

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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Second Address
OF
C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.
TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO.
Accepts the Nomination for Govern-
ment and Defines His Position.
[NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA WEST]
July 17.

Arrested and confined for three weeks
in the United States, a prisoner of State;
and then held as an alien enemy and
prisoner of war, though on parole; fairly
and honorably dealt with and given leave
to depart, an act possible only by running
backwards at the hazard of being fired
upon by ships flying the flag of my own
country, I found myself first a freeman
and then a British subject. And to-day under
protection of the British flag, I am here
to enjoy and in part to exercise the privi-
leges and rights which usurpers insolently
deny me at home. The shallow contri-
vances of the weak despots at Washington,
and their advisers has been defeated.
I who, who for two years was man-
aged as in secret league with the Con-
federates, having refused when in their
power, under circumstances the most fa-
vorable either to identify myself with
their cause or even so much as to remain,
preferring rather exile in a foreign land,
than now with allegiance to my own
land and Government, unbroken in word,
sight or deed, and with every declara-
tion and pledge to you at home, and be-
cause I was stolen away, made good in
fact and to the very letter.
Six weeks ago when just going into
exile because an audacious but
not cowardly despotism caused it I ad-
dressed you as a fellow-citizen. To-day,
from the very place then selected by
me, but after wearisome and most peril-
ous journeys for more than four thou-
sand miles by land and upon the sea, still
winded, though almost in sight of my
native State, I greet you as your repre-
sentative. Grateful certainly I am for
the confidence in my integrity and patri-
otism implied by the unanimous nomi-
nation as candidate for Governor of Ohio,
which you give me while I was yet in
the Confederate States. It was not mis-
taken; it shall never be abused. But
it is the first of all considerations in
my mind. I ask no personal sym-
bolism for the personal wrong. No; it is
the issue of constitutional liberty and private
rights, cruelly outraged beyond example in
this country, by the President and his
advisers, which gives public significance
to the action of your convention. Yours
indeed, an act of justice to a citizen
for his devotion to the rights of the
States and the liberties of the people, had
been marked for destruction by the hand
of arbitrary power. But it was much
more. It was an example of courage
worthy of the heroic ages of the world;
and it was a spectacle and a rebuke to the
tyrants who, having broken up the
Union, would now strike down the
Constitution, subvert your present Govern-
ment, and establish a formal and pro-
claimed despotism in its stead. You are
the restorers and defenders of constitu-
tional liberty, and by that proud title his-
tory will salute you.
I congratulate you upon your nomi-
nation. They whom you have placed
upon the ticket with me are gentlemen
of character, ability, integrity, and tried
loyalty to the Constitution, the Union,
and to Liberty. Their moral and polit-
ical courage—a quality always rare, and
now the most valuable of public virtues—is
beyond question. Every way all these
nominations were fit to be made. And
even jealousy, I am sure, will now be

hushed, if I especially rejoice with you in
the nomination of Mr. Pugh as your candi-
date for Lieutenant Governor and Presi-
dent of the Senate. A scholar and a
gentleman, a soldier in a foreign war, and
always a patriot; eminent as a lawyer,
and distinguished as an orator and a
statesman, I hail his acceptance as an
omen of the return of the better and
more virtuous days of the Republic.
I endorse your noble platform—elegant
in style, admirable in sentiment. You
present the true issue, and commit your-
self to the great mission just now of the
Democratic party—to restore and make
first the rights and liberties declared
yours by your constitutions. It is vain
to invite the States and people of the
South to return to a Union without a
Constitution, and dishonored and polluted
by repeated and most aggravated exactions
of tyrannical power. It is base in your-
selves, and reasonable in your posterity,
to surrender these liberties and rights to
the creatures whom your own breath
created and can destroy. Shall there be
free speech, a free press, peaceable as-
sembly of the people, and a free ballot
any longer in Ohio? shall the people here-
after, as hitherto, have the right to dis-
cuss and condemn the principles and
policy of the party—the military—the
man who, for the time, conduct the Govern-
ment—to demand of their public ser-
vants a reckoning of their stewardship, and
to place other men and another party in
power at their supreme will and pleasure?
Shall Order Thirty-eight of the Constitu-
tion be the supreme law of the land?
And shall the citizen any more be ar-
rested by an armed soldiery at midnight,
dragged from wife and child and home to
a military prison; thence to a mock mili-
tary trial; thence condemned, and then
banished as a felon for the exercise of his
rights? This is the issue, and nobly
have you met it. It is the very question
of free, popular Government itself. It is
the whole question; upon the one side
liberty, on the other despotism. The
President, as the recognized head of his
party, accepts the issue. Whatever he
wills, that is law. Constitutions, State
and Federal, are nothing; acts of legisla-
tion nothing; the judiciary less than
nothing. In time of war, there is but
one will supreme—his will; but one law
—military necessity, and he the sole
judge. Military orders supersede the
Constitution, and military commissions
usurp the place of the ordinary courts of
justice in the land. Nor are these mere
idle claims. For two years and more,
by arms, they have been enforced. It
was the mission of the weak but pre-
sumptuous Burnside—a name infamous
forever in the ears of all lovers of con-
stitutional liberty—to try the experiment in
Ohio, aided by a judge whom I name
not, because he has brought foul dishonor
upon the judiciary of my country. In
your hands now, men of Ohio, is the final
issue of the experiment. The party of
the Administration have accepted it. By
pledging support to the President, they
have justified his outrages upon liberty
and the Constitution; and whoever gives
his vote to the candidates of that party,
commits himself to every act of violence
and wrong on the part of the Adminis-
tration which he upholds; and thus by
the law of retaliation, which is the law
of might, would forfeit his own right to
liberty, personal and political, whoso-
ever other men and another party shall
hold the power. Much more do the can-
didates themselves. Suffer them not, I
entreat you, to evade the issue; and by
the judgement of the people we will
abide.
And now, finally, let me ask what is
the pretext for all the monstrous acts and
claims of arbitrary power which you
have so nobly denounced? "Military
necessity." But if, indeed all these be
demanded by military necessity, then be-
lieve me your liberties are gone, and ty-
ranny is perpetual. For if this civil war
is to terminate only by the subjugation or
submission of the South to force and
arms, the infant of to-day will not live to
see the end of it. No, in another way
only can it be brought to a close. Trav-
eling a thousand miles and more, through
nearly one-half of the Confederate States,
and sojourning for a time at widely dif-
ferent points, I met not one man, woman,
or child who was not resolved to perish
rather than yield to the pressure of arms
even in the most desperate extremity.
And whatever may and must be the
varying fortune of the war, in all which
I recognize the hand of Providence point-
ing visibly to the ultimate issue of this
great trial of the States and people of
America, they are better prepared now
every way to make good their inexorable
purpose than at any period since the be-
ginning of the struggle. These may in-

deed be unwelcome truths, but they are
addressed only to honest and candid men.
Neither, however, let me add, did I meet
any one, whatever his opinions or his sta-
tion, political or private, who did not de-
clare his readiness, when the war shall have
ceased and invading armies been withdrawn,
to consider and discuss the question of re-
union. And who shall doubt the issue of
the argument? I return, therefore, with
my opinions and convictions as to war or
peace, and my faith as to final results
from sound policy and wise statesmanship,
not only unchanged, but confirmed and
strengthened. And may the God of
heaven and earth so rule the hearts and
minds of Americans everywhere, that a
Constitution maintained, a Union restored
and liberty henceforth made secure, a
grand and nobler destiny shall yet be
ours than that even which blessed our
fathers in the first two ages of the Re-
public.
C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.
A Dastardly Outrage.
(From the Huntingdon Monitor, July 30.)
On last Saturday morning, about three
o'clock in our absence from town, the
office of the MONITOR was forcibly en-
tered by some cowardly scoundrels, by
knocking out the panels of one of the
doors, and three cases of type were car-
ried away and destroyed, and seven col-
umns of matter were thrown into re-
mains. A piece of a bayonet was found in front
of the office in the morning, and the win-
dow shutters bore numerous marks which
proved that an effort had been made to
enter by forcing them open. The dam-
age done to the office amounts to about
two hundred dollars, and will be repaired
in a few days.
This most wicked, cowardly and un-
provoked act of brutality was witnessed
by two or three persons from adjacent
buildings, who had been awakened from
their sleep by the oaths which the rioters
uttered. There was a military guard
patrolling the streets at the time, and the
soldier nearest the office, ran to the Court
House for assistance, but before he re-
turned supported by a number of bayo-
nets, the miscreants had taken warning
and fled.
This is a brief and true history of the
second attempt to destroy the only paper
which speaks for TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED
of the voters of Huntingdon county.
This is the second attempt, made by vi-
olence and brute force, to close the voice of
freedom, and destroy the property of pri-
vate citizens, some of whom are at this
hour, serving the State in the ranks as
gallant soldiers, while others are mourn-
ing the loss of brave sons killed in bloody
battle for the flag. It is enough
"To stir a fever in the blood of age [steel]."
And make the infants sneeze strong as
"Those who witnessed this hellish act,
say that the party consisted of four or
five men, in citizens dress, and were led
by a captain.—The most careful efforts
have been made to discover the guilty per-
sons, and we believe that they have been
successful. On Monday a warrant was
issued for W. C. Wagoner, Thos. M.
Comproest, Alfred Tyhurst, and one
Capt. W. R. Hughes, from Wilmore,
Cambria county. Comproest and Ty-
hurst were arrested, and gave bail in \$500
but the other two, being absent, have not
yet been taken.
We forbear to comment upon the horrid
realities of the hour. No honest man
can view the scenes around us without
trembling for the future. The public
mind has become disordered, and men
who have sworn solemn oaths to obey the
laws—to maintain and do justice under
the cover of darkness, deliberately destroy
the property of private citizens—threaten
to shoot down those who oppose their
fiendish work—and disgrace themselves
and their race by the most indecent and
vulgar utterances and most diabolical
and brutal conduct. Oh! what a withering,
burning shame upon our country, upon
the great cause of public order and per-
sonal security!
And is it by these means that the
Democratic party is to be DRIVEN into
submission—to worship at the altar of

treason to the Constitution and laws—to
desert its principles and bow before the
mad spirit of drunken mobs! NEVER—
NEVER! Firmer and stronger shall grow
our faith—and more determined shall be
our efforts under all this persecution and
brutality. God is just, and a day of re-
tribution is coming. We must have the
right to think, and speak, and print,
holding ourselves at all times subject to
the written law of the land. If this
right is to be denied us—if we are to be
made the slaves of a despotism more
cruel and hellish than ever disgraced the
earth—if our property is to be held at the
license of the mob and our persons con-
stantly threatened with violence and bru-
tality—let it be so proclaimed to the
world—let the portals of justice be closed
and upon their arches be written the in-
scription, "BENEATH THIS TEMPLE CIVIL
LIBERTY IS BURIED"—and then we shall
be prepared to resist one usurpation with
another and prove that the blood of the
Democracy is able to defend itself.
Courage is a vital virtue and the lever of
our political faith—but we have always
taught obedience to the law. But is
our obedience to be taken for cowardice—
if our love of order is to be construed
into a relinquishment of our rights as
citizens—we give warning to mobs and
brute force that a time may come when
civil war will desolate our State, and the
most fearful horrors sadden every house-
hold. Every hour the danger thickens
and deepens, and the only hope of escape,
is a return to the laws, and to a respect
for the rights and property of all our citi-
zens.
A Dutchman's Opinion.
We are here enabled to lay before our
readers a novel and comprehensive criti-
que on the "whole conduct of the war,"
from the pen of a fat but respectable
German gentleman, which will not only
be found highly relishable, from the pecu-
liar humor it contains, but instructive to
the last degree to those who may desire to
understand how generals are made, and
how they make themselves. Myrbeer
Klobberdyss will ever be welcome to our
columns.
EDITOR T. T.—I spose I hef so much
rite to say somethings as some udder men
vat pays his taxes and shticks up by the
Constitution. I goes in fur de Union
allegedder, and I don't haf rottings to do
mit dem tam gopper heads dat goes round
humbuggin de beople. Dat is not my
shytle. O no! I tells you vat I do. Ven
dis war first begins to broke out I calls to
my son Shorge. "Come here, you
Shorge," I ses. He comed. "Shorge,"
ses I, "ven you vas a leetle poy I gits
you de names from Shorge Washington,
because he was a goot nian, and fights
mid his country. Now, here is anuder
muss between Uncle Sam and some more
tam raskals, and I vant you to put your
gun on your back and shoulder your knap-
sack, and go and fight too and be so goot
a man as he vas." Vell, off he goes, and
bretty soon dey makes him a gorporal,
and now he writes a letter on me, and ses
dat he haf a goot shance to be made cap-
tain so soon as his turn comes. Und
Shorge is no goward. I tell you, he vill
fight so as de tuyvel. Once I see him
lick a poy more as haf so pig as himself.
Vell ven he goes off mit de sojers I tell
him he shall write home on me und let
me know vat he does, and how meny
battles dey fight, and how meny Rebels
dey kill, and how meny Rebels dey don't
kill, and how meny Rebels kills dem,
and how meny men de Rebels haf, und
vat de Shenarls is about, und vat de gop-
porals is about, und vat Uncle Sam is
about, und vat Sheff Davis is about, und
how long de war shall last, und all about
every ting; of course I reads some of
dese tings in de habers, but de habers is
all lies. I believe not von tam word from
de whole of dem. I see dem make it all
down in mere cellar. I thinks dey don't
know no more about it as I do. My
Shorge is right dere on de shtop and sees
it mit his own eyes, dat is petter as bein
in a cellar, and if he writes me some tings,
I swear its shust so. Vell, by and by he
rites me von letter. "My dear fader,"
he ses. "I haf nottings to eat." All rite!
I sends him a box so pig as a parn, mit
sover kroust, und bolonies, und pretzels,
und alles vot is goot. Vell, bretty soon,
he rites me anuder letter: "My dear

fader," he ses, "I haf no clothes." All
rite! I tells my old voman und she sends
him shirts, and stockings, und drawers, und
baper-kollers, more as two men can lift.
Vell, I vat a little, und den anuder
comes: "My dear fader," he ses "I
haf no money." Dat is all de news I got
from him so far. But I can see bretty
vell how dings goes on myself, und I'll
tell you how I dink dis war is managed.
Some fellers shumps up und vants to be
Shenaral. All rite! Vell, he goes round
on his friends, Congressmen, und contrac-
tors, und some oder daves, und ses: "I
goes in to be Shenaral." All rite! Very
vell. "Now you shust go und shepak
mit Olt Abe, und tell him vot I vants."
All rite again, und den dey goes to Olt
Abe und ses: "Olt Abe, here is a mity
shumt man, you shall make him for a
Shenaral." "I haf more Shenarls as I
know vot to do nit," ses Olt Abe.—
"Nofur mind," dey ses, "dis fellers is
shumt der all of dem," und dey bolder,
und bolder, und bolder, till Olt Abe, he
ses: "Go to de tuyvel, und make him a
Shenaral." All rite again. Vell, so
soon as he gets to be Shenaral, he puts on
some new clothes, mit a couple of pounds
of gilted brass on de shoulders, und gets
some oder fellers mit new clothes und
gilted brass, dem is de staff, und dey all
ride down togelder, und take command
of de army. Den, as de next ting is, de
men has to pack up dere dings an of dey
goes. Vell, dey marshes till dey comes
to a place where dere is plenty of whisky,
und den de Shenaral ses: "Halt. I dink
we shotts here till all de whisky is gone,
und den dey made anuder move, und so
dey goes bobbin round, till by und by dey
comes near de enemy. Vell, so soon as de
Shenaral hears dat, he sends out some
men to look where de are, und how meny
dere is of dem. So von man goes a little
vay, und comes back, und ses dere's bout
a hundred thousand; den anuder goes a
little neader, und he ses about fifty thou-
sand; und anuder goes neader an dem,
und ses swanzick thousand; den ven dey
all come back de Shenaral counts all up
togelder vat dey haf seen, und if de
whisky is nearly all gone, he ses: "De
enemy is in great force. I dink we
shanges our base;" but if de whisky is
bretty plenty, he ses: "Got tam! ve
lick dese few raskals all to bieces; und
den he prings his sogers all in von pile;
und tells dem: "Come along my poy-
s; ve gits dem Rebels hell;" und den he puts
some men mit dere pig guns on a hill, und
orders dem: "Fire off like de tuyvel,"
und dey fire off, bang! all among de
trees. Vell, bretty de Rebels hear de
noise, und dey come up und fire off, bang!
bang! too; und ven de Shenaral sees
dere shooke he ses: "Poy, go in dere!"
und dey go in dere. Den de Rebels fire
off in some oder place, und de Shenaral
ses: "Poy, go in dere," und dey go in
dere too. Den, by and by de Rebels
come around de corner, und de Shenaral
ses again: "Poy, go in dere," und den
dey come around de oder corner, und if
dere any more poy left, dey go in dere,
und so dey go on fighting till it gets dark,
und if they licks the Rebels dey call it
victory, und if the Rebels licks dem, dey
call it shtrategy. But if the Rebels find
out dat dey are gettin licked, dey sends
out a man mit a little flag, und he hollers
shlop. I vant to see your Shenaral; und
den dey shlop, und bring him mit de
Shenaral, und he shepks mit him und gits
him Sheff Davis' gompiments, und hopes
he is vell, and his mutter is vell, und his
grandmutter is vell, und all de oder fam-
ily, und asks him if he will be so goot und
shlop fighting a little till he carries some
dead men, den dey can go on again. Und
den de Shenaral ses: "Oh, yes!" und
dey takes a drinks all round, und he sends
his gompiments to Sheff Davis, und his
mutter, und grandmutter, und der rest of
dem. Und by und by de Rebels leaves
his dead men bury demselves, und goes off
mit his pack und baggage, und aray, und
all he can shleat. Den de Shenaral writes
home a long letter on Olt Abe und ses:
"Dunder und Blixen! Got for tam
goot! We lick de Rebels shust now,
und cut dem all to bieces, und takes de
olders for brisomers. Hurray for de Con-
stitution und de Union!" But if dey don't
lick de Rebels, he ses: "Yesterday de
enemy come in front of me, about two
millions more as I was, I fight mit him
und drive him away, und now I go off
und get behind him, und lick so as never
was." Und so he goes und get a goot
vays behind him—in de front.
Vell, now I shlop. I haf tell vat I
dinks about war, und braps I am so much
rite as some oder beople.
GOTLIEB KLOBBERDYSS.
A Western editor having published
a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper
in the same village upbraids him for obtrud-
ing his family matters on the public.

An "Infant Phenomenon."
A CHILD TWO YEARS OLD WITH A GIANT'S
HEAD.
We find the following in the Cincinnati
Enquirer:
"Eliza Sitzer, a child two years old,
born in Hamilton county, about eight
miles from Cincinnati, presents one of the
most curious developments in the natural
world that has ever fallen under our ob-
servation. This child is observant and
intelligent, notwithstanding the extraordi-
nary phenomenon which she presents in
the marvellous growth of her head—a
growth which has distended the cerebrum
to an enormous size, giving wonderful
capacity and breadth to the anterior,
while the posterior region especially in its
upper register, is by no means neglected.
"The head measures fully three and a
half feet in circumference—the forehead
is at least seven and a-half inches in
height, and some fourteen to sixteen inches
breadth. The hair, which is very fine
and of a flaxen hue, is not luxuriantly
spread over the crown, but quite as much
so as in most children of the same age.
The skin is very fair, and wears a healthy
appearance, and the face is by no means
ungainly in expression—the features be-
low the forehead are regular, only the
eyes are somewhat expanded, and the
delicately pencilled brow seems to be
warped, and wears a hard expression
through the expansion of the forehead,
through here commences.
"From the crown of the head to the
ear is about eighteen inches. The head
is not regularly shaped, but is broader on
the forehead, save that the region behind
the ears is enormously enlarged. The
history of this child and the singular
growth of its head are striking. At its
birth nothing remarkable was presented.
About two weeks after, without any ap-
parent or known cause, the head began to
grow, and continues to increase in size,
presenting one of those phenomena which
assures us that what we deemed impossi-
ble may be realized.
"This child presents a most interesting
subject of inquiry and investigation to the
scientific, and is worthy their attention.
It is a curious spectacle, and by no means
revolting; and can only be appreciated
when seen, because description cannot
convey a fair impression of the animate
curiosity. There has been a large reward
offered for any natural curiosity that can
exceed this, but no one has tendered com-
petition. It is understood that in a short
time it is the intention to exhibit this phe-
nomenon to the curious in the larger
towns of Southern Ohio, and it is well
worth the inquiries and investigation of
the naturalist and scientific. The child
is easily moved about by its mother, and
rarely expresses discontent. It is gen-
erally kept in a recumbent state, and soothed
by gentle rocking. It receives its food
readily, and is affected like other children,
presenting no other unnatural appearance
than its enormous and constantly enlarged
head.
"Our Revolutionary fathers made
the following statement of grievances
against the British King.
He taxed tea.
He had a stamp tax.
He incited the negro to insurrection.
He made the military above the civil
power.
He sent men into banishment and exile
without the authority of law.
He paid no respect to our constitutions
and laws.
He was a tyrant generally.
Those grievances read singularly now,
in view of the action of the present Re-
publican Administration.
A PRECOCIOUS INFANT.—A stupid
rumor was recently put about that some
days ago "a child was born in Greens-
burg, with full grown whiskers, double
teeth all round, and informed those pres-
ent that this war would close in three
months, and then would follow three years
of famine," after which this extraordinary
child died. No wonder the poor thing
died, after such an exhibition of precocity!
A French paper says that a New
Zealand chief has just taken up his resi-
dence upon a piece of land, his right to
which was contested. "I have an un-
doubted title to the property," he observed,
"as I ate the preceding owner."
"Well what next?" said Mrs.
Partington, as she interrupted Ike, who
was reading the war news—"The pickets
were driven in five miles! Bless my poor
soul, but that will make a strong fence.
I suppose they had to be driven in deep to
keep the sessionaders from digging out
under them."