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Select Poetry.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never die, Even though they fade; Beauty and minstrelsy Deathless were made.

Kind words can never die, Cherished and blest; God knows how deep they lie Stored in the breast!

Childhood can never die; Wrecks of the past Float o'er the memory

Sweet fancies never die; They leave behind Some fair legacy Stored in the mind—

Some happy thought or dream, Pure as day's earliest beam

Yes, though these things pass by, Saith my philosophy, Bright things can never die, Even though they fade.

London Anthem.

INTERVIEW OF GOVERNOR COX, OF OHIO, WITH THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The following important letter was read to-night by Governor Cox, of Ohio, to the Union Representatives in Congress from that State.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Feb. 26, '66. Gen. George B. Wright, Chairman of the Union Central Committee, Columbus, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR: On Saturday last I had the honor of an interview with the President, which I regarded as of sufficient interest and importance to make it proper that I should reduce to writing my remembrance of his statements, whilst they were fresh in my memory, since he seemed to me in a perfectly free and unpremeditated conversation to exhibit with peculiar clearness the processes of his own mind in reaching some of his opinions, and to express them with such manifest candor and entire freedom from personal feeling, that I could not but think that if he would consent to it good might be done by making his statements public.

Accordingly, I again waited upon him this morning, to make known what I had done, to ask his verification of the truth of my report, and his consent to make the same known to the country. Although he was perfectly unaware of my purpose to reduce his remarks to writing, and I myself had no such intention when I first called upon him, he most frankly gave his consent, and assented to the accuracy of my report, which is as follows:

He said he had no thought which he was not willing to avow; that his policy had simply aimed at the earliest possible restoration of peace on the basis of loyalty. No congressional policy had ever been adopted, and therefore, when he entered upon the duties of his office, he was obliged to adopt one of his own. He had in some sense inherited that of Mr. Lincoln, with which he thought he agreed, and that was substantially the one which he had carried out. Congress had no just ground of complaint that he had done so, for they had not seen fit to declare their views or adopt any measures embodying what could be called a policy of restoration.

He was satisfied that no long continuance of military government could be tolerated; that the whole country would properly demand the restoration of a

truly civil government, and not to give it to the lately rebellious States would be an admission of the failure of the Administration and of the party who had carried through the war to prove themselves equal to the exigency, now that the work of destruction was over, and that of rebuilding had begun. Military government alone would not pacify the South.

At the end of a long period of such government we would be no nearer, and probably not so near the end, than now, and would have the same work to do.

Hence, there is a real necessity of adopting a policy which should restore the civil government fully just as soon as the rebellion should be thoroughly ended, and these conditions accepted by the South, which were to be regarded as absolutely necessary to the peace of the country.

One central idea had controlled him in the whole matter; and this was, that the proper system of pacification should be one which tended everywhere to stimulate the loyalty of the people of the South themselves, and make it the spring of loyal conduct by proper legislation, rather than to impose upon them laws and conditions by direct external force. Thus, in the case of the freedman's bureau; he was not against the idea of the freedman's bureau, in toto, for he had used it, and was still using it. It might continue for a period of more than a year yet.

He had contemplated that, either by proclamation of his own or by some action of Congress as a condition of peace, the technical end of the rebellion would probably be declared at some period perhaps not very remote; and as he understood the present law the bureau might continue a year from that time. Meanwhile he could say to the South: "It depends upon yourselves to say whether the bureau shall be discontinued at an earlier day, for I will put an end to it just as soon as you, by proper action for the protection of the freedman, make it necessary."

Thus, said he, the hope of getting rid of the institution stimulates them to do what is right, whilst they are not discouraged by the idea that there is no hope of an end to what they regard as a sort of military government. If on the other hand, the bureau were to be made a permanent thing by legislation, which on its face appears to be part of the fixed law of the land, all the objections he had urged in his message applied in full force to it, and instead of encouraging the South to loyalty, you tend to drive them to desperation and make their hatred of the Government inveterate.

The same principle of stimulating loyalty was shown in the manner in which he held martial law over them. Whenever they should show so peaceful and law-abiding a condition of their community that martial law was not needed, it should be removed. Their own conduct would thus determine the matter, and the desire and interest of all the best people be increased to put down disturbances and outbreaks, to protect Union men and obey the laws, because by so doing they would hasten the withdrawal of the direct interference of the military arm in their affairs.

In precisely the same way and under the influence of the same idea, he had acted in regard to civil affairs generally in that section, regarding it as necessary and proper to impose upon the rebellious States conditions which would guarantee the safety of the country; and regarding the then existing affairs of the local governments as having disqualified themselves by their treason, for continuance in power, he deposed them and established provisional governments. Then he asked himself what conditions ought to be demanded of them and how their disposition to accept them in good faith might be stimulated.

he would permit them to reorganize their State governments, elect legislatures, &c., and, so far as Executive acts could do so, would restore them to their position in the Union of States.

They had so far accepted his conditions that he did not regard the experiment as a failure, but as a success. He had accordingly reorganized the Post-office Department everywhere among them, had reopened trade and removed restrictions thereon through the Treasury Department, and in like manner in all the executive departments, recognized them as States in the Union, only keeping enough of a military hold to protect the freedmen, as he had before stated, and to induce them to do something more thorough in that direction. Now but one thing remained in which those States did not exercise the full rights of States, and that is representation in Congress. In this he had advised that the same principle of stimulating loyalty be applied as in the other respects which he had named.

He would admit only such representatives as were in fact loyal men, giving satisfactory evidence of this. Whenever a State or district sent a loyal man, properly elected and qualified, he would think it right to admit him the same as from any other State, and he would admit none but such loyal men, so that other States or districts might be thus induced to elect and send similar men.

When they had all done this their representation would be full, and the work would be done. Such was his plan. He did not ask to be the judge of the elections and qualifications of members of Congress, or of their loyalty. Congress was its own judge, and he had no dream of interfering with its constitutional rights; but he felt like urging upon them, and upon the country, that this mode of finishing the work, was the only feasible one which had been presented, and that it was impossible to ignore the fact that the States were exercising their rights and enjoying their privileges within the Union—were, in short, restored in all other respects, and that it is too late to question the fundamental right of representation.

I then remarked to him that I had heard it suggested that legislation could properly be made by Congress, purely civil in its character, providing for the protection of the freedmen by United States courts of inferior jurisdiction, in all cases where the States did not do so themselves. He replied that such an idea would run exactly parallel to his plan, but he had not thought it yet time to fix his own ideas of the precise mode of accomplishing this end, because we had a margin of time lasting till after the next session of Congress, during which the present freedman's bureau could continue in operation; and, if before that time the Southern States should recognize the necessity of passing proper laws themselves, and providing a proper system of protection for the freedmen, nothing further on our part would be necessary. If they did not do what they ought, there would be time enough to elaborate a plan.

He then referred briefly to the fact, that men who have been disloyal were rejoicing over his veto message, saying, that if these men, in good faith, adopted the views of the policy he had himself held and acted upon, and which he had so freely elaborated in his annual message and explained to me, the country surely could have no cause for sorrow in that. If disloyal men and rebels everywhere, North and South, should cordially give in their adherence to the conditions of restoration he had uniformly insisted upon, he thought that was precisely the kind of pacification loyal men everywhere should rejoice in. The more they were committed to such a course the better he would like it, for if they were not sincere, they would at least diminish their power of dangerous opposition in future. His whole heart was with the body of true men who had carried the country through the war, and he earnestly desired to maintain a cordial and perfect understanding with them.

This sentiment and purpose he regarded as entirely consistent with determined opposition to the obstructive policy of those extremists, who, as he believed, would keep the country in chaos till the absolute ruin might come upon us.

Such, my dear sir, is the conversational statement of the President on this important matter; and if you could meet his

straightforward, honest look, and hear the hearty tones of his voice, as I did, I am well assured that you would believe, with me, that, although he may not receive personal attacks with the equanimity and forbearance Mr. Lincoln used to show, there is no need to fear that Andrew Johnson is not hearty and sincere in his adhesion to the principles upon which he was elected. Very truly, yours,

J. D. Cox.

FORT SUMNER.

A correspondent writing from Charleston harbor to the Providence Journal, gives an animated description, as follows:

In the centre, in mid-channel, like a grim sentinel, stands Fort Sumter, bowed, broken and desolate. A shapeless pile of earth and sand and brick, it bears no likeness to its former self. Where the new cross of the confederacy and the palmetto flag of South Carolina and the division flag of General Ripley were so proudly flying in April and July of 1863, only one single banner, and that the red white and blue, now waves.

Scared and cracked, its walls seem ready to fall. The face toward Cumming's Point is crushed and broken into a steep hill of mingled sand and brick, and shot and shell. The face toward Fort Moultrie and the channel is covered and protected by a solid work of interwoven palmetto logs. Yet the structure of the fort is scarred and cracked and broken above and around, and behind these additional defences. The casemates, closed and covered by an immense framework of heavy beams, and this again thick with earth, can be entered only by winding passages, damp and dripping with moisture. The casements once entered, it would hardly seem possible that any human being could have lived any length of time within them. The guns were slimy and mouldy, and the carriages were sweating with an oily moisture. Climbing out of the stone port-hole and through the more widely expanded ones in the palmetto logs you could look down around the base of the fort, where the ceaseless tide had woven over each of the stones mantle like thick, green wet floss, and see fragments of shell and broken bolts. You could look to the right and see where the wall had crumbled and fallen into the sea—

You could look above and see the logs rent and gashed, and the brick wall with great scars and ragged cracks and wide seams, as though a little more of the storm of iron shot would have beat it down beneath the sea. You could look to the left and see the closed ports, the rough repairing, the broken parapet. In the interior the sandy earth was supported in its irregularity by numberless fascines gabions, and dotted here and there by dark holes which admitted us into the dark caverns. What had been the parade was now green and slimy with the stagnant moisture over which were scattered pieces of an exploded gun, straps of iron hoops, a few decayed barrel staves, iron and leaded shot scattered from scrap-metal, and bits of soiled clothing and broken bayonets. From the tall flag staff in the centre a small Union banner was waving. And this was all that remained of Fort Sumter! Over these and behind here were the guns which a handful of men were made to withstand, but which woke a nation to the duty of complete and entire preparation.

The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist your round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar sticking out of your eyes."

Speaker Colfax bet a box of cigars with a brother Congressman that the President would approve the Freedman's bill. He lost, and sent the box to the Congressman, labelled, "From a victim of misplaced confidence."

A physician has discovered that night-mare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper, and that the best cure is to pay up.

A Western exchange says, A young lady of this city, a short time ago, hung herself to a limb—of the law."

Ladies look most killing when they are ready for sleighing.

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

We looked towards the young lady for a concluding tale of the train, and that Scherezade of our compartment, without the least pretense of incapacity or hoarseness, communicated at once the following adventure:

"Although," she commenced, "I am often compelled to travel without a companion" (the commercial traveler sighed,) "yet have I such a dislike to the company of babies and sick folks that I never make a journey in a ladies' carriage. Only once, however, have I suffered any inconvenience through my unprotected condition, and that exception occurred very lately, and upon this very line. After I had taken my seat one morning at Haddington, in an empty carriage, I was joined just as the train was moving off, by a strange looking young man with remarkably long flowing hair. He was, of course, a little hurried, but he seemed, besides, to be so disturbed and wild that I was quite alarmed for fear of his not being in his right mind, nor did his subsequent conduct at all reassure me. Our train was an express, and he inquired eagerly at once which was the first station whereat we were advertised to stop. I consulted my Bradshaw, and furnished him with the required information. It was Reading.—The young man looked at his watch.

"Madam," said he, "I have but half an hour between me and, it may be, ruin.—Excuse, therefore, my abruptness. You have, I perceive, a pair of scissors in your work-bag. Oblige me if you please, by cutting off my hair."

"Sir," said I, "it is impossible." "Madam," he urged, and a look of severe determination crossed his features, "I am a desperate man. Beware how you refuse me what I ask. Cut my hair off—short, close to the roots—immediately; and here is a newspaper to hold the ambrosial curls."

I thought he was mad, of course; and believing that it would be dangerous to thwart him, I cut off all his hair to the last lock.

"Now, madam," said he, unlocking a small portmanteau, "you will further oblige me by looking out of the window, as I am about to change clothes."

Of course I looked out of the window for some time, and when he observed, "Madam, I need no longer put you to any inconvenience," I did not recognize the young man in the least.

Instead of his former rather gay costume, he was attired in black, and wore a gray wig and silver spectacles; he looked like a respectable divine of the Church of England, of about sixty-four years of age; to complete that character, he held a volume of sermons in his hand, which—he appeared so to absorb him—might have been his own.

"I do not wish to threaten you, young lady," he resumed, "and I think besides, that I can trust your kind face. Will you promise me not to reveal this metamorphosis till your journey's end?"

"I will, most certainly," said I.

At Reading the guard and a person in plain clothes looked into our car.

"You have the ticket, my love," said the young man, blandly, and looking at me as though he were my father.

"Never mind, sir; we don't want them," said the official, as he withdrew with his companion.

"I shall now leave you madam," observed my fellow traveler, as soon as the coast was clear; "by your kind and courageous conduct you have saved my life, and, perhaps, your own."

In another minute he was gone, and the train was in motion. Not till the next morning did I learn from the Times newspaper that the gentleman on whom I had operated as hair-cutter had committed a forgery to an enormous amount in London a few hours before I met him, and that he had been tracked into the express train at Haddington; but that, although the telegraph had been put in motion and described him accurately, at Reading, when the train was searched, he was nowhere to be found.

A fellow out West being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, replied: "Wal, I don't know, guess so. There is only one queer thing about it—whenever I wipe my mouth, I burn a hole in my shirt."