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## THE WASTED FLOWER.

The storms of Heaven have born thee down; Thy stem is broke-thy leaves are strown In wild disorder o'er the plain, Whence thou shalt never lift again Thy head, to catch the evening dew, Or charm the lonely wanderer's view.

Yet, wasted flower! thy sweet perfume Partakes not of thy fearful doom; It lingers still around the spot Where first thy form the sunshine caught; And pours its incense on the air, When thou art desolate and bare.

Thou art a type, thou levely flower! Of virtue's death-serving power-Fit emblem of the fragrance shed Around the truly virtuous dead-The hallowed memory of the good, Which from the grave's cold solitude, Gives to the thought of parted worth, A charm unknown to things of earth.

## RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

commencement of the present war, has just published—under the title of an An Englishwoman in Russia—three hundred and fifty pages of information upon the actual state of society in that empire. The book confirms ideas familiar to many people; but inasmuch as it does this in the most satisfactory way, whelly by illustrations drawn from personal experience or information of a trustworthy kind, its value is equal to its interest. Having read it, we lay it down, and here make

tism has established there so strict a censorship, that even the Russian scholar only learns as much of his own country as the emperor shall please, and a learned traveller assured our countrywoman that, of an account written by him of his journeys in the north of Asia, only those parts were allowed to be published wherein nothing was said tending to expose wherein nothing was said tending to expose the desolation of the land. The regions of the barren north were no more to be confessed than a defeat in arms. The great historian of Russia—Karamsin—was obliged to read his pages to the emperor before he was allowed to publish them. Not only a certain class of facts, but also a certain class of thoughts, are rigidly kept from the public mind.

One of the best living Russian authors complained to the Englishwoman that all those parts of his works that he valued most had been cut out by the censor. He wrote a play containing, as he thought, some admirable speeches; it came back to him from the censor's office with every one of them erased, and only the

with every one of them erased, and only the light conversation left as fit for the amusement of the public. Shakspeare is honored greatly by the trading class, and translations of King Lear and Hamlet are frequently performed; but all those of Shakspear's plays which contain sentiments of iberty, such as Julius Cæsar, are excluded by the censor. A Russian writer wished to produce a play, on some subject in English history; upon which he consulted with our countrywoman. Every topic was found dangerous. The story of Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was suggested. The Russian shook his head. It would not be allowed. "Why not? It is a legend of a thousand years age."—"Why, they would never let Elfrida's husband cheat the king."—"But he was not a Czar."—"No

matter. The act is the same, and the possibility of a crowned head's being deceived would never be admitted by the Czar."

The Czar of Russia practically stands before the greater number of his subjects as a little more than God. "The Czar is near,—God is far off," is a common Russian saying. "God and the Czar know it," is the Russian for our "Heaven knows!" A gentleman describing one evening the ampropr's recen-

was rejoiced to hear it, as he had died for the emperor." Imperial munificence rewarded her with a splendid dowry, and the assurance that her future fortune should be cared for. There is need now to encourage a show of

patriotism. The Englishwoman who, on her return, found London streets as full of peace as when she quitted them;—had left St. Petersburg wearing a far different aspect. Long lines of cannon and ammunition-wagons drawn up here and there; parks of artillery continually dragged about; outworks being constructed; regiments marching in and out; whole armies submitting to inspection and departing on their mission, told of the deadly struggle to which the Czar's ambition had committed him. There was no hour in which wretched recruits might not be seen tramping in wearihim. There was no hour in which wretched recruits might not be seen tramping in wearily, by hundreds and by thousands, to receive the emperor's approval. It is hard for us in this country to conceive the misery attending the terrible conceptions which plague the subjects of the Russian empire. Except recruits, hardly a young man is to be seen in any of the villages; the post roads are being all mended by women and girls. Men taken from their homes and families, leave behind, among the women, broken ties and the foundation of a dreadful mass of vice and immorality. It is fearful enough under ordinary cirity. It is fearful enough under ordinary circumstances. "True communism," said a Russian noble, "is to be found only in Rus-

One morning a poor woman went crying bitterly to the Englishweman, saying that her two nephews had just been forced from her house to go into the army. "I tried"—we leave the relator of these things to speak in her own impressive words—"I tried to console her, saying that they would return when the war was over; but this only made her more distressed. "No! no!" exclaimed she, in the deepest sorrow, "they will never come ROMINITE Of Tolatorij.

In the deepest sorrow, "they will never come back any more; the Russians are beaten in every place." Until lately the lower classes were always convinced that the emperor's troops were invincible; but it seems, by what she said, that even they have got to know something of the truth. A foreigner in St. Petersburg informed me that he had "gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among the Russians, and did not lomesticated among the Russians, and did not seem as mong those who were pronounced fit for service, whilst the rejected ones were frantic patriotic and the country that this soffering directly comes. When the noble proprietor himself lives in the white house that peeps from among trees, side by side with the gilt dome of its church, the slaves on the estate are reasonably happy. It is not true that a Russian gentlemen and ladies of the country that this shefering directly comes. When the noble proprietor himself lives in the white house that peeps from among trees, side by side with the gilt dome of its church, the slaves on the estate are reasonably happy. It is not true that a Russian gentleman is frequently intoxicated. A Russian lady never is so.—

Of the government functionaries, who form a large class of the country that this shefering directly comes. When the noble proprietor himself lives in the white house that peeps from among trees, side by side with the gilt dome of its church, the slaves on the estate are reasonably happy. It is not true that a Russian gentleman is frequently intoxicated. A Russian lady never is so.—

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read it, we lay it down, and here make of some of the impressions it has left upus.

There is nothing to cause you to be so?"

There is something to cause him to be so, we are very much disposed to think.

Unless, from one who has been for a long But we did not mean to tell about the war. time an English resident, and who can speak without passion, it is not easy to get clear views of the internal state of Russia. Desponavigable rivers roll useless through extensive wilds Except the excellent roads that con-nect St. Petersburg with Moscow and with Warsaw, and a few fragments of road serving as drives in the immediate vicinity of these towns, there are no roads at all in Russia that are roads in any civilized sense. The post roads of the empire are clearings through wood, with boughs of trees laid here and there, wood, with boughs of trees laid here and there, tracks over steppes and through morasses—
There is everywhere the grandeur of nature; but it is the grandeur of its solitudes. A few huts surround government post stations, and small brick houses at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles along the routes are the halting places of gangs destined for Siberia. A few log huts, many of them no better than the wigwams of Red Indians, some of them aderned with elegant wood tracery, a line of such dwellings, and commonly also a row of willows by the wayside, indicate a Russian village.

A number of churches and monasteries with domes and cupolas, green, gilt, or dark blue. A number of churches and monasteries with domes and cupolas, green, gilt, or dark blue, studded with golden stars, and surmounted each by a cross standing on a crescent; barracks, a government school and a post office; a few good houses, and a great number of huts—constitute a Russion provincial town, and the surrounding wastes or forests shut it in. The rapid traveler who follows one of the

two good lines of road, and sees only the show places of Russian civilization, may be very much deceived. Yet even here he is deceived only by a show. The great buildings that appear so massive are of stuccoed brick, and even the massive grandeur of the quays, like that of infinitely greater works, the Pyramids, is allied closely to the barbarous. They were

the equivalent to nations that have become civilized in the slow lapse of time. It can only support, or attempt to support, this reputation by deceit. It must hide, or attempt to hide—and it has hidden from many eyes with much success its mass of barbarism, while by clever and assiduous imitation, as well as by presented a conspiracy against the slaves formed a conspiracy against much success its mass of barbarism, while by clever and assiduous imitation, as well as by pretensions cunningly sustained, it must put forward a show of having what it only in some few directions even strive to get.

The elements of civilization Russia has, in a copious language, soft and beautiful without come within the experience of our country-

forward a show of having what it only in some few directions even strive to get.

The elements of civilization Russia has, in a copious language, soft and beautiful without being effeminate, and a good hearted people, that would become a nobler people under better government. Their character is stained chiefly by ignorance and fear. The best class of Russians—e:pecially those who are not tempted by poverty to the meanness that in Russia is almost the only road to wealth—are boundlessly hospitable, kindly, amiable almost beyond the borders of sincerity, but not with the design of being insincere. They are humane to their serfs; and although this class suffers in Pussia troubles that surpass those of the negro slaves, it is not from the proper gentlemen and ladies of the country that this suffering directly comes. When the noble deceit. Ostentation is the rule. A postmaster, a colonel in rank, receiving forty
pounds a year, and without private estate, is
to be seen keeping a carriage, four horses,
two footmen, and a coachman. His wife
goes extravagantly dressed; she has two or
three children, a maid and a cook to keep;
but she can afford to pay a costly visit every
season to the capital. This system of false
preference of the sort of elegance and polish Russia
has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer
boldly pocket some of his neighbor's money
wages in a family besides being allowed to
but she can afford to pay a costly visit every
season to the capital. This system of false
preference of thomsands

often use this claim of poll-tax as a means of
devouring all the earnings of a struggling
slave. Our Englishwoman met with a poor
ticeship in a French house, and earned bigh
wages in a family besides being allowed to
but she can afford to pay a costly visit every
season to the capital. This system of false
pers and private parties. There was an uppers and private parties. There was an upthe spoon-licking in the back-ground, is typical of the sort of elegance and polish Russia
has.

One day the Englishwoman saw an officer
boldly pocket some of his neighbor's money
while playing at cards. Another slipped up
his sleeve some concert tickets belonging to
her friend. She and her friend both saw him
do it. One day a young officer called while pretension ruins the character of thousands upon thousands. It makes of Russia what it is,—a land eaten up with fraud and lying.— Living near such a colonel-postmaster, the Englishwoman could observe his mode of operation He was about to pay a visit to St. Peters-burg, but wanted money. His expedient was to send an enormous order for iron, for the use of government, to a rich iron-master in the town. The iron-master knew that gold, not iron, was the metal wanted; and as he dared not expose himself to the anger of a government official, he was glad to compromise the matter by the payment of a round sum of silver roubles as a fine for default in execution of the order. The habit of estentation of the order. The habit of ostentation-barbarous in itself, which destroys the usefulness and credit of the employers of government— tempts the poor nobles also to a forfeiture of

their own honor and self-respect.

It runs into everything. Even in the most cultivated classes, few Russians who have not gone out of Russia for their knowledge are really well-informed. They have learnt two really well-informed. They have learnt two or three modern languages, and little else.—
Yet they cultivate a tact in conversing with an air of wisdom upon topics about which they are almost wholly uninformed, and after an hour's sustainment of a false assumption, show, perhaps, by some senseless question, that they cannot have understood properly a syllable upon the points under discussion. Their emptiness of mind is a political institution.—
"If three Russians talk together, one is a spy," wife would part the price?" "Two

stands with them as a social proverb. They are forbidden to express their own opinions are forbidden to express their own opinions upon great movements in the world; their censorship excludes from them the noblest literature; they have no common ground of conversation left but the merits of actors and actresses, the jests of the last farce or trashy comedy, or the state of the opera,—in which place, by-the-by, such operas as William Tell and Massanello are performed with new libretti, from which all taint of a love of liberty has been expunged. Feeling the weakness of this, and in a great many cases secretly resenting it, the men shrug their shoulders and say, the content of the series of the series employed upon the grounds. A lady who lost much money at the gambling table, being pressed to pay a debt of honor, remembered that she had not a female servants who possessed beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and trom which all taint of a love of liberty has been expunged. Feeling the weakness of this, and in a great many cases secretly resenting it, the men shrug their shoulders and say, what would you have? We must play cards and talk of the odd trick." While our countrywoman was countrywoman was countrywoman was countrywoman.

pearance." They even paint their faces. The lower classes of women use a great deal of white paint, and, as it contains mercury, it songs (they are all set in the minor key,) and injures alike health and skin. A young man each carries an axe in his girdle; for which

white paint, and, as it contains mercury, it injures alike health and skin. A young man paying his court to a girl generally presents her with a box of red and white paint, to improve her looks; and in the upper classes, ladies are often to be seen by one another, as they arrive at a house, openly rouging their faces before entering the drawing-room.

These are small things, indicative of an extensive principle. Peter the Great undertook to civilize Russia by a coup de main. A walk is shown at St. Petersburg along which he made women march unveiled between files of soldiery to accustom them to go unveiled.—But civilization is not to be introduced into a nation by imperial edict, and ever since Peter the Great's time the Russian empire has been laboring to stand for what it is not, namely, the equivalent to nations that have become civilized in the slow lapse of time. It can only

are capable at the same time of strong feudal attachments. It should be understood that all the slaves in Russia are not poor Some of the wealthiest traders in St. Petersburg are slaves to nobles who will not suffer them to buy their freedom, but enjoy the pride of own-ing men who themselves own in some cases hundreds of thousands of pounds capital. The inheritor of an estate in which there were many well-to-do serfs, arrived at it for the first time one evening, and in the morning found his house as he thought, besieged. His people had heard that he was in debt; and their pride

ook, who had served a seven year's apprenticeship in a French house, and earned bigh wages in a family besides being allowed to earn many fees by superintending public suppers and private parties. There was an upper servant under the same roof with him whom this poor fellow streve to mary; but much as he earned, he strove in vain to save. Year by year the abrock or poll-tax was raised pro-portion to the progress that he had made, and the last time the English lady saw him, he was sobbing bitterly over an open letter—a demand from his proprietor for more abrock,

to year by painting a great number of cheap portraits—he who had genius for higher and better things. "When we last sawhim," writes our countrywoman, "he had pined into a decline; and, doubtless, ere this the village grave has closed over his griefs and sorrows, and buried his genius in the shades of its eter-

The Englishweman was present once when a bargin was struck for a dressmaker. A a bargin was struck for a dressmaker. A gentleman had dropped in to dine; the host mentioned that his wife wanted a good dressing-maid. The guest recommended one skilful in dressmaking, with whom he thought his wife would part. "Well," the other said, "her price?" "Two hundred and fifty silver roubles." That was more than could be given That was more than could be given;

not a female servants who possessed beautiful hair. She ordered them all to be cropped and their hair sold for her benefit, regardles of the fact that together with their hair she robbed them of their reputation; cropped hair being one of the marks set on a criminal.

The boxing of the ears of maids is not below the dignity of any lady, but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess, whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting-maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwoman, had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and grasping it firmly, held

rank, using the lady's privilege of chattering in the ear or the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned next day to Count Orloff's office: presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was birched by some person unseen. This lady whose story we have heard before, the Englishwoman often met; her sister she knew well; and she had the apecdote from an intimate friend of the family. The knot, the emblem of Russian barbar-

ism, falls not only on the slave or the crimi-nal. A poor student of more than ordinary talents had, by great perseverance, twice merited a prize; but he was regarded with lodging, until the period of examination came. His future hung upon the result; for, upon his passing the ordeal with credit, depended his access to employment that would get him bread. He strained every nerve, and succeeded well. All the professors testified their approbation except one whose voice was necessary to complete the votes. He rose, and withheld his suffrage upon false grounds, that cast dishonor on the young man's character. It was his old enemy; and the poor boy—a widow's son—with stravation before him, and his hopes all to the winds—maked formers. and his hopes all to the winds, rushed forward by a sudden impulse of despair, and struck his persecutor. He was arrested, tried and con-demned, by the Emperor himself, to receive-a thousand lashes with the knout. All the students and professors were ordered to be present at the execution of the sentence. Long before it was complete, of course, the youth was dead : but the full number was com Many students, who were made spectators of the scene, lay on the ground in swoon. From another eye-witness, the Englishwoman heard of the presence of a line of carriages, filled with Russian ladies, at a similar scene the with Russian ladies, at a similar scene the victims, being slaves who had rebelled because a master introduced upon his ground a box in which to thrash them by machinery and had seized him and given him a taste of his own instrument of torture. Need we say more to prove that the true Russian civilization is a

Our countryman, visiting a monastery, was invited to eat ices in the garden She saw I was going to tell you where. It was not in how the spoons were cleaned behind the bush-

they were at dinner; was shown into one of the drawing-rooms, and departed with a lady's watch. Nothing was said to the police, out of respect to his uncle, who is of rank. Ladies going to a party will sometimes steal the papers of kid gloves and the hair-pins left on the toilet tables to supply those who happen to come unprovided. Our countrywoman to proper for me to say any thing more. Yet, went to visit an old lady; and, as all the drawing-rooms were thrown open for the reception of visitors, thought it no sin to walk from one dom, naming an impossible sum that doomed him to continued slavery.

There was a poor man in Twer, a slave born with a genius for painting that in any civilized country would have procurred for him fame and fortune. His master, finding how he was gifted, doomed him to study under a common portrait-painter, and obliged him then to pay a poll-tax, which he could only raise from year ration of the visitors." The officers just mentioned were men hold-

ing employments under government. So much has been made notorious during the much has been made notorious during the present war, of the extent to which the Russian government suffers from the peculation and falsehood of officials in all grades, that one illustration in this place will be sufficient. I have received enough to satisfy me for life. I went out to Mexico, eat pork and beans, slept in the rain and mud, and swallowed everysters. When I was and falsehood of officials in all grades, that one illustration in this place will be sufficient, and we will choose one that illustrates at the same time another topic. The railway at Warsaw is dropped, because the money needed for it is absorbed by war; the only Russian railway line is that between the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow. When it was nearly finished, the Czar ordered it to be ready for his own use on a certain day. It was not really finished; but over several miles of the road, since the Czar must be obeyed, rails were laid down upon whatever contrivance tould be patched up for the occasion. The Imperial neck was risked by the Russian system. While this railway was in course of construction, the fortunes made by engineers and government officials on the line of road was quite astonishing; men of straw rapidly acquired estates. Government suffered and —the serfs. Our countrywoman living once in approvince through which the railway rups, went by train to a pic-nic. At the station, the four hundred workmen were assembled, who four hundred workmen were assembled, who asked eagerly whether the governor was of the party. No, they were told, but his wife was. Her, then, they begged to see. To her they pleaded with their miserable tale, for interference in their behalf. For six weeks they had been paid no wages, their rations were bad, and a fever like a plague had broken out among them, of which their companions perished by scores, to be buried, like so many dogs, in morasses along the line. Their looks cenfirmed their tale. The criminal employers were u on the spot, and acted ignorance and sympathy, making at the same time

his earnest thoughts, even to his fa friend. Men say what they do not this friend. Men say what they do not think, affect credit of government reports which they know to be audacious lies, and take pains to exhibit themselves as obedient subjects. When the Englishwoman lived at Archangel, a deaf and dnmb gentleman arrived with letters of introduction to the principal people, and was received with cordiality and sympathy; he was a clever man, read several languages, and displayed pretty drawings of his own execution. He was made everywhere welcome.—

More than once our quick-eyed country-woman fancied that he looked over-attentive to words spoken behind his back. It soon afterwards was made only two certain that this man was was made only two certain that this man was a government spy, playing a difficult part for

a base purpose.

Of the Greek form of religion we say nothing. Let the Russians bow before the pictures of their saints. We will quote only an anecdote told in this book, of a poor wandering Samoyede, a fish-eating savage from the borders of the Arctic Ocean. He asked whether his visitor was Russian, and being answered No, lifted up some skins in his tent which covered pictures of sames, and, pointing to them with disdain, said, —" See! there are Russian gods, but ours," raising his hand heavenwards, "is greater. He lives—ap

Lames and Gentlemen: I rise—but there's no use telling you that—you know I'm up as well as I do I'm a modest man—very—but I've never lost a picayune by it in my life; because its a scarce commodity among candidates, I thought I would mention it, for fear if I didn't you would never be lucky in finding it out. inding it out.

Candidates are generally considered as nuisances, but they are not; they are the politest men in the world, shake you by the hand, and ask how's your family, what's the prospect for crops, &c. I'm the politest man in the State. I'm not only the politest man, but the best electioneerer—you ought to see me shaking hands with all the variations—the purpose handle and the record of the cross out. amp-handle and the pendulum, the cross-cut and wiggle-waggle : I understand the science perfectly. If any of the country candidates wish instructions, let them come to me.

Fellow citizens: I was born—if I had not been I wouldn't have been a candidate—but the negro line; yet that is as the negroes are mostly born in the sam side I started in the world as poor as a church mouse, yet I came honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it; and if I did start poor, no man can say but that I've held my own pretty

not proper for me to say any thing more. Yet, as an honest man, I'm bound to say that it's a grievous sin to hide anything from my fel-low-citizens. Therefore I say it's my private opinion, publicly expressed, that I'll make the best auditor ever in the United States.

'Tis not for honor I wish to be auditor; for,

in my own county, I was offered an office, that in my owll county, I was offered an office, that was all honor—coroner—which I respectfully declined The auditor's office is worth some \$5,000 a year, and I am in for ir like a thousand of brick. To show my goodness of heart I'll make this offer to my competitor. I am sure of being elected, and he will lose something by the canvass; therefore I am willing to divide equally with him, and make these two offers: I'll take the salary, and he may have the honor; or he may have the honor.

I am sure to be elected; so one and all. rreat and small, short and tall, when you come down to Jackson, after the election, stop at the auditor's office—the latch-string hangs out—enter without knocking, take off your things, and make yourself at home.

"Mother, did you hear sissy swear?"
"No, my dear; what did she say?"
"Why, she said she wasn't going to wea
her darned stockings to church."