

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEV.

Our Minute.

[How much tender fugitive poetry, the offspring of genuine feeling, circulates unclaimed in the American newspapers! Here, for example, is a beautiful effusion, fresh from the pure fountain of a mother's heart, upon the death of "Our Minnie," which would do no discredit to any living poet:]

"O Close with reverent care those eyes:
Their meek and sorrowing light hath fled;
No trembling gleam through mists of tears
From those dimmed orbs will more be shed.

Draw down the thin and azure lid:
No look of mute, appealing pain,
No piercing anguish-gaze on Heaven,
Will strike through those blue depths again.

Now gently smooth her soft brown hair;
Shred not those glossy braids away;
But part the bright locks round her brow,
As sweetly in her life they lay.

Press one soft kiss on those soft lips:
They thrill not now like flickering flame;
They'll never unclose, in troubled dreams,
To breathe again that cherished name.

But press them softly; still and cold,
They part not with the sleeper's breath;
Fear thou to break the softened seal,
Left by the kindly touch of DEATH!

Wrap the white shroud about her breast:
No trembling thro' shall stir its fold;
No wild emotions woe to life,
Within that bosom snowy cold.

Fold tenderly her fair young hands:
The heart beneath in stillness lies;
They'll never strive with tightened clasp,
Again to hush its anguished cries.

O! fierce but brief the storm that swept
The bloom from this pale sleeper's brow;
And keen the pang that rent apart
The bosom calmly shrouded now."

Young America Pierced.

For some months past, says the Harrisburg Union, the Democratic Review, with the aid of a few other prints and Congress orators, have been harpooning the "Old Fogies" at a terrible rate, by way of annihilating them all at the National Convention, and placing in the white house their youthful idol. Our veteran statesmen, who had grown grey in the service of their country and had their judgments ripened by long experience, were denounced as miserable old Fogies, who needed the milk bottle held to their lips to afford them proper nourishment—they were represented as being useless in both the field and the cabinet, and after a certain age were to be carried to their political funeral pile and the wisdom that they had stored up by long study sunk into the grave with them. Young America, fresh, ardent and vigorous, was to be elevated, and old fogism trodden into the dust. The cohorts of Young America repaired to Baltimore, they enlisted the sympathies, the passions and the cupidity of the young delegates in the Convention, they bargained in the secret chambers, clamored in the public bar rooms, and pulled the wires in the Convention, to lay out cold their old Foggy opponents and elevate their champion.

It so happened, however, that there were a few Fogies in the Virginia line embued with some little of the wisdom of the Fogies of old, and when they saw young Absalom struggling in the meshes set for him, they PIERCED him through the heart and left him as a monument to all who might come after, of the folly of despising the wisdom of age and experience.

"Fierce the Lion Tamer."—We clip the following from a Menagerie advertisement in the *Cin. Enquirer*:

Mr. Pierce will enter the dens of the Wild Beasts, and give his classical illustration of Hercules struggling with the Numidian Lion, Daniel in the Lion's den; Samson destroying the Lion, &c.

The Buffalo Courier remarks that another gentleman, of the same name, will perform similar feats in the political den in November next.

Large Crop of Wheat.—The Wilmington, (Del.) Republican says the wheat crop of Mayor Jones, of St. George's Hundred, will yield about six thousand bushels. He had in over three hundred acres, consequently the yield is about twenty bushels to the acre. Some eighteen hundred dollars' worth of guano were put on the ground a few years ago this land would net yield over ten or twelve bushels to the acre.

A SPEECH BY MEAGHER.

To the Irish Military of New York.

From the New York Courier.

The Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Colonel B. C. Ferris, and the Sixty-ninth Regiment, Colonel Doherty, together with the Montgomery Guards, Emmet Guards, and several other Irish companies attached to the different regiments, with some independent corps, paraded yesterday afternoon, were reviewed on the Battery, and addressed in Castle Garden, by Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq. The Military turned out remarkably full ranks, and never appeared to better advantage.

About three o'clock, the Military were drawn up in a line on the Battery, the Ninth Regiment attended by Manhattan's Band, Shelton's Band also being in line. At four o'clock, Mr. Meagher appeared to review them, and his arrival was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering, which was kept up the whole time occupied by him in the review. He walked in citizen's dress, accompanied by the chief officers, along the line, without ostentation, and with hat in hand, bowing respectfully to the assembly, in return to their hearty greeting.

After the review, he was escorted to Castle Garden, in which he was soon to address his brethren.

At the entrance to Castle Garden, considerable difficulty was experienced, as an immense crowd had gathered, all anxious to gain admittance, and here many indiscretions were committed, both by those who were eager to get in, and those whose duty it was to maintain order. But with this exception all things were as orderly as could reasonably have been expected.

As soon as the Military and civilians were seated, (about 5000 in all) Mr. Meagher, a few ladies and several officers upon the stage, Col. Doherty came forward, and in the name of the Irish Military organizations of New York, delivered to Mr. Meagher an eloquent address, which was warmly cheered by the audience.

At the close of the address, and as soon as the cheering ceased, Mr. Meagher came forward and spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen:—I trust you will not be displeased with me if I say that I regret the publicity which has been given to this event, for in may have given rise to expectation which I am not in a position to fulfil. [No, no.] Yet the address you have been pleased to present, I accept with sentiments of respect, gratitude, and pride. [Loud cheers.] Assuring me of your friendship; stamping a sanction upon my past career; expressive of high hope and manly purpose, it lifts my spirit up, and imparts a golden color to the current of my thoughts. [Renewed cheers.] The more so, since you disclaim in this proceeding, the intention to hold an idle pageant, or solemnize a vain oration.— [Hear, hear.] I can, therefore, speak to you with a free heart, and in language that, of its own nature, will exempt itself from criticism. [Loud applause.] Had not a word been spoken, the scene before me would inspire the happiest emotions. Those arms point to the loftier regions of our history. They penetrate and disturb the clouds which overcharge the present hour—revealing to us, in the light which quivers from them, many a fragment and monument of glory. [Loud cheers.]

There are laurels interwoven with the cypress upon that old ruin—[renewed cheering]—the home of our fathers—the sanctuary of our faith—the fountain of our love. [Applause.] Desolate as it is, it reminds us of our descent and lineage. Of the soldiers, the scholars, and the statesmen, who the bright and indestructible links of that descent and lineage, we have no reason to be ashamed. [Cheers.] The nation that lifts her head the highest in the world would vote them statues in her Pantheon. To the scholars and the statesmen of our country, on another occasion, let there be a fitting tribute paid. On this day, other recollections are called forth, and names and exploits that are dear to the Irish soldier arise in quick succession, and star the field of memory. [Cheers.] The names of O'Neill, O'Donnell, Mount-cashel, Sarsfield, Dillon and De Lacy, awake, like the echoes of a trumpet, from the rugged heights and recesses of the past. There is the defence of Bambray, the retreat of Altenheim, the battle of Malpique. The colors of the brigade moulder in the Church of the Invalides.— [Cheers.]

France cannot forget the noble contributions made to her glory by the regiments of Burke, Galmoy, and Hamilton. She cannot forget that at Cremona, where the activity and vigor of her own sons were relaxed by the fine climate, the wines, the delicious fruits, the gaily and licentiousness of Italy—when the drum was silent, and not a soldier scoured the neighborhood or passed the rampart—she cannot forget that the Irish regiments alone retained the vigor of military discipline [cheers:] on parade or at the post assigned them [cheers:] that they alone defeated the treachery of the monk, Cassioli, and, fighting in their shirts, beat back the cavalry of Prince Eugene and the grenadiers of De Merici. [Loud cheering.] Neither can she forget that on the Adige—up through the mountains, whose shadows darken the northern shores

of the Lake of Garda—up through the passes where the best of the Austrian engineers had cut their trenches, and gallant peasantry stood guard—up the faces of these steep precipices, which seemed accessible only to the eagle the chamois—the Irish sprang, [tremendous cheers] and clutched the keys of Riva. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.]

But not to the memory of France alone do we appeal for the vindication of the courage of our fathers. Spain, which received the remnant of Tyrone's army—Austria, in whose ranks so many thousands of the exiles perished—Russia, whose forces were organized by Lacy—will bear witness that the land which bore us has given birth to men whose chivalry and genius enriched their country to a nobler fate. [Loud cheers.] We need not allude to the revolution out of which—like Chrysaor from the blood of Medusa—this noble Republic rose. [Continued cheers.]

To the gratitude of the country, in the midst of whose fruitfulness and glory we repose, let us confidently commit the renown of those in whose graves are set the foundations of her freedom.— [Cheers.] Further to the South—where the Andes tower and the Amazon rolls his mighty flood—the Celt—the spurred and beggared Celt!—has left his footprint on many a field of triumph. [Cheers.] Venezuela, Chacabuco, Valparaiso, have recollections of the fiery valor before which the flag of the Escorial went down. [Enthusiasm applause.]

Such being the case, you have just reason to be proud, and America just reason to trust you. [Loud cheers.] America, with her hand upon her own and other histories, may confide in your integrity, your fealty, and devotion. [Renewed cheers.] I spoke not of the hope which Ireland may derive from your organization, and the propitious influence it may exercise, in some happier season, upon her interests and ultimate condition. This is a subject on which no one, least of all a young politician, should treat inconsiderately or with temerity. But this I can safely say, that whether Irishmen cast their fortunes permanently here, or, answering to some wise and inspiring summons, shall return to the land from whence they have been forced to fly, the use of arms will improve their character, will strengthen and exalt it [cheers], freeing it from many of the irregularities which enfeeble and degrade.

The discipline of the soldier will adapt it to the more serious and sacred duties of life, and render it capable of experiencing adversity without despair, or victory without intemperance. [Loud cheers.] In contemplating this alternative, I speak not without a precedent, nor do I suggest a movement hostile or dangerous to the Constitution you are sworn, armed, and emboldened to maintain. [Cheers.]

The example of Kosciusko requires no apology or panegyric. The world is the temple of his fame—the sun, his coronet of glory. Leaving his native land in the days of his fresh and radiant youth, he plunged himself into the red sea, that lay between America and her liberties. [Cheers.] Having fought nobly in her cause, and beheld that cause enthroned and recognized he returned to his native country, and, desirous of establishing there, what he had here contributed to secure, took rank under Poniatowski, faced and broke the cuirassiers of Frederick, and paused not until the lance of the Cossack quivered above his heart. [Great applause.]

The same story may yet be told of one who, flying from the shores of Ireland, devoted his manhood to the service of this country, and returning to the soil from whence his hopes, his memories, and his sorrows sprung, found a grave, not beneath the ruins of his native land, but beneath the arch of triumph, reared to commemorate her ascension from the tomb. [Loud cheers.]

The day may be distant that will realize this conjecture. The history of Ireland suggests dependency, and reconciles us, by anticipation, to the worst. The sanguine, the generous, the courageous, the ambitious even—all share alike in the gloom which that history diffuses. Yet, it is no impiety for me to predict, that as her suffering has been long, her happiness shall be great, and that as she has been called upon to bear a weary burden, and to pine and plod in sickness and starvation, whilst other nations have rejoiced, so, when the appointed day has come shall her joy be the more joyful, and her glory the more glorious. [Cheers.] If such should be the will of Providence, Providence, in His own good time, will indicate the way. To the promised land there will be to us guides upon earth, and commandments from on high.— Faithful, piously, lovingly, let us await that time, and with pure hearts and upright spirits, perfect ourselves in those arts and habits which will enable us to meet it with advantage.— [Loud cheers.]

This is the noblest object we can have upon this earth. There is, however, another object which here should stir the feelings, and stimulate the energies—should prompt the intellect, quicken the industry, fire the ambition of all who come from Ireland—who are jealous of her name, anxious for the sympathy of all great and reputable nations, and who have fixed for her, in the coming years, an abode of peace, and an eminence of renown. [Cheers.] Here, in this

land, the resort of strangers from every clime, the centre of civilization—the great anchorage of commerce—the citadel of freedom, by the cultivation of those virtues which strengthen, embellish, and elevate a State, by sobriety, honesty, and assiduity in all pursuits in generous and cheerful subordination to her laws, in warm and strenuous fidelity to her charter—will the name of Ireland be made respected, a deep and enduring sympathy for her sufferings and her mission be evoked, and new facilities be opened for the redemption to which, with broken accent, and a wounded heart, she aspires. [Loud cheers.]

To this end, the military organization, of which I here behold so conspicuous an illustration, is sure to conduce. It is the school of propriety, honor, generosity, fidelity, and courage. It absorbs and concentrates the more vigorous faculties, the more liberal tastes, the more active emotions of the community, and regulating, purifying, endowing them with a spirit of decorum, harmony and nobility, reimburses them to the State, in a condition so improved, and with a force so augmented, that she may enjoy the fullest prosperity with confidence, and face the most formidable menace without dismay.— [Cheers, and cries of "the Fisheries!"] Like one of your noble lakes, which combines and congregates the vague and wandering elements of strength, impetuosity, and progress, which precipitate themselves from your mountains, course along your plains, and deepen in your valleys—to send them forth again with renewed rapidity and power to fertilize your fields, to flood the aqueducts your art has reared, and float the wealth you have wafted from and beckoned to your shores. [Tremendous cheers.]

Nor are the benefits, neither is the spirit which emanates from this organization, confined to those of whom it is composed. Pervading every section of the Commonwealth by its influence, it consolidates that Union whose perpetuity was the noble aim of the eminent statesman for whose death, seven days since, this city robed herself in mourning. [Great applause.]

Counteracting the influence of avarice, luxury, and fashion, it keeps alive in mansions and cottages—costlier than those of Tyre or Sidon, of Genoa or Venice—that spirit of patriotism which broke from the lips of the Lacedaemonian mother, when, in answer to the messenger who told her that her five sons were slain in battle, she exclaimed—"I asked not concerning my children—I asked only for my country; if that be prosperous, I am happy!"—[Applause]—that spirit of patriotism which inspired the mother of Coriolanus, when she exclaimed—"Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine, my good Marius—I had rather have seven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action!"— [Loud cheering.]

Other feelings, hardly less exalted, and operating no less sublimely, derive from it their origin. In the freest monarchy which the friends of monarchy can boast of, the citizens are defrauded of the prerogative which is theirs, by the law of necessity, of interest and of honor, and which extends the solicitude which guards the franchise, to the wider circle of the State.— [Hear, and cheers.] Hence all the ruder propensities of our nature prevail in a more marked degree. There is less warmth, less confidence, less frankness, less vivacity, and the common aspect of the people is sullen, sluggish and repulsive. [Cheers.] Here, the poorest trader that drives an honest bargain in the meanest quarter of the city—the poorest mechanic that shed his sweat upon the garret for his bread—is cheered in his drudgery by the proud thought that he, as well as the wealthiest, is an active and essential component of the State—that by his vote he affects the direction of her Government, and by his arms, and the habits they impose, co-operates in her defence.— [Great applause.]

It must lighten the toil, exhilarate his heart, quicken his pulse, and pour fresh metal into his worn and withered arm, to feel that, like Putnam, he may turn from his obscure labor to share the exciting perils of the field. [Cheers.] Lifting him above the superstitions, which haunt him from the cradle, it subdues the fear of pain and inspires a disdain of death. Divesting it of its terrors, it comes not like the Erinny, with a cincture of snakes, and heralded by the cries of Cithaeron, but beautiful as Hyperion, with his brow radiant with an immortal star, and his summons is—

"Welcome as the cry
That told the Indian Isles were near
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew over the Haytian seas."

[Loud and continued cheers.] Mr. Meagher concluded by citing the following passage of Washington's Farewell Address:—

"Profundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong inducement to unceasing vows, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and

virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it."

A Sad Story.

THE EXILES.

An Incident of Real Life.

Translated from the German.

It was in the year 1833, and consequently, some years after the Warsaw revolution, that the young Wenski, in company with some fellow-sufferers, returned from France to Galicia. It was necessary that his residence there should be kept a complete mystery. He, therefore, under various names and in different costumes, passed from one noble house to another, and so came to the M'Enshe mansion. Here he found Wanda, the only daughter, a tender protectress, and she, in him, a worthy object of her sympathy and care.

But for a short time only were they suffered to enjoy their noble friendship. Despite all vigilance, the retreat of Wenski was discovered, and one unfortunate night he fell into the hands of his enemies. The great iron gate separated him from the object of his affection. The trial commenced, and some months afterwards he was sentenced to be given to Russia. Scarcely had the terrible news reached the lady, than she improved the very short time left Wenski for intercourse with other men; to unite herself indissolubly to him in marriage. A priest blessed the mournful nuptials, and the bridal pair rose from before the altar to undertake the journey to Russia. The young wife did not know if, when they reached their bourne, she would be allowed to follow her husband to prison, or even what his fate would be, whether banishment or something worse. The uncertainty did not long continue. Upon the Russian journey his fate was decided. Wenski was drafted to Oremberg as a common-soldier. It was a melancholy fate, but the wife followed her husband to Siberia.

Arrived upon the spot, they soon convinced themselves, like the other exiles, that their position was not so utterly wretched as at first and at a distance they had imagined. Why should a man be more miserable upon the steppes than in the drawing room! The human heart hardens much more slowly in the desert than in the circles of the so-called fine society, perhaps because the fewer objects men have around them the more clinging are their sympathies for their neighbors. Wenski and his wife had many an opportunity of proving the truth of what we say, for frequent kindly services and words spoken from the heart of those around them sweetened the bitterness of exile. Heaven had blessed them, also, with two lovely children.

But they were not to enjoy this happiness long. The cholera broke out in the Oremberg, and the two children fell first under the scourge. A few hours stripped the roses from those young cheeks and sowed them with deathly pallor.— Bowed down with anguish, the parents stood by the death bed of their children, and the mother was so sorely wounded that, she sickened.— What availed it that Wenski sought every means to save his wife! The feeble skill of the physician was powerless against the climate of Siberia. Wenski exhausted all possibilities of succor for his wife; but, when all appeared fruitless, he himself succumbed to a consuming sorrow. But this despair affected the object of his care more potently than all the means of science.— The declining health of her husband was a sufficient reason for her to recover her own.— Wanda, fearing to lose her beloved, roused herself, mended apace, and was the staff upon which leaned the world-bent Russian soldier. Yet his grief did not appear to diminish. On the contrary, in the circle of his friends, he became constantly colder and gloomier and cried, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, that he was tired of life and would faint die. A few days afterwards he was missed. Search was made in every direction. His cap and coat were found upon the banks of the Ural. There could be no doubt that he had destroyed himself.

The unhappy wife received with silence and resignation the tidings of her husband's death; no murmur escaped her lips; her eyes were tearless; only in their depths betraying itself a glimmering restlessness which convinced the spectator that her mind was touched. The reason was easy to understand. Separated from her cherished husband, she might now return to her native land. She wished to do that, but not without bearing with her the remembrance of her married happiness, the bodies of her children. This thought became her fixed idea, and drove her before the governor to urge her suit. The governor was a stern man, who, however, in his hard office had not lost all human sympathy. He was moved by the mother's appeal.—

He not only granted her prayer, which he officially should not have done, but he helped her arrangements for the removal of the coffins, which were placed in a large box closing behind, and gave her also a Cossack to guide her out of the country and to assist her in every difficulty. When all was ready, the mournful mother her-

self placed in the sled, which stood in the court of her house, the little coffins of her children, took affectionate leave of friends and acquaintances, and drove away.

The journey passed rapidly, and Wanda Wenski scarcely left the sled which was truly her home, for she ate and slept in it. No one wondered at this singular manner of life, least of all the Cossack, who had understood that his charge was insane, and who therefore carefully protected her. The travellers had already left the country between the Ural and the Wolga behind, and were beyond Simbirsk, when the carriage stopped at a little station to arrange the passports and to change horses. As everywhere else, the Cossack stepped into the office to make the necessary report, and had gone out again. He had no desire to undertake conversation with his dumb companion, constantly lost in gloomy thought. But as he came out from the office he leaned upon the back of the sled, where Wanda did not see him, while the horses were changed. As he stood here he suddenly heard in the box, which held the coffins, slight noise.

Terrified, he sprang aside, yet presently recovered himself sufficiently to approach the mysterious box and apply his ear to it. All was still. Most other men would have supposed they were mistaken, and would not have sought further.— But not so with the Cossack. The "duty," which in the mind of every genuine Russian takes precedence of all other feeling, even the holies, urged him back into the office to mention what he heard. Immediately an official accompanied by an inspector, approached the sled, and requested Wanda, who had no suspicion of what had happened, to alight. They proceeded to search, and the unhappy wife, now utterly deprived of courage, sunk powerless.— They removed her from the carriage, and laid her upon the ground in order to prosecute the search more methodically. The first object which fell under the officers' eyes were the two little coffins, which had served Wanda for a seat. The box in the rear of the sled concealed the living Wenski!

Of course, they were both immediately arrested, and placed under strict surveillance. Wanda was no longer the wife of the exile, but a criminal who had sought to assist a fugitive from justice. The examination instituted on the spot, disclosed that Wanda, in despair at the condition of her husband, had sought some means of protecting the beloved of her heart, and saving him from suicide. By her advice, he played the part of an insane man, weary of life, and finally disappeared, while his wife, in the darkness of night, carried his cap and coat to the banks of the Ural, and left them there. Through incredible sufferings and dangers she concealed him in the house, and the moment the sled came into the court, Wenski crept unnoticed into the place destined for the coffins, and was there fed and nursed by his faithful wife. It seemed as if heaven smiled upon her heroic effort, for no one suspected the secret. But by evil chance one of the boards of the box slipped from its groove and pressing the side of the prisoner, drew a slow cry of pain from his lips, which the Cossack heard, and all the ingenuity, the sacrifice, the suffering were nought.

Vain were all promises and prayers. Even the glitter of gold, against which the Russian is not always proof, was this time powerless. The unfortunate pair were returned to Oremberg as criminals. In Simbirsk, where a long pause was made, they besought the official as an especial favor, that the children, whose parts were played out, might be buried. Permission was given, and even no hindrance was offered to a public funeral. The little town containing some 12,000 inhabitants, offered that day an animated spectacle, for everybody turned out to attend the unrequited ceremony; see the man who had known so melancholy a fate, and the wife who endured everything to save her husband. It was a heart-toughing sight, when the hearse moved slowly through the street; the wretched father, laden with heavy chains, following, and the mother a figure of sorrow, tottering after, supported by several men. No eye that saw the sight was tearless, and as the multitude could not express their sympathy in any other manner, they did so by gifts which were showered upon the unhappy pair from all sides. Among the rest came a poorly clothed man, who threw a warm skin over Wanda's shoulders and disappeared. Another did the same to Wenski. As great was the hatred for the Cossack, who was reckoned the cause of all this unhappiness, as sympathy for the victims, and even so characteristic was expression, that whenever he showed himself there was a muttering of curse, and imprecations, especially among the women. Nothing remained for the officials but to conceal the "dudiful" Cossack until the departure of the criminals.

Wenski and his wife soon entered Oremberg, but with different feelings from those with which they had quitted it. Then the hope of freedom smiled upon them, even if pain and suffering hovering around. Now they were sure of a terrible fate, and justly so, for the place of their future residence was Nertschinsk. Wenski was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. His wife was to see him no more. This gave her the death blow. She followed her husband to the frightful Nertschinsk, and wandered around the walls, within which her husband languished. But her heart was broken, and before a year had passed she lay upon her bier. The Siberian heaven fosters no blossoms upon the grave, and the lifeless wanderer steps upon the little mound which covers the victim to conjugal love. May her memory be green to our hearts for ever.

The poor Constantine Wenski, whose fair fate it was to be loved as few are loved, survives yet, forgotten by the world, a miserable being. Forgotten even by his family, who might do something for his relief, he is a prey to the most wretched suffering. The Russian Government does not forbid alms to the exiles. The post goes to Nertschinsk, and God's blessing consecrates every mite sent thither for the alleviation of an unhappy man.