



RIGHT OR WRONG. WHEN RIGHT, TO BE KEPT RIGHT. WHEN WRONG, TO BE PUT RIGHT.

EBENSBURG: THURSDAY DECEMBER 3.

"Half Slave and Half Free."

When our fathers formed the American constitution, they made it with reference to a free government. It is true, slavery existed in many of the States, but they did not look upon it as a permanent institution.

The debates in the Convention which framed it, the contemporaneous writings of the men who had the most to do with it, and the doings of the old confederate Congress, are all so many evidences to the point. Under the lead of Mr. Madison, the words "slave" and "slavery" are nowhere found in that instrument.

They were carefully excluded, in order that the idea of property in man should nowhere appear. So far as slavery appears or is recognized in the constitution, it is a State institution, upheld solely by the municipal laws of the States.

Washington, Jefferson, and all the great statesmen of the early days of the republic, supposed slavery would die out and become extinct in a few years. They did not even dream of the colossal monster as found at the opening of this rebellion.

The idea that a great christian, enlightened nation, a republic governed by a constitution, could live and go on, half slave and half free, to the minds of many, for years, has been preposterous—others have as stoutly contended that it could be done—that there was not necessarily an "irrepressible conflict" between the two interests.

Impartial history records the fact that slavery and freedom never have been at peace in this country. There has always been a conflict raging between them. Sometimes the fires have been for a period smothered; then they would burst out into a flame.

There is one phase of this subject that has never changed. The slave interest has always been contending for the mastery. Although greatly in the minority, it has managed to override freedom and govern the country.

Freedom leads to a true democracy, Slavery to despotism and tyranny. Freedom tends to the equality of the people, slavery builds up an oligarchy, an aristocracy of wealth. Freedom enlightens men, slavery makes them ignorant and debased.

Freedom makes men christians, slavery makes them devils.—Freedom contributes to the industrial wealth of a country, slavery creates the extremes of wealth for the favored few, and squalid poverty for the masses.—Freedom distributes farms among the many, slavery monopolizes the lands into the hands of the few.

Freedom makes men human, slavery makes them brutes. Freedom makes men morally upright, slavery demoralizes and degrades them. And so we might go to the end of the chapter. There is a natural eternal antagonism between freedom and slavery.

They can no more be reconciled to each other than can the opposite principles of right and wrong, truth and error. Up to the opening of the rebellion, there had been a war of ideas raging in this country for years.

The grasping avarice, the domineering insolence, and the all absorbing love of power of the slave interest had kept up an eternal agitation throughout the length and breadth of the country. The friends of freedom have for years seen the great conflict coming. To avoid it they have yielded and yielded to the exactions and demands of the slave power, compromising from time to time, and giving their adversary the advantage in every adjustment thus made.

Itably bring us and our posterity hereafter if suffered to continue. In our judgment, the irresistible logic of events has substantially settled this question. The madness and insanity of the rebels compelled the President to issue his Emancipation Proclamation, which made forever free every slave then under rebel authority.

In the Border States where the proclamation did not operate, slavery is dying out of itself. Maryland, West Virginia and Missouri have virtually abolished slavery. In none of these States are slaves of any real value to their owners.

Both masters and slaves so understand it. In Maryland, slavery is being swept out by hundreds and thousands every week, by the simple process of enlisting the slaves into colored regiments, paying their masters the bounty of three hundred dollars each and making the slaves free.

In all the other Border States, slavery cannot by any process survive the war. Slave owners so understand it, and are making their calculations accordingly. The union men there so understand it, and are fast becoming warm advocates of the emancipation policy.

The great union sentiment of all the border States will soon be a unit upon this question. The rebels South and their friends and sympathizers in the Free States will very soon be left alone in advocating a return of the rebellious States to the union with slavery.

And that man is infidel in his opinions who does not see the finger of God in this great movement. Pharaoh mocked God and refused to let the children of Israel go until ten terrible plagues had been visited upon him and his people.—If we, as a people, undertake to copy after him in his wickedness, how can we expect to escape His hot displeasure against oppression and slavery.

The inspired words of the immortal Jefferson will prove true, that, in a contest against the oppressed colored race of our own country, "the Almighty has no attribute that will take sides with us." Well did he "tremble for his country," and well may we "tremble for our country" when we think of this great truth.

The victory just achieved in Northern Georgia is, perhaps, the most complete of the war—the most crushing blow yet dealt the rebellion. Gen. Grant has overcome Bragg in a pitched battle of three days' duration, at Chattanooga, and caused him to retreat in dire disorder, with the loss of sixty cannon, nearly ten thousand prisoners, large quantities of small arms, camp and garrison equipage, and ten battle flags.

At last dates, the rebels were completely demoralized and their grand army flying in every direction for safety. Grant is in full pursuit, determined to end up the campaign in the Southwest by the total demolition of the only opposing army in that quarter.—Tennessee is redeemed; Burnside safe; and the bogus Confederacy reels under a blow from which it were next to impossible to recover.

The Army of the Potomac has again advanced, crossing the Rapidan at three different fords. The rebels fell back on our approach, contracting their lines.—Correspondents represent Meade's army as in the best possible trim, and eager for a brush. Lee is represented to have but 50,000 men. In all probability, a great battle will occur soon.

In the narrative of the return of a large number of our army Surgeons from Richmond, we find this notice, which undoubtedly refers to Senator White, of Indiana county: "Major White, of Pennsylvania, attempted to escape with the Surgeons at City Point, but was detected by a telegram and sent back. In extension of his offence, the Major stated that he was endeavoring to get to the North for the purpose of effecting such arrangements as would insure the exchange of our starving prisoners. The Major was sent back to be confined in the dungeons dark and deep of the Libby."

We fear this is the last we shall hear of Maj. White until perhaps the adjournment of the next session of the State Senate, in which his presence is necessary to give the friends of the Union a majority.

It is reported that Gen. Rosecrans will be assigned to the command of the Eighth Army Corps in Baltimore and Maryland, in place of Gen. Schenck, who has resigned to take his seat in Congress.

The XXXVIIIth Congress will convene in the capitol at Washington on next Monday, 7th inst. We will lay the President's Message before our readers at an early day.

The State Superintendent has issued a call for a meeting of the County Superintendents at Harrisburg, on the 12th of January next. The notorious female rebel spy, Belle Boyd, who had been confined in the Old Capitol prison for some time, has been sent to City Point for exchange.

Sufferings of Our Prisoners at Richmond.

We subjoin the experience of a Union Chaplain in the military prisons at Richmond. An attempt has been made to demonstrate that our prisoners in the hands of the Rebels are the recipients of the same favors, the same rations, the same medical attendance, that the rebels themselves receive—does this look like it!

Having but recently been released from participating in the hospitalities of Libby Prison, under the dominion of rebel rule, I would join my testimony with others in presenting a true picture of our unfortunate officers, soldiers and citizens who happen to be prisoners in Richmond.

Doubtless, many are ready to reject the accounts given as being too highly wrought; and I wonder not, for had I not been an eye witness and a victim to the inhumanity of some of their officers, I, too, would have been incredulous to the facts that such malignant tyranny could be found in America among professedly a civilized people, and even with those claiming to be our superiors.

I was one of the unfortunate Chaplains captured at Winchester, Va., June 15th, whilst administering to the comforts of our sick and wounded in the hospital.—Here, like most others, I had my horse and baggage taken from me, so that I was left without a change of clothing. Soon afterwards I was sent to Richmond in charge of some officers' wives, under the assurance that we should at once be sent through the lines.

On our arrival there we were examined by the Provost Marshal, (Major Griswold,) who took from me my private diary, and sent all of us to Castle Thunder. I was put into the citizens' room, where there were some forty inmates. No supper was offered me, and having eaten but little that day, I could only satisfy the cravings of my appetite with the promise of something the next morning.

After satisfying as best I could the many inquiries made, and commending myself and fellow-prisoners to the mercy and favor of God, I sought a place for rest. As a vacant place was shown me on the floor, and I was about to put down my blanket, I was admonished by a kind-hearted prisoner to wait and he would sweep the floor, as the place was full of lice and other vermin. I received with thanks this little act of kindness, and it afforded me a subject on which to meditate during the vigils of the night, for I frankly confess that I could not sleep.

Who can imagine the novelty of being a prisoner in prison for the first time, surrounded with fellow-prisoners, all strangers—from different sections of the country—admonished by one whose finer feelings had not yet been drowned out, that you might expect to be called on by a small army, whose rapacity could be satisfied only with blood; your mind may for a time quit the scenes of your immediate surroundings, and travel away in its airy flight to look down on the calm sleeping face of your lovely little daughter sleeping in innocence, and the dear and manly features of a noble boy, or the heaving bosom of a dear wife, as you fancy her sighing with anxious care for you. But this reverie is soon ended, as you are admonished that something tangible is finding its way up your sleeves or pantaloons, and the truth forces itself upon your mind that you are actually besieged; you rally your forces, and soon find that blood has been shed. Whilst you may console yourself that you are bleeding for your country, it cannot lull you to sleep. And, as if to mock at your misery, you soon hear the sentinel outside crying out lustily, "Post No. 1, and all is well." Post No. 2, and so on, until it has been passed around the building.

In the morning I thought my appetite keen enough to relish even very rough diet, but when at about half past eight I was handed a small piece of old fat bacon, with a little soup made out of the water in which this was boiled, with the addition of a few little black beans, my appetite recoiled, as I found that my repast entirely outranked me; and on inspection I found not less than a dozen of well developed insects (usually called maggots) on my small piece of meat; and when my soup had settled a little, I found any reasonable number floating on the thin broth. I need not tell you that I could not partake of this. But many a poor fellow was compelled to eat, as best he could, close his eyes and eat! The fare during that day was no better, but I partook of nothing but a little dry bread and drank some muddy river water with it.

That day being Sabbath, at the request of the prisoners I preached to them with much satisfaction, as all seemed to be eager listeners. But the authorities seemed to object to this, and accordingly had me removed, the same evening, into another room of the building. Here I soon found a channel through which I could buy something to eat. I was kept here for five days, with the assurance that I was to be sent off on the first boat; at the expiration of that time I was sent to Libby.

Here I was again searched by the Inspector running his hands rudely into my pockets, and taking from me all my remaining papers, money, &c., that he could get his hands on. They took from me here \$100 in greenbacks and \$19 in rebel, promising to refund again on my release, which, of course, was not done.—They did, however, allow me to draw the Confederate scrip for use in prison. I would here mention a special act of inhumanity and cruelty. Among the papers

taken from me were two foolscap sheets containing nothing but a memorandum of the names of dead and wounded, with addresses of their families, and the last messages of the dying to their surviving friends; for this I made a special appeal, but it was all vain! I would just as soon expect a favor from a wild savage as from such a man as Inspector Turner.

In this prison I remained from July 1st to October 7th. A portion of that time, like many others, had to be spent in the hospital, sick. Of the manner of our fare, rations, &c., enough may have been said by others, yet even then the half has not been told. I would advise all our officers to run a most fearful risk rather than to throw themselves upon the hospitalities of heartless rebels, and experience the realities of this vile and loathsome prison.

Whilst in the hospital, and able to go about, I was permitted as a favor from the Doctor to visit the hospital situated in a lower room of the same building, where our citizens and private soldiers were brought. Here I conversed freely and received the testimony of many a poor fellow, whose vital energies had almost eeked out at the cruel treatment received. I have seen as high as twenty brought in at a time from Belle Isle, and sent on benches whilst they would take their names, but before they were half through with this ceremony, one third or more of the number would be fallen to the floor, and many of them insensible, and some only to wake up in eternity. My heart has sickened at the sight, and I now make these statements, not with a vengeful feeling, but only to warn our noble soldiers from falling into such hands. If when closely pressed and a thought of surrendering crosses your mind, pass in review before you the gaunt, half famished forms of those unfortunates, and it will stimulate you to a desperate effort to escape, or even to die on the field of battle rather than to fall into such hands.

Our citizen prisoners seem even to fare worse, if possible, than any others. Some were taken forcibly from their peaceful homes in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and without a moment's warning, or an opportunity of changing their working apparel, or supplying themselves with a little needful change, or giving a word of comfort or advice to their weeping families, were hurried off on foot, in front of the bayonet, and traveled thus for five days. The only rations issued to them during the time was a pint of flour per day; and not until the evening of the third day were they allowed to make anything like dough and bake it in the ashes—thus being compelled to eat raw flour like beasts, and this by the boasted chivalry of the South. I have seen these same men begging like children, even for a crust of bread to satisfy their appetites—men who had, perhaps, never known what it was to want for anything.

For some six weeks several hundred occupied a lower room in Libby, and in the night the officers would pass down through the cracks in the floor all the surplus bread that could be procured through the savings of the officers, and I was told by one of our doctors, that he had actually seen them fish bread out of the sinks, where all the filth from the rooms above passed through, and wash it off and eat it; so near were they to starvation! I have seen citizen prisoners in Castle Thunder, over seventy-two years of age, simply for clinging in their old age to the time-honored flag of their country.

Friends at home, if you can do anything for our poor prisoners at Richmond, either through your personal effort or through the agency of our noble Christian Commission, rest not until you have done your duty in mitigating their sufferings and cheering their sinking spirits, and a kind Providence and many grateful hearts will bless you. D. C. EBERHART, Chaplain 87th Regt. Pa. Vol. Infantry, Army of the Potomac.

Telegraphing facilities are rapidly increasing along the Pacific slope. A line is now constructing from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon. Workmen are now at work extending the work from Sacramento along the line of the Pacific Railroad, across the Sierra Nevada, making it, when completed, the third line belonging to this company crossing these mountains.—Men are also at work in Carson valley extending the line westward from this side to meet it.

The Secretary of War has issued an order directing the heads of the respective bureaux of that department to make inquiry and report a just and reasonable rate of advanced wages that should be paid by the government in view of the increased cost of living. The government seems disposed to act liberally towards all who are in its employ, and the country will not fail to applaud its action.

An exchange paper furnishes a new plan of the Copperhead pyramid, as erected from the result of the late elections. Alas for the "Lone Star!" NEW JERSEY.

The complete vote of Delaware shows that Nathaniel B. Smithers, Congressman elect, and an Unconditional Unionist, has 7,791 majority over Brown, his Copperhead competitor.

The notorious rebel horse thief, John Morgan, with six of his associates, escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary on Friday night.

Judge Agnew takes his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on next Monday, 7th inst.

The President has been sick for a few days, but is now recovering.

Who Gave Slavery Its Deepest Wound?

It would certainly seem as if the madness so manifest in the conduct of those who began this war was to be carried out in its most rabid form, even unto the end. The manowner and his friends would uphold and perpetuate slavery, but every act of theirs tends towards its destruction.—Their very successes in the field seem only to seal its doom more certainly; for after each one of those seeming triumphs, there has been exhibited so ferocious and insulting a demeanor, such a malicious and vengeful spirit, that the northern mind is more and more determined on its absolute extinction. Our people have hesitated at times, as the contest went on, doubtful whether an institution so deep-rooted could safely be touched or destroyed by the national arm.

Had not Johnston come up with his opportune reinforcements when the routed rebels were flying from the field on that sanguinary day of the first Manassas, who can say that an early peace might not have restored slavery to its old position in the Union?—cruel and arrogant as of yore, aggressive, turbulent, defiant. Can the leopard change his spots? It was not to be. With an infatuation marvellous and insupportable, those red-headed rebels forgot or heeded not their narrow escape from destruction, and shouted aloud with insane exultation, and boasted as if they had repeated Waterloo. They stood bleeding and exhausted on that hard-fought field, unable to pursue, afraid to venture from their lines. Yet with recovered breath came back their wonted folly and presumption, and they exulted as though they had mastered the continent. Their savagery was let loose. They carved the bones of our dead soldiers into ornaments for their women, they shot our defenceless men for looking from their prison windows, and uttered yells of exultation over the prospect of sacking northern cities.

Our northern people perceived the true character and purposes of these half-savage people, and arose to the work before them. They were more than ever determined to quench the fire of rebellion, and from that day to this their progress has been onward. Month by month the traitors are pressed backward, and through their dislocated lines come forth thousands of liberated bondmen. Not until the Mississippi shall reverse its downward current can these fugitives return to servitude—not until some miracle from diabolic sources shall reinstate the shattered confederacy can the great Moloch be set up in its original place. Politicians may look back longingly for vanished flesh-pots, and half-dysloyal governors may still attempt a dalliance with the accursed thing. But all is vain and hopeless for the devoted worshippers. Up that easy ladder of preferment they can never climb again, slippery as it now is with blood and tears.

Thus has it happened that the fierceness and malignity of the slave power, though undoubtedly an element of strength and success, has also had a counteractive consequence. The spectacle of rage and violence, exceeding by far what the north had anticipated, aroused in our people an unconquerable resolution to quell the rebellion, and at the same time inclined them to regard slavery as its primary cause. Day by day has this opinion become general and confirmed among reflecting men, until now it begins to sway the masses, and impel the government to corresponding action. With each blow aimed at the guilty institution, the rebels have writhed and howled, and struck more desperately to defend it. But we all see that their power for evil is steadily diminishing. No longer are they foolish enough to talk of invading these northern States—scarcely can they defend that remnant of the insurrectionary district which now remains to them.

The rulers of Europe, too, after some vacillation and coquetry with the rebels, seem inclined to aid them no further.—For this we may thank the right-minded masses of the European population, whose feelings were averse to human slavery, and whose wishes could not safely be disregarded. They submitted cheerfully to some loss and privation, worked along as best they could with inferior cotton, and gradually accommodated themselves to a condition of things only remarkable by a sacrifice of principle. Our rebels had boasted they would convulse the world by withdrawing cotton, and force the European governments to aid them in upholding slavery. Equally futile was their threat against the free States of famine, anarchy and revolution. We also can exist without cotton, and need not to prostrate ourselves before Juggernaut.—Never before have folly and arrogance been so rebuked. The rebel was not only confident in his ability to coerce mankind into a sanction of his horrible institution, but he ventured his expectation and purpose so brutally and offensively, that he disgusted and repelled even the monarchists who coincided with him in his hatred of freedom. The arrogant spirit engendered by slavery overshot its mark. The world began to despise as well as to hate, when, through the multifarious conformations in the current of human affairs, it gradually became evident that the products of slavery, though valuable, were not indispensable.

The believer in providential arrangements cannot but see in all these concurring circumstances the mode by which slavery is finally to disappear. By the very means devised for its permanence and extension has it received its death-blow. To save it the republic was to perish.—The republic survives, but the institution

is tottering to its fall. When it is fully prostrate and extinct, here in the chief seat of its power, the world may well rejoice; for everywhere else it will then inevitably die. Spain and Brazil will be prompt in their conformity, and even in interior Africa we may hope to see the line of limitation continually pressing inland. The barracoon and slave-pen may be equally dispensed with. Barbarians, nude or in broadcloth, may gnash their teeth in rage or disappointment, but the escape of their victims seems a thing foredoomed.—North American.

FOR SALE.—A FABER ENGINE, 8 inch cylinder, 28 inch stroke, nearly new, in complete order, 2 pumps, one eastern holding 30 lbs. water, boiler 26 inches, 20 feet long, fire front, all complete. Price \$650. Will take lumber at cash prices in payment of same. LUDWICK, Master Station, Pa. RR., 24 miles east Pittsburg, Dec. 3, 1863.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF Cambria county. Notice is hereby given that the following appraisements of certain personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates, under Act of Assembly of the 14th April, 1861, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval, on Wednesday, the 9th of December, to wit: Appraisement of certain personal property set apart for the widow of David Hubert, dec'd. Appraisement of certain personal property set apart for the widow of John Brown, dec'd. Appraisement of certain personal property set apart for the widow of John Walz, dec'd. E. F. LITTLE, Clerk. Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., Nov. 16, 1863.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has bought out the well-known establishment of Isaac Singer, in the West Ward, Ebensburg, where he will carry on the BLACKSMITHING business in all its branches. Confident in rendering entire satisfaction, he hopes for a share of patronage. JOHN GRAY, Ebensburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

NEW TAILOR SHOP.—The undersigned having opened out Tailoring Establishment over the store now formerly occupied by Evans & Son, respectfully informs the public that the business will there be carried on in all its branches. All work will be done in the latest style with neatness and dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms. D. J. EVANS, Ebensburg, Nov. 5, 1863.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of John Humphreys, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to come forward and pay their respective accounts, and those having claims against the estate will present them, properly authenticated for settlement. MRS. ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS, ROWLAND J. HUMPHREYS, Nov. 12, 1863-64.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on Wednesday, the 9th day of December, next, to wit: The first and final account of William Slick, administrator of Rachel Slick, deceased. The second partial account of George Settemeyer, one of the executors of Gerdley Settemeyer, deceased. The second and final account of Sarah H. Maclay, administratrix of William L. Maclay, deceased. The account of Jacob Sharbaugh, guardian of Jacob Stube, a minor child of Andrew Stube, deceased. The first and final account of William W. Paul, administrator of Moses Paul, deceased. The account of William A. Glass, administrator of Catharine Miller, deceased. The second and final account of William Kittell, Esq., executor of Jacob Behr, dec'd. The first and final account of E. J. Waters, administrator of Ann Evans, deceased. The first and final account of E. J. Waters, executor of Ellis Rowland, deceased. The account of George Litzinger, administrator of Elizabeth Litzinger, deceased. E. F. LITTLE, Register. Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 12, 1863.

LORETTO STAGE LINE.—WM. RYAN & JOS. F. DURBIN. This way for Loretto, Chest Springs and St. Augustine. The subscribers wish to inform the traveling public that they are now prepared to furnish them with HACKS, CARRIAGES and every other accommodation in their line of business. They will run a daily hack from Loretto to Cresson, to connect with the different trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Ebensburg and Cresson Branch. They will also run a tri-weekly hack to Chest Springs and St. Augustine, on Monday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. This is the only conveyance on the road, as it carries the mail and will always make the connection. Inquire for Ryan & Durbin's Hack if you wish to be accommodated. RYAN & DURBIN, Loretto, August 19, 1863.

CABINET WARE-ROOM.—EVANS respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and Cambria county generally, that he has on hand and for sale, at his Ware-room, one square west of Blair's Hotel, a large and splendid assortment of FURNITURE, which he will sell very cheap. COFFINS made to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable prices. Ebensburg, Oct. 6, 1863.

SOMETHING NEW!—E. A. PULVER & CO'S SANTOS COFFEE, or MALT COFFEE. Warranted to give satisfaction. Manufactured at Pittsburg, Pa., by E. A. Pulver & Co., to whom all orders should be addressed. For sale in Ebensburg by A. A. Barket, Ebensburg, and Cambria county generally, by Wm. Davis & Son, Shoemaker & Son, E. J. Mills & Co., G. O. Owens, Evan E. Evans, & Gurley, and by the trade generally. Sept. 17, 1863.