

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ESCAPE OF MADAME KOSSUTH. An Authentic Narrative.

During the month of August, 1848, the President-Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal authors of his provisional government, were in the fortified town of Arad, on the river Marosch. Between that place and the town of Zegadin, on the Tisza, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped, while behind him, toward the Tisza, was the Russian army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembinski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried it third wall. Between him and the Tisza, lay the united Austro-Russian forces. The army of Bem had been defeated at Hermanstadt by the Russian General Anders, and he had fled with a small band of faithful followers toward Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite with Georgey near Arad, and then to attack the Russian forces. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the Governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilajos. Before leaving Arad, the Governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the moment, it was a subject of more than doubt whether they would ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, now in exile in Kutayieh with M. Kossuth, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the Governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynan, for the purpose of securing his own person and safety. The children sat out before their mother, and the latter in their flight, endeavored to keep at least so near to them as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers residing in the town of Vilajos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comora, with many other of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the error which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *pesta*, or farm house, of Bokask, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly ended her life, and when so far recovered as to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian General Haynan, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise, she wandered over some of the most miserable portions of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by telling that she was a poor woman who had just been discharged from a public hospital—which, indeed, she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of a humble carpenter, in the town of Orash Hays, who little thought he was served by the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late Governor of Hungary. Even where notices were exposed in the streets offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who would dare to harbor or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth before the overwhelming number of his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L., and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself, soon became exhausted, and was left behind. She had a son, a major in the Hungarian army, near the person of the Governor, and both the son and mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L., when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary, and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose, Madame L. disguised herself as a beggar, and after a long and weary journey, often on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were, but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G., now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those who sought after them. The eldest, named Louis, after his father, was

seven years of age; and all were told if they acknowledged they were the children of the Governor, they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G., he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G., and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the eldest of the latter, he said:—"So, my little man, you are the son of the Governor?" To which the youth replied:—"I am not, Sir." His firmness surprised and vexed the officer, who was certain, from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long-lost treasures of his ambitious search. He now endeavored to frighten the children, and drawing a pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who, it is said, shows himself, now in exile at Kutayieh, much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm:—"I tell you, Sir, I am not the son of Kossuth." The officer, baffled by the child's simplicity of manner and apparent sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L. could get near them other agents of the Austrian Government had been more successful, and the three children had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of the butcher Haynan. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L., on finding where and how his children were situated, found out her own maid-servant, and so succeeded as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse.—This person never left them until the moment of their deliverance from their Austrian jailors was arrived. After thus having provided for the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L. renewed her search for their destitute, suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her, Madame L. determined to follow the fugitives, and if she reached Widdin, to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her. Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossing them, entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late Governor of Hungary, and his brave unfortunate companions then were, enjoying the hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L. applied to M. Kossuth, but not being known to him personally, and the Austrian General having set so high a price on the capture of his wife, he at first regarded her as an Austrian spy. Having, however, soon found her son, who had followed the Governor into Turkey, he readily convinced M. Kossuth of the identity of his mother. All the information which M. Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there, this lady would most probably know where she was.

The Governor now furnished Madame L. with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet-ring for his wife, which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L. on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hungary, until she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth's letter. This she read and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L. that the wife of Governor Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant and intended assuming the name of Maria F.—; that she was to feign herself to be the widow of a soldier who had fallen in battle, and that, if possible, she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pasture-lands, where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information, Madame L. again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grand-mother, whose grand-son was missing, and that she was in search of him. She made many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers and spies; until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grand-son, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F.—. At length in a cabin she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what that person was, learned that she was the widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a child who was with his grand-parents. They then described her person, but added that she had suffered so much from illness and grief, that she was greatly changed. "Before she came here," said the speaker, "she worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival, she became too much indisposed to labor, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came, bled and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sis-

ters, where she then was." Madame L., feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search, expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L. had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L. told the Sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead as she had supposed, and that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria, fear and hope, gave her consent, and Madame L. was allowed to see her. Madame L. handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognized, at once, the writing; kissed it; pressed it to her heart; devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon, a story was made up between the two females; they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little wagon was procured; as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.

Madame L. had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and in the character of a merchant travel with them. After they had left the pasture grounds, he passed as the husband of "Maria," and the elder female as his aunt. At night, they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed, while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning, and the "husband" remained behind to learn something more of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed their horse, and bade them be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features, and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth, both appearing much as persons in great suffering; overcome by her afflictions, Maria had a nervous attack, and laughed and talked so loud that her voice was recognized by an Austrian officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L. inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to invite them to his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognized in him a deadly enemy of her husband. While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising, they made an honorable courtesy, in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L. spoke, and thanked him again and again for his kindness, but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them had he been present. Madame L. implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until in the evening, when they were apprehended and conducted by two policemen before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicious characters, but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L. slipped a bank-note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. The bribe quite changed the affair: the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favor, and they were allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary near the Danube. They entered the little town of Subin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused, until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as a security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube, and entered the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade.

It is not known by what route the ladies reached the capital of Hungary; but it is certain that, supposing their presence would not be suspected at Pesth, they heroically proceeded to that city, then in the possession of General HAYNAU. It has since then, become a source of pride to both of them, that they, safe in their disguise, passed that celebrated military "butcher" in the streets of Pesth. Among the letters with which this lady was charged by the letters of Widdin was one for the lamented martyr of Hungary, Count CASIMIR BATHIANI, then confined in a prison of the city, waiting the cruel fate to which the "butcher" subjected him.—When it was decided that he should be ignominiously put to death by the hangman's rope, that excellent and very mild Hungarian patriot endeavored to put an end to his own existence with a razor; but unfortunately not succeeding HAYNAU dragged his mutilated and bleeding body from the prison and ended his life upon the gallows. The letter which Madame L. had for him was from his brother, who had escaped into Turkey with M. KOSSUTH; and she had the satisfaction of causing it, through the venality of his jailors, to be placed in the hands of the sufferer, to whom it was no little source of consolation to know that his brother lived in safety.

They knocked at the door of the Sardinian Consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king, whose whole heart sympathized in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The Consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection; but not knowing them, he asked them what they wished of him. Madame L. replied, "Lodgings and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L. introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late Governor of Hungary.

It will be readily conceived that the Consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host.—They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon at once proceeding to the latter place. The Sardinian Consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort; and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehensions of danger, for the British Consul-General of Belgrade, Mr. E., had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not infrequently four oxen had to be attached to it in their places. A journey which in summer would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

On the twenty-eighth day, a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Gov. Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance and her approach occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city, as she entered the gates she found the streets lighted up with hundred of lights, green, white, and red, the colors of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor "Maria F.—", of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavored to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquility, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

In March of the past year some seventy persons—the chief of the Hungarian Refugees, among whom were also several Poles—were conveyed in one of the steamers of the Sultan of Turkey to the place designated for their future residence in Asia Minor. From Shumla they travelled by land to Varna, on the Black Sea; from thence they were taken in the steamer of Ghemlik, in the Gulf of Madanich, in the Sea of Marmora, without being allowed to stop at Constantinople. They crossed from that place to Broosa, at the foot of Mount Olympus, and after a short delay there, agitated by hopes and fears, they continued on to Kutayieh where they still are. Madame Kossuth is with her husband, and greatly through the labors of Mad. L., who undertook another journey into Hungary for this purpose, she now also has her children with her. Among the individuals who persist in remaining at Kutayieh with the ex-Governor of Hungary and his lady, are Madame L., and the relative who during the dangerous wanderings in Hungary figured as her husband.—Many of the refugees are but illly provided for. The amount which the Turkish government allows M. Kossuth depends wholly upon the Sultan, whose protection was so generally and so effectively granted to the conferees. It is also known that the Sultan has refused to detain him for a longer period than one year, and that this period ends with the month of May of the present year. To detain him beyond that period, will be to assume a responsibility in the eyes of the world which will weigh heavily upon the character of the Sultan; who has, thus far, possessed the sympathy and the admiration of all well-thinking men on both sides of the Atlantic. We would invoke that generous prince to carry out what he has so successfully begun,

and to permit Kossuth and his unfortunate companions to seek a home here, in the distant New World, where they cannot, even should they desire it, which we disbelieve, disturb the tranquility of Austria, and where assassins can never molest them. In the United States they will all find a hearty welcome; and in the paths of private life each will find that sympathy and assistance to which their patriotism and their sufferings so strongly entitle them.

**A GREAT DISCOVERY.**—The English Railway Times has the following:—"The decomposition of water has at length been obtained, and that at a merely nominal cost, and with unerring precision. This great discovery, originating in America, has been perfected by the experiments of an eminent German chemist, and patented in the three kingdoms by Mr. Shepard. The carburetted hydrogen may be formed to any extent, which, while possessing an illuminating power equal to that of coal gas, is capable of producing an amount of caloric equal to that of live coal, and consequently well and cheaply fitted to act as a combustible agent in the conversion of water into steam.

This tremendous power has been for some time engaging the attention of our most eminent engineers, and will, when sufficiently tested, be experimented upon before the public. If successful, as there is every present appearance of its being the revolution it most effect in the economic working of railways, and indeed in every branch of trade and manufacture, where steam is employed as a motive power, is altogether incalculable. It almost opens to the wondering gaze, the Utopian vista in which unskilled manual labor shall be no longer necessary. It is sufficient for us, however to state that several of the leading railway companies are in treaty with the patentee, and that consequently, if anything whatever is capable of being made out of the discovery, the railway interest will possess at once the first benefit and chief honor in its realization.

**Pittsburgh Morals.**  
The Pittsburgh Chronicle says:—"The morals of our dark city seem to be degenerating—there is scarce a night, as we are homeward bound, we do not hear in some one or other quarter, the yells and howlings of some rowdy band, young, too, withal, yet adepts in the art that makes man worse than the brute. These rioters, (for by no milder name can they be termed,) are generally the sons of persons who occupy high positions in society, and who are looked upon as being the leaders, not only in the fashionable, but in the would be religious world. A common rowdy invariably has to suffer for his deeds, but the rich blackguard, who disturbs the quiet of a community; insults respectable persons as they pass the streets, and cuts up all the mad pranks that whiskey can put into the head of man, are seldom seen by the hired guardians of the city's honor—they are permitted to do what they please and as they please, while those who in soul and spirit are infinitely their betters, are often times subjected to cruel treatment and the most degrading punishment.

**THE RAILROAD DEPOT.**—We have already stated that it had been decided upon to have the Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the triangular piece of ground, bounded by Grant, Liberty and Seventh streets. The Company has taken the ground on perpetual lease from Captain Schenley, on very admirable terms. It is an admirable location, and will suit all interests probably better than any other that could be selected.

**Pittsburgh Post.**  
**MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.**—The Philadelphia papers a few days since recorded the fact of a young woman, belonging to a respectable family there, leaving her home and going to New York city in company with a person who had been paying his addresses to her. Her father traced her to a house of ill-fame in New York and conveyed her back to Philadelphia. This was on Monday last. The papers of Friday state the unfortunate victim committed suicide on Thursday night by swallowing a dose of laudanum.

**DEATH OF CHAPMAN.**—The Indianapolis State Sentinel announces the death, on the 15th inst., of George A. Chapman, one of the original proprietors of that paper. Mr. Chapman has been well known as one of the most popular and influential Democratic editors in the west, as the "Crow, Chapman, Crow." man.

The Welshmen of New York city, and the descendants of Welshman, have had a meeting to devise the ways and means of contributing a stone to the Washington Monument.

## From Our Exchanges.

A gentleman who affects Shakespeare, went into a barber's shop in Pittsburgh the other evening and said, "John have you any of that mixture? I wish you would put it on my whiskers." "Col." said John, "I fear it will burn your skin." "Don't care," said the intrepid Col., seating himself in the chair; "on with it, on with it, I shall stand the hazard of the dye."

Judge B., a witty old fellow, after spending an evening with a young lawyer whose office was in the second story of a building, took his departure and had got half way down stairs, when he stumbled and fell to the bottom. The young lawyer hearing the noise rushed out, and seeing the Judge lying on his back at the bottom of the stairs, inquired, in a tone of great anxiety: "Is your honor hurt?" The Judge by this time had regained his feet, and looking up, he replied:—"No, but my legs are."

In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia county, one of the prisoners among the vagrant cases, a Jerseyman, accounted for getting boozily by saying that he drank some Dutch beer, and that it flew right to his head. Judge Parsons said it was no wonder that he was thrown upon his back, none but a Dutchman could drink that—it would soon kill a Jerseyman. The prisoner was discharged amid roars of laughter.

The journeyman carpenters of Easton, Pa., who struck for higher wages, have resumed their work at \$1 35 per diem. They demanded \$1 75, but compromised with their employers by agreeing to take two and a half cents less. There is work enough for all of them. The bricklayers succeeded in getting the advance they asked.

An individual named Leaky killed another named Snider, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, west of Cumberland, a few days since, by shooting him through the head, and then through the heart with a revolver, and all because Snider, (who was deranged,) laughed at him when he asked for whiskey at a blacksmith shop. Leaky has been arrested.

In taking the census of New Mexico, which is returned at 61,574, the Marshal found a father and mother with a family of twenty-four children, all of whom were living in the same house, and all of whom apparently were in the enjoyment of good health. The father and mother promised to live yet many years.

The Supreme Court of New York, dissolved the injunction which restrains Mr. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, from molesting his wife, also the injunction restraining him from alienating his property, but enforced his disability to prosecute a suit for divorce in Pennsylvania.

The joint special committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the subject of capital punishment, have reported a bill for the abolition of the death penalty, and providing that the offences punished by death under the present code, shall be punishable by imprisonment in the State prison for life.

The telegraph wires in Broome street, New York, suddenly snapped on Saturday, and are said to have struck a tree, about six inches in diameter, cutting it nearly in two. The wires then caught a coal scuttle, standing on the sidewalk, and hurled it to a great height in the air. Fortunately none of the passers by were injured.

The West Chester Village Record says that an Irish family named Kirby, whose members came from the old country only a few months ago, have already lost three of the household circle by ship fever, and one or two others are now suffering.

The Saint Augustine (Florida) Herald states that sugar is destined to be the great staple of the State, the climate and quality of the soil giving it peculiar advantages beyond any other portion of the United States. The trade in moss, hemp, arrow root, and the orange and lemon, has also become of much importance.

The Charleston (Va.) Spirit of Jefferson says that there is every reason to believe that a silver mine has been discovered on the farm of Mess. James and Dennis McSherry, of that county, situated on the east bank of the Shenandoah river, and at the base of the Blue Ridge.

Miss D., a lady of considerable notoriety in the southwest, made her appearance lately in the Plaquemine Court of Louisiana, to argue her own suit. She was armed with a pistol and dirk, and frightened the lawyers half to death.

The Danville Rolling Mill has stopped, in consequence of a strike for higher wages by some of the hands employed.

Green peas and strawberries made their first appearance in the Norfolk, Va. market on Saturday last.

Father Matthew is at present at Louisville, Ky., on his way east.

The Susquehanna river is in very fine rafting condition.

Mad. Teresa Parodi the great Italian Opera Singer is giving concerts at New Orleans.

Col. Bigler will be elected by 20,000.