

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, SEPTEMBER 16, 1863.

VOL. 10--NO. 41.

DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL
Published every Wednesday
at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS
per month, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR
per month, if not paid in advance;
SEVENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid
until the termination of the year.
A description will be received for a
year, but not for a shorter period than
six months, and no arrears will be
received after the termination of the year.
The option of the editor. Any person
subscribing for six months will be
charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money
is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.
One insert a. Two do. Three do.
[12 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
[24 lines] 1 00 1 00 2 00
[36 lines] 1 50 2 00 3 00
3 months. 6 do. 12 do.
at less, \$1.50 \$3.00 \$5.00
[12 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00
[24 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
[36 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
[1 column, 3 weeks] 13 00 12 00 20 00
[1 column, 6 weeks] 15 00 22 00 35 00

A Solemn Duty.
Citizens, you have a duty to perform
a duty imposed upon you by your
ancestors, a duty enjoined upon
you by the sacred rights you inherit
as noble sons, a solemn duty which
calls upon you to God who hath given you
the right to flow with milk and honey.
Your inheritance, a duty to yourselves,
performance of which the outraged
God and man claim at your
hands. That duty is a plain one, one
which cannot shrink and stand guiltless at
the high Heaven. It is no more or no
less than the perpetuation of civil and
religious liberty. If you are brave hold
fast you will meet the issue now, fear-
less, calmly, regardless of the insur-
ance of public plunderers and stay-at-
home patriots, who, like the Scribes and
Pharisees of old, stand on the street
corner with a blatant tongue thank God
that they are not as other men are.
Remember that "eternal vigilance is
the price of liberty," and resolve in your
hearts that, come weal or come
woe, you will stand by the men who
stand arrayed on the side of law and
order, and against anarchy and mob law.
Do not vainly babble in sacerdotal
tones, who, Sabbath after Sabbath,
sing God's holy temple, and pervert
the word of God to the base purpose of
leading to office men who have neither
wisdom, integrity, morality nor brains to
administer them to your support, misled
by the imposters who have
Remember that imposters have
led the onward march of Christianity
the day that Adam fell from his
estate until the present hour. St.
Paul exhorts us to beware of false teach-
ers, and he tells us in almost so many
places to beware of any man who preaches
any other doctrine than that of "the
cross," of "Christ, and Him crucified."
Let him who preaches any other than
the doctrine of Christianity as laid down
in the Book of Books, a mountebank and
charlatan, possessing neither honesty nor
integrity.

Let not then, we exhort you, false
teachers, who fatten on your substance
and prostitute their high and sacred
calling to the base and unholy purpose
of restoring up the decaying fortunes of
a set of political tricksters as ever
ruined any State or Nation, lead you from
the path of duty. Be true to yourselves,
true to your posterity and all will be
well. What if you do find arrayed
against you and your privileges as guar-
anteed by the Constitution of your State
that of your Nation, the whole influ-
ence of the entire power, physical and
moral, of the Government as adminis-
tered by those who misrepresent and
govern you? What if the ministerial
is trailing in the dirty pool of party
strife? What if the JUDICIAL BENCH,
pure and unspotted, is now reeking
with the stench of partisan rancor—soiled
by midnight orgies and polluted for base
political purposes? We answer that each
and all of the interrogatories here put—
instead of retarding our purpose to perform
our duty, are but so many incentives to
urge us on in the path we have marked
out for ourselves—the path of duty. The
Ballot Box is the palladium of our Lib-
erty. It is the instrument by which we
can legally redress our many wrongs suf-
fered at the hands of an imbecile adminis-
tration. Through the ballot box, we on
the Second Tuesday of October, must de-
termine the destinies of our State and Na-
tion. We must then and there declare
whether we are in favor of the "Union
as it was and the Constitution as it is";
whether we are in earnest in our effort to
perpetuate civil and religious liberty;
whether we are willing that our substance
and our lives shall be sacrificed on the altar
of **NEGRO EQUALITY**; whether we will sus-

tain the civil as against a military gov-
ernment; whether we approve or disap-
prove the acts of those placed in author-
ity over us for a brief season. And in
order that we may approve or censure,
endorse or condemn the policy of the Ad-
ministration, the ballot box must be kept
pure and undefiled; it must be free and
accessible to all who have a right to vote.
There must be no test oaths unknown to
the Constitution and laws of the land.
No hired soldiery must invade its sacred
precincts to interfere with or overawe free-
men in the exercise of their sacred duty.
We are not yet slaves—we know our
rights, and knowing dare maintain them.
Let Woodward and Lowrie be our
watchwords. Let their names be the
battle cry of freemen, determined to re-
scue our government—the Union and the
Constitution—from the vandal hands that
are now wasting its substance, dismant-
ling the temple of our liberty and under-
mining the very foundations of free gov-
ernment in their vain attempt to clothe
the glittering baubles of UNIVERSAL EMAN-
CIPATION AND NEGRO EQUALITY.—*Monitor.*

Effects of Abolitionism.
MURDER OF AN ENTIRE FAMILY BY BLACK
U. S. SOLDIERS.

A letter from a passenger on board the
steamer Liberty, near Island No. 10, gives
the following account of one of the
saddest and most shocking crimes re-
corded in the history of this war, as com-
municated to the passengers by eye wit-
nesses:—

Beckham landing is twelve miles below
Island No. 10, Obion county Tennessee,
immediately south of the Kentucky State
line. About 10 o'clock, A. M., August
4th, 1863, eighteen black United States
soldiers, direct from Island No. 10, their
station, arrived at the home on the Land-
ing fully armed with muskets, side-arms
and pistols, and murdered the whole of
old Mr. Beckham's family then present on
the place. The family consisted of Ben-
jamin Beckham, aged seventy-nine years;
his son Frank, aged forty years; Laura
aged fourteen; Kate, ten; Caroline, seven;
and little Richard, aged two years.
The mother and one of the children were
luckily absent on a visit, and escaped the
fate of their kindred. The negroes killed
old father Beckham and his son Frank by
horribly mutilating their bodies by club-
bing, cutting, bayoneting, shooting, and
then wound up their fiendish work by
throwing the dead into the river.

They then drove the girls and boy into
the river at the point of the bayonet,
clubbing them with the but ends of their
muskets whilst running. The body of
father Beckham, and the youngest boy,
have been recovered, and were seen by
the majority of passengers who went
ashore to see the evidence of this diabolical
work.

The black wretches fired several times
at one of the neighbors who related us
the different incidents, but he escaped un-
hurt.

A majority of the demons were ap-
prehended by some Federal cavalry (white)
before they reached the island.

My informant further relates that some
time ago a chaplain of one of the negro
regiments on the island accompanied an
armed band to the house of Mr. Beck-
ham for the purpose of recovering the
child of one of the women, the property
of Mr. Beckham, and now a runaway on
the island. He refused to deliver the
child and this seems to be the warrant for
this murder.

The neighborhood, mainly made up of
old men, women and children, is fearfully
alarmed for its safety. In the vicinity is
one of those black colonies, where white
men inspire these fiends to these hellish
deeds. It is reported that one of the
negroes used the pistol of the same chaplain
above spoken of.

¶ A friend wishes to inquire if any of
the following causes are sufficient for
exemption:
1. Doesn't think an army life would
agree with his constitution.
2. Is making arrangements to enter the
second class.
3. Has two brothers who will be in
the service as soon as they get commis-
sions.
4. Would cheerfully pay \$300 if he
had it.
5. Was tried for horse stealing several
years ago, and unjustly acquitted; is wil-
ling to try again if necessary.
6. Is rapidly becoming a common
drunkard.
If none of these will answer he would
like to inquire the fare to Canada.

Another Horrid Massacre by Negro Soldiers.

THE NATURAL EFFECT OF PUTTING ARMS
IN THEIR HANDS.

We have unquestionable authority for
the truth of the statement given below—
horrible as it may seem to those who call
ours the age of Christianity and civiliza-
tion. We give it in the words of the
writer:

On Tuesday night, the 25th ultimo, a
party of thirty eight negro soldiers, mur-
dered nine peaceable citizens in cold blood.
The facts are as follows, and were related
to me by Mr. A. M. Gwin, a planter residing
at Brunswick Point, Miss.

The party of negroes got to the Hill place
about eleven o'clock at night, and arrested
Mr. Sims and Mr. Hill. They took them
with them, and proceeded to Mr. Ford's,
arriving there about sun-up; arrested him and
started up Deer Creek. When a short dis-
tance above Mr. Ford's place the prisoners
were ordered to stand on the side of the
road. When Mr. Ford saw they were to be
shot, he sprang into the cane; at the same
instant the prisoners were fired upon. Mr.
Sims and Mr. Hill fell dead. Mr. Ford was
shot through the shoulder. They proceed-
ed up the creek to Mr. Clark's place and
killed him at his house. They next went
to Mr. Johnson's and killed him in the pres-
ence of his wife. They next shot Mr. Char-
ney. They then returned down the creek.

Mr. Ford made his way in great suffering
to the river. A negro woman from the
Hunt plantation gave the information of
what occurred after Mr. Ford made his es-
cape.

The wives of the murdered men are at
their homes unprotected. Four more were
murdered by the same party before they ar-
rived at the Hill plantation, on the way up;
their names I did not learn. All the negroes
were in full uniform and armed with mus-
kets and had pistols in their belts.

Deer Creek is in Issaquena county Miss.,
and empties into the Yazoo at Haine's Bluff.
—*St. Louis Republican Sep. 7.*

Here we have another warning of what
may be expected on a much more exten-
ded scale, when Mr. Lincoln shall have
completed his great negro army. The
proclamation is already beginning to bear
its barbarous and bloody fruit. The hor-
rible murder of the Beckham family, in-
cluding several small children, near Is-
land No. 10, by some of Mr. Lincoln's
pet lums in Federal uniform, is still fresh
in the minds of our readers, and now we
have the above sickening picture to pre-
sent to them. The murderers of the Beck-
ham's have not been punished, and proba-
bly never will be, by authority, and this
last great atrocity will not be likely to re-
ceive any official notice, for Mr. Lin-
coln, in his emancipation proclamation,
promised to make no effort to restrain the
negroes who might seek to avail them-
selves of its provisions, and it is not prob-
able that he will desire to punish his uni-
form agents for slaughtering white citi-
zens of a Rebel State, though non-com-
batants, unoffending and defenceless.

Yes, the work of the indiscriminate slan-
der of the white men, women and chil-
dren of the South, by black brutes in
Federal uniform, has commenced. The
"honor of our flag" is to be upheld by
these barbarians—our liberties are to be
maintained by arming these imbruted
wretches, and allowing them to outrage
and slaughter helpless women and chil-
dren and decrepit old men, whether
Unionist or Secessionist, for the negro
knows no difference between them—his
enmity is against the superior race, re-
gardless of men's political proclivities.

When Mr. Lincoln shall have raised his
black army of 300,000 negroes, this
"carnival of murder and lust" will have
attained its height; then the Southern sky
will look lurid with the light of burning
homes, and the air will be rent with the
shrieks of outraged women and half grown
girls—and with the groans of gray haired
men, tortured and massacred by Mr. Lin-
coln's new-born "citizens of African de-
scend;" then such atrocious murders as
that of the Beckhams will be repeated
wherever in the South the Stars and
Stripes shall float; and such scenes as
that pictured above by the St. Louis Re-
publican, will be enacted wherever Mr.
Lincoln's colored pets in uniform are scat-
tered! Then will the cowardly and malig-
nant Abolitionists clap their bloody
hands with joy, and then will our Puritan
pulpits resound with thanksgiving!—
Then will Stanton issue bulletins of con-
gratulation to the country, and Mr. Lin-
coln be "reminded of a little story,"
which he will tell for the amusement of
his Cabinet.—*Evening Journal.*

"CLING TO THE CONSTITU-
TION, AS THE SHIPWRECKED
MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST
PLANK, WHEN NIGHT AND THE
TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."
DANIEL WEBSTER.

A Sad Picture—Profligacy in Washington.

The correspondent of the Boston Traver-
eller thus discourses of matters and things
in Washington:

"It is useless to deny that the war has,
in a measure, polluted the taste of the peo-
ple, being as it has unmistakably, a train
of evils to the doors of Washington previ-
ously but little known, until it is sadden-
ing to behold the utter degeneracy of the
people, particularly the middle classes, to-
day. The stranger cannot fail to observe
the large number of jabbering foreign row-
dies who congregate at the corners of the
different streets. Many of these fellows
are exiled vagabonds, who are here on the
lookout for the first dishonest Govern-
ment official who has something to sell.
It makes no difference whether the prop-
erty be confiscated furniture, captured
horses or quartermaster's or commissary
stores, the purchaser has no principles to
lose, and why should he be scrupulous in
making a bargain.

Then there are scores of professional
gamblers here from New York, Philadel-
phia, Baltimore and Boston, plying their
arts most dexterously to inveigle as many
unsuspecting officers and soldiers as possi-
ble into their meshes, after the paymaster
has been around, and in which I am sorry
to say they often succeed, robbing the
foolish men of every cent of their hard
earnings. Brazen-faced harlots promote
the avenue, and dash through the
streets in open bouchons, dressed in the
most flashy costumes, their faded features
covered with chalk and rouge. Half in-
toxicated rowdies roll through the streets
in open carriages, smoking their segars,
and shouting indecent language. In fact,
gambling, licentiousness, drunkenness,
and every species of evil, run riot through-
out the city, until now profligacy reigns
supreme. I would like to tell you a few
facts in relation the 'illegant hotels' of
this dusty place, and of the recherche
style in which nothing is served. But
enough of Sodom and Gomorra.

Lincoln vs. Lincoln.

"I have no purpose, directly or indirect-
ly, to interfere with the institution of
slavery in the States where it exists. I
believe that I have no lawful right to do
so, and I have no inclination to do so."
—*President Lincoln's Inaugural Address,*
March 4th, 1861.

"You dislike the Emancipation Pro-
clamation, and perhaps you want it re-
tracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I
think differently. I think that the Con-
stitution invests its Commander-in-Chief
with the laws of war in times of war.
The most that can be said, if so much,
is, that slaves are property."—*President*
Lincoln's letter to Hon. James C. Conkling,
August 26th, 1863.

Is it not enough to make every Ameri-
can blush, when he reflects that the man
who now fills the Presidential chair has
been so weak and vacillating as to put
himself in such a humiliating position be-
fore the world? In the first place he de-
clares that he has no intention to interfere
with the institution of slavery, and that
he believes that he has no lawful right
to do so. In the second place he does ex-
actly what he declared he would not do,
by issuing a proclamation declaring all
the slaves in the Southern States free. In
the third place writes a letter to the
Hon. James C. Conkling, in which he
distinctly asserts that his interference
"with the institution of slavery in the
State where it exists," is lawful. A
man who can so far forget what is due to
the position of Chief Magistrate of the
United States, as to be changed about by
every wind of doctrine, is physically, in-
tellectually and morally unfit for the office
he holds.—*Pittsville Democratic Standard.*

¶ In his special message declining re-
nomination for the Gubernatorial chair,
Governor Curtin declared that: "The in-
juries which I have necessarily undergone
have already impaired my health. I
should have serious cause to apprehend
that a much longer continuance of them
might so break it down as to enable me
to fill the duties of my position." Now
the Governor should not be permitted to
go on at this reckless rate. The State has
no right to claim any man's services at
such a price as this; and if the Govern-
or's friends have no regard for his health,
the people should have, and see to it that
he is not burdened with the crushing
duties of the Executive chair for another
three years. Governor Curtin must not
be permitted to destroy himself in his
reckless patriotism; and a merciful peo-
ple should allow him to retire to the peace-
ful shades of private life and place the
labors of the Executive office upon a pair
of good broad shoulders, such as Judge
Woodward carries about with him.—
Valley Spirit.

Mark the Change.

Mark the change. Instead of the rollick-
ing, joyous, freehearted volunteers,
clustering on the passing trains and mak-
ing the wilkin ring with laugh and song,
what do we find? We find the sad and
sullen conscripts, with doors locked armed
sentinels on guard to prevent the desper-
ate attempt to escape from the iron grasp
of Provost Marshals and the crushing
conscript act. Their names have been
drawn from the hateful wheel, in the ter-
rible lottery of life, and their children are
weeping and their wives have already the
chilling sense of the widow's weeds upon
their hearts. The car loads of those
men torn from their homes and guarded
like—we dare not make comparison!—
passed through this place on the Erie Rail-
road yesterday morning. We can esti-
mate the crushing weight of misery bur-
dening those cars? How many souls
darkened and oppressed with the crushing
and stifling sense of wrong were there,
instead of noble, willing chivalric men
anxious to do their utmost and wishing
for life only to save and serve their
country.

But President Lincoln says this is not
the time for further experimenting in vol-
unteering, and it is his will and his policy
and such a policy!—to have the army
filled with such men as those cars con-
tained yesterday morning guarded and
cribbled like—well, we have sympathized
with black men on the slave deck, and
wept for them, and the rude liberty they
had been torn from in their native Africa.
They were human, and had the bonds of
their affections rudely broken by the slave
trader; but those men guarded by bayo-
nets and locked up in the cars were white
men, American citizens, who had shouted
themselves hoarse on the anniversaries of
American Independence, and who had
been taught to believe they lived in the
freest and noblest country on the globe.—
Patterson Guardian.

FREEDOM FOR THE NEGRO.

—The New York Post, a Republican Journal, in dis-
cussing upon the probable effect of war
upon slavery, very safely comes to the
conclusion that it may still survive the
"irrepressible conflict" which Lincoln &
Co. are waging, and says:
"IF SLAVERY IS TO BE CON-
TINUED IN THIS COUNTRY, WE
WANT THE IRISH AND CATHOLICS
TO TAKE THE PLACE OF
THE MORE INTELLIGENT AND MORE
VIRTUOUS BLACKS BE LIBERATED."

The people of Ireland immortalized
their love of liberty by a long list of patri-
ots in the contest which freed us from the
insolence and tyranny of England. With
the first cry of liberty they aroused them-
selves for battle, and in every place where-
ever and whenever the cry to arms has
been heard, either to win or save the
independence of our country, Irishmen
"Have poured their blood like ruby wine
On Freedom's altar shrine."

It is this people the Post proposes to
enslave in order that the negroes may be
free. What philanthropists these Rep-
ublicans are!

The following confession was made by
Hon. Mr. Dawes, a Republican member
of Congress from Massachusetts, on the
25th of April, in which he exposed the
corruptness of Lincoln's Administration:
"The gentlemen must remember that
in the first year of a Republican Adminis-
tration, which came into power upon
professions of reform and retrenchment, there
is undeniable evidence abroad in the
land that somebody has plundered the
public Treasury well nigh in that single
year as much as the entire current yearly
expenses of the Government during the
Administration which the people hurled
from power because of its corruption."

"I declare upon my responsibility
as a Senator, that the liberties of this
country are in greater danger to-day from
corruptions, and from the profligacy prac-
ticed in the various departments of the
Government, than they are from the en-
emy in the open field.—I. P. Hale, Re-
publican Senator from New Hampshire.

"If these infernal fanatics and Abolition-
ists ever get the power in their hands,
they will over-ride the Constitution, set
the Supreme Court at defiance, change
and make laws to suit themselves, by
violent hands on those who differ with them
in opinion, or dare question their fidelity,
and finally bankrupt the country and delu-
ge it with blood.—*Daniel Webster.*

"Neither the President nor Congress
can emancipate slaves any more than they
can grant bills of divorce."—*Ex Governor*
Henry Dutton.

From The Crisis.

Abraham and the Devil.
Satan's Visit to Abraham and Tod soon
after the Valladolid Convention
of June 11th, 1863.

'Twas night, Old Abe sat in his arm-
chair;
Most horribly loud did he snore;
When awaking and gazing around him he
spied
Old Satan peeping in at the door.
"Good evening dear Devil! How are you?"
he cried,
"I am right glad to see you," quoth he;
"Sit down, faithful servant," old Satan re-
plied.

"As I prefer standing you see.
"I have important business," old Satan
then said,
"So I thought to call up to see you,
To see if you know what is now going on,
And what course you've resolved to pur-
sue."
"What's happened, dear Devil? What's
happened, pray tell?"
(And old Abe turned pale as a ghost.)
"Oh say have you yet a sly corner in—
That's empty? If not I am lost!"

"Oh don't get excited—pray Abram don't;
All depends on your courage and strength.
You must turn out old Burnside, of that I'm
quite sure,
As I fear he has gone his full length.
The people have called a convention, you
see.
For Valladolid kindly they cheer;
If allowed to go on in their now present
course,
They'll make him a Governor, I fear."

"Oh Devil, dear Devil! Oh what shall I
do?
If State Rights are established I'm lost;
Just advise me, kind parent, what course to
pursue,
And I'll do it, let what may be the cost.
I have spilled the best blood of the nation,
I know;
Widows and orphans I've made by the
score;
But what matters that? I can just order
a draft,
And bring hundreds and thousands more."

"Do it—do it!"—cried Satan; "just make
up a yarn
That the rebels are close at your door;
Then send Provost Marshals by hordes and
great swarms,
And you'll soon have an army." "I snore,"
cried Old Abe; "a capital plan;
I'll do it as sure as I stand,
I'll soon have an army of blacks, too, you
know,
To squelch rebels by sea and by land."

Then Satan turned around with a dignified
air
And picked up his pitchfork and rod,
Bid Old Abe "good evening," and passed
out the door,
To call on Old Renegade Tod.
He found Old Backbone in a terrible stew,
His tears coursed his beautiful cheeks;
When Satan inquired for his health, he re-
plied
He was sick—that he felt very weak.

"Weak in what," cried the Devil, "in
body or mind?"
"Weak in both" said poor Tod, with a
sigh;
"Since the two last Conventions I've failed
very fast,
And I feel that my end draweth nigh.
They have broken my backbone and cast
me aside,
My own party have sent me adrift,
And Valladolid men will soon put on
the gloves—
Devil, dear! can't you give me a lift?"

"Give a lift? to be sure; and I'll tell you
how—
I'll take this long pitchfork and rod,
O'er the high walls of brimstone, deep
down in h—ll.
I'll boost you, Old Renegade Tod.
I have built a new one—my old one is full—
It's walls are of brimstone quite high—
When you've boiled long enough in the bot-
tomless pit,
You'll be placed on its griddle to fry."

"You'll not want for companions—Stanton,
Seward and Chase,
The whole phalanx of Abrahams crew,
And old Horace Greely, the vilest of all,
I intend shall help season the stew."
Tod fainted. Old Nick gave a horrible
grin.

As Old Renegade lay pale and still;
Chuckling, he said to himself as he went,
"Don't you wish you had stay'd at Briar
Hill!"

"I have no purpose directly or indirect-
ly, to interfere with the institution of
slavery in the States where it exists. I
believe I have no lawful right to do so."
—*President Lincoln in his Inaugural Ad-
dress.*

"I order and declare that all persons
held as slaves in the said designated
States and parts of States are and here-
after shall be free."—*Lincoln's Emancipa-
tion Proclamation.*
¶ The most charitable of all animals
—the skunk—he gives everybody he
meets a (s) cent.