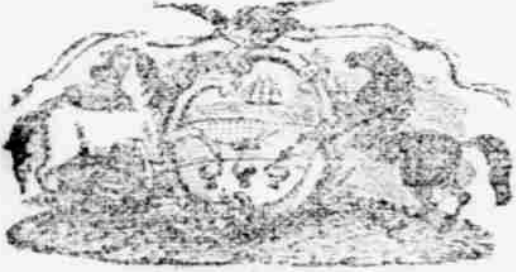


Democrat and Sentinel.



M. HASSON, Editor & Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864.

S. M. Pettengill & Co.

Advertising Agents, 87 PARK ROW New York, and 10 State street, Boston, are the authorized Agents for the 'DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL,' and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and Canada. They are empowered to contract for us at our LOWEST TERMS.

Democratic Ticket.

Assembly.

CYRUS L. PERSHING, of Johnstown.

Sheriff.

JAMES MYERS, of Ebensburg.

Commissioner.

ED. B. DUNNEGAN, of Clearfield Tp.

Poor House Director.

GEORGE ORRIS, of Richland Tp.

Auditor.

JOHN A. KENNEDY, of Carrolltown.

COUNTY COMMITTEE.

P. S. NOON, Chairman, George Delany, J. S. Marlin, George G. K. Zahn, Peter Huber, Philip Miller, John E. McKenzie, Joseph Debe, John Durbin, David Farmer, Henry Frischoff, John Stough, Elisha Plummer, Lewis Rodgers, George Gurley, John McDermitt, Simon Dummer, W. A. Kisse, Thos. F. McGough, Jacob Frouheiser, J. F. Conden, John Hamilton, P. O'Priel, Michael Bohlin, Wm. C. Diver, John White, Henry Topper, Nicholas Cannon, M. J. Platt, J. W. Condon, Daniel Conair, Wm. McCloskey, Daniel H. Danelly, Anthony Long, John Marsh, John Ryan.

The Draft.

We give you, in our columns to-day, a list of those drafted last Friday, in this county. We made a calculation for you before, and you will be enabled yourselves to make your own calculation, as you are getting pretty well accustomed to the business. We sincerely sympathize with you, but we have no remarks to make, nor any advice to give you. Your case is a hard one. You must certainly love this Government, which shows such an unbounded love for you, by giving you such eligible alternatives. These are your choices: You can go into Lincoln's shambles and get yourselves out into sausage meat, under drunken, incompetent officers, or perhaps you might escape and get into an hospital, after suffering until your constitution gives way. You may embrace the fate of Cain, "become a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, and afraid that every man who meets you will slay you." You have no "hand of God" to go to for protection. You have still another chance, you may, perhaps, be able to raise three hundred dollars, by selling your property, and that will save you for a few weeks, till the five hundred thousand draft comes around. And still you have another chance. You can pluck your right eye out, cut off a hand, or pull your teeth out. And then you can stay at home and thank the God of your fathers for the mutilation that has saved you from the fangs of Lincoln and his Government.

You then can stay at home with your family or your earlier associations, and meet them as you were wont to do, and worship at the same shrine you have been accustomed to worship. Although you will have to stagger and reel under a load of taxation, that must become intolerable at no distant day, still you have the sympathy and the consolation that your neighbors are in the same predicament.

Would to God that this was an exaggerated picture, but it is not, every one who reads it knows its truth. We only write for Democrats who love the truth. Abolitionists can't exist without lies. You might as well expect fish to live on dry land. They must get a regular dose at least once a week, and when they hear it they are in as much rapture as "Lucy Neal's" beau was by her side. "Oh, Lord, how good they feel. They feel for a few days on this papula, and are led down

gradually until they get a little voracious again, and then another canard must be administered to them. Such is a true state of the country at the present time, and if ever a people loved a government that gave them such chances, surely the American people must love Abraham and his government. If the people vote for Abraham Lincoln and his government, we have not a word to say, they deserve to be slaves, and wear the chains and manacles that are forging and fastening on them every day.

"Hereditary bondsman, know ye not, who would be free, "Himself must strike the blow."

Southern Negroes to the Rescue!

It seems that the late Conscription law, passed by Lincoln's Abolition Congress, contains a section which authorizes the Governors of the "loyal States" to send agents into the States in rebellion, except Arkansas, Louisiana and Tennessee, for the purpose of recruiting soldiers for the Northern army. The business intrusted to these agents simply means the sending of negroes and sending them North there to be uniformed and equipped as the law directs, mustered into the service of the United States and then sent South, for the humane and christian purpose of being slaughtered. Of course no sane man believes for one moment, that these northern patriots will ever succeed in enlisting ten, if even one southern white man to fight the battles of the North. If they are not all captured and hung upon "sour apple" trees, they will have a most remarkable streak of good luck. We think that most of them will not remain long in "Dixie."

Of all the silly and incomprehensible acts of this detested and law-defying administration, this last is the most abject and humiliating. It is a full, open and shameless confession to the whole world, by Abraham Lincoln and his Congress, that the North, with all its numerical superiority, as well as its other advantages, cannot conquer and subjugate the South. This accounts for the rule in the execution. This unholy and unnatural war has now been waged with relentless fury and unparalleled butchery for three long years; when Secular at its commencement, proclaimed that the submission of the South could and would be easily accomplished in sixty or at most in ninety days. Its sole object from the beginning has been the abolition of negro slavery, and Lincoln at this late day, having discovered what he ought to have known more than two years ago, that the Northern army under the lead of his trusted and favorite Lieutenant General, F. S. Grant, is not likely, during "the summer," to accomplish his darling object, which, for years he has rolled under his tongue as a sweet morsel, now proposes to send his minions to the South and implore the sable sons of Ham to enlist under his Abolition banner and assist the white soldiers of the North in effecting that object themselves. Help me Africa or I sink!!

What a sad and disgraceful commentary will this be, in the eyes of Europe, upon the boasted military power and resources of the North. Well may the English and French journals exclaim, "Is this the entertainment to which we were invited?" But this negro recruiting business in rebellious States, is only a fit climax to all the other absurd acts of this reckless administration. In one of his messages to Congress, Lincoln boasted that history would not forget him, and we are strongly of the opinion that it will see him—first. The New England Governors, with that blatant Abolitionist, Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, at their head, are said to have eagerly availed themselves of this carte blanche to kidnap southern negroes, in order to fill up their quotas under the recent nooded call of Father Abraham for "Five Hundred Thousand More!" It was said by this same Governor Andrews, that if Lincoln would issue an emancipation proclamation, the high ways and by-ways of New England would swarm with gallant and fearless soldiers marching to the South; but it now appears that the swarm, if it ever can be hived, is to come from the Sunny South, and not from the granite hills of Yankeeedom. Who believes now, that impartial history will ever forget Abraham Lincoln? Echo answers—who?

In families well ordered there is always one firm and sweet temper, which always controls without seeming to dictate. The essence of all fine breeding is the gift of conciliation.

Lincoln and Peace.

We wish our readers to bear in mind the conduct of our worthy President in endeavoring to close the door against any negotiations for peace, or a return to the Union. Mr. Clay, a Senator, and Mr. Holcomb, a Representative from the Southern Congress, men who stand as high as any men either North or South for integrity and ability, accredited by their own Government, went to Niagara Falls and opened a correspondence with Horace Greeley and Mr. Hay, the private Secretary of the President, with a view to make negotiations for peace.

They gave a programme to base these negotiations on, and gave assurances that their government would be satisfied with it.

First—All negroes which have been actually freed by the war, to be secured in such freedom.

Second—All negroes at present held as slaves to remain so.

Third—The war debt of both parties to be paid by the United States.

Fourth—The old doctrine of State rights to be recognized in reconstructing the Union.

Here was a tender of negotiations which any man who loves his country, would gladly embrace with a heart thankful to God for the dawning beams of peace. What did that foolish, wicked old man say to these propositions? He sent them a paper that would disgrace a school boy, making the abolition of slavery a condition by which they would get a hearing from him. Without that was first done, they could get no audience from Mr. Lincoln or his advisers. We all knew, at least the Democratic party knew, that this was the war policy of the administration, but it was strenuously denied by the Republican party. Now we have it on paper, under the signature of this great man. We are to have perpetual war among the white races of the country, until the poor negro shall be elevated above us. These are the terms on which peace and Union can be restored by a Republican administration. Instead of peace he gives us a call for five hundred thousand more men, to go into his slaughter house and get butchered, or else lay and rot in the trenches before Petersburg and Richmond. This is the peace he invites you to adopt. He has no hesitation in abandoning the constitution of his country, that he was solemnly sworn to support, abandoning the work of the sages and patriots who formed that sacred instrument, and substituting in its stead his own foolish proclamations. The sovereign people will not stand by him much longer, he has abused their patience beyond endurance. They may bear with him till the election, but certainly no longer. They are more indignant and more aroused against this man, than they have been since the days of the elder Adams or Aaron Burr, and awaiting the first opportunity to hurl him from that elevation which he so shamefully and disgracefully abused. If they were once through with this creature, they certainly would not put another clown like him to run the Machine again.

Our Paper.

The enormous raise of the price of printing paper, compels us to raise our paper to two dollars in advance henceforward. All the papers in the country have done it or we would not do it.— We cannot tell the reason why printing paper has got up so high, and still seems to have an upward tendency, except that it is the scarcity of rags. We suppose every one is saving their rags to patch their old clothes during this administration. The Government also uses a great quantity of rags to make greenbacks, which may likewise have a bearing on this article. We meet the scarcity of this administration in every avenue of life, in everything we eat, drink or wear, and if Lincoln is retained in power another term, we would have the very worst country on the face of God's earth. He has already given it a death stab with his negro doctrine, so mortal, that if it even does survive, the child is yet unborn that will see it anything like it has been.— Four years ago, when the leagues took the first fit of mania about Lincoln and Hamlin, when every Republican, man and boy, was uniformed with a cape and a cap and a lamp; the Democratic party saw there was trouble ahead, and knew that war was inevitable, and that Lincoln and his party never could manage it.— The party knew then, as they know now,

that the party of the capes caps and lamps, would not be so anxious to deck themselves with fighting uniform. They knew they were bloodthirsty enough, but at the same time they wished to save their own hides secure. They were to fight to the last drop of blood was exhausted from them, but they always took care that they would keep themselves in a position that the first drop of blood would be untouched. The same party now, is still rampant for the war. They hope to get negroes and foreigners to fight their battles, and that they should live distinguished in a ruined country.

Fire.—The saw mill of John Wagner, in Clearfield township, was consumed by fire on some day last week, we understand his loss was heavy. Our friend Edward Dunnegan, we hear had three hundred dollars worth of lumber burned in the conflagration. We are sorry to hear of such losses.

The War.

We think the siege of Petersburg is ended. The Confederates have made a movement which has, very probably, compelled its abandonment. Four days ago Grant's army was distributed thus: Birney's corps was at Bermuda Hundred, with one division, under Foster, on the north bank of the James; Martindale's corps was south of Birney; it was near Port Waltham, and on the north side of the Appomattox. Joining Martindale on the south side of the Appomattox was Burnside's corps. South of Burnside and near Petersburg, was Barlow's corps, and Warren was on the southern flank, three miles south of Petersburg. The Confederates were on the Weldon road, west of Warren, as well as at Petersburg. On Tuesday they began a movement. A large force was sent to the north bank of the James, and Foster was attacked both in front and flank. On Tuesday night he was driven back a half mile, though with but a small loss. At the same time the Confederates began a furious cannonade upon Birney, Martindale and Burnside, which kept them from crossing to Foster's aid. There were no available troops to send him but Sheridan's cavalry, and on Tuesday night Sheridan crossed the James with two divisions. On Wednesday morning he reached Foster and joined his line of battle. The Confederates continued the concentration of troops in front of Foster, and more aid was necessary.— Barlow's corps was taken away from below Petersburg and sent across the river.

On Wednesday a battle took place in which the Confederates lost four guns and sixty prisoners. The relative positions of the two parties were unchanged. The captured cannon had been captured from Butler in May last. The end of the conflict is not yet announced. As the Federal army was posted on Wednesday morning, there was but one corps (Warren's) to garrison a line at least ten miles in length. If attacked, Warren must retreat. If not attacked, Warren can do nothing against Petersburg. Three fourths of Grant's army has been diverted from the siege by the enemy's movement, which is not yet over. The telegraphic account closes in the middle of it; and we have scarcely any doubt that the Confederates have made Grant too anxious for his flanks and communications to continue the siege any longer.

We are gradually learning the truth about the recent contest at Atlanta.— General Sherman's attacks have not only been repulsed but he has been compelled to fall back. Wednesday of last week was the first day of fighting. The Federal army was in the ravine formed by Peach Tree Creek. They assaulted the Confederate works on the hills making the southern slope of the ravine. The Federal line formed a semi-circle. The western flank was three miles north of Atlanta; the eastern flank was six miles east of Atlanta, at Decatur. On Wednesday and Thursday, Sherman assaulted the Confederate works, but could do nothing. His attacks were all repulsed, and on Thursday night his army was in the same position it occupied before the battle began. None of the Confederate works had been captured.

On Thursday night, however, General H. H. began a movement. Hardee with a strong column, was sent to attack the Federal eastern flank at Decatur. Wheeler with the Confederate cavalry accompanied him. On Friday morning the new contest began. Hardee surprised Blair and Logan, whose corps were at Decatur. They were driven from their works and the Confederates occupied them. Wheeler came upon their rear and captured the greater part of their wagon trains. The Federals retreated across Peach Tree Creek. In this retreat McPherson was killed, and the Confederates, besides many prisoners, captured sixteen cannon and five hundred wagons.

As soon as the Federal eastern flank was broken, the Confederates attacked the centre. A column under Cheatham began an assault at four o'clock on Friday after. After a severe contest the Federal troops abandoned their works and retreated across Peach Tree Creek. They lost six cannon on their retreat. On Friday night the contest ceased. The losses on neither side are reported. The

Confederate General Hood in his report says that he captured two thousand prisoners, twenty-two cannon and five hundred wagons. General Stoneman, with the Federal cavalry, who was sent around the west side of Atlanta, to destroy the railroad leading to Macon, found the enemy in too strong force to accomplish his purpose. The Confederates now hold the railroad running east from Atlanta to Augusta, and also the village of Decatur. Every railroad running out of Atlanta, except the one north to Dalton, is now in their possession. At last accounts the Federal army, with the exception of the western flank was posted along Peach Tree Creek. The western flank was posted on its southern bank.— The Confederates now oppose the crossing of the creek, and the Federal line extends from a point three miles north of Atlanta to a point two miles north of Decatur.— Since Friday last General Sherman has acted on the defensive. Various Confederate attacks have been made upon his position on the north bank of Peach Tree Creek. They were feeble, however, and easily repulsed. Sherman has not yet made any attempt to recover his former position on the south side of the creek.

There is very little intelligence from Western Maryland. There is no doubt, however, that the Confederate expedition is ended. General Wright with the Federal troops is at Harper's Ferry and along the Potomac. His advance has re-occupied Martinsburg. The Confederates have again destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad around Martinsburg.— The expedition of A. J. Smith eastward from Memphis, has returned. There is a great mystery about his conflict with Forrest, once heralded as a brilliant victory. It was most probably a defeat, as after it Smith made a brisk retreat.— Smith has left Memphis and taken his troops to Vicksburg.

The number of Confederate prisoners in the north is announced at fifty-four thousand.—Age.

Peace Negotiations.

Commenting on the peace negotiations, the New York Evening Express of last evening says: There is no doubt, therefore, that there is a *meeting* and a great deal of *meaning*, in all that has been going on at Niagara, though what is the meaning, is a matter upon which men will differ. There is great gravity, therefore, in the matter, if, *comedy*, in the *personal*. It must be remembered, that among the beautiful acts of Congress, is one which makes it a penal offence to negotiate with rebels—and that, while Congress has thus closed all private doors, the President himself, in the case of A. H. Stephens, presumptuously refuses to negotiate at all. Hence, whatever is to be done, must now, be done in the roundabout way this correspondence here discloses.

The only substantial matter in this connection as now presented to us, is the — "To whom it may concern" — of the President, Lincoln—who, after agreeing to receive Peace propositions, first lays down his terms upon which he will receive them, a principal one of which is — "THE ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY."

This little "trick" of Mr. Lincoln—to shut the door he would seemingly open — of the North, who now know the President's *inner man*, can well comprehend. He would seem for Peace while closing all doors to it, and yet in closing, revive and keep up the sentimentalism here North.—

"That this is a war for slavery South and against slavery North." Mr. Lincoln thinks thus to profit, North, and to keep that South, which gives him the control now, through his arms, of the North, and of such parts of the South as those arms can occupy.

There is, however, to be learned even from this, a very salutary lesson for us North, when called upon for a conscription of 500,000 more men, viz: — "This war is kept, and Peace is now rejected, only to free negroes." — inasmuch as the correspondence shows, we could have a restoration of the Union and our trade and commerce, if the policy as to the negro freedom was not in the way. Or, in other words, the old story, — 500,000 more Northern white men are to be made conscripts, or taxed, to buy men to be made soldiers of, only to free the blacks of the South!

SHARP PRACTICE.—A negro came into town from the country on Saturday to sell some blackberries, and provision himself with a quart of whiskey for Sabbath purposes. While standing on the corner of our streets a man approached him and inquired his name. The negro gave it. "You are the very man I am looking for," responded his interrogator, "you're drafted."

"Gol, jiggers, boss, is dat so?" "Sartin as you live." "Well, den, what will dis chile do?" "Come and go with me. You haven't been notified yet, and I think I can get you 'listed, and then you can get \$400. If you go as a drafted man you won't get nothin. Come with me, keep your mouth shut, and let me do the talking." The colored gentleman went with his white friend, was soon mustered into the United States service and sent out to camp, the white friend making twenty-five dollars by the operation.—Trenton Gazette.

Correspondence.

BEDFORD SPRINGS, July 26, 1864. DEAR HASSON:—Well! I am here! The Springs are crowded. Patriots and politicians—gentlemen and gamblers—Presidents and Governors—ladies and loafers—all are here!

I have been introduced to ex-President Buchanan; he looks hale and hearty, and from appearances, might last twenty years yet. He is the same as you were wont to describe him; and desired to be remembered to you and another Cambria gentleman, who he said paid him a visit at Wheatland. He has still the cock in his eye, notwithstanding his advanced age; and the inclination of the head, so familiar to his admirers. Miss Lane, the former mistress of the White House, and other nieces and nephews are with him.

Gov. Curtin is also here. His health does not seem good—but he is as genial and kind hearted as ever. A. C. Mullin, Esq.; his Private Secretary and others of that ilk, are with him; as well as two daughters, beautiful and clever girls. Everything is pretty fair here, except the *fiar*, which is nothing to speak of, and so good bye!

JOHNSTOWN, August 1, 1864.

DEAR COLONEL:—But few items of general interest has your correspondent to note since his letter of a month ago. Saturday last was pay day at the mill, but having been absent from town on that and the day following, I cannot speak advisedly as to the spree and fights that it is so frequently the prolific cause of.

On Saturday afternoon a young man by the name of John Delaney was drowned in the dam above town. The only account I could get of the circumstances, was that he went into water too deep, and not being able to swim was drowned. The deceased was a young Irishman who but recently came to our town, and who bore an enviable character for sobriety and good behaviour generally. I labour under the idea that he had served out a term of service in the Pope's army in Italy—Peace to his ashes.

An unfortunate and drunken cyprian was juggled last night by one of the police, and left in solitude till morning to reflect (if yet capable of reflection) on her miserable life.

The large rolling mill and all surrounding works have stopped this morning on account of the news that the rebels are advancing on our town. Perhaps it is only a *scam*—at all events at this early hour I can give you no news based on any reliable authority, of the whereabouts of the raling rails.

Yours, &c. "Cal."

The Call for Troops—500,000 More.

"Listen young heroes, your country is calling! Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true; Now while the foremost are fighting and falling, 'Till up the ranks that have opened for you." You, whom the fathers made free and independent, Stand not the squalid that emblooms their time; You, whose fair heritage spotless descended, Leave not your children a birthright of shame."

The draft does not affect E. J. Mills & Co's., Cheap Cash Store, they sell just as ever, and have on hand a large assortment of goods. Don't forget to call.

500,000 More.

Now that we have another draft for 500,000 more, we hope our citizens will work energetically to fill our quota by volunteering and thus avoid the draft. It is not necessary to draft people into the popular emporium of Mr. Jas. M. Thompson, as the volunteers are pouring in hourly to purchase some of his elegant stock of goods, which he is disposing of at astonishing low figures. If soldiers were made as rapidly as Mr. Thompson makes friends, we would soon see an army of such dimensions that it would be impossible for treason ever again to show itself. Don't forget the P. O. Emporium.

Mansfield's Dispensary says that most of the Sarsaparilla of the shops is inert and worthless. Dr. Ayer, in his writings on this drug states that not only is it inert as found in the shops, but so also are most of the preparations from it, or bearing its name. He shows, however, that this fact arises from the use of worthless varieties, or unskillful preparations by incompetent men; that the true Medicinal Sarsaparilla (Sarsa Smilax off.) of the tropics, when freshly gathered in the bud, is one of the most effectual alternatives we possess. Combined with other substances of great alterative power, like Iodine, Stillingia, Dock, &c., it makes Ayer's Comp-Ext. Sarsap., which we have reason to believe is one of the most effectual remedies for humors, skin diseases and for purifying the blood which has ever yet been found by anybody.—Bangor (Me) Mercury.

The Evening Post denounces the tone of Lincoln's last call as cold-blooded and heartless. Is it any more so than all his calls have been? Every call has been alike, cold, bloody and despotic.