

Democrat and Sentinel.



M. HASSON, Editor & Publisher

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S. M. Pettengill & Co.

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The Prospect.

From this time forward, events will be crowding on us thick and fast. Although there is no prospect of peace, the war in the course of the spring may, and we think will take a different turn altogether.

If they enter into treaty with the European powers, it may be that slavery will not be abolished, that the Southern people will go into raising cotton more vigorously than ever for the foreign market.

state of affairs in the country. The English and the Northern people placed that institution among them, and they could not very easily get rid of it without a sacrifice of their property, and a tearing down of what has been built up for years.

They will, therefore, fight it out on their own line, as long as they can, and when it comes to the worst, their masters are ready to protect them, and they will be willing to adopt any alternative sooner than trust themselves in the hands of Abolitionists.

From the very first outbreak England and France considered this Union as dissolved. As an evidence of this, let us look at the indecent haste of these two powers in formally announcing to Mr. Seward that they regarded them as a belligerent power in 1861.

BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO.—It is stated that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will commence the building of their bridge across the Ohio river at Bellair early in the spring.

See the advertisement of Catharine Otterson, for the sale of her property at the Summit.

Butler and Cromwell.

Goldwin Smith, a professor in one of the English colleges, recently made a visit to this country. Belonging to the Exeter Hall school of pseudo philanthropists, he met with a cordial reception at the hands of the Republican party, and was feasted, fawned on and flattered, to the top of his bent, by the Loyal League associations of New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Folsom are disconsolate at their loss and will not be comforted. Parker Pillsbury, Passmore Williamson, Garrison and Cheever mourn over the sudden decapitation of their model General: the African legions talk of mutiny at the loss of their Hannibal and Henry Ward Beecher threatens to commit harri karri, in true Japanese style, for "the deep damnation of his taking off."

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing fife, The royal banner! and all quality, Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!

Cambria's Victim's.

No. 1. EDWARD BURK.

War is a dreadful calamity to any nation! No matter how holy the cause in which it is waged: no matter how much the genial influence of a refined christianity softens its rigors, still it is a dreadful scourge to any people.

The present internecine conflict could not be without its atrocities—and they have been numerous and of the most appalling character. It is the duty of the citizen to support the government, but it is no less the duty of the government to protect the citizen!

Cambria County has given some 2,000 of her sons to aid in "crushing the rebellion," about one half of whom have sealed their patriotism with their blood; or remain disabled monuments of the strife in which they have been engaged.

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Mr. Burk, whose obscurity, if nothing else, might have saved his gray hairs from wrong, that she has laws to punish every man offending in any manner whatever: it was not enough that she has regular courts in session in Pennsylvania ready at all times to try every offence, with an Abolition marshal: it was not enough that all the machinery of the law was at the command of the Administration: this was all not enough—but poor Burk had to be put to death without the sentence of law, without even adopting its forms.

What did Abolitionism care for his guilt or innocence? What regard has fanaticism for the wailings of his aged relict, or the sobs of his unhappy, though innocent children? Nay! What cares the Old Vulgar Jester himself that he has caused the death of a fellow citizen?

The deceased is a relative of James Burk the Provost Marshal of this County: who no doubt will feel his loss very acutely.

"May he rest in peace." Though the mortal remains that should have found decent interment at his own village church, are hurried away in unconsecrated ground, he will be held in remembrance as a martyr to the times; while the poor creatures who are now living by the imprisonment and death of their neighbors, shall hereafter be objects

For the time of scorn To point his slow, numbing finger at.

The New Queen.

Forney in the Washington Chronicle says that "at the reception in the White House on New Years day, the manners and appearance of Mrs. Lincoln were Queen-like." We may exclaim alas! for the depravity of human nature, when a man of the intelligence and acute observation of Forney, would so far forget himself and his readers as to put such fulsome stuff as that into a paper that he would expect to be called respectable.

Poor Hoffman, if we recollect right, said in some of his writings, that on the tenth of June, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, P. M., he became an ass, and remained so ever since. So Forney might write that on the fourth day of March 1861, at 12 o'clock P. M., he became a dog and remained so ever since.

A BIG THING IN OIL.—The Oil City Register notices a report that \$4,000,000 has been offered and refused for the Smith farm, which is located just above the Reed and Criswell well, and adjoins the lands of the Cherry Run Petroleum Company.

It embraces fifty acres and was bought a little over a year ago for \$3,500. The owners could not see it. The sum being too small. The farm yields the owners a royalty of fifteen hundred dollars a day; consequently they are not in needy circumstances by any manner or means. The well alluded to above sold, a short time since, for \$654,000. Two years ago the property was offered at \$1500, without being able to secure a purchaser.

Correspondence.

WILMORE, Jan. 9th 1865.

FRIEND HASSON:—Having a few leisure moments to spare, I thought a letter from our thriving village would not be uninteresting to the readers of the Sentinel. The Holidays passed off very pleasantly here: the sleighing was excellent and the young folks regardless of coming drafts, enjoyed themselves amazingly.

Old Abe's call for "Three hundred thousand more" has not been heard in this neighborhood yet: some of the knowing ones assert that he has not called loud enough to waken up the dying spirits of those persons who are between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Several of the soldiers that have been stationed here for the past four months have taken their departure for other points, thus leaving us with but fifteen men to protect the different torts surrounding our town, but I suppose their services are needed elsewhere.

The Quota.

The Committee from the Legislature try to get the quota of Pennsylvania reduced, among whom was Mr. Peshig, have returned. They report that the quota will be reduced. A special to the Bulletin says: "All the credits of different States will be added to the total number of men wanted and then divided proportionately." This seems to be a good way of lessening the quota, for the man credits there are the greater will be the number called.

The War.

There is no recent war news. General Hood in his battle with General Sherman lost about seven thousand men in killed, wounded, and captured. He captured before Nashville seventeen hundred Federal prisoners. There is nothing extraordinary doing at the Potomac. Nor is there much definite heard from Sherman.

SLEDDING.—So far this winter has been very fine, and the people seem to use it to its full capacity, the streets are filled with all slipping machinery.

The tide of travel to the oil regions of Pennsylvania is swelling all the time. The cars going in that direction are crowded to their utmost capacity at Titusville the hotel accommodations are still inadequate.

A widow of forty-one years has just had her broken heart healed by the verdict of two thousand dollars from an unfaithful lover of 80, in Wayne county Ohio.

The champion pedestrian of the gland lately walked four miles in twenty nine minutes and one second, the best time on record.

Edward Everett died on last Sunday.