

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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1863.

VOL. 10--NO. 36.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid until the termination of the year. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no arrears will be at liberty to discontinue the paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

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When this Cruel War is Over.

BY CHARLES G. SAWYER.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
(Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.
Cautions—Weeping sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.
When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathe the song,
Off in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.
Chorus—Weeping, sad, &c.
If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call—
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel faucies
E'er in my brain.
Chorus—Weeping, sad, &c.
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and Liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Chorus—Weeping, sad, &c.

SPEECH OF FRANKLIN PIERCE AT THE CONCORD MEETING, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Boston Post says that the Mass Meeting of Democrats at Concord, New Hampshire, on Saturday, the glorious anniversary of our National Independence, was in every respect one of the most enthusiastic, cheering and significant gatherings ever held in the good, staunch old Granite State. The Democracy gathered from every city town, hamlet in the State, and whether viewed in point of numbers, enthusiasm, a profound, steady determination to stand by the political principles of the fathers of the country, or the time and place in which it was held, it was a most remarkable and memorable assemblage. But not alone were the free mountain sides, the busy manufacturing precincts, the extended agricultural districts of the State, the various walks and avocations represented, but all New England, New York, and Indiana and other portions of the country sent up their sons, once again, on the Sabbath day of the nation, to baptize their faith, and take counsel together in the trial hour of our country. It was an inspiring and hopeful sight to thus witness full twenty-five thousand Democrats met for a common and noble purpose. Concord New Hampshire, New England, the nation itself may

well be proud of that Union of the people.

The Hon. FRANKLIN PIERCE presided, and upon taking the Chair made the following remarks:—

My Friends and Fellow-Countrymen: While I have come to preside at this meeting, at your bidding, permit me say that no command less imperative than your wish on such an occasion would have brought me here; and I trust that in view of the great aggregation of personal relations which thirty years of manhood life have formed between us, you will recognize in this fact a warm reciprocation, on my part, of the respect and affection which, in all time, I have never failed to find on yours. We meet on the anniversary of a day hallowed by solemn memories, and sanctified as that of the birth of the American Union. The Declaration of Independence laid the foundation of our political greatness, in the two fundamental ideas of the absolute independence of the American people, and of the sovereignty of their respective States. Under that standard our wise and heroic fathers fought the battles of the Revolution; under that they conquered. In this spirit, they established the Union, having the conservative thought ever present in their minds, of the original sovereignty and independence of the several States, all with their diverse institutions, interests, opinions and habits, to be maintained intact and secure, by the reciprocal stipulations and mutual compromises of the Constitution. They were master-builders, who reared up the grand structure of the Union, that august temple beneath whose dome three generations have enjoyed those blessings of civil liberty as were never before vouchsafed by Providence to man; that temple before whose altars you and I have not only bowed with devout and grateful hearts, but where, with patriotic vows and sacrifices, we have so frequently consecrated ourselves to the protection and maintenance of those lofty columns of the Constitution by which it was upheld. [Applause.] No visionary enthusiasts were they, dreaming vainly of the impossible uniformity of some wild Utopia of their own imaginations. No desperate reformers were they, madly bent upon schemes which, if consummated, could only result in general confusion anarchy and chaos. Oh, no! high-hearted, but sagacious and practical statesmen they were, who saw society as a living fact, not as a troubled vision; who knew that national power consists in the reconciliation of diversities of institutions and interests, not their conflict and obliteration; and who saw the variety and adaptation of parts are the necessary elements of all there is sublime or beautiful in the works of art or nature. Majestic were the solid foundations, the massive masonry, the columned loftiness of that magnificent structure of the Union. Glorious was the career of prosperity and peace and power upon which from its very birthday the American Union entered, as with the assured march of the conscious offspring of those giants of the Revolution. Such was the Union, as conceived and administered by Washington and Adams, by Jefferson and Madison and Jackson. Such I say was the Union, ere the evil times befel us; ere, in the third generation, the all-comprehensive patriotism of the Fathers had died out, and given place to the passionate emotions of narrow and aggressive sectionalism. The Eastern States covered the sea with their ships, the land with their farms and their manufactures; so did the middle Atlantic States, with addition of their general wealth of coal and iron; while the Southern States, with their bright soft climate and congenial soil, raised up the great staples of cotton, tobacco, rice, corn, which are the life of commerce and manufactures; and the great regions of the West to be granaries of Europe and America, and still further on was revealed the land of gold and silver, on the remote shores of the Pacific. These were the material elements of our national power, each State with its difference of interests cooperating with the others to constitute one harmonious whole. And so the various European races, co-existing here, though differing in blood, religion, temper, the Protestant and the Catholics, the Puritan and the Cavalier, yet by their very differences of character, afforded the mental and moral element of the power of the Union. Glorious, sublime above all that history records of national greatness, was the spectacle which the Union exhibited to the world, so long as the true spirit of the Constitution lived in the hearts of the people, and the Government was a Government of men reciprocally respecting one another's rights, and of States, each

moving planet-like, in the orbit of its proper place in the firmament of the Union. Then we were the model Republic of the world, honored, loved, or feared where we were not loved, respected abroad, peaceful and happy at home. No American citizen was then subject to be driven into exile for opinion's sake or arbitrarily arrested and incarcerated in military bastilles—even as he may now be—not for acts or words of imputed treason, but if he do but mourn in silent sorrow over the desolation of his country—[applause]—no embattled hosts of Americans were then wasting their lives and resources in sanguinary civil strife; no suicidal and parricidal civil war then swept like a raging tempest of death over the stricken homesteads and wailing cities of the Union. Oh, that such a change should ever come over our country in a day, as it were—as if all men in every State of the Union North and South, East and West—were suddenly smitten with homicidal madness, and “the custom of fell deeds” rendered as familiar as if it were a part of our inborn nature; as if an avenging angel had been suffered by Providence to wave a sword of flaming fire above our heads, to convert so many millions of good men, living together in brotherly love, into insensate beings, savagely bent on the destruction of themselves and of each other, and leaving but a smoldering ruin of conflagration and of blood in the place of our once blessed Union. I endeavor sometimes, as I have no doubt you do, to close my ears to the sounds, and shut my eyes to the sights of woe, and to ask myself whether all this can be—to enquire which is true, whether the past happiness and prosperity of my country are but the flattering vision of a happy sleep or its present misery and desolation haply the delusion of some disturbed dream. One or the other seems incredible and impossible; but alas, the stern truth cannot thus be dispelled from our minds. Can you forget, ought I especially be expected to forget, those not remote days in the history of our country when its greatness and glory shed the reflection at least of their rays upon all of our lives, and thus enabled to read the lessons of the Fathers and of their Constitution in the light of their principles and their deeds? Then war was conducted only against the foreign enemy, and not in the spirit and purpose of persecuting non-combatant populations, nor of burning undefended towns or private dwellings, and wasting the fields of the husbandmen, and the workshops of the artisan, but of subduing armed hosts in the field. Then the Congress of the United States was the great Council of the whole Union and of all its parts. Then the Executive Administration looked with impartial eye over the whole domain of the Union, anxious to promote the interests and consult the honor and just pride of all the States, seeing no power beyond the law, and devoutly obedient to the commands of the Constitution. How is all this changed? And why? Have we not been told, in this very place, not two weeks ago, by the voice of an authoritative expositor; do we not know that the cause of our calamities is the vicious intermeddling of two many of the citizens of the Northern States with the constitutional rights of the Southern States, cooperating with the discontents of the people of those States? Do we not know that the disregard of the Constitution, and of the security it affords to the rights of States and of individuals, has been the cause of the calamity which our country is called to undergo? And now, war! in its direst shape—war such as it makes the blood run cold to read of in the history of other nations and of other times—war, on the scale of a million of men in arms—war horrid as that of barbaric ages rages in several of the States of the Union, as its more immediate field, and casts the lurid shadow of its death and lamentation athwart the whole expanse, and into every nook and corner of our vast domain. Nor is that all; for in those of the States which the roar of the cannon, and the rattle of the musketry, and the groans of the dying, are heard but as a faint echo of terror from other lands, even here in the loyal States, the mailed hand of military usurpation strikes down the liberties of the people, and its foot tramples a desecrated Constitution. [Applause.] Aye, in this land of free thought free speech and free writing—in the Republic of free suffrage, with liberty of thought and expression as the very essence of republican institutions—even here in these free States, it is made criminal for a citizen-soldier, like gallant Edgerly, of New Hampshire, to vote according to his conscience; or, like that noble martyr of free speech,

Vallandigham, to discuss public affairs in Ohio; (applause;) aye, even here, the temporary agents of the sovereign people, the transitory administrators of the Government, tell us that in time of war the mere arbitrary will of the President takes the place of the Constitution, and the President himself announces to us that it is treasonable to speak or write otherwise than as he may prescribe; nay that it is treasonable even to be silent, though we be struck dumb by the shock of the calamities with which evil counsels, incompetency and corruption have overwhelmed our country! [Applause.] I will not say this without referring to the authority upon which I rely. In his letter of June 12, 1863, addressed to Erastus Corning, and other citizens of the State of New York, the President makes use of the following extraordinary language:—“Indeed, arrests by due process of courts, and arrests in cases of rebellion, do not proceed altogether upon the same basis. The former is directed at the small percentage ordinary and continuous perpetration of crime, while the latter is directed against the Government, which, at most, will succeed or fail in no great length of time. In the latter case, arrests are made, not so much for what has been done, as for what probably would be done. [Applause.] The latter is more for the preventive and the less for the vindictive than the former. In such cases the purposes of men are more easily understood than in cases of ordinary crime. (Laughter.) If not hindered, he is shure to help the enemy; much more if he talks ambiguously—talks for his country with ‘buts’ and ‘ifs’ and ‘ands.’” It is seen by this letter, at least, that there is no longer doubt as to where the responsibility for those unconstitutional acts of the last two years, perpetrated by subordinate officers of the Federal Government, both civil and military, properly attaches; but who, I ask, has clothed the President with power to dictate to any one of us when we must or when we may speak, or to be silent upon any subject, and especially in relation to the conduct of any public servant? By what right does he presume to prescribe a formula of language for your lips or mine? It seems incredible, and even with this authenticated paper before us it is amazing that any such sentiment should have found utterance from the elected representative of a free Government like that of the United States. My friends, let those obey such behests who will; you and I have been nurtured here among the granite hills and under the clear skies of New Hampshire, into no such servile temperament. [Applause.] True it is, that any of you, that I myself may be the next victim of unconstitutional, arbitrary, irresponsible power. But we, nevertheless, are free men, and we resolved to live, or if it must be, to die such. Falter who may, we will never cease to hold up on high the Constitution of the Union though torn to shreds by the sacrilegious hands of its enemies. [Applause.] How strikingly significant, how suggestive to us, on this occasion, is the contemplation of that august spectacle of the recent Convention at Indianapolis, of seventy-five thousand citizens calmly and bravely participating in the discussion of the great principles underlying their sacred rights as freemen—neither awed by cannon frowning upon their liberties, nor provoked by threats into retaliatory violence. I would say to you, fellow-citizens, emulate that exhibition of wisdom and patriotism. Be patient, but resolute. Yield nothing of your rights; but bear and forbear. Let your action show to the world that, with courage to confront despotism, you have also discretion to avoid inconsiderate action in resisting its advances. George Washington and Sam'l Adams, Mathew Thornton and Charles Carroll, George Reed and Roger Sherman, Philip Livingston and William Hooper, Benjamin Franklin and Edward Rutledge, George Walton and Richard Stockton, with their associates of all the thirteen then independent sovereign States, stood eighty seven years ago today, in that simple but most memorable room, where the Declaration was signed, like the people of the States whom they represented, with the solemn grandeur of high resolve, if apparently weak, yet with their armor on and their hearts strung for the contest of civil liberty. If we cannot be joyous and exultant on this anniversary of that day, it may do us good to remember that joy and exultation were far from the hearts of the brave men who sanctioned the Declaration of Independence, and then fought seven years to maintain it. No! they are not joyous but determined. They felt the inspira-

tion of a great object; and they sought its accomplishment with a stern, devoted self-sacrificing spirit. They were animated by that determination which in a righteous cause of self-defence and self-vindication is invincible. They knew the condition of the Provinces in point of men and munition, and they had a clear perception of the colossal power which they were to confront. But neither one nor the other consideration, nor both combined, shook either their faith or their courage. They compensated for the want of numbers, arms, and all which under ordinary circumstances goes to constitute the sinews of war, by the glory of their patriotism and the strength of their purpose. To be sure, they fought for their rights, but their endurance and energy were quickened by an incalculable power; they fought for their homes, their hearthstones, their wives and children behind them. I trust it may be profitable on this occasion, as the call of your meeting suggests, to revive the memories of the heroic epoch of the Republic, even though they come laden with regrets, and hold up that period of our history in contrast with the present. Though they come to remind us of what were our relations during the Revolution, and in later years, prior to 1861, to that great Commonwealth which we were accustomed to refer to by the name of “the mother of Statesmen and of States;” and of what those relations now are. Can it be that we are never to think again of the land where the dust of Washington and Patrick Henry, of Jefferson and Madison repose with emotions of gratitude, admiration and filial regard? Is hate for all that Virginia has taught, all that Virginia has done, all that Virginia is, to take the place of sentiments which we have cherished all our lives? Other men may be asked to do this, but it is in vain to appeal to me. So far as my heart is concerned, it is not a subject of volition. While there may be those in whose breasts such sentiments as these awaken no responsive feeling. I feel assured, as I look over this vast assemblage, that the grateful emotions which have signalized this anniversary in all our past history, are not less yours than they are mine, to-day. Let us be thankful, at least, that we have ever enjoyed them; that nothing can take from us the pride and exultation we have felt, as we saw the old flag unfold over us, and realize its glorious secretion of stars from the original thirteen to thirty-four; that we say such, when we say, in the language of New Hampshire's greatest son if we can with assurance say no more, “The past at least is secure.” But if we cannot be joyous, my friends, as we have been on this anniversary, let us show that it is our privilege, with the blessing of God, to be considerate, brave and wise. If there be anything of the great inheritance, under existing circumstances to save, may we not in an humble, earnest way contribute to that salvation? If we cannot do all for which our hearts yearn, may we not at least approach its consummation, in the spirit of devoted loyalty to the Constitution and the Union which we feel? Let the disregard of others for what the Revolutionary Fathers achieved, and for the compact which they made, subdued as they were in all things but a sense of right and honor by the sufferings of a seven years' war, now stand out before us. Let the people realize what this constant ringing in their ears of the charge that “the Constitution is a covenant with death and a league with hell” has brought about. And then let them see and feel what we had in eighty years of unexampled prosperity and happiness under that Constitution. Let them look back upon those eighty years of civil liberty, of the reign of constitutional law, eighty years of security to our homes, of living in our castles, humble though they may have been, with no power to invade them by night or by day, except under the well defined and exhibited authority of law,—a written, published law, erected by themselves for the punishment of crime and for their own protection,—eighty years of the great experiment which astonished the world. If the people will do this, I cannot, I will not believe that we are so smitten by judicial blindness, that the great mass of our population, North and South, will not some day resolve that we come together again under the old Constitution, with the old Flag. (Applause.) I will not believe that this experiment of man's capacity for self-government, which was so successfully illustrated until all the Revolutionary men had passed to their final reward, is to prove a humiliating failure. Whatever others may do, we will never abandon the hope that the Union is to be restored. (Applause.) Whatever others may do,

we will cling to it “as the mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest close around him.” No matter what may have been done North or South to produce it, this terrible ordeal of blood which has been visited upon us ought to be sufficient to bring us all back to consciousness of responsibilities and duties. The emotions of all good men are those of sorrow and shame and sadness now, over the condition of their country, when they retire at night, and when they open their eyes upon the dawning day, struggle against them though they may. Why should they attempt to disguise it? Solicitude which hinges upon apprehension of personal danger or personal loss, and that alone, is contemptible. Trifling men may indulge in trifling words and thoughts, while the foundations laid by the Fathers are crumbling beneath their feet; but the artificers who laid those foundations found no time for trifling while engaged in their grand and serious work; nor can you. They could lift up their souls in prayer but they had no heart for levity and mirth. My friends, you have had, most of you have had great sorrows, overwhelming personal sorrows, it may be true; but none like these, which come welling up, day by day, from the great fountain of national disaster, red with the best and bravest blood of the country, North and South; red with the blood of those in both sections of the Union whose fathers fought the common battle of Independence. Nor have these sorrows brought with them any compensation, whether of national pride or of victorious arms. For is it not vain to so appeal to you to raise a shout of joy because the men from the land of Washington, Marion and Sumpter, are baring their breasts to the steel of the men from the land of Warren, Stark and Stockton, or because, if this war is to continue to be waged, one or the other must go to the wall—must be consigned to the humiliating subjugation? This fearful, fruitless fatal civil war has exhibited our amazing resources and vast military power. It has shown that united, even in carrying out, in its widest interpretation, the Monroe doctrine, on this Continent, we would with such protection as the broad ocean which flows between ourselves and European powers affords, have stood against the World in arms. I speak of the war as fruitless; for it is clear that, prosecuted upon the basis of the proclamation of Sept. 22d and Sept. 24, 1862, prosecuted as I must understand those proclamations, to say nothing of the kindred brood which has followed, upon the theory of emancipation, devastation, subjugation, it cannot fail to be fruitless in everything except the harvest of woe which it is reaping for what was once the peerless Republic. (Applause.) Now, fellow-citizens, after having said thus much, it is right that you should ask me, what would you do in this fearful extremity? I reply, from the beginning of this struggle to the present moment, my hope has been in moral power. There is repose still. When in the spring of 1861 I had occasion to address my fellow-citizens of this city, from the balcony of the hotel before us, I then said I had not believed, and did not then believe, aggression by arms was either a suitable or possible remedy for existing evils. (Applause.) All that has occurred since then has but strengthened and confirmed my convictions in this regard. I repeat, then, my judgment impels me to rely upon moral force, and not upon any of the coercive instrumentalities of military power. We have seen in the experience of the last two years how futile are all our efforts to maintain the Union by force of arms; but even had war been carried on by us successfully, the ruinous result would exhibit its utter impracticability for the attainment of the desired end. Through peaceful agencies, and through such agencies alone, can we hope “to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity,” the great objects for which, and for which alone, the Constitution was formed. If you turn round and ask me, what if these agencies fail, what if the passionate anger of both sections forbids; what if the ballot-box is sealed? Then, all efforts, whether of war or peace, having failed, my reply is, you will take care of yourselves; with or without arms, with or without leaders, we will, at least, in the efforts to defend our rights as a free people, build up a great mausoleum of hearts to which men who yearn for liberty will in after years, with bowed heads and reverently, resort, as Christian Pilgrims to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land.