

# Mountain Sentinel.

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

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## TERMS.

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## THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

On a lone barren isle where the wild waving billow,  
Assails the stern rock and the loud tempest rave,  
The hero lies still, while the dew dropping wilder,  
Like fond weeping mourners, leaned over the grave.  
The lightning may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,  
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;  
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,  
No sound can awake him to glory again.  
Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,  
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on,  
Alas! they have perished in far distant regions,  
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.  
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,  
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain,  
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,  
No sound can awake them to glory again.  
Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee!  
For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,  
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,  
A name, which before thee no mortal had won.  
Though nations may combat, and war's thunder rattle,  
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;  
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,  
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

## THE MARTYRS OF RUSSIA.

THAT truth is stranger than fiction is a truism none will now venture to dispute; but of all the romance of history that has yet emanated from the ever-teeming press, most certainly the work of Michelet is the most extraordinary and the most appalling. That in the nineteenth century an immense nation should be existing in which, amidst growing civilization, the most odious barbarism only should be recognized as the governing principle, is one of those facts that stagger credulity. The disclosures of Michelet will be read with double interest at this moment, and the tears at on has been rendered with great fidelity. The following extract furnishes a correct view of Russian society and its paralyzing influence upon humanity:—

**SIBERIA.**—Much has been said of the martyrs of Siberia; but why distinguish them? The line of separation would be altogether fictitious. With the exception of an aggravation of cold, the whole of Russia is Siberia—beginning at the Viscula.

One speaks of the condemned; but every Russian is condemned. In a country where the law is a mere mockery there can be no serious judgment. All are condemned; and yet no one is judged; there is no distinction between suffering and punishment.

The universal punishment is not such and such a positive evil—it is that breaking of the heart, that moral anxiety of spirit, crushed beforehand, by an inevitable combination of misfortunes. In that merciless world where everything seems to possess the fixed rigidity of its native ice, nothing is fixed—all is pregnant with chance and doubt.

All are condemned, said we; the serf perhaps the least so, even in his servitude and misery; for he is not even sure of that very misery—to-morrow, all may change for him; he may perhaps be carried off, either for the army or the factories; his wife given to another; his family dispersed.

The soldier is condemned—not only because he was, all of a sudden, carried off from his home, and has ever since been subject to that continual bastinado, called military service; but also because he is totally ignorant of the time of his liberation; the law was thirty years formerly—now twenty; but what is the law in Russia?

The officer is condemned; he is forced against his will into a military school—he follows, in spite of himself, the rude and monotonous path of unceasing exercises, parades, and changes from one garrison to another. Sad priest of war; even whilst his fortune promised him the

enjoyments of the world! But what befalls him if he does not serve? His family is thenceforth suspected—perhaps ruined and degraded—and for himself—he is lost forever!

Lost! What means that word? Killed? But it is apparently something more than death, since it is the occupation of the officer to fight and so expose himself to death—otherwise, says he, he would be lost.

“I am lost.” He is in the very depth of his misfortune; he can descend no lower. But the officer can descend; he has yet something to fear, which is worse to him than death—he fears Siberia.

When the serf is made a soldier, his body only is taken. They care not for his heart; but with the officer, it is the soul that is needed; the problem of the Russian government being, how to seize the soul of a man whose life of insupportable misery renders death indifferent to him.

This soul has been early deadened in those schools where is taught only the void—nothing material—nothing moral; so that, from very weariness, he is thrown into the arms of those emulating pleasures which deadens it yet more. But even this twofold operation does not always succeed in extinguishing a strong mind. All that still remains of the man must be restrained—must be overcome—and that by a moral terror. What terror?—An unknown punishment.

The Catholic Inquisition, besides its dungeons and tortures, continued to the end its physical torments, by a moral torment—an eternal hell—the ingenuity of time. Russia has its hell—an infinity of space—the horror of the desert, and of the void.

A never-ending distance. He who makes the journey on foot, loaded with heavy chains, starts young, and arrives aged—a man, twenty-five years old, full of health and life, started from Poland; three years after, a shadow dropped into Kamtschatka!

A multitude of sufferings result from the climate itself—merciless climate! Some few degrees nearer to the Polar Sea were sufficient to cause death.

If the Russian, even at home, shut up six months in his oven, his heated room, can with difficulty keep out the furious north wind, what must it be in this second Russia, where the cold eats into you, where steels breaks like glass, where even the dogs that draw the sledges would inevitably perish were they not cased with fur?

To arrive there without resource would be delirium, for one would die; but death must not come too quickly. Established in a small fort, in the midst of the icy desert—during two or three years, sometimes longer, digging the earth, or drawing the barrow, fed upon sour milk and bad fish, the exiles die slowly beneath the lash.

Even those who are not condemned to this terrible doom, but who have a kind of half liberty—a sort of physical existence, almost tolerable, find the moral effect scarcely less dreadful. If, to them, Siberia is not an eternity of suffering, it is one of forgetfulness, where they feel themselves disappearing—dying away from the living world, from their families, from their friends. To lose one's name, to be called Number 10, or Number 20, and if your family still remain, to beget children without a name, a miserable race, which will perpetuate itself in eternal wretchedness! The ruined man ruins his children—*as is cursed*—so are they—and by a frightful crescendo it happens, that the children of a man who is himself condemned to the mines for twenty years, will remain miners for forty or fifty years, or even unto death, their children after them, and all their posterity.

Siberia not only draws degradation upon persons, thence transported, but also upon things. A bell was transported there for having sounded the tocsin during a revolt—cannon were transported, and received the knout at Tobolski. But degradation is indeed a most serious affair to persons, where it implies bastinadoing at will.

But the exiles only to fear a complete change in their habits, the passage from an indolent Asiatic life, to a life of labor, even that would alone be sufficient to render Siberia the dread of the Russian. Their effeminate mode of life can hardly bear the easy existence of the West of Europe. A Russian lady declared to me that it was impossible for her to exist in France; an infinite number of Eastern luxuries were wanting to her. Our servants appeared too rough for her; their voices harsh and proud. She could not support the natural friction of a world of equality. She missed the flatteries and attentions of her women, her life of heated rooms and baths—the tepid atmosphere of her Russian house. What would have become of this poor woman, if, instead of the journey to Paris, which she found so painful, she had performed the voyage to Siberia?

There is a tradition in Russia that Catherine, (or, perhaps, one of the empresses who preceded her), in order to lower the pride of certain great ladies, occasionally favored them with an order for their flagellation, which was to be performed by their servants in their own pala-

ces. The chief of her secret chancery intimidated the order with respect, and himself superintended its execution. The sad operation being finished, the patient dismissed him, with thanks, holding herself happy in being let off at such a price, and in having avoided Siberia.

Judge of the horror of a poor timid woman, dragged from her palace, her voluptuous ease, and her everlasting summer; perhaps thrown at night into a stone prison, where she would roll along some four or five thousand miles; or, perhaps, she who has hardly ever walked, is forced to make this frightful and begging journey on foot, goaded on by the whip, and receiving on her road some miserable sustenance from the charity of serfs!

In whatever way she may go, it is, indeed, a frightful torture for a woman, leaving her husband, her children, and all she loves in the wide world, to wander alone and in the darkness of night, in the north and in winter—and in the horror of the unknown! To pass from Europe into Siberia, is like falling into chaos; a desert of men and a desert of ideas; a vast nothing, without history, without tradition, and without religion (other than witchcraft,) so complete a void, that even the religions which have penetrated, such as the Mohammedanism of the Tartars, lose their dogmas, their legends, and their halo, and become pale, dim, and nothingless, even as the invisible sun of Siberia.

Few can resist this destroying power of the void. Lost in this immense waste, they are stamped with its very image; and, losing all personal identity, in their turn, also become mere nonentities.

In a journal published at Vilna, under the Russian censorship, in 1850, Madame Eve Felinska describes the deplorable condition in which she beheld a Polish colonel, at Tobolski, implicated in the transaction of 1825, he had been condemned by the Senate to three years imprisonment, merely for non-revelation. The emperor paid not the slightest regard to this sentence. He caused him to be transported to the north of Siberia, as far as the sixty-third degree, from whence, in mercy, he was allowed to return as far as Tobolski.

“This unhappy man, who had been formerly one of the finest men in the army, was no longer to be recognised. He was lying back in an arm-chair, for so weak was he, that he could not stand; his hair, (already white,) though very thin, and combed with care, fell upon his shoulders, and reached as far as his elbows. His face was very pale and swollen, and his look vacant. His eyes and lips trembled with emotion. We could see that he possessed the wish, though not the power, to speak. He motioned us with his hand to draw near, that he might salute us. For a moment, his mind regained its reason, but so affected was he, that he could, with difficulty, use his almost paralyzed tongue. Finding that we were going to Berezwona, where he had once resided, he wished us to take up our abode there, with his former hostess. All this conversation proceeded with considerable difficulty; we were almost obliged to guess his meaning. At length we perceived that he had exhausted the use of his faculties, for he informed us that we should find at Berezwona, melons, grapes and other southern fruits, his imagination, no doubt, wandering to the borders of the Tagus and the Seine, which he had known so well. With sorrowful hearts, we shortened our visit, but he still sought to retain us by his gestures, vainly endeavoring to articulate the word: “Stay.”

## Ventilation.

Mrs. Swisshelm has given her readers quite a chapter on ventilation. Much has been said and much written on the subject by others; but with little effect. We hope Mrs. S.’s home thrusts will at least arrest public opinion:

“People are beginning to ventilate the public halls so that one can sometimes hear a lecture without being obliged to inhale other people’s cast off breath, and foul gases; but churches generally hold *class communion*, and with a most brotherly pertinacity the same mouthful of air is breathed by the whole congregation. Sister Brown throws it out of her lungs with a few seeds of consumption in it, and then brother Jones takes it into his chest, and gives it back with a tobacco flavor, and so on round, each one supplying from his or her store house some animal matter to make the precious little morsel of breath shut up within the four walls, good and thick for family consumption. If their minds do not become assimilated by a communion of faith, their bodies might by the general union and communion, and mixing up of gasses and vapors of their mortal part. People who would not eat out of the same dish with another, or sip out of the same spoon, think nothing of taking into their lungs, and incorporating with their blood the particles of foul matter which have passed off from other’s systems.

“We would much rather submit to an indiscriminate use of tooth brushes than breath. It would not appear half so disgusting to put another person’s tooth brush into one’s mouth as it would be to take his cast out breath into one’s lungs, and in a crowded church, without great care in ventilating, this process is regularly going on, and so we, just as regularly go off.”

## CAPTIVUS AUCEPS; OR, THE POACHING SPORTSMAN IN DUBRANCE VILLE.

Att—“Not a drum was heard.”  
No license to sport o’er the Manor he’d got,  
And his face in his neckcloth he buried;  
As he bolted away after firing his shot,  
And the gamekeepers after him hurried.  
His escape after shooting a deer,  
And against his pursuers turning;  
But they managed a summons to serve that night,  
His name from his laudably learning.  
The Justices set him a fine next day,  
And to keep the peace they bound him;  
They marched him off, ‘cause he could not pay,  
With a mob of boys around him.  
We met him as off to the goal he was led,  
And he wanted the money to borrow;  
We silently gazed—but we shook our head—  
When he promised to pay on the morrow.  
We told him of former loans unpaid,  
But for poaching began to upbraid him,  
But little he recked whatever we said,  
When he found that we would not aid him.  
He owned that at last he was fairly done,  
While into the cell retiring,  
Where they lodged the unfortunate son of a gun,  
At his friendship’s game for firing.  
To his friends he said, he had better write home,  
And tell them his dismal story;  
We saw him safe fixed in the *Jug of Stone*,  
And we left him alone in his glory.

## LOLA MONTEZ.

The maiden name of this woman was Rose Anna Gilbert. She was born October 24th, 1819, in the city of Dublin, Ireland. She was married in her sixteenth year to a Lieutenant James, of the British army in India, from whom she was subsequently divorced, on account of her criminal intimacy with a Captain Lennox. After her divorce she assumed the Spanish name of Lola Montez, took up the career of a *dansette*, and made her appearance on the boards of a London theatre. Her success was incomplete, and she posted to Paris, where her beauty and daring introduced her to the journalists in the pay of Louis Philippe. With one of these individuals, M. Dujardin, she formed a connection which was severed by the death of that writer in a duel. Lola then quitted Paris, and took up her residence at Berlin, where she endeavored on a review day to break the line of gendarmes who kept off the line of spectators from the king, and snote a policeman with her riding whip. For this offence the king could not with any show of decency imprison her, so he ordered her out of Prussia. She then proceeded to Bavaria, where she ran a career of splendid shame for two years and a half. The king made her his mistress, built her a gorgeous palace, endowed her with a vast estate, and gave her a patent of nobility under the name and style of the countess of Landsfeld. But she played such terrible tricks with his people, and carried every thing before her with such a high hand, that the Jesuits, whose intriguing influence at Court she had shattered and destroyed, and to whom she had thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, set their machinery in motion for her overthrow. The affair resulted in the dethronement of her protector, the king, and in her own ruin and exile. She departed to Switzerland, whither she was followed by her infatuated lover, the aged and banished monarch. Why they again separated is a mystery, which has never been cleared up. She appeared a few months later in London, where she made the acquaintance of Lieutenant George Trafford Heald, who became so infatuated with her fascinating beauty and manner, that he at once offered her his hand, and they were privately married. The friends of Mr. Heald indignant at such a connection, endeavored to set aside the marriage, and smuggled the young bridegroom off. Lola started in pursuit, overtook and brought back her husband, horse-whipped him for consenting to the flight, and then kicked him adrift. She then proceeded to Paris, where she lived faster than her income would permit, plunged her creditors and half the beau world into the most hopeless despair, and then slipped off to Spain, whither her fame had preceded her. Arrived in the Spanish capital, she accepted a three weeks’ engagement as a *dansette* at the opera, and then, recruited in purse, went to Naples, Portugal, etc., and finally returned to Paris, paid up her debts, and then shipped herself to the United States. In figure, Lola is rather plump, and of the middle height; a pale, dark complexion, the lower part of the features symmetrical, the upper part not so good, owing to rather prominent cheek bones, but set off by a pair of unusually large blue eyes with long black lashes.

**IMMIGRATION INTO TEXAS.**—Day after day it comes in unceasingly. Whenever we step to the doors or south windows of our office, looking out upon the square, we see trains of wagons, halted until supplies are purchased and inquiries made about the country and the roads. Upon the southern lines of travel through the State, as we hear, there is the same ceaseless stream, ever moving—a sort of Mississippi of human life, pouring its current by various debouches into our State. Assuredly, the increase of our population this year must be very great.  
Northern Texas Standard.

## ITEMS.

“My German friend how long have you been married?” “Vel, dis is a ting vat I seldom dont like to taunk spaut, but ven I dur, it seems to be as long as it never vas.”

“Equal and Exact Justice to all Men, of whatever State or persuasion, religion or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all Nations—Fostering Alliance with none.” [Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Democracy.

The following is by Tom Moore, and is very pretty:—  
Do you, said Fanny, t’other day,  
In earnest love me as you say?  
Or are those tender words applied  
Alike to fifty girls beside?

Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;  
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—  
She stopped me as the oath I took,  
And cried, you’ve sworn, now kiss the book.”

A down-east poet, in one of his desperate efforts, thus eloquently sets forth his choice of life:—

Some poets’ theme is the foreign clime,  
Or a life in the woods with the country bloods,  
And a TATER patch for me.

**THE FRENCH PRESIDENT’S DRILL.**—So completely is France a military nation, that bodies of its private citizens even, have been drilled by Louis Napoleon—with bullets.—Punch.

The deficiency of corn in Hungary is so alarming that an Austrian commissioner has been sent with a view to establishing magazines at the government expense. The dearth has not arisen so much from a bad harvest, as from the devastated condition of the country, and the inability of the peasantry to cultivate it.

At Boston, the Thermometer was down to 48 degrees below zero, on Monday.  
A dispatch from Erie, Pa., under date of 15th inst., runs thus:—“Snow preposterously deep. Two hundred passengers waiting to go East, and three hundred between here and Dunkirk to go West. No cars over New York and Erie road in four days. Snow fourteen feet deep on the track.”

A New Discovery.—Dumardion has been excited by the alleged discovery by an engineer of some celebrity named Andraud of the means of seeing the air. If, he says, you take a piece of card colored black of the size of the eye, and pierce with a fine needle a hole in the middle, you will on looking through that hole at a clear sky or a lighted lamp, see a multitude of molecules floating about, which molecules constitute the air.

The report of the Treasurer of the Washington Monument Association, states that the amount received by him from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1851, was \$89,170 50, and the amount disbursed, \$86,542 59. The amount now in bank to the credit of the Association is \$2,627 14, and the amount of stock owned, remaining unsold, \$8,309 60.

“La me!” sighed Mrs. Partington, “here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventrator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the brain, and now I’m sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you’re sick.”

A lady of Philadelphia, now on a visit to the Fatherland, in a letter to a friend, says:

“We have had a very severe snow storm, which continued fifty-four hours. The oldest inhabitants say they have never known so much snow in so short a space of time. The snow now lies four feet high in the streets. There are hundreds of people employed in clearing the sidewalks. Three poor unfortunate women were found frozen in the snow near the city. It lies twelve feet high between here and Leipzig, and fourteen persons and ten horses were found buried in the snow near Bautzen. The cold is intense, and the poor suffer dreadfully.”

Bonaparte’s house at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn—the room he died in is a stable—and where the imperial corpse lay in state may be found a machine for grinding corn. Bonaparte often remarked, that “from the sublime to the ridiculous was but a step.”

“Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring class of Mankind, none is so efficient as that which deludes them with paper money. It is the most perfect expedient ever invented for fertilizing the rich man’s fields by the sweat of the poor man’s brow.”—[Daniel Webster.

The Hon. R. Choate, in a late speech in Boston, referring to the stormy aspect of the political horizon of Europe, said:—“It has seemed to me as if the prerogatives of crowns, and the rights of men, and the boarded up resentments and revenges of a thousand years, were about to unsleath the sword for a conflict, in which the blood shall flow as in the Apocalyptic vision, to the brides of the horses, and in which a whole age shall pass away—in which the great bell of time shall sound for another hour—in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel—whether it is of nature and of nature’s god, or not!”

Mrs. Swisshelm says the reason one nation conquers another, is not owing to the kind of arms they use, but the kind of food. In her opinion, meat will triumph over cabbage. So long as cattle and Hindoos feed on cauliflower, and the Tartars over the other. When Ireland frees herself from England, it will be when Ireland swaps off her potatoes and takes to pork. To repeat *franklin to come from butter-milk*, is absurd as to look for ballot-boxes in Russia.

To put five hundred dollars out at interest, have yourself packed in ice, and stay frozen, with suspended life, till it amounts to a fortune seems now becoming a possible resource. The scientific men of France are, at present, speculating on a recent instance of a young man being brought to life after being frozen up eleven months, on the Alps.

It has given rise to a revived belief in the theory that life can be suspended at a pleasure, and criminals are about to be demanded of the Government to be frozen on experiment. The reader will already have inferred what relief this offers to such unhappy ladies as find themselves not cotemporary with the hearts they sigh to win. They have only to be iced till overtaken! We should add that the above is by no means a joke, however. The blood of a living man was infused into the veins of the frozen youth, and he moved and spoke. The experiment was afterwards tried on a hare, frozen for the purpose, and with complete success.

GOOD ADVICE.—One of the German Farmers of Pennsylvania, “once upon a time” gave the following good advice to his son who was about to make a start in the world himself:—“Make the land as rich as possible, take nothing but specie, and vote the Democratic ticket.”

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.—A joint resolution has been offered in Congress so to amend the Constitution of the United States as to make U. S. Senators elective by the qualified voters of the people of the respective States.

It has been generally supposed that the natural bridge in Virginia was the only geological wonder of the kind in the country. This is a mistake. In Carter county, Kentucky, there is a natural bridge across the Rockbridge branch of the Cany fork of Little Sandy. It is 195 feet span, 12 feet wide, 20 feet thick in the middle of the arch, and 107 feet above the water. In the county of Walzer, in Alabama, there is another similar natural curiosity, which was discovered in a recent geological exploration. The span is 120 feet, and the height nearly 70. This bridge is formed of sandstone, and is very symmetrical. Large beech and hemlock trees grow on the bridge, and the surrounding scenery is represented as sublime.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—Mr. H. B. Rapp called at our office, and exhibited a model glass coffin. The object is to supersede all metallic or wooden substances in articles of this kind, and at the same time to provide a substantial and appropriate tenement for the remains of the dead. The idea is novel, and it should immediately engage the attention of our undertakers. Mr. Rapp is taking measures to secure a patent, and he will soon be in readiness to furnish coffins of all sizes. These coffins are intended to be air-tight, and it is thought, therefore, that decomposition will take place very slowly, if at all, especially as pains will be taken to produce a vacuum within.

The following is the copy of a bill read in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives on the 9th inst.:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any negro or mulatto to come into or settle in this Commonwealth; and any negro or negroes, mulatto or mulattoes, so coming, immigrating, or moving into this State, for the purpose of settling therein, shall be liable to an imprisonment of not less than two or more than nine months upon conviction thereof.

Sec. 2. That any person or persons employing or otherwise encouraging any such negro or mulatto to emigrate into, settle, or remain within the bounds of this Commonwealth, shall be liable to a fine of not less than fifty or more than one hundred dollars, to be recovered as other fines of like amount are recoverable.

Sec. 3. That such fine or fines so recovered shall be paid into the treasury of the proper county until demanded by the overseers of the poor of the township to which the offence or offences enumerated in the foregoing sections of this act shall have been committed, who shall apply it to the use and comfort of the poor in their charge.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the overseers of the poor in the different townships, wards or boroughs of this Commonwealth to make information and prosecute to conviction all persons violating the second and third sections of this act; and any overseer of the poor who shall knowingly neglect or refuse so to make information as aforesaid, shall be liable to the fine imposed by the second section of this act.