

Democrat and Sentinel.



M. HANSON, Editor & Publisher.

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The Freedman's Destiny.

We have seen no satisfactory account yet what may be the probable destiny of the poor colored man. That the result of this bitter contest of the American people will end in the destruction of the institution of slavery on this part of the American Continent is pretty certain at this time. The daring experiment of the Southern people putting arms into the hands of the slaves or even discussing the subject indicates that they are awfully in earnest with regard to their securing their independence, should it be at the destruction of slavery. Should the South be able to secure their independence, the poor colored race might then be able to secure their freedom, a local habitation and a means of living, under the fostering care of their former masters and protectors. But if the Southern people are annihilated according to the present programme of the war, we fear the destiny of the dark man is very dark indeed. Surely we could not expect to maintain four millions of this race at the expense of the government. The government itself must be maintained at the expense of the people, and no sane man would think that order of things should be reversed, and that the government should support this large body of people. The northern climate don't suit them, nor can they ever compete with the white men of the North; they have bodily strength enough for manual labor, but they have not the intellect of the white man. If they make their home in the northern States, they will dwindle away as the contact with the white man as the Indian has done. They would have to be educated for years before they could be incorporated into the association of white men, and then only the very fewest number could arrive at any distinction. Suppose the South was conquered, the land confiscated and parcelled to the conquerors, the colored race let remain there to work for their own living by giving them some land. They would not work when compelled, and their living and degradation would be worse than it ever has been in servitude. Again, suppose the Yankees who expect to get the land parcelled out to them for their loyalty would institute a system of serfdom or hired labor among them, would their condition be then bettered; We fear their new masters would be worse than their old ones. They will never see themselves so well fed, so well clothed and so comfortably housed as they were at the breaking out of this war.

Nor indeed was any peasantry in Europe in as comfortable a condition as these were. They have suffered awfully since, at least some of those that obtained their freedom. Their destiny is in the hands of Providence, as are that of all other beings, and we must confess we would be better pleased if these rabid Abolitionists would let that Divine Being work it out. These Abolitionists are restless people and are generally dissatisfied at the slow operations of Providence. They think they can render him assistance and assist him in carrying out his designs, whereas

if they would put their trust in him and attend to their own business it would be a great benefit to the human race. They are a working people, they cannot be idle. They are bigots in everything, in morality and religion. They are cowardly and bloodthirsty, they have only one idea at a time and cannot think, they have no heart and cannot feel. They will never pause except amid ruin and desolation.

If they were through with the negro to-morrow and peace declared, they would get restless in less than three months, and find out some other outlet for their philanthropy. Some other place where they could assist the Lord, and not forget their pocket. Accursed Yankee race what mischief you have done to the black man as well as the white! What a country you have devastated, ruined, and destroyed! There are any amount of preachers among you but neither faith, hope, nor charity. You may succeed in enslaving the white race for a time, but that will be only for a time. You may succeed in giving a nominal freedom to the poor slave, but that will only be nominal. He is destined to be "a hewer of wood and drawer of water" to the white race while they mingle in the same community. It is contrary to the fitness of things that two races so distinct should live together on a perfect equality. If the white race cannot predominate the colored race will.

It takes no philosophy to tell which of the two races will hold the mastery.

Then you give them their freedom to perish with hunger and cold and many of them have done since they got this inestimable boon from Abraham Lincoln. It would not even be treating our domestic animals humanely to give them their freedom in the winter. Our criminal laws in Pennsylvania will not permit a court to sentence a convict to the Penitentiary so that he can get his freedom in the winter months. Freedom is a well sounding and endearing word, but such freedom as this administration has for the colored race at the present time is worse than galley-slavery or Egyptian bondage.

A Sleigh Ride.

On last Thursday we were invited by our excellent friend the District Attorney to take a sleigh ride, and as we had no good chance this winter and the snow seeming not to be a permanent institution, we gladly embraced the opportunity. In due time he drove around, with a fine equipage, and we were carefully loaded in, and started an eastern course, and in a short time we landed at the House of Commons, at Cresson, or as it is sometimes called the Lower House. This house is kept by a perfect gentleman, one who had been long accustomed to work up everything to the rule, to scribe truly, and work truly to the scribe; so he thought, we supposed that our rule of conduct might have been more closely worked up, and he was right. We then went up to the Summit and saw our friends there and staid there for some time.

The weather became very warm and balmy then, the longer we staid in a place, the warmer the weather seemed to get. So we thought we would go and make our base of supplies at Loretto, from whence we could make a raid in any direction and not be too far from our base. We got to Loretto in due time and in good order. We stopped with old Mr. Myers, and as we were a little cold, we thought we would have something to warm us. So he had the very thing, warm water and nutmeg. This nutmeg has fine caloric powers, if it is well got up. It is a round, hard substance, very small, and is filed off into the glass in small particles like the filings of steel. So with a few applications of that we felt remarkably comfortable, and went to bed and slept soundly. Next morning we called and saw our friends in Loretto. From thence we started for Gallitzin, a fine sleighing road, it is very much used now on account of the various sawmills on the route. The weather was good and the morning's nutmegs kept us quite comfortable. Our host of Gallitzin, is a perfect gentleman, he knew our wants and cheerfully supplied them, and would take neither fee nor reward. We still had a hankering after nutmegs, and hinted so to the landlord, but he said he had megs would suit us better, and indeed he was right. He brought us out a pitcher of warm milk, but it was the most palatable and strong milk we ever drank. After drinking that milk we seemed to forget that there was a

war raging in the country. Everything around us seemed "lovely and the goose hung high." We then started again for our base of supplies and arrived safely. We wished to make a further trip and explore a little further north or northwest, and off we started and got along reasonably well some time, but the roads seem to be getting narrower and our vision seemed to be getting somewhat defective, and in a short time we landed in a snow drift. This shook our faith somewhat in the driving, because we had full faith in the horse, though he drank nothing but cold water and eat nothing but oats, he seemed to understand his business better than we did that were hunting up delicacies.

We compared ideas then for some time, and could not agree, one insisting to drive and the other objecting. Our companion insisting that he would take us safe, and to trust to his driving, and we now believe he would. But we rather felt like the old Scotch lady who was about to cross a ferry, and a severe squall coming on. The ferryman asked her not to be afraid, to trust to Providence. She said she would if there was no bridge at Sterling. So when we found good quarters there, and a couple of gentlemen either of them willing to entertain us. We gladly accepted of their hospitality, but our companion after proceeding some further on turned round and got back to his base of supplies. We were hospitable and kindly treated at the farm house, and the next morning, the farmers son drove us into Loretto. There we met again, the meeting was most cordial on both sides. It was a miniature "meeting of the waters," as celebrated by the immortal Moore. He was just preparing to go after us, and we were anxious lest he should not be there. After some little delay in Loretto we started home. We had to go round by Cresson again, did not stay long there. We stopped at Munster to water our horse, and Sheriff Durbin gave us some water also, but we believe it was mixed. We got home in due time and in good order without any accident save and except the running a board off the box of William Carney's sleigh, as we were coming into town. His horse got frightened at the locomotive and backed and drove his sleigh in contact with ours.

There is something most singular in sleigh riding from any other mode of travel, you can change the temperature of the weather, from cold to moderate by nutmeg or warm milk, made into punches, but it has the quality of narrowing the road and lowering the snow drifts. We make these observations, so that sleighers hereafter may benefit by our experience.

THE LADIES FRIEND—Another beautiful steel engraving opens the March number of this favorite periodical, just received. The engraving has no title other than the two simple lines— "Oh, I see them sinking, sinking slowly, Those olden dreams so pure and holy."

The steel Fashion Plate of this month is a double one, and as usual, admirably engraved. We need hardly allude to the usual number of wood engravings devoted to the illustration of the fashions &c. The music is "Those Laughing Eyes" a ballad. The literary contents are varied and interesting.

Price \$2.50; 2 copies \$4.00; 9 copies \$16.00; 21 copies \$35.00. Specimen numbers will be sent to those desirous of making up clubs for 15 cts. Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums. Address Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Dreadful Accident.

A dreadful accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad on last Friday, near Lilly's Station in this county, by which six or seven have lost their lives, and many more injured. Some say the accident occurred by the breaking of an axle. Others say it was done by the locomotive getting off the track, but as the accounts we hear are conflicting we are unable to give a reliable version of it.

Our Branch railroad is in full operation again. It had been shut up for some weeks, and although the greatest exertion has been used to open it, the storm still kept it blockaded up until last Saturday. We hope our operatives will beat the storm hereafter.

DEED.—At the residence of her husband, in Blacklick township, on the 21st ult., Catharine, wife of Richard Morgan, aged 68 years.

Congress.

It is a gratification to know, that on next Saturday the term of the present session of Congress will expire by its own limitation. So far as any substantial good can result to the country from its legislation, it were better it had never met. The majority of its members being blattant, fanatical Abolitionists and renegade Democrats, it would be unreasonable to expect, that any good should come out of such a political Nazareth. If it were to legislate in favor of the interests of the white man, it would be the exception and not the rule. It is boasted by the advocates of that political millennium, negro equality and fraternity, (and we are rapidly approaching the solution of that question,) that it has achieved imperishable honor, by the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery. But even that may prove to be a barren sceptre in their hands and as fruitless of practical results as was Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation. Sumner, the head and front of New England fanaticism, has evidently no faith that three-fourths of the States will ratify it. He is prepared, in order to accomplish the cherished purposes of his party, to violate the plain letter of the instrument he proposes to amend. He has introduced a series of resolutions in the Senate, the substance of which is, that the amendment shall be valid and shall become part and parcel of the Constitution, whenever it is ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, now represented in Congress. Could legislative folly go further than this or could a more impudent attempt be made to override a plainly erected barrier of the Constitution. The States in rebellion, are either in the Union or they are not. If they are in the Union, as Lincoln in all his messages and proclamations has uniformly contended, they must be included in the aggregate of States, whose interests are proposed, thus vitally to be affected by the action of the other States. It would be a monstrous and unheard of assumption of power, to declare that three-fourths or even all the States not in rebellion, can deprive the remaining States, against their consent, of their rights of property in slaves, which it is admitted, is plainly guaranteed to them by the Constitution. Any one State may abolish slavery within its own limits, and under our own peculiar system of Government, no other power can. If they are out of the Union and are to be treated as alien enemies, then Congress has no jurisdiction over them and the passage of the Amendment was simply a farce. The most lamentable evidence of the political degeneracy of the times, is to be found in the intellectual mediocrity of the men, who, for some years past have been elected to Congress. This is especially the case with reference to the Senate, which was once the most dignified and intellectual deliberative body in the world. It was emphatically an assembly of statesmen in the fullest acceptation of the term. It yet contains some of the old leaven, but not enough to infuse itself throughout the whole. The elevation of a man, to the high and responsible position of a Senator, does not of itself confer greatness, for "pigmies, although perched on Alps, are pigmies still." The seats once honored by Webster and Choate, are now filled by such canting demagogues as Sumner and Wilson. Michigan once boasted of her far-seeing and incorruptible Cass; now she is disgraced in the person of that Jeffrey of the Senate, "blood letting" Chandler. Ohio, could once point with pride to William Allen—now, her cheeks are suffused with a blush of shame at the Senatorial rhapsodies of Ben Wade. Missouri leaned for support on the strong right arm of "Old Bullion;" B. Gratz Brown is now the sycophantic supporter of all the radical and destructive theories of Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. Kansas as if determined to outstrip all her sister States in the race of ignominy, persistently retains Jim Lane in the Senate, instead of sending him to the penitentiary. These men are the acknowledged leaders of the party in power; they mould its policy and dictate its legislation. They are now sowing the whirlwind and the people will yet reap the storm. When that time comes and when their deformity is unveiled, they can exclaim with the veiled prophet, to his deluded but willing followers, "Ye would be dupes and victims and you are."

Three Spanish ladies have entered their names at Madrid as professional bull fighters.

Lowry and Dodge.

Major R. I. Dodge "of the regular army," whose headquarters are at Harrisburg, exercises a general supervision over enlisted and drafted soldiers from Pennsylvania. It is said that a bad state of feeling exists between him and Gov. Curtin and that Dodge has posted to a State Senator, Morrow B. Lowry, that he (Dodge) was placed in his present position for the express purpose of annoying the Governor. An effort is being made in the Senate, headed by Lowry, to effect Dodge's removal from office and in a speech on that question a few days ago, the aforesaid Lowry, is reported in the papers to have been then and there delivered, as follows: "The Governor had the confidence of the soldiers and people of Pennsylvania and if the citizens of the mountains and valleys believed, that Dodge was placed here to annoy Governor Curtin, the mountains would melt with indignation and the very ores and coal in the valleys would take fire."

We have read a good many specimens of "western eloquence," but this effort of a Pennsylvania State Senator eclipses them all. We always thought that the mountain spoken of by the Latin poet, as having been in labor and brought forth a mouse, was engaged in a very small business. But Lowry's Pennsylvania mountains are to go through a process of self-destruction, as novel as sublime. We sincerely hope however that the citizens of our "mountains and valleys," will not believe that Major Dodge holds his office merely to annoy Governor Curtin, for in that event we would as soon dwell beneath the yawning crater of Mount Vesuvius as in Pennsylvania. And yet it would be a magnificent spectacle, provided one was afar off, to see our mountains melt with "indignation" and the "ores and coal in the valleys" taking fire, all of which will assuredly come to pass, according to Lowry, if Major Dodge will persist in annoying Andrew G. Curtin. We feel comparatively safe up here on the top of the Alleghenies, and if they attempt to get up any extra amount of indignation on account of the freaks of this awful Dodge, with two feet of snow at their base and three on their Summit, with the intention of melting down, they will have a lively time of it. Dodge ought to be merciful and if he is really annoying Governor Curtin, he must cease doing so at once, in view of the dreadful consequences, threatened by Lowry. "Mountains melting" and "ore and coal burning" would be a slight foretaste of the day of judgment for which the people are not just now prepared. Besides this it would interfere with the pending draft and as Lowry is a "loyal citizen" and believes that "John Brown's soul is marching on," he ought not to throw any obstacle in the way of strengthening the army. Although like Thackeray, Lowry is "loquacious, loud and volubly of tongue," we trust he will again address the Senate, before the resolution for Dodge's removal is finally disposed of. His speeches ought to be carefully preserved as models of elegant and classic diction. Dan Rice the celebrated Circus Clown, was Lowry's opponent at the last October election. But Daniel, being a good Democrat and the district strongly Republican, was defeated. This is to be regretted, for if Rice had been elected, although the Circus and the Senate would each have lost its Clown, the dignity and intellect of the latter would have been vastly improved.

Paul the Apostle speaks of Luke as the "beloved physician," and few endeavor themselves to us more than those who like "ministering angels," bring us the healing balm in sickness. So it is with medicines that cure; though we never see the maker, yet we get a feeling of regard for him through them. How many have reason to bless Dr. Ayer for his invaluable remedies, so cheap and yet so effectual! What public benefactor better deserve esteem than those who rescue the body from disease and premature decay?—Portsmouth (N. H.) Gazette.

WHISKERS!!!—Those wishing a fine set of whiskers, a nice moustache, or a beautiful head of glossy hair, will please read the card of Thos. F. Chapman in another part of this paper.

A Union force reported by rebel papers as having recently moved from Knoxville, Tennessee, towards North Carolina, is said by them to consist of 4,000 and 5,000 men, under General Gillem.

Barking dogs seldom bite.

We received the following lines of poetry through the Postoffice; although we are not in the habit of publishing anything without the authors name being known, still as it may be a gratification to the writer, and an encouragement to others to make an attempt, it is published with pleasure, and is not without merits.

The Soldier's Mother.

Dead! dead! I cannot bear it, came the stricken mother's cry; Dead! oh, my boy, he was too young, he went full of life to die? Scarcely past his happy boyhood, with bright and lovely bloom, Not yet verging into manhood, must I bid him to the tomb, With all the fond hopes blighted that cherished for my boy, Oh, did I build them up for death, to early to destroy.

'Tis true, he was ripe for heaven, but my heart grows weak, When e'er I gaze on that pale face, the lips that will not speak; The snowy lids that hide from the light those dark eyes, The wavy hair that on his brow so dark and quiet lies, My only child these signs of death are all to me now, For never, never was a son more deeply loved than thou.

There was a time I watched for him when twilight's hour drew nigh, And if he came not e're the shades of night were on the sky, How breathlessly I listened, that his footsteps I might hear, Ah! that was the best, welcome sound that ever struck my ear, I never may hear it more, those feet are all and lifeless now, Oh, my good Master give me strength, thy dearest to bow,

And then low eger was I when my darling went away, To get the precious letters which at that time came every day, As the miser treasures up and counts his golden store; So I treasured those dear letters, so I read them o'er and o'er, Till each kind and loving sentence brought ven on my heart, And until memory quits her throne cannot thence depart.

When last he wrote "my mother" he did the dear boy think, Of the bitter cup of sorrow his poor mother soon must drink; Of the time when dumb, and pale, and dead he would be lying here, And I be left alone like this to battle despair.

We publish the following pre letter from our esteemed friend, on behalf of his numerous acquaintances and up standing in Cambria county:

DAVID FOLT, Feb. 17, 1864. COL. HANSON—DEAR SIR:—Yours enclosing two dollars for the Democrat and Sentinel for one year, from March 1865, to the same date 1866, which I am correct, if not let me know, and I will make it all right. It is the only Democrat to support a Democrat, and of the Democratic party for the support of their party, they ought to give their paper to the Abolition party, they are no men able to carry on a paper, and out the support of their party, what would a party be without their paper? I am taking over Democratic papers, and I intend to take them over, they support Democratic principles, as long as I can raise money to pay for the County I live in, as black as the spades, but what Democrats, they stand up to them and makes a hell of a still gnawing a little. (It was a fortune as you and I were one time from Harrisburg, we could have then give them five in the game, you would to that.) I felt sorry to hear of R. I. Johnston's defeat by Congress. You have got a bully man, according to George Settlement, he will suit the plexion of Congress now. Col. give me respects to Mr. Hall, Johnston, Kirtland, all my old friends, tell them I am hoping those few lines will find you all enjoying the same. Yours respectfully, GEORGE MURRAY.

St. Jerome, in one of his sermons gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so appropriate to our own, that it is circulated just now in quite universally:

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who daub their cheeks with white and their eyes with black—those who plaster faces, to white to be handsome, mind us of idols—those who cannot weep a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose dresses are made of other people's sins—those who chalk wrinkles into the forehead in pretense of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful girls in the presence of troops of good children."

Why is the first chicken the foremost? Because it is just before the main hatch.

An old bachelor's definition of love.—A little sighing, a little crying, little dying, and a good deal of lying.