

Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY ANDREW J. RHEY.

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TERMS.

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THE MODERN BELLE.

Extract from Mrs. Sark's Poem, read at the late Manchester, N. H., Fair.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair,
She's clad in her silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair—
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little,
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russet,
And rugged and sooty at that—
His coat is all out at the elbow,
He wears a most shocking bad hat.
He's hoarding and saving his shillings,
So carefully day by day,
While she, on her beaux and poodles,
Is throwing them all away.

She lies a-bed in the morning,
Till nearly the hour of noon;
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in the papers,
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint,
Remains of her last night's blouses,
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "the flowing hair,"
She's eloquent over moustaches,
They give such a foreign air.
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And tho' but a mouse should meet her,
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels are so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
Though this she never will own,
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,
Who swells with a foreign air,
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair:
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated for life,
She's got a fool for her husband,
He's got a fool for his wife.

CARLYLE.

The following from the *Paritan Recorder*, is one of the best and most amusing examples of burlesque which we have ever met with. It may be as well to say, however, in passing, that in spite of all ridicule, however well turned, there are few able writers than THOMAS CARLYLE, living or dead:

"Come now, O my Thomas, thou doubtful doubter of my doubts, thou floundering on the fats, miry and blygy, of tideless torism. I have somewhat to show thee. Look! What meet thou with those staring eyes of thine, those eyes so big and bullet-like, globed in such a rolling spheric speculation. It shall be told thee what thou seest: A car, a patent car, four wheeled, and many sized, and springless. Not two of the wheels are of the same size—in order prescript and irrevocable. It goeth forth backwardly, hindquarterly, and sternforemost, and joineh in many directions at once and therefore hath no locomotion. Time and a half it is topsy turvy, and otherwises the sconeless traveller therein encounter knoweth not whether he is sitting on his head, keeling on his heels, or standing on his elbows. Loud rumbleth and rough tumblesh this mystic and portentous car; and yet it stayer where it listeth, and where that is no man knoweth 'not even its inventor. And what sort of a car is that? Ho! Ho! Peter and Paul! Ha! Ha! Mrs. Grundy and Dame Parlington! [This means, 'Laugh reader.']—Why, man, dost thou ignore this car? Why, man, it is thyself—it is CAR—lyle!"

Franklin's Toast.

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar over all Europe Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors when as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:

By the British Ambassador—"England—the Sex, whose beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, drank "France—the Moon, whose mild, and steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consulting them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual simplicity, said: "George Washington, the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

THE THREE BRIDES.

Do you see, said the sexton, 'those three hillocks yonder, side by side? There sleep three brides whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill you observe a little desolate house, with a straggling fence in front and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is now overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now, you might hear crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the grey shingles off the roof. Many years ago, there lived in that house an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belonged to it.

The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or reading the mystic story of the stary heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and enlightened. A few there were, and among others, the minister, the lawyer, and the physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat reserved and morose, and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

'To the minister he would quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence—and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very lightly of him, and by and by looked on the self educated farmer with eyes of aversion.

'He instructed his son in all his lore, the languages, literature, history, philosophy and science, were enfolded one by one to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

'Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a sudden storm convulsed the face of nature; when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said that the Evil one had claimed his own in the elements; I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. He was for a moment as one distracted. The minister came and muttered a few hollow phrases in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look the son stood above the dust of the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but serenity on his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

'He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and there was a time when he dreamed (vain fool) of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated; and enquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region, to send lays which astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary bard.

'His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won, and to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of a father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, 'whatever has been done may be done,' he did not despair of success.

'In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary Adelaide, and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can forget the beauty of the young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive; but of the three, Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation, and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however, he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent to their marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without.

Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours illness died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

'Days, months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sisters of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. The bride was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in the garden. But it seemed as if a fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered and the leaf fell, in the now autumn of the year, Adelaide, too, sickened and died like her sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

'Perhaps you will think it strange, young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word—she might have sat upon a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in her veins descended from a hundred kings. She loved the widowed for his power and his fame, and she wedded him.

'They were married in that church—it was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud ever saw, overspread the heavens, and the moment this bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response, with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire, as she gazed upon her bridegroom. When arrived at his house, she sunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of the maiden.

'When they were alone, he clasped her hand and it was as cold as ice! He looked into her face—"Maiden," said he, 'what means this? your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown.' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. 'My wedding gown!' exclaimed she, 'no no—this is my sister's shroud!—the hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I lost my own soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderer! She smiled on me in the joyous affect of her young heart, but I gave her the fatal drag. Adelaide twined her white arms around my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms; I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!'

'And then," continued he in a hollow voice, 'at that moment came the thunder, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!' The countenance of the narrator expressed all he felt.

'And the bridegroom," asked I, 'the husband of the destroyer and the victims, what became of him?'

'HE STANDS BEFORE YOU!" was the thrilling answer.

CEUTA.

The name of this Spanish possession in North Africa has become quite familiar to the readers of American newspapers since the condemnation of the Lopez captives, and particularly since the exile of Mr. Thrasher to the chain gang in that place. Few, however, know exactly its topography and its relations to Spain.

Ceuta is on the coast of Africa, opposite Gibraltar, and is one of the Pillars of Hercules, the Atyla, as known to the ancients, as Gibraltar Mons Calpe, was the other. The two marked the western boundary of the world, the gateway, beyond which all was waste and darkness. The town was called Septa, from seven hillocks, upon one of which it was built, and in the course of time the Roman Septa had become the Spanish Ceuta. It has been in the possession of Spain for more than two hundred years, having been acquired from the Portuguese in 1640. The Portuguese had had it then more than two hundred years, having seized it from the Moors in 1415. The possession is yet a ground of resentment to the surrounding Moors. The city alone is under the Spanish Government. Outside the walls the Moors are strong, and maintain an attitude of hostility up to the gates.

Videttes and patrolling parties keep constant watch upon each other, and assassinations are frequent, whenever a Spanish inhabitant gets beyond the protection of the guns. It is a little curious that Spain, which has mourned so long over the occupation of Gibraltar, on her own coast, by the English, should have compensated herself in some degree by taking from the Empire of Morocco, on the other side of the Strait, the corresponding African hill of Ceuta. During the war of the Spanish succession, Ceuta was placed, for safe-keeping from the French, in the hands of the English, and a number of English establishments grew up, of which the effects still continue. At the close of the war, the Emperor of Morocco wanted England, in return for his aid in furnishing them supplies to their armies in Spain, to assist him in recovering this port for himself, but England could

not well urge this without consenting to give up Gibraltar.

Ceuta is a town, according to McCulloch, of about 9,237 inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison. It forms a Spanish presidio, and is cut off from communication with the interior so perfectly, that it receives supplies from Spain, and gets its Morocco news by the Madrid newspapers. It is the Botany Bay of the Spaniards. The convicts of Spain are sent there to remain in depot until drafted out to work in the mines, or some public work in Spain. It is a mistake, we believe, that there are any quicksilver or other mines at Ceuta, in which the convicts work. Ceuta is only a place of transportation, where the criminals of Spain are sent into exile and imprisonment. There may be a regulation, and we think there is, that they be sent to work the Spanish mines, of which there are several of considerable extent in the Peninsula. Of these the principal are the lead mines in Granada, and the quicksilver mines at Almaden, in La Mancha. The destination of prisoners to the mines is not absolutely fixed by their condemnation to the chain gang in Ceuta, though this usually follows.

Urquhart, the British traveller, states that in 1848 two thousand of the convicts were sent off at once, to work on a canal in Castile. He adds, that there are remarkable facilities to escape, that the convicts outnumber the population, the town is accessible at every side, the sea open and boats all round. He praises the good order of the place; and gave the acting Governor at that time a high character for gentleness of character and humanity to the captives.

Prison Scene in Munich.

The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. At one particular washing tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being a sign to us to notice them. Two looked up, and fairly beamed with smiles; one a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her, her looks were so conscious and modest. A fourth, a fat, middle-aged woman, also never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces; one, with good features, and a very mild expression; the other a small woman, and though with blooms on her cheeks, a certain sad, anxious expression about her eyes and mouth. Of which of these four women were we to hear a frightful history related? The only one that looked evil was the fat old woman.

As soon as we were in the court our conductor said, "Now, what do you say about those women?" "Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison; and judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say could not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall young girl, however, is not only handsome but gentle looking." "That tall young girl," replied our guide, "was the one who, a year or two ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and cutting the body, buried it in the garden; the little woman next to her, some two years since, murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman who stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat woman is in only for a slight offence." So much for our judgment of physiognomy.—*Household Words*

Kossuth and Gorgey.

While Kossuth is receiving the enthusiastic sympathy, admiration and assistance of the people of England and America, Gorgey, the other great leader of the Hungarian War of Independence, drags on a lonely and monotonous existence at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, a city much resorted to by pensioned officers of the Austrian army. The New York Tribune says:

There he lives with his family, consisting of his wife, a single child, now three months old, a woman servant, and a soldier, who was his attendant through the war. He sees little society, hardly a family in the city having sought his acquaintance. He has but one intimate friend, and that is an Englishman. His time is passed in studying chemistry and physics, and his chief amusement is lecturing upon physical chemistry to a few persons. Of money he has plenty; from the Austrian Government he receives a yearly pension of 3,000 florins; and from that of Russia he has received 60,000 silver rubles. He is very rarely seen in public; about once a month his wife prevails on him to take a walk for the sake of his health, but in general he avoids appearing abroad. The common people regard him with aversion.

The contrast in the present condition of these two leaders of Hungary, is no greater than the contrast in their characters and conduct. Each is endowed with their eminent abilities, and each had opportunities seldom allotted to man. Kossuth was faithful to his country and liberty; Gorgey betrayed both. The one never filled so large a place in the esteem or the affections of the civilized world as now; the other is despised and detested. The patriot as well as the traitor has his reward.

Hungarian Settlement in Iowa.

This new settlement has been commenced under the direction of Governor Ujhazy. It is situated in the southwestern part of Iowa, in the county of Decatur, at a distance of 150 miles from the Mississippi river, 100 miles from the Missouri, and about 10 miles north of the boundary line of the States of Iowa and Missouri. The aspect of the country presents ridges of elevation, narrow ravines, and occasionally wide spread valleys all covered with a soil, varying from one to three feet deep, which displays its fruitfulness in the abundant production of grass, of fruit and flowers. The Thompson river, about 50 yards in width, but too shallow for navigable purposes, winds slowly through Decatur county in a south-easterly direction, on its way to the Missouri. Its course is lined by a heavy body of timber, from one to three miles wide, consisting chiefly of sugar-maple, black walnut, white oak and elm. On a high timbered ridge, on the left bank of this river, stands New-Buda, the residence of Governor Ujhazy. At this point the timber extends only a short distance from the river, and diverging, circuitously to the north and south-east embraces an extensive open meadow covered with luxuriant grass, and crowned with a multitude of flowers, whose brilliant colors increase the liveliness of the scene. Viewed from the residence of the Governor, it seems one of the highest pictures of nature—its glowing beauties chastened and heightened by the surrounding gloom of the forest. From the same place, through the foliage of the trees, the Thompson river may be seen gliding along, the home of flocks of wild flowers, and the resort of troops of deer, which visit to slake their thirst or cool in its waters. The dwelling is a log cabin, about fifty feet in length, twenty in width, one story high with a shingle roof. The interior is divided into three compartments, and has a floor composed of logs, split—the flat side smoothed and placed uppermost. One of these apartments, as is common in the Western country, is used as a kitchen, a dining, and bedroom. A modern cooking stove stands near the fire place, and opposite, on shelves and wall, cooking utensils and table furniture are neatly arranged. At the other end of the room two single beds are placed, elegantly furnished; the snowy white of their linen contrasting with the vivid hues of their oriental covers. A table stands near a window, loaded with books, documents and newspapers. Maps are displayed on the walls, and overhead is placed a collection of guns, pistols, swords and scimitars of the best material, the most skillful construction and superbly ornamented. But, most conspicuous of all is a splendid portrait of Washington, gazing as it were, with a calm melancholy expression on those who lost wealth, exalted rank, endeared society and a beloved country in a hapless struggle. In front of the dwelling a field, containing about twenty acres, is cleared, fenced, and under cultivation. A flock of sheep, selected for their superior wool-growing qualities, feed in the pasture-ground, while over a wider range a herd of cows and several horses are scattered; every appearance promising these hard-fated exiles a yet happy home.

The Barister and the Witness.

There is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become ruffled at times. At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, England, both Judges and counsel had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned aside from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar-pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young hostler, who appeared to be simply petrified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, 'I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out.'

'I hope not, zur,' was shouted or rather belted out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

'Please, zur, I can't speak any louder,' said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

'Pray, have you been drinking this morning?' shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

'Yes, zur,' was the reply.

'And what have you been drinking?'

'Coffee, zur.'

'And what did you have in your coffee, sir?' shouted the exasperated attorney.

'A sponge, zur!' innocently shouted the witness in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of the court.

The Fire Alarm Telegraph.

Is approaching completion in Boston. Forty-nine miles of wire have been stretched over the city. There are to be forty signal boxes, and whenever a fire occurs, resort will be had to the nearest box, where, by turning a crank, instantaneous communication will be made to the central office, and from that instant knowledge will be communicated to the seven districts into which the city is divided, by so striking the alarm bells simultaneously that the locality of the fire will be known exactly to all. The success of this project will be a grand achievement of science.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Arrival of the Steamer Baltic.

SIX DAYS LATER.

New York, Dec. 23, 1851.

The Collins steamer Baltic, from Liverpool with dates to the 10th instant, arrived today at 4 P. M.

The Cambria reached Liverpool at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 8th.

FRANCE.

The progress of events in France continue to absorb public attention throughout Europe. The President has proved completely successful in his *coup d'etat*. The partial attempts at resistance were made by the more ultra Republicans, having been promptly resisted and entirely extinguished in the Departments; and as, in Paris, they had been so vigorously repressed, it may be said, in the President's language, that France has accepted the situation, although it has not been with the enthusiasm which Louis Napoleon reckoned upon. It has been a tacit acquiescence, and almost universal. The President preferred his plan to the ultimatums of Anarchy or Legitimacy. Few have been found to sympathize with the Assembly, or deny that the President was forced by the intrigues of that body to choose between the surrender of power, office and liberty, and the more resolute course he has adopted.

Tranquility had been pretty generally restored in Paris on the evening of Friday the 6th; and by the following day, the upturn pavements and the shattered walls and houses were all that remained of the insurrection.

The Departments of Saone, Serre, and Alesia had been placed in a state of seige, but the disturbances which induced the act were insignificant. With scarcely an exception, the troops were triumphant.

The Tangier matter had been amicably arranged, and the town thus escaped bombardment by the French.

ENGLAND.

The Liverpool Journal hints pretty positively at a serious rupture in the British Cabinet, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's conduct, and his answer to the address presented to him in regard to Kossuth.

It is stated that Baron Brunon, the Russian Minister, had made representations which called for interference, and that Earl Gray had positively declined to continue as a colleague of Lord Palmerston. The disruption seems almost inevitable, unless Lord Palmerston retires. In such an event, the Journal looks upon Lord Clarendon as most likely to be his successor.

The same paper, in referring to the acts of Louis Napoleon, more than suspects foreign agency in the French revolution—absolutism being the motive for it.

The question of Customs Reform was beginning to be very warmly discussed, the disgraceful conduct of the Board of Customs in the late dispute with the Dock Companies being the immediate incentive.

Mrs. Robert Peel has been squabbling with the farmers at Farworth. They have forbidden him to pass over their lands, and he has advertised his old stud for sale.

The Press of England is beginning a crusade against the Times for dishonesty and abuse of its cotemporaries.

SPAIN.

The Queen's accouchment was expected to take place between the 8th and 11th of December.

General Narvaez had been received by the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier had dined with the British Minister.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The news received at London from the Cape of Good Hope continued to excite great anxiety. The position of the British forces, and even of the local government itself, seems to become daily more critical. Treachery on all hands and depredatious under the bayonets of the troops, and a frontier beyond the ability of the troops to protect, did not present a very cheering picture.

Spanish Grant.

It was stated recently in the foreign news, that a society had been formed in London to promote the emigration of the Irish to Spain. It appears that the Spanish Government have conceded a grant of 250 square miles of country on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the provinces of Andalusia and Estramadura, "containing more than 160,000 acres of land, of the richest quality" to be colonized by the Irish settlers, under the following conditions:—"Exemption from taxation for 25 years; admission for their furniture, clothing, and agricultural implements, free of duty; privilege of felling timber for building in the royal forests; power to appoint their municipal authorities." The district in question having been depopulated by the expulsion of the Moors, has never since been fully occupied. To the above advantages offered to the Irish emigrant, may be added the fact that his religion is not merely tolerated, but is favored and protected by the government.

Mr. Clay's health, though feeble, is not critical, as some of the newspapers have stated.