COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,

AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR. "TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH." TERMS: $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 17.—NO. 48. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENN'A., SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864. VOLUME 27

FEBRUARY COURT.

Court Proclamation.

WHEREAS, the Hon. WILLIAM ELWELL, President Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Court of Common Pleas and Orphan's Court, in the 26th Judicial District, composed of the counties of Columbia, Sullivan and Wyoming, and the Hon. John M'Reynolds & Stephen Baldy, Associate Judges of Columbia county, have issued their precept, bearing date the 7th day of Dec., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three and to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail delivery, General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Common Pleas and Orphan's Court, in Bloomsburg, in the county of Columbia, on the first Monday, (being the 1st day) of February next, to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given, to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the said county of Columbia that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their records, inquisitions and other remembrances to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those that are bound by recognizance, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the Jail of said county of Columbia to be then and there to prosecute them as shall be just. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, agreeably to their notices.

Dated at Bloomsburg, the 7th day of Dec. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three and in the eighty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America. (GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.)

L. S.

JOSIAH H. FURMAN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bloomsburg, Jan. 1, 1864.

TRIAL LIST, FEB. TERM, 1864.

1 Philip Winterstein vs Valentine Winterstein
2 Henry Wells vs George Kinney, Jr.
3 Jacob Eyer vs Abraham Klase.
4 Abraham Klase vs Jacob Eyer
5 Jacob Vs. Dewitt, (use) vs Samuel L. Beitle.
6 Elijah McMortrie, et al vs Christian Weiff.
7 John H Bowman & Co. vs Leonard S Rupert.
8 Louisa Gowen vs Elizabeth Dallas.
9 Jacob Harris vs Peter Jacoby.
10 Jacob Sand vs Tilman Nagle.
11 George Hughes, et al vs J V Criswell, et al.
12 David Reinbold vs Michael Grover.
13 Russel P Stoker vs William Dieter.
14 Rebecca Vanderslice vs Georg Dodson.
15 Wm. K. Leuzenberger's ext al vs Christian Wolf et al
16 D F Seybert vs Reuben Nicely.
17 B F Reinhard & Bro vs Silas D Edgar.
18 Daniel J Clercy vs Mintz & Ent.
19 Joseph P Long vs Isaac D Patton.
20 Joseph Hartman vs Reuben Line.
21 Rebecca Trehson vs William Pearson.
22 Jacob Tevis, Sheriff vs Thomas Meredith.
23 Jacob Buck, Ex'r. vs Jesse Buck.
24 D H Bogart et al vs William Dennison et al.
25 Michael Sheridan vs Patrick Graham, Adm'r.
26 Wilson Agee vs Joseph F. Long.
27 David Achenbach vs John Warden.
28 Sylvester J Fox vs B F Reinhard, et al.
29 John Gigger vs Richard R. Keough.

JESSE COLEMAN, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Bloomsburg, January 16, 1864.

GRAND JURORS.

Bloom—Matthew Woolroop, John Bungler.
Benton—Samuel R. Allen, Reuben Gibbons.
Pritchard—Archibald Henry, James Adams
Centre—Benjamin Fowler, Tillman D. Strauss, Lewis Deitrich.
Fishingcreek—Samuel Coleman.
Franklin—John Lawrence.
Hemlock—James Rosh, George Russel.
Jackson—Mathew McIlenry.
Locust—Mark Williams, Geo. Pomfermaher, Henry Helwig.
Mount Pleasant—Andrew Jackson.
Madison—Jno. Bellman.
Orange—Moses Everett.
Sugarloaf—Henry C. Hess, Alonzo Cole.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Bloom—Peter Billmeyer, Caleb Barton Jr., Henry G. Phillips, Levi D. Tate, Jacob R. Grool, Benjamin F. Hartman.
Borough of Berwick—Jeremiah S Sanders.
Beaver—Jno. Brutz.
Pritchard—Wm. Manon, Emmer Dellerich.
Centre—Frederick Hagenbuch.
Catawissa—Jacob Kreiter.
Franklin—Christian Brobst, Jno. Kreiter.
Greenwood—Samuel Bogart.
Hemlock—Sam'l Oth, Jesse Ent, George Hartman.
Jackson—Wm. Robbins.
Locust—Reig. Wagner, Peter Helwig, sen., Lucas Fahringer.
Mifflin—Christian Wolf, George Brown, Duncan Smith, Stephen Pealer.
Madison—Elias Bogart, Abraham B. Swisher.
Mount Pleasant—John Oppenbrich.
Montour—Silas Betterlith.
Orange—John Snyder, Abner Welsh, Ab Dilmine.
Scott—Hanson Robison, Jacob Fetherhoffer.

LIQUOR LICENSES.

OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE QUARTER SESSIONS OF COLUMBIA COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. BLOOMSBURG, January 16, 1864.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following persons have filed in this office applications to keep a hotel, or to sell liquor by the quart, with or without other merchandise, at the places named, and that the applications will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Columbia county, on Monday, the 1st day of February, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Hiram Smethers, Hotel,	Berwick.	
Theodore Howell, "	Scott twp	
John Leggot, "	Greenwood twp	
James M. Fry, "	do.	

JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk Q. S.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees creditors and other persons interested in the estates of the respective decedents and minors, that the following administration and guardian accounts have been filed in the Office of the Register of Columbia county, and will be presented for confirmation and allowance to the Orphan's Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, in the county aforesaid, on Wednesday, the 3rd day of February, 1864, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

1. Account of William Miller, Executor of Elizabeth Miller, late of Mount Pleasant Township, deceased.
2. Account of Reuben Swank, administrator with will annexed, of Jacob Swank, late of Beaver township, deceased.
3. First and final account of Joseph Correll, Guardian of Sarah E. Whitenight now dec'd., minor child of Geo. Whitenight late of Madison township deceased.
4. First and final account of Hudson Owen, administrator of Peter Shiner, late of Berwick Borough, deceased.
5. Account of Benjamin Yohe, Guardian of Maria Fry, minor child of Aaron Fry of Mifflin township, deceased.
6. Account of Robert Stiff administrator of Robert Heyward, late of Bloomsburg, deceased.
7. Final account of Gideon Nuss, administrator de bon. non. of Jacob Nuss, late of Mifflin township, deceased.
8. Final account of William Snyder, Guardian of Theodore Palmer, now deceased, minor child of Thomas Palmer, late of Rinaa township, de'd.
9. Account of Peter Heinbach, adm'r of Jonathan Fry, late of Montour township, deceased.
10. Account of Aaron Musgrove, adm'r. of Hiram Kester, late of Greenwood township, dec'd.
11. Account of Levi Wrights, administrator of Joseph Heller, late of Madison twp., dec'd.
12. Account of Elizabeth York, administratrix of Gideon York, late of Jackson twp., dec'd.
13. Account of John Reifbold, Lewis Reinbold, Samuel Reinbold and William H. Reinbold, Executors of Cornelius Reinbold, late of Locust township deceased.
14. Second and final account of Jackson Thomas, adm'r. of Caleb Thomas, late of Madison township, deceased.
15. Account of William Rabb, one of the administrators de bonis non, cum testamento annexo of William Linn, late of Hemlock township, deceased.
16. Account of Jackson Thomas, adm'r. of Andrew Shoemaker, late of Madison twp., dec'd.
17. Account of Wm. Dreisbach, Guardian of Christiana, Polly, Sarah and Lewis, minor children of the said Guardian by his first wife.
18. Account of John Nuss, executor of John Klingerman, late of Main township, deceased.

JOHN G. FREEZE, Register.

Bloomsburg, January 3, 1864.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

A lot of hewed and sawed Timber, suitable for building a House or Barn—20 x 36—with posts and rafters, will be sold cheap on application at this office. Dec. 26, 1863.—3*

Select Poetry.

Prayer after the Battle.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

God give us light in the darkness,
God give us comfort in woe,
Grant that the cup may pass from us,
Let us not reap as we sow.

We have shed blood in Thy vineyard,
We have blasphemed with Thy breath,
O spare us the fruit of our doing,
Spare us the harvest of death.

We have burnt Liberty's altars,
Light from the channel is fled,
The priests are reeking with slaughter,
Christ in the churches is dead.

Father, forget—O forgive us!
Do not unto us, Lord God,
As we unto others are doing:
O, judge us not of Thy Word,

For we have shed blood in Thy vineyard,
We have blasphemed with Thy breath,
O, spare us the fruit of our doing,
Spare us the harvest of death!

A Tale for the Times.

LIBERTY.

A Romance in Six Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

I am an intelligent contraband. I am forever free. Mr. Lincoln has said so.—The *Tribune* has printed it in big type.

My master was a planter in Hoghole Swamp, Arkansas. He was descendant of the Arkansas Traveler. When the Union army arrived he became a traveler also. There is no law for the return of fugitive masters. I was left alone.

I went into the Union lines, and on New Year's day a General read me Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation, and told me I was a free man. Then he gave me some bacon that smelt bad, and set me to work digging trenches. I do not like digging trenches. I told a soldier so. He laughed. I told an officer so. He said: "Go to the d——l." I told him I was free and would'nt. Then he kicked me. The kick was of that character which makes sitting down uncomfortable.

I thought that my liberty was not properly respected, so I took to the swamp.—A sentinel shot at me as I passed. What had I to do with the countersign? Am I not a free man?

CHAPTER II.

In the tangled swamps, I sat upon a highly picturesque stump, and thought of Phyllis.

"O joy!" I cried in a sort of rapturous reverie: "Liberty is mine. I will fly to Phyllis, my dark-eyed love of the slumbrous soul and the raven wool, and bear her far away with me, to the isles where the mango apples grow."

So I rose and went to the plantation where Phyllis lived. She met me with a childish delight. I told her we were free.

"O golly!" she said.

At that moment her master appeared. I accosted him in a friendly manner, and informed him of my project concerning the isles above mentioned.

"There's where you'll get your mango apple cart upset," he replied coarsely; "this yer is Union territory. The proclamation don't take no effect here. Now you jest come a foolin' around my niggers again, an' you'll git thunder."

"Sir," I responded, with dignity, "I am a free man like yourself. That proclamation makes me your equal.

He called two large muscular slaves; thewy creatures without nobility of soul. They pumped water on me, and drove me forth weeping, alone.

CHAPTER III.

Northward! Over dreary plains of frosty herbage; through frosty deserts; among wild copses of laural and rhododendron that bruised my shins.

I trust I bear no shame for that. May not a free man's shins be the tenderest part? Does a long heel necessarily accompany a freckle brain? I have not studied othnology for nothing.

It was very cold. My race is not fitted for low temperatures. My clothing was scanty and thin. I felt that I was free—yet somehow loud memory would persist in reverting to the warm savannas of the old plantation. The North is cold, dark forbidding.

Yet I toiled on. I had but little food. Nobody would employ me, and nobody wished to give me alms. Nor did I care to obtain work. Why should I? Was I not free? I worked when a slave; where is the merit of liberty, if I must work now?

I know that the North was full of philanthropic souls. Greely, Mrs. Stowe, Gerrit Smith, Lovejoy—these, at least, were my friends.

I arrived, at length, in Washington—a great city of intellect and power. I felt that I was one of the Sovereign people, who own—and support that city. I stood before the Capitol and murmured:

"I am free!"

A very tall, homely man, with black whiskers and honest eyes, came down the steps. I caught his hand. He looked at me as if surprised and spoke:

"Well; what is it?"

"I am a free man. I came from Hoghole Swamp Arkansas. I am hungry and cold."

"O go 'way!" replied the man. "Don't bother me. I'm sick of the very sight of you niggers!"

"Sir," I said, "you insult your equal. I am your peer. The Proclamation——"

"Confound the Proclamation! I almost wish I had never issued it!"

CHAPTER IV.

A lot of Congressional magnates stood near, chewing tobacco. I approached, to ask for a chew, and heard one addressed as Mr. Lovejoy.

"You are a friend at least!" I cried with real emotion; "I was a slave. I am now at liberty!"

The gentlemen drew down his under eyelid with his little finger.

"Do you see anything green there?" he asked.

"Mock me not! I exclaimed; "am I not a man and a brother?"

"Why don't you go to work you lazy fellow! asked another Congressman, who had a smell of cobbler's wax about him; "I used to work down at Natick."

"Sir," I answered scornfully, "I am free."

They laughed vulgarly, and I went away with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER V.

Still farther Northward. Colder, more inhospitable. Vague doubts and half regrets crept into my brain. Is this Liberty? Ah; poor heart, take courage!

Still I was free; and free to confess that I had never suffered so much before.

Some one showed me Mrs. Negrophile's house. A splendid carriage stood before the door. I rang. A servant came.

"I wished to see Mrs. Negrophile. Tell her a newly freed slave wishes to see her."

The lacky returned very soon.

"Your card, please."

"I have no card. I am cold and hungry."

The lacky went and came again:

"She dosen't see that kind," he said, I shuddered, and went to the office of the *Tribune*. I found two young men there with their feet on the desks."

"Hello;" said one, "here's a friend of Old Greely! Thpeak up, brudder! yah, yah!"

"Young man" I said, "I am a friend of all men."

"He keeps the place next door," said the other.

"I came to you in the name of humanity."

"Look here," said the first, "I don't want any blowed nonsense round here.—Clear out before I put you out.',

"Is Mr. Greeley in?"

"Not for you. Leave this!"

He raised a paper weight threateningly. I departed.

A Democratic compositor gave me sixpence that night, and I had something to eat, for the first time in two days.

CHAPTER VI.

Northward still. I found Gerritt Smith at length. A large, white haired man, with a restless, vacant eye.

"My friend," said he, "ethnologistic sideral influences are antagonistic in their magnetism. The arbitrary enunciation of a dogmatic allocution is not productive of habiliary conditions."

"I am cold and hungry," I said.

"Certainly. Isothermal relations cannot be ignored with impunity. Whiste pipes and thunder! How's your mother? John Brown's body hangs dangling in the grave; Take 'em away! Take 'em off!"

His eyes grew very wild, and he pawed the air vigorously. I was afraid and went away, sorrowing.

"*O Liberty, Liberty!*" I cried "*combien des crimes sonne commis sous ton nom!*"

A gang of laborers were at work upon a railroad near by. I went to them.

"What wages do you get?"

"Seventy five cents a day, in railroad script."

"What do you do with it?"

"It passes at the store."

"What store?"

"Railroad store. Divil a place else."

"What does it cost you to live?"

"All we get, jest; barrin' enough for a drunk Saturday nights.

I reflected these were free men. They worked harder than I did when a slave, and for a bare living—worse food, worse clothes, and more beastliness on Saturday night—for I had never been allowed to kill myself with bad whisky.

"And, if you are sick, or get old—?"

"Och, then, we go to the devil!"

I thought of my father, who had food and raiment for five years of his dotage, without a stroke of work.

"But your families are not separated from you?"

"No sich good luck. I havn't seen the ould 'coman for two year, but she keeps dingin' me for money all the time!"

I was satisfied. I begged a few coppers and set my face sternly Southward.

O, Liberty.

Burning of the Santiago Cathedral.

Nearly Two Thousand Persons Burned Alive.

From the N. Y. World's Correspondent.

PANAMA, January 8.

The people of Santiago, the capital of Chili, have been afflicted by one of those terrible misfortunes that strike a whole nation with one common blow—that spread horror all over the world wherever its tidings are received, and leave a lasting impression for centuries behind them.

Ever since Pio Nono enunciated the "Immaculate Conception" of the Virgin, the feats in honor of this mystery became a favorite one with clergy and the devout ladies of Santiago. There was a sisterhood, "the Daughters of Mary;" there were celebrations, and masses, and drapery, and illumination, and music for the whole "month of Mary," from November 8 till December 8. The focus for all this was the church called "La Compania" (because it had formerly belonged to the "Company of Jesus"), an edifice that had been several times destroyed by earthquakes and fires.

The last day, the 8th of December, is the holiest of the holy month, and last year it was to be extraordinarily magnificent. It is said that Eizaguirre had often spoken to Ugarte of the splendor displayed in Rome on such occasions, and intimated that in Chili they could do nothing like it. So Ugarte's vanity was tickled, and he tried to do his very best. The results will be seen below.

Early in the afternoon streams of people, mostly ladies with their children and servants, began to fill the church, in order to get a good place for hearing the sermons of the pastor and for seeing the gorgeous sight. By 7 o'clock the church was crammed full in every corner by about 3,000 women and 500 men, and rash multitudes filled the doors and outer steps, unable to get admittance.

The church is a long, narrow edifice with a nave and two aisles, the latter intersected by cross walls for the support of the old, dilapidated fabric. There is only one wide door, several small side doors nearly impassible through screens and other incumbrances, and a narrow door leading to the sacristy.

The interior, especially the wooden roof, is covered with paper hangings, festoons, gauze, pasteboard, transparencies, indeed with every variety of inflamable stuff, and lighted with about 20,000 lights, among others with 5,000 photogene lamps, on the altars, the walls, and hung from the ceiling.

It was about 7 o'clock in the evening; service had not begun yet; numerous servants were just beginning to light the immense number of candles and lamps on the high altar. Among the embelishments on the latter was a collossal image of the Virgin over a crescent made out of numerous lights. One of these set a piece of muslin belonging to one of the many decorations on fire, and in a moment the whole altar, about twenty-two yards by ten, was in a blaze. The flames spread with an indescribable rapidity to the roof with its light drapery, and in two or three minutes the fire was everywhere.—The people near the altar and in the middle of the nave rushed of course toward the doors; but those seated near these did not see the amount of danger and pushed the others back, as they did not want to lose their seats. A number of the crowds waiting outside even took advantage of the confusion to get in. So the principal door was soon obstructed by a solid wall of human bodies unable to move or to extricate their hands, and this jamming and squeezing was increased by the frenzy of those who, now aware of the danger, pressed from behind. Only a comparatively small number of the women and the greater part of the men escaped through the side doors and the sacristy in the first moments of the fire.

There was a scene more horrid than the pencil of any painter of hell and purgatory could represent. A dense wall of some hundred bodies in all possible positions, many on the ground, trampled upon, with limbs mangled, heads and chest crushed; behind, thousands running, pushing, frantically yelling, fainting; in the background and above, one broad sheet of flame. And all those doomed beings were women—tender, fair women—among them the very cream of Santiago's young and fashionable world. The multitude outside saw the horrors of the scene; mad with despair, they rushed in to save their mothers, wives, daughters; but only a few were rescued, tearing off their clothes and scrambling over the heads of those before them. The serried mass near the door was so dense that ten persons were unable to extricate a single woman, and in many instances tore off an arm or a leg. All this occurred in less time than it takes me to write it down. But the most horrible sight was still to come. A part of the roof and one of the belfries fell in.

The strings by which the chandeliers and lamps were fastened to the roof were burned, and down poured a torrent of burning wax and oil. The audience itself now was a blazing sea of light. We read of old, Christian martyrs wrapped in pitch and lighted like torches, but what is that compared with the thousands of young women with entangled limbs and heads on fire. The sight is too sickening to dwell long upon it.

In a short time all was over; the church still smouldering, and flames still licking the charred bodies, but the poor sufferers were at rest. One after another the men from outside worked a passage into the interior, and in the midst of the loathsome spectacle and the oppressive stench, begin to look for their dear ones. Wailing again fills the ruins—yells and screams that fill the heart with commiseration and the eyes with tears. What did they find? Let us draw a veil over the picture.

Three days were required for picking up and taking away the bodies, all horribly disfigured, hundreds entirely destroyed; of some only the underparts preserved. Two hundred cartloads were carried to the burial-ground, where fifty men proved inefficient to dig a hole large enough to receive what was formerly the pride of Chili. Two thousand and seventy-three corpses are recorded, and more than one thousand three hundred identified. Some families have lost all their female members, and there is hardly a family in Santiago, or, indeed, in the whole of Chili, without mourning.

A Fish Story.

Four Clergymen, a Babtist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming as he sat down, with great satisfaction, "Pabest caput ecclesiæ." (the Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself, exclaiming, "Finas coronant opus" (the end crowns the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed, "In mediaest veritas," (truth lies between the two extremes.)—Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate and the prospect of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn, melted butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming, "Ego baptiso vos." (I baptize you all.)

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION—Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast upon the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is this, that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of the heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds clouds come over us, with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their fuded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?—And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the stars will spread before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

Democratic State Central Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13 1864.

The Committee met pursuant to the call of the Chairman. Hon. C. J. BIDDLE in the Chair. A Committee from Chester county was admitted to confer with the State Central Committee.

On motion of Col. T. B. SEARIGHT, of Fayette county, a Committee on Resolutions were appointed to report to an adjourned meeting. Messrs. BIGLER, CASS, SANDERSON, PACKER and EVANS were appointed on this Committee, to which, on motion, Hon. C. J. BIDDLE, Chairman, was added.

On motion, Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of March next, at 12 M. was fixed for the meeting of the State Convention, at Philadelphia. The Committee, after the transaction of further business, adjourned to meet on Thursday, January 14th, at 12 M.

THURSDAY, Jan. 14.

The Committee met. The Sub-Committee on Resolutions reported the following:

Resolved, That notwithstanding the apparent result of the late election in this State, the consequence, as we believe, of an unfair use of the military power and the practice of gross frauds on the ballot by our opponents, we are still firm in the belief of the ultimate triumph of Democratic principles and policy, and that their ascendency is the surest means of redeeming our country from its present afflictions; and to that end we earnestly invite and entreat Democrats and all conservative citizens, in the several counties, wards townships and districts of the State, to unite themselves together in more perfect and complete organization, as the best means to re-establish the purity of the ballot, maintain personal and public liberty, and to provide for a final effort, at the next election, to displace the men now in authority at Washington, whose policy and measures have proved so prejudicial to the cause of the Union, subversive of the rights of the citizens and oppressive to the people.

Resolved, That we deplore the enunciation of the schemes and purposes embodied in the late Proclamation of the President, appended to his message, the inevitable effect of which must be to prolong and extend the bloody strife now raging among the people of the United States; and to furnish an additional verification of the worst apprehensions entertained as to the purpose of his administration, to wit: the intention to subordinate the cause of the Union to the cause of Abolition.

Resolved, That no State can withdraw from the Union by its own action; and that the assumption of Mr. LINCOLN, as indicated in his late message and proclamation that the revolted States are now out of the Union and are no longer States, and that they can be reconstructed as States and re-admitted into the Union by a mere fractional vote of one-tenth of their people cast within the limts of each is a proposition at once revolutionary and preposterous, manifesting an astounding inclination on his part to act in utter disregard of the Constitution and the elementary principles of our republican form of government, and at the same time foreshadowing a scheme through which stupendous frauds may be practiced upon the ballot at the next election, and a still more stupendous fraud upon sovereign States that have furnished without limit of their blood and treasure to put down rebels and rebellious States, by admitting into the Electoral College men who would have no legal or constitutional right to seats in that body; the consummation of which scheme would be so gross an outrage upon the rights of the people and the States, as might fully warrant resistance on their part, by all the means which God and nature have placed within their reach.

Resolved, That it is our deliberate judgment, that the enunciation of a wise and judicious political policy, at this time, on the part of the Administration at Washton, to the effect that, any State heretofore in revolt, within which resistance to the authority of the Government shall cease, should be allowed, through the vote of a majority of its electors, to resume its former status and functions in the Union, would promptly draw to the cause of the Union thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of citizens of the revolted States, thereby hastening the restoration of peace and union among the States, and saving the lives of thousands of our fellow citizens now in the field.

Resolved, That the Democratic party will continue their efforts to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and to re-establish its supremacy both at the North and at the South; so that neither the revolutionary schemes of the Abolitionist nor of the Secessionists shall avail against it.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of the Hon. GEORGE SANDERSON, of Lancaster, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee be tendered to the Hon. CHARLES J. BIDDLE for the able and efficient manner in which he discharged the duties of Chairman of the Committee.

The Committee then adjourned.

CHARLES J. BIDDLE, Chairman.
ROBERT J. HEMPHILL, Secretary.

The end of Another Virginia Campaign—McClellan.

Richmond is safe for another winter.—Seventeen months ago the army of the Potomac, 90,000 strong, lay within twenty miles of the rebel citadel, while 150,000 men—nearly the whole strength of the Confederacy—were gathered in front to resist its advance. The Peninsula was abandoned, and with it the opportunity of the army for usefulness and success. Its career since then has been a long struggle with a great mistake. It has marched, countermarched, advanced, retreated, fought, dug, labored endured, and bled simply to demonstrate that the mind which directed its movements was possessed by a huge blunder. Ten times over that demonstration has been made, but the blunder has been still persisted in. Spite has added stubborness to stupidity, and the army of the Potomac has paid the heavy penalty. In July, 1862, McCLELLAN on the James river gave occupation to almost the entire force of the rebellion. Since that time, with the army moved to the front of Washington, a third of the rebel force has sufficed to keep it at bay, and twice has been strong enough to drive it north of the Potomac. This result was clearly foreseen by the best military men in the country, and we ask attention now to the impressive words in which Gen. McCLELLAN implored HALLECK to rescind his fatal order, withdrawing the army from the James.

The following is McCLELLAN'S letter.

BERKLEY, Va., Aug. 4—12 M.

Maj. Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

Your telegram of last evening is received I must confess that it has caused me the greatest pain I ever experienced, for *I am convinced that the order to withdraw this army to Aquia Creek will prove disastrous in the extreme to our cause. I fear it will be a fatal blow.* Several days are necessary to complete the preparations for so important a movement as this, and while they are in progress, I beg that careful consideration may be given to my statement. This army is now in excellent discipline and condition. We hold a debouchee on both banks of the James River, so that we are free to act in any direction and, with the assistance of the gunboats, I consider our communication as secure.

We are twenty-five miles from Richmond, and are not likely to meet the enemy in force sufficient to fight a battle until we have reached fifteen to eighteen miles, *which brings us practically within ten miles of Richmond.* Our largest line of land transportation would be from this point twenty five miles, but with the aid of the gunboats we can supply the army by water, during its advance, certainly to within twelve miles of Richmond. At Aquia Creek we would be seventy five miles from Richmond, with land transportation all the way. From here to Fortress Monroe is a march of seventy miles, for I regard it as impractible to withdraw this army and its material, except by land.—The result of the movement would thus be to march 145 miles to reach a point now only 25 miles distant, and to deprive ourselves entirely of the powerful aid of the gunboats and water transportation. Add to the certain demoralization of this army which would ensue, the terribly depressing effect upon the people of the North, and the strong probability that it would influence foreign powers to recognize our adversaries; and these appear to me sufficient reasons to make it my imperative duty to urge, in the strongest terms afforded by our language, that this order be recinded, and that so far from recalling this army, it may be promptly reinforced, to enable it to resume the offensive.

It may be said that there are no reinforcements available. I point to General Burnside's forces, those of Gen. Pope, not necessary to maintain a strict defense in front of Washington and Harper's Ferry to those portions of the Army of the West not required for a strict defense there.—*Here, directly in front of this army, is the heart of the Rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of the nation. All points of secondry importance elsewhere should be abandoned, and every available man brought here, and the Rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere; here is the true defense of Washington; it is here on the banks of the James River that the fate of the Union should be decided.*

Clear in my conviction of right, strong in the conciousness that I have ever been, and still am actuated solely by love of my country, knowing that no ambitions or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war, I do now, what I never did in my life before, I entreat this order may be recinded. If my counsel does not prevail, I will with a sad heart obey your order to the utmost of my power, devoting to the movement, one of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, whatever skill I may possess, and may God grant that I mistaken in my forebodings, I shall at least have the internal satisfaction that I have written and spoken frankly, and have sought to do the best in my power arrest disaster from my country.

GEO. B McCLELLAN,
Major General.