

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Senator Trumbull's Speech.

The Confessions of a United States Senator, and a Leader in the ranks of the Jacobins, against the Rights and Liberties of the People.

This Black Republican leader—the "right bower" of the Administration, we compelled either through fear of a riot and outraged populace, or a guilty conscience, on the 14th instant, at Chicago, to rehearse to the people of that city the innumerable wrongs committed by his own party during their short official career. Senator Trumbull was overwrought and compelled to quit telling his truths by the Abolition mob he was addressing, who shouted for Jemison. This man Jemison is the notorious Kansas murderer and jailbreaker—John Brown's co-worker in Kansas during the troubles in that State.

Mr. Trumbull's surroundings were somewhat similar to those of Pontius Pilate, who preferred the death of a murderer to that of an innocent person, but the mob started for the deliverance of the murderer, Parables; but in this instance the mob preferred the presence of a murderer and a highwayman, to that of a United States Senator who advocated law and liberty. We request a careful reading of this speech. It prefaces the death rattle of Abolition rule.—Clearfield Republican.

[From the Chicago Times of Saturday.]

At the Republican meeting in the Court House Square on Thursday evening, after speeches by the Hon. Wm. Kellogg and Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Senator for Illinois, was introduced. The speech was a significant one, and, in view of the remarkable change of policy in the Republican party which it foreshadows, will attract universal attention.

Mr. Trumbull said: It was rather embarrassing to attempt to speak to an audience which insisted on hearing some one else, but so solemn conviction of duty compelled him to speak, when under ordinary circumstances he would have remained silent.

He did not come to inflame their passions already too much aroused. Their country was in danger, and they must look the devil in the face. No adjectives he could pile up, no vile names he could apply to those who do not agree with him, calling them copperheads and traitors, would assist in asserting the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws.

He did not desire to inspire them with whorls, but he wished to talk to their judgments and inspire them through appeals to their reason.

The times he said, are grave! A majority of the people of our State are taking ground against the administration,—and why? In the name of heaven, why is this? I will tell you why; I will point out to you some of our mistakes that they may be corrected in the future. The reason is we have not adhered to David Crockett's motto, "Be sure your right then go ahead!" [A voice—we are always right.] I have lived long enough to know that I am not infallible, perhaps you are; I have some respect for the opinion of others.

One of our mistakes is that we have allowed our opponents to make false issues. But this is not the worst. The great change, the change that has damaged the Administration above all others, is that we are in favor of the exercise of ar-

bitrary power, that we are opposed to the freedom of speech and opinion to the freedom of the press, in favor of curtailing personal liberty and in favor of despotism. Now we should not allow these things. We have been the advocate of free speech for the last forty years, and should not allow the party, which during that whole time has advocated the gag to usurp our place.

We are fighting for the restoration of the Union, and the preservation of the Constitution, and all the liberties it guarantees to every citizen. And it makes me feel bad when I hear some honest friend, brimming full with patriotism, say he does not care for the Constitution and does not want to have it forced in his way, or thrust in his face, until the war is over. The rebels cannot thrust it in his face, for they have no rights under it, save the right to be tried and hung for treason. [Continued applause.]

In certain districts the military law is supreme. Gen. Grant is in command of an army in Mississippi, which is in revolt. Will any one deny his right to make arrests, his right to suppress newspapers, and to level fire like those around you tonight, in order to get a range for his guns? No. And yet these are all arbitrary powers. But these exercises of it are not the troublesome cases. The great difficulty is in those districts, where rightful, civil government is in operation, where the judicial tribunals are open, and the laws respected—the laws which afford a remedy for every wrong. As a rule, we must remember that the civil law is superior to the military law, and the cases are rare, very rare, where the rule can be reversed. It here resolves itself into the plain, naked question of whether the President and his generals, by the simple clicking of a telegraph instrument can cause the imprisonment of A, B or C. If one general can do it another can do it, and where is the end? who will fix the limit? [Great sensation and murmurs.]

Do you propose to interfere with the ballot-box? [Cries of "No! no! never, never," from all parts of the meeting.] I am glad to hear you say that, and glad you are so unanimous. Did it ever occur to you that the next election may put an entirely different face upon affairs? The next election may bring great and deplorable changes, when Vallandigham and men of his class may determine who are to be arrested. [Cries of "No, that can never be," "Never, never," from all parts of the crowd.] Well, gentlemen, there is no use in closing your eyes to the facts which exist around you on every side. I told you I came here to address myself to your reasons and not to your passions; and, in view of that light, I ask you who are being elected Governors of loyal States? who compose a majority of the legislature of the loyal State of Illinois? and who was lately elected mayor of her principal and most loyal city? And in view of these facts, what may the future not have in store? [Cries of "Jemison," "Music," "We don't want to hear."] You sent a telegram to the President. I know I am distasteful, but am I not truthful? I would claim your reason divested of passion. The same evidence you hold to the lips of your adversaries to-day, to-morrow may be returned to your lips. Would you like to drink of it? Close our eyes as we will, there is no safety for us, no safety for you and I and every American citizen now and in the future, but in an unvarying adherence to the constitutional landmarks of our fathers. [Further cries of "Jemison," "Music," and much dissatisfaction.]

You are wrong,—it is our gravest and greatest mistake,—in allowing your adversaries to place you in the position of being opposed to the Constitution. [Cries of "Jemison," and "Give us somebody else."] I see that I am distasteful, but I cannot help it and will not detain you long.

Who is there among you who does not believe in adhering strictly to the Constitution in these times, and extending to every citizen of the loyal States its guarantee? Who among you is prepared to acknowledge our that government is a failure? Who among you is prepared to say the Constitution is a fine thing for peace—good enough—but when war comes it must be rolled up and laid away? Or in other words—for it means the same thing—who among you is ready to substitute the will and opinion of one man, who may be another Vallandigham, in place of the Constitution as the Supreme law of the land. [Cries of "We don't want any more of that." "What's that band for?"] Well, hear me through, for I will not be long, and the questions before you are of so much importance and

gravity that you should listen patiently, and not only that, decide dispassionately.

The Constitution is broad. It grants all powers necessary, even for the suppression of treason in the North. Yes, gentlemen, it is just as legal and binding upon the general in the field, and the civil officers of the nation, as it is upon the humblest citizen in the land. Has it come to this, that you will deny in the free city of Chicago, the right of a citizen to discuss the acts of the President? [Cries of "We won't allow it," and "None but copperheads do that, and we will stop them."] Is there a man in this audience who has not to-day expressed his dissatisfaction with some act of the President? [Cries of "Yes," "Yes," "We have none of us expressed any dissatisfaction."] Ah, do you all, then, think the President's revocation of Gen. Burnside's order suppressing the CHICAGO TIMES, was right? [Cries of "No!" "No!" "It was wrong!" "He ought to have enforced the order!"] Then you all deserve to be taken in hand by the military power and sent beyond the lines. You will be much stronger with the law on your side. Show that Mr. Storey has counselled resistance to the draft or encouraged desertion; these are penitentiary offences. Then arrest him and take him before the courts. Where would you get your mob to rescue him? Why, there would not be a corporal's guard in the city that would go into it. Try him in the courts. [A voice—"No, this would take two months; it would take two years."] Too much time! Cannot you wait for the execution of the law? It would not take two months. Do you know what the laws are? I will read some of them!

He then read from a law of the late Congress forbidding correspondence with the rebels and affording them aid and comfort. [A single voice on the stand—"That's just what Wm. F. Storey does every day."] Then go, he said,—you are a citizen—and make complaint to the grand jury yourself. It is your duty.

State Editorial Convention.

Agreeably to a call published generally in the Democratic newspapers of the State, a Convention of the Democratic editors of Pennsylvania met in the Senate Chamber of the Capitol at Harrisburg, at 8 1/2 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday, the 17th inst.

On motion, the Convention was organized by the appointment of Hon. George Sanderson, of Lancaster, President; Col. Levi L. Tate, of Columbia county, and General James P. Barr, of Allegheny county, Vice Presidents, and Thomas J. Ham, of Wayne county, Secretary.

Mr. Sanderson, on taking the chair, briefly spoke as follows: *Gentlemen of the Convention*—I thank you heartily for the honor you have just conferred upon me, in selecting me to preside over the deliberations of this body, and it gives me pleasure to say that the Democratic editors of Pennsylvania constitute a body of men with whom I am proud to be associated.

Gentlemen, the power of the press, at all times important, is one which, at this time is fraught with vast importance to the people of our Commonwealth. It is emphatically the fourth power in the State. The Legislative, the Executive and the Judiciary constitute the three powers, but the press, and especially the Democratic press, is more potent than either, or all combined, inasmuch as it can make and unmake Legislators, Governors and Judges, and is the "power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Free speech and a free press—the right to speak, write and publish to the world our honest opinions—are cardinal principles in the creed of every free American citizen, whether naturalized or to the man born—a right "inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only" which, come weal or woe, can never be surrendered to the dictum of tyrants and dictators whether in power or out of power. These are my honest sentiments, fearlessly expressed, and I feel sure that, at the same time, I am giving utterance to the sentiments of all my brethren of the Democratic press, when I say that, come weal or come woe, in adversity or prosperity, we shall claim this liberty at the risk of our lives.

We are in the midst of exciting and terrible events; but we must not falter in the bold and faithful discharge of our duty as conservators of the Republic. It is true the second reign of terror is upon us, yet more fearful and tyrannical than the first reign of terror during the administration of the elder Adams; but we must not quail before the minions of despotism. The Queen of England could not retain

her throne for twenty-four hours, if she attempted to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, prevent the right of the press to criticize the acts of her government, or suppress the freedom of speech. And shall we, in this free State of Pennsylvania, have less liberty than they? Shall we basely bow the knee to the iron heel of despotism, and confess ourselves to be unworthy of the glorious heritage of freedom bequeathed to us, under the blessings of Heaven, from our patriot forefathers? No, never—never is the response in every true-hearted American bosom. The Democracy, as one man, give an indignant negative to the interrogation, and the conservative portion of our Republican friends take up the fearless response and say never—no, never!

Gentlemen of the Democratic press, we have an important duty to perform in this alarming crisis of our public affairs. The Convention to-day will place candidates in the field, who must be elected, or all will be lost. If we discharge our duty faithfully they will be triumphantly elected, and our noble old Commonwealth will stand forth to the admiring gaze of the world, "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled" from the tyranny that surrounds us. Some of us in the last two years, have been threatened with personal violence; others have been ruthlessly dragged from their homes and imprisoned, and others again have had their printing presses and type destroyed by a cowardly Abolition mob. But these things are of the past, and they will not dare to repeat them, when we elect a Democratic Governor, who will not only protect the rights of the State against Federal aggression, but the constitutional rights of every citizen in the broad limits of the Commonwealth. Let us be firm, therefore, in the discharge of the duties devolving upon us, and a brighter day will dawn upon our beloved country on the second Tuesday of October next.

Again thanking you, gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me, I shall desist from any further remarks, so that the Convention may proceed with the business which called it together.

At the conclusion of his remarks, which were repeatedly greeted with applause, the Secretary was directed to record the names of such Democratic editors as were present, together with the several journals represented by them. The following names were handed in: J. B. Sanson, Indiana Democrat. Levi L. Tate, Columbia Democrat. Benjamin Whitman, Erie Observer. A. E. Lewis, Philadelphia Evening Journal. E. S. M. Hill, Lackawanna Register. James F. Campbell, Johnstown Democrat. J. Hodgson, West Chester, Jeffersonian. W. Rosenthal, Reading Adler. O. S. Long, Western Star. Amos G. Bonsall, Juniata Register. M. Hamann, Luzerne Union. Thomas Chalfant, Danville Intelligencer. Josiah Cole, Correspondent and Democrat. William H. Hutter, Easton Argus. George Sanderson, Lancaster Intelligencer. D. H. Seaman, Easton Sentinel. A. L. Rohle, Allentown Democrat. Nelson Weiser, Independent Republican. J. Irvin Steel, Blairsville Record. William W. Keenan, Greensburg. O. A. Traugh, Hollidaysburg Standard. J. S. Sanders, Berwick Gazette. James P. Barr, Pittsburg Daily Post. A. J. Glosbrenner, Philadelphia Age. Albert Owen, Huntingdon Monitor. Messer, Johnston & Co., Philadelphia Sunday Mercury. Valentine Hay, Somerset Democrat. Henry Ward, Patriot and Union. Dr. J. D. Mendenhall, Doylestown Democrat. J. Grundy Winegarden, Lewisburg Argus. R. W. Jones, Waynesburg Messenger. Harvey Sieckler, North Branch Democrat. P. Gray Meek, Bellefonte Watchman. William M. Knight, Mercer Register. E. G. Roddy, Genius of Liberty. H. G. Smith, Fulton Democrat. Thomas J. Ham, Wayne County Herald.

On motion a committee of five—consisting of the following named persons: J. B. Sanson, Jas. P. Barr, Col. Levi L. Tate, O. Barrett and A. J. Glosbrenner, was appointed by the chair for the purpose of preparing business for the Convention.

On motion of Nelson Weiser, Esq., a vote of thanks was tendered to Captain Wm. P. Brady, Librarian of the Senate,

for his kindness in opening the hall of the Senate, and also for his courteous deportment during the session of the Convention.

On motion, the Convention adjourned to meet again at the same place on Thursday the 18th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M.

SECOND DAY.

THURSDAY, June 18, 1863.

The Convention met agreeably to adjournment, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by Col. L. L. Tate, in the absence of Mr. Sanderson, the President of the Convention. The other officers were in their places.

On motion the Secretary was instructed to record the names of such additional delegates to the Convention as might be present. The following names were presented:

- J. George Ripper, Pittsburg Democrat. Jas. S. Todd, Democrat and Sentinel, Ebensburg. Truman H. Purdy, Northumberland county Democrat. D. W. Moore, Clearfield Republican. David Fister, Geist der Zeit, Kutztown. Frank Weirick, Selinsgrove Times.

J. B. Sanson, chairman of the committee on preparing business for the Convention, submitted a verbal report.

On motion of Nelson Weiser, amended by Henry Ward, an Executive Committee of seven was appointed for the purpose of conferring with the State Central Committee, with a view to perfecting an arrangement by which a more perfect concert of action between the local presses of the State will be secured, and greater efficiency in the conduct of political campaigns attained, and to transact such other business as may be deemed necessary to further the interests of the association.

The following gentlemen were appointed said committee: Nelson Weiser, Geo. Sanderson, Henry Ward, R. W. Jones, Thomas Chalfant, Truman H. Purdy and James P. Barr.

Following the appointment of the above committee a general discussion ensued upon the specific duties of the same, as well as upon other matters relating to the interests of the party which came before the meeting, after which, on motion of H. G. Smith, it was

Resolved, That the Hon. George Sanderson, President of the Convention of Democratic editors of the State of Pennsylvania, be requested to appoint an early day for the assembling of the Democratic editors of the State at Lancaster, and that we hereby urge upon our brethren the importance of their general response to the call.

On motion of Mr. J. S. Sanders, it was Resolved, That the Democratic editors of the State of Pennsylvania cordially endorse and ratify the proceedings of the Democratic State Convention in the nomination of the Hon. George W. Woodward for Governor, and the Hon. Walter H. Lowrie for Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania.

After which the Convention adjourned to meet at the call of the Chairman of the Convention. (Signed) THOMAS J. HAM, Sec'y.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held immediately on the adjournment of the Convention, Hon. Jas. P. Barr was chosen President, and Henry Ward Secretary.

After the transaction of business, the committee adjourned, to meet at the call of the Chairman.

"The Leafy Month of June."

—After her came July June, arrayed All in green leaves, as he a player were; Yet in his time he wrought as well as played, That by his plough-irona note right well appear. Upon a crab he rode, that did him bear, With crooked crawling steps, an unsmooth pace, And backward rode as bargemen went to fare, Bending their force contrary to their face, Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace. —Spenser.

great green trees in summer. We then feel his meaning, where he describes arbors that are not the work of art, "but by the trees' own inclination made." We look up at the great network of branches, and think how silently they have been fashioned. Through many a quiet night, and many a golden dawn, and all day long, even when the twilight threw her grey veil over them, the work advanced, from when the warp was formed of tender sprays and tiny buds, until a woof of leaves was woven with a shuttle of sunshine and showers, which the unseen wind sent in and through the branches. No human eye could see how the work was done, for the pattern of leaves was woven motionless—here a brown bud came, and there a dot of green was thrown in; yet no hand was visible during the workmanship, though we know the great Power that stirred in that mysterious loom, and wove the green drapery of summer. Now in the woods, like a fair lady of the olden time peeping through her embowered lattice, the tall woodbine leans out from among the leaves, as if to look at the procession that is ever passing, of golden-bellied bees, and gauze-winged dragonflies, birds that dart by as if sent with hasty messages, and butterflies, the gaudy outriders, that make for themselves a way between the overhanging blossoms. All these she sees from the green turret in which she is imprisoned, while the bees go sounding their humming horns through every flowery town in the forest. The wild roses, compelled to obey the commands of summer, blush as they expose their beauty by the wayside, and hurry to hide themselves again amid the green when the day is done, seeming as if they tried "to shut and become buds again." Like pillars of fire, the foxgloves blaze through the shadowy green of the under-wood, as if to throw light on the lesser flowers that grow around their feet. Pleasant it is now after a long walk to sit down on the slope of some hill, and gaze over the outstretched landscape from the valley at our feet, to where the river loses itself in the distant sunshine. In all those widely-spread farmhouses and cottages—some so far away that they appear but little larger than mole-hills—the busy stir of every day life is going on, though neither sound nor motion are audible or visible from the green slope. From these quiet homes, move christening, marrying, and burying processions. Thousands who have filled the earth within the space our eye commands, "now sleep beneath it." There is no one living who ever saw younder aged oak look younger than it does now. The head lies easy which erected that grey old stile, that has stood bleaching so many years in sun and wind; it looks like dried bones, the very step is worn hollow by the feet of those who have passed away forever. How quiet yonder fields appear through which the brown footpath stretches; there those that have gone walked and talked, and played and made love, and through them led their children by the hand, to gather the wild roses of June, that still flower as they did in that very spot where their grandfathers gathered them, when a century back they were children. And yet it may be that these fields, which look so beautiful in our eyes, and awaken such pleasant memories of departed summers, bring back no such remembrances to the unlettered hind, that he thinks only of the years he has toiled in them, of the hard struggle he has had to get bread for his family, and the aching bones he has gone home with at night. Perhaps when he walks out with his children, he thinks how badly he was paid for plashing that hedge, or repairing that flowery embankment—how long it took him to plow or harrow that field; how cold the days were then, and when his wants were greatest, what little wages he received. The haunting woodbine may have no claim for his eye, nor the bee humming round the globe of crimson clover; perhaps he pauses not to listen to the singing of the birds, but with eyes bent on the ground, "he homeward plods his weary way." Cottages buried in woodbine or covered with roses are not the haunts of peace and homes of love which poets so often picture, nor are they the gloomy abodes which some cynical politicians magnify into abodes of misery.

We now hear that sharp rasping sound in the fields which the mower makes every time he wets his scythe, telling us that he has already cut down myriads of those beautiful wild flowers and feathered grasses which the morning sun shone upon. We enter the field and pick a few fading flowers out of the great swaths; and while watching him at his work, see how at one sweep he makes a desert, where a moment before all was brightness and beauty. How one might moralize over (Continued on Fourth Page.)