue who reviles the courtier, is reviling himself.

Of what earthly use is the demagogue? The courtier flatters the monarch, watches to see in what direction his wishes point and eagerly runs forward to gratify them. Abandoned to selfishness he cares not what results may follow, if he can only advance his own interests. So the demagogue deals out nauseous doses of flattery to "the sovereign people," watches the course of public opinion, and, when he is sure in regard to the direction, rushes in among the foremost, waits not to see what is right and what is wrong, but what is popular, or what is supposed to be so. Like the courtier he is a coward, and dares not speak his own thoughts. He is a slave and trembles at the frown of his master. He is not a man for has given up the high attributes of manhood. He has lost his individuality. He has become a mere machine. He strangles his own thoughts, annihilates his own soul. He is a curse to his country, and to the human race.—Of such things—for men they cannot be called—we have had enough. May Heaven hereafter inflict upon us as few of such men as the just punishment of our sins will allow.

Doubling the Cape.

A jolly, good natured dog of a voyager to El Dorado, gives the following account of his experience in Doubling Cape Horn:—"It is impossible to describe the scenery in the vicinity of Cape Horn. It is all it is 'cracked up to be.' The elements were in such an incessant turmoil, that we had to lash everything on deck and below; but sometimes we would be struck by a 'soek-dolager,' which would knock our calculations into fits. Chairs, chests, trunks and boxes, would 'fetch away, pell mell to the leeward, and when the vessel righted, they would tumble back again in the most admirable confusion. We used to lie in our bunkers and call off cotillions for them to dance; first four forward, balance, turn partners, all hands round, great, grand, right and left, promenade to your seats. No one could walk on deck without clinging to something, and sometimes we would be struck unawares by a heavy sea, and suddenly find ourselves crawling out of the lee scupper, rubbing our shins! Thus we were dandled about by the perpetual turmoil of the elements, until we arrived at Talcahuana. Of the untiring, unaccountable and unspeakably 'savagour' rumpuses ever kicked up in human nature, Cape Horn takes the banner! I have sailed boats on the Delaware and Merrimack, a raft on the 'raging canal,' have been fishing and 'wrecked on Long Pond, among the 'ferocious horn points,' and did think *Lyas* some 'punkins,' but Cape Horn can't take my hat."—*Yankee Blade*.

Kindness is one of the most beautiful elements in the character of a gentleman.

The Argument.

The Southern slaveholders have fairly got the "one idea" Abolitionists "on the hip." Their great argument in Congress and out of it, is, that the same principle which justifies the antagonism of capital and labor at the North will justify slavery. In this they are right; for the doctrine that one man may monopolize all the wealth and make the people tenants, and hired servants at wages that will scarcely give them bread, to say nothing of comfort and education—this doctrine, we say, if extended to its final results, will justify Slavery that robs of personal liberty but provides food and clothing. Every violation of human rights is *pro tanto* Slavery—an approximation to absolute despotism.

The Southerners refer to our poor-houses and prisons, to our cellars which are thronged with the poor, as the result of our *free* system—a system which we contend is not free—but a system which our "one idea" Abolitionists do not condemn. A system that will take bread from the people will bind their limbs and subject them to the absolute control of a master.

Now, say the Southerners, you do not condemn this, neither do we; but you condemn our system, which is scarcely worse than your own—where is your consistency?

We condemn both the Northern and the Southern monopoly, and the Abolitionists must come upon our ground before they can reply to this Southern argument.

Northern monopoly takes land and house, bread and clothes, education and happiness from the masses—while the Southern monopoly takes the individual himself, but feeds and clothes him abundantly. Away with both, we say. Let us "cast the beam out of our own eye," before we become raving mad about the mote that is in our brother's eye. Let us make war upon all kinds of wrong, both North and South.

The above was suggested by an article in the Southern *Literary Messenger* for April.—*Cin. Nonpariel*.

A New Captain General in Cuba.

The Picayune of April 16th contains the following:

The news received in Cuba, by the way of the United States, of a reported change in the administration of that Island by the appointment of the Conde Mirasol, appears to gratify the people there. They have no direct intelligence confirmatory of the report, but it is thought to be probable, from the known desire of the Conde to attain the place, and the rumors which had previously been circulated that he had obtained it. The report via the United States was that of a Sr. Serrano had been appointed "Governor of Madrid, vice the Conde Mirasol, who was to proceed immediately to Cuba, in company with two generals, one colonel and empleado, of the Real Hacienda, on an important mission."

One version is, that after executing a delicate duty in the nature of investigating the state of affairs in the Island, the Conde was to proceed to Washington. But the latest letters from Havana express the belief that he is to supersede Roncali. The Conde Mirasol was formerly Inspector General of the troops in Cuba, by which he was second in command to the Governor, and his legal successor in case of death, &c. He was subsequently Captain General of the Island of Porto Rico, whence he went to Spain, and was made Governor of Madrid. He is a staunch Loyalist, proud and quick of temperament, but has a high reputation as an honorable gentleman. His wife was educated in England, and both were highly popular in Porto Rico. The Cubans would be glad, on these accounts, to receive him.

Lord Elgin.—The wags in Canada have the following jokes in circulation about Lord Elgin:

It is reported that Lord Elgin has applied to Earl Gray for the vacant appointment of Queen Dowager, which is valued at £100,000 a year and perquisites. The ground of the application, as we understand, is, that the appointment in question is always filled by an old woman.

The personal courage of his Excellency the Governor General, has never been doubted. During his first visit to Toronto Mr. Mayor Gurnette forgetful of all propriety, rushed into his chamber and exclaimed:

"My Lord, my Lord, all Toronto is about to rise!"

"What o'clock is it?" says the Earl.

"Ten, my Lord," answered the Mayor.

"Then I will rise myself," said his lordship, very calmly, "for I think every one ought to rise at ten o'clock."

American Soldiers.

Sound sense and plain truth (says the *Baltimore American*) distinguish the annexed article, copied from the editorial column of the *Richmond Republican*:

"It is a fact, that while Hungarian and other refugees are invited to settle on American land, and while Senators of the United States contend which shall go furthest in voting farms to the soldiers of other countries, the widows of officers and soldiers of the United States army are not entitled to a picayune in silver, or an acre of land from that Government in whose service their husbands and fathers toiled, fought, and died, unless perchance they died on the field of battle.

"Why living foreigners should be entitled to greater sympathy from the American Government than living American women, who are the survivors and representatives of brave American soldiers, is a question which we confess ourselves unable to answer. The Good Book has emphatically declared, and every wise and generous heart will endorse the declaration, 'He who provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel.' We are willing and desirous to provide a refuge for the oppressed sons of liberty from every clime, but justice, nature, gratitude, and wisdom, all dictate that we should first do justice to those of our own family.

"The mere circumstance that an officer or soldier dies on the field of battle, constitutes no evidence of peculiar merit or exclusive claim upon the gratitude of the Government. Washington, Greene, Hamilton, and other illustrious heroes survived the Revolution; Generals Scott, Jackson, Harrison, and others; Commodore Hull, Perry, Decatur, Porter, McDonough, and nearly every other illustrious naval commander, survived the late war with England; Taylor, Worth, Wool, and a host of other military heroes, passed unscathed through the wars Florida and Mexico. What sense or justice is there in a rule which would deprive the widows of such men of a pension upon their death, simply because they were not cut down by a sword, or slain by a bullet?"

Judge Lynch in Chagres.

We have before us the verdict of a jury of twelve men, given at Chagres on the 23d of March, 1850, in the case of one John Powers accused of stealing \$1,000 in gold dust from Mr. Bridge, at the Irvin House in that place. The following is a copy of the verdict:

CHAGRES, N. G., March 23, 1850.

Our verdict is, that John Powers is guilty of taking the package containing one thousand dollars in gold dust; and that he be awarded fifty lashes per day upon his bare back (twenty-five in the morning and twenty-five in the evening with a cat-o-nine-tails) every other day, to be inflicted by the sheriff, Mr. Hughes, until he (the prisoner) confesses the theft and produces the package of gold dust.

N. W. Fisk, foreman; John McTurk, Wm. Sharp, F. A. Thompson, H. E. Gleason, R. Mason, J. W. Demarest, J. Myers, L. Ingersoll, P. F. Mancoscos, T. B. Vance, W. E. Newcomb.

Signed in my presence:

J. H. BARKER, Clerk of the Court.
To the Hon. H. R. Wood,

Judge of the Court.

It appears as we understand it, that Mr. Bridge, on his arrival at the Irvin House, intrusted a package of gold dust with Powers for safe-keeping, and that Powers subsequently secreted the package and declared that it had been stolen from him.

In pursuance of the verdict Powers was taken into the woods to undergo a flogging when he confessed his guilt and showed where the gold was secreted. He was then sentenced to receive fifty lashes, as above—twenty-five in the morning and twenty-five in the evening; after receiving which he was set at liberty.

Mr. Calhoun's Family.

Mr. Calhoun has left a wife, now in Charleston, and a family of four sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. His eldest son, Andrew, is a wealthy planter in Alabama; Patrick, the second son, is in the Army, and was an aid of Gen. Gaines; John who was named after him, and was with him when he died, is a physician; the youngest son William, is now pursuing an under-graduate course of study at College, one of his daughters, Ann Maria, is the wife of Mr. Clemens, our Charged Affairs Belgium, and the other has always remained at home, having long been afflicted with a spinal affection. The family of Mr. Calhoun are left in affluent circumstances, his property being estimated at \$100,000. He married early in life, his now bereaved partner, a lady of fortune, a cousin—bearing the same name which he has rendered illustrious.

The Busy Body.

There are a great many busy bodies in this world. You will find people who know as much about other people as they do themselves. The most profound secrets are in the possession of such folks. How do they get them, whether by rifling, eaves-dropping, or dogging, it is impossible to say; but they have them. You will find, also, that there are a good many people who complain that they cannot get along—that they have nothing to do—that fortune does not favor them, and, there, they go through life grumbling, with their noses to the grind stone, and picking up, like a wild duck in winter, a precarious subsistence. Yet the people that have nothing to do are always busy; they stand in the high-ways and by-ways with a look of earnestness, and whomsoever they meet, they accost. They always have something with which they have no manner of concern, and which is exclusively the business of other people. Need we draw the inference? While these people are catching blind eels, the industrious fisherman is loading his wagon with full nets. They waste the time in minding the business of their neighbors which they ought to devote sedulously to their own. The days are short, and time and tide wait for no man, and it requires constant attention to succeed in any calling—*Union*.

The Nicaragua Canal Company.

This Company, of which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., is President, had a meeting yesterday, to take action in regard to the progress of this work. The first installment on the stock has been paid, the Company own one boat, and have two others building, for the navigation of the river San Juan. They are also negotiating for steamer connection between New York and the Atlantic terminus, and San Francisco and the Pacific terminus. Probably within three or four months this new route between the Oceans will be in operation. There are but 15 miles of land carriage at this point of crossing the continent, the remaining 134 miles being by steamboat on River and Lake. The 15 miles are mostly level, the aggregate rise being only 400 hundred feet, and the Road, with an expenditure of a few thousand dollars can be made smooth and pleasant for carriages. The whole distance from Ocean to Ocean, can be made in 24 hours without fatigue. The climate is beautiful and healthy, an epidemic disease never being known.—*New York Tribune*, April 25.

Crimes in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29. The morning papers of to day are filled almost to the utmost capacity of space with the particulars of crimes from the beginning to the end of the catalogue—of chapter after chapter of accidents—and miscellaneous occurrences.

Among the crimes which on Saturday disgraced and outraged the city, were those of murder, assassination, stabbing, shooting, riot, robbery, arson, burglary, &c.

This morning the scene at the Police Office was a fit subject for the moralist. The office was jammed and every avenue leading to it thronged to that degree that all access to it was out of the question, the main attraction for the gratification of the morbid curiosity was a band of youthful persons, arrested by the Sheriff and his posse for fighting in the southwestern portion of the city.

It is customary with some young ladies to divine future events by inspecting the sediment in the bottom of a breakfast cup, and they will actually build their hopes of getting a husband on no better grounds than those tea or coffee.

The way the ladies braid their hair over night and smooth it in wavy folds on their alabaster temples, and that sort of thing in the day time, is very betwitting, but costs them an immense amount of labor and trouble. We wonder if they would take as much to darn their husbands stockings.

An old lady, putting on her specs, and taking up the village newspaper, the first phrase that caught her eye was the heading of a political article, which read, "Illinois moving!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the good old dame, "I hope it won't move this way on to my dear son William's farm, which lies just on the border of Indiana!"

"My dear madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to find you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you, you had but six hours to live."

"Yes, yes I know you did, Doctor, but I do not take the loss you left."