

Senator and myself, I can only hope that, as Peter denied his Lord and Master, repented, and was forgiven, he is not too old yet, notwithstanding his political sins of the last few years, to repent of them and be forgiven also.

But the honorable Senator from Indiana raises a point of order; he asserts that it is not in order to hold an inquest over the dead body of the Democratic party when the coroner is not present. Sir, if the Democratic party is dead, what a gigantic corpse we have before us. One million seven hundred and fifty thousand voters in this country constitute that corpse if corpse it be. Where is the living man that is to summon the coroner to hold an inquest on that dead body? By your own confession, and notwithstanding all the means to which you resorted, you had only some two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand majority in the last presidential election; and I now say here, in the hearing of the country, that it is my solemn conviction that had that election been rightfully and legally determined, George B. McClellan, in favor of whose nomination I never was, would at this day be the declared President-elect of the United States.

Why do I say so? Why, sir, I, with other Democratic Senators, in compliance with the law of the land, in compliance with our duty, went over a few days ago to witness the most magnificent fare that I ever saw exhibited at the other end of the Capital; and that was to hear the vote for President of the United States declared. I listened to it. It went on; and all the votes from the land of steady habits—and, with all respect for the honorable Senator who sits before [Mr. Wilson] the land which not many years ago thought it pious to burn old women for witches, and which now thinks it equally pious to whitewash a negro and make him equal to a white man—were recorded for the present incumbent. It went on until it came to the gallant State represented by my friend from New Jersey, and then there was music in the sound. That vote gave out the true utterances of the voters of that State. Then came the vote of the smallest State now in the Union in population; and let me correct history for one moment. It has been said that Virginia is the mother of States; but, sir, I say then came the voice of the mother of States, the little State which I and my colleague represent on this floor, the State which was the first to adopt the Constitution, and which by the action of her sons, has showed herself more faithful than any other so far heard from to the compact of the fathers, by being the first promptly to reject the unconstitutional proposed constitutional amendment. Then, I say, came the voice of that State, and though they were but three voices—*that sound brought joy to the ear and gladness to the heart.*

Mr. President, I said “in my judgment had that vote been legal,”—“ascertained, George B. McClellan would have been declared to be the President of the United States. I was not in favor of his nomination; and foreseeing that he would be nominated, although a delegate to the Convention, I would not attend, because he had identified himself with certain principles and had a record and a history which were antagonistic to the votes that I had given in this body, and I did not desire to condemn my own action by an endorsement of his record; and yet when he was presented by that Convention, welcoming any breeze that would bring happiness and prosperity, and in some measure restore constitutional liberty to this country and get rid at once and forever of the counsels of the present incum-ent of the executive chair and the party that now controls the destinies of this country, I supported him; and I repeat my belief that had that election been rightfully and legally determined he would have been declared the President-elect. Why do I say so?

I have said that I was called upon to witness a farce in the counting of the votes in the House of Representatives. What were some of the evidences that it was a farce? I heard the State of Maryland announced as voting for Abraham Lincoln. A number of the counties of that State border on the county in which I live. I have traveled through them; and I have yet to find evidence in favor of this Administration among that class of people with whom I became acquainted in that portion of the State. Will you tell me Maryland voted at a free election for the present Executive of the United States when I know the fact that the armed military were at the polls; when I know that when notwithstanding the unconstitutional act passed by a bogus Government in the State of Maryland, gentlemen against whose character not a word could be said, went forward and undertook to take the oath prescribed in that Constitution, they were driven from the polls, and not allowed to vote?

Then came in Missouri, voting for Abraham Lincoln. Who believes that the people of Missouri, at a free election, would vote an endorsement of his policy? I do not refer to the young State called West Virginia. Her Senators know more of the sentiment of that portion of the State of Virginia than I do; but I have met representatives in the national council, even from that portion of Virginia, who have told me that if the opponent of the Administration had had any fair chance they could have carried that State.

Mr. WILLEY. The honorable Senator from Maryland—

Mr. SAULSBURY. I do not belong to that province. Abraham has not got our State as a “province,” exactly.

Mr. WILLEY. Well, sir, from the “provinces” of Delaware

Mr. SAULSBURY. No, sir; the “State” of Delaware

Mr. WILLEY. Well, then, the State of Delaware; anything to satisfy the honorable Senator. I have the pleasure to inform the Senator, and I have no doubt it will be a pleasure to him to learn, that there was a regularly nominated ticket at the late presidential election in West Virginia of the party with which he is connected, and of which he feels so proud, a party adorned so highly on this float; and in order to revive the Democratic party in our State they placed before the people five distinguished old line Whigs, and gave them the whole vote of the Democratic party in the young State of West Virginia; that there was a fair vote; and that they were beaten by more than three to one.

Mr. SAULSBURY. I have witnessed in person some of these “fair elections” where there has been a regular Democratic ticket running. I recollect that only a year ago last fall the Democratic party in my State nominated a candidate for Congress, and the Republican party nominated their candidate. I recollect that election day came, and that handbills were thrown in the yards of farmers by armed soldiers passing by, cautioning them in reference to the approaching election. I recollect that they had squads of soldiers around the voting places, and that they had certain oaths stuck up, the paten of which belongs to one renowned general, who is now a member of the other House, who has shed his blood upon many battle-fields, and illustrated the patriotism of his country not by accepting civil position in war, but by active campaigns in the field. He was once in command of the Middle Department, and his headquarters in Maryland, and I believe represents or misrepresents, in part, the State of Ohio. I recollect that notwithstanding there was a regular Democratic ticket in the field there were but fourteen Democratic votes cast; and why? We had the privilege of making a ticket; but we were notified before-hand of pains and penalties to be attached to voting in a particular way. I presume therefore, when the Democrats of West Virginia had the privilege of making out a ticket they had some means of understanding that it was not exactly safe to exercise their right to vote according to their own judgement.

Mr. WILLEY. The Senator's supposition is entirely unfounded. There were scarcely any troops in West Virginia, and no influence of the kind brought to bear upon the people. There was a more free fair election in any State in the Union. Mr. SAULSBURY. I understand it. On the occasion of the election in my State to which I refer I did not approach the polls. I thought I knew the terms upon which I could vote. I have no doubt there were Democrats in West Virginia just as intelligent, and who understood the whole matter just as well as I did.

I have made these remarks in response to the playful point of order raised by the honorable Senator from Indiana, to assure him that if this Administration had appointed a coroner to sit over the dead body of the Democratic party we would have found the largest corpse over which an inquest was ever held.

One more remark, sir, and I shall conclude. Let the Democrats of the country take heart. To them I say, though your enemy may charge you with being disloyal and in favor of disunion, with your glorious Union record, with the vast numbers who went to the polls, notwithstanding the arbitrary measures resorted to deprive you of the exercise of the highest functions of the American citizen, when you see that you only fill some two hundred or two hundred and fifty thousand votes behind in a popular election in the States now in the Union and said to be loyal, the record is most encouraging; it gives hopes of the future. Forsake not your principles, but rally around the same old standard under which you went to fight. Remember that in all your history and throughout your entire administration of national affairs no citizen ever complained that he had been illegally arrested and placed in a Bastile. Remember that you have a record which shows that under your administration of the Federal Government no man was deprived of life, liberty, or property, except by due process of law. Recollect that throughout your entire history no press was forbidden to publish its views to the people of the country; that no executive hand was laid upon the freedom of the press. I say to the members of that glorious party, recollect that no President whom you ever elevated to that high position ever dared to claim the power of suspending the bulwark of liberty, the writ of habeas corpus, and then some before the Congress of the United States asking to be relieved from the consequences of the act. Recollect also that during the entire existence of your party, instead of dismemberment and disintegration, there was nothing but the addition of State after State. Contrast that with the record of the Republican party, and you have a platform of principles upon which you can

safely go before the people of the country, if indeed, Abraham the first Republican President is not to become Abraham the first emperor, and you may meet your political foes, and not by military force or a resort to unconstitutional means, but by the free exercise of that suffrage which is secured to you by the Constitution, Federal and State, achieve a noble triumph in the future.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY LEVI L. TATE, PROPRIETOR.



“Our Constitution—guard it ever! Our glorious Union—hold it dear! Our Starry Flag—forego it never! The proud Caucasian—our only peer!

BLOOMSBURG : Saturday Morning, Mar. 18, 1865.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER: (\$3 00 per Year, or \$2 50 if paid strictly in advance.

We give up the first page of this paper to an interesting debate recently had in the United States Senate, on the subject of the several political parties of the country. Our readers will find in the most cheering and sprightly reading of the day. The record of the old Democratic party is there made to shine with a lustre all the more brilliant by the contrast with the dark and bloody history of the Abolitionists. The Abolition party is truthfully and vigorously described by one of its progenitors who says that its doors were thrown open to the hypocrites and criminals of all parties, who stumbled not upon the threshold, but entered and took possession. To expect that any good can come of a party so constituted, so utterly rotten with corruption and debauchery by venality is to put faith in impossibilities. We commend the debate to the attention of our readers, and we should like to have it placed in the hands of every Abolitionist in the land.

Release of Mr. Meek.

P. GRAY MEEK, Esq., the fearless Editor of the “Democratic” (Belleville) Watchman,” was a week ago, as we then informed our readers, arrested by the Administration spies and conveyed to Harrisburg. After looking Mr. Meek in the face, and seeing, what they seldom see in the abolition ranks, an honest face and brave man, they very wisely concluded,

that as they could find no treason in him, they proffered him an unconditional release, and he returned home to Belleville. This petty act of political oppression, by the prior ministers of the Lincoln Despotism, should blast them to the shades of eternal oblivion, and elevate Mr. Meek to the highest pinnacle of fame and secure for him the undivided admiration of all the Commonwealth.

Cold Comfort for Office Seekers.

A Washington correspondent furnishes information which will disappoint the vast tribe of office-seekers, who are waiting for a new deal of the Federal pack. In conversation with an intimate personal friend, the President said pretty nearly these words, a few days since: “I have made up my mind to make a very few changes in the offices in my gift for my second term.” The fact is, I think I will not remove a single man, except for good and sufficient cause. It creates a great deal of dissatisfaction and grumbling to make changes. To remove a man is very easy, but when I go to fill his place, there are twenty applicants, and of these I must number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in a like manner.

I hold about one thousand prisoners captured in various ways, and can find it as long as you: but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult these who are natural protectors are absent.

In conclusion, I have only to request that whenever you have any of your men “disposed of” or “murdered,” for the terms appear to be synonymous with you, you will let me hear of it, in order that I may know what action to take in the matter.

In the meantime I shall hold fifty-six of your men as hostages for those whom you have ordered to be executed.

I am yours, &c.,

WADE HAMPTON,
Lieutenant General.

Sherman Retaliating for the Killing of His Foragers—Reply of the Confederate General Wade Hampton.

HEADQUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD, Feb. 24.—Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commanding Cavalry Forces, U. S. A.

GENERAL: It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after capture and labeled, “death to all foraging.” One instance of a like fact and another of twenty “near a ravine, eighty rods from the main road,” about three miles from Feasterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in a like manner.

I hold about one thousand prisoners captured in various ways, and can find it as long as you: but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult these who are natural protectors are absent.

Consequently I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war: but they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow and made war inevitable ought not in a fairness to reproach us for the natural consequences.

I merely assert our war right to forage, and my resolve to protect my foragers to the extent of life for life. I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major General, U. S. A.

GENERAL HAMPTON'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS, IN THE FIELD, Feb. 27, 1865.—Major General, W. T. Sherman, U. S. A.:—GENERAL: Your communication of the 27th inst., reached me to-day. In it you state that it has been officially reported that your foraging parties were “murdered” after capture, and you go on to say that you had “ordered a similar number of prisoners in your hands to be disposed of in a like manner.” This

is to say, you have ordered a number of Confederate soldiers to be “murdered.”

You characterize your order in proper terms, for the public voice, even in your own country, where it seldom dares to express itself in vindication of truth, honor or justice, will surely agree with you in pronouncing you guilty of murder, if your order is carried out.

Before dismissing this portion of your letter, I beg to assure you for every soldier, the rhapsody of a jester affecting to be devout, the mouthings of a drunkard affecting pride in his low descent—so commences the new Presidential term. Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address can be dismissed from the public mind with a sigh, in token of the painful conviction that there is neither brain nor heart to guide the hands that hold the reins of power over this Republic. But to know that Andrew Johnson, the inebriate, who not even in the presence of the United States Senate, in the presence of the American people, in the presence of the world, with millions regarding his action and awaiting his utterance, could summon enough of energy and self-control to remain sober until the brief ordeal was over, to know that this debauched demagogue is only withheld by the thread of a single life from the Presidential chair, is appalling to every American citizen who is not entirely careless of his country's honor and welfare.

Whenever any Democratic member of the late Congress has chanced to express himself indiscreetly during an evening session under the influence of a dinner party conviviality, the Administration journals have been relentless in their denunciation. What will they say in comment upon the conduct of their Vice President, who enters the Senate Chamber to undergo the solemn ceremony of his inauguration a condition that would shame a rowdy at the threshold of a tavern? Think of it Americans, a Vice President in such a beastly state of intoxication that he was unable either to take his oath of office or administer the oath of office to the Senators over whose deliberations he is to preside! What message will the Ministers of Foreign Power, who listen wonderstruck to his ravings and mutterings, convey to the haughty emperors and queens and kings they represent? The despots of the Old World have mocked our sufferings for the past four years; they will now point the finger of scorn and ridicule at our disgrace. A jester at the head of the Republic; a drunkard next in authority! Such are the men that are to guide us through the fertile storm that tosses our doomed ship of State. One day of such statesmanship, as has often been vaunted to us in time of peace, would save us from the wreck; but now, when all is convulsion and chaos, we have given the control of our destinies, under Providence, to—a jester and a drunkard.

A jester at the head of the Republic; a drunkard next in authority! Such are the men that are to guide us through the fertile storm that tosses our doomed ship of State. One day of such statesmanship, as has often been vaunted to us in time of peace, would save us from the wreck; but now, when all is convulsion and chaos, we have given the control of our destinies, under Providence, to—a jester and a drunkard. You are particular in defining and claiming “war rights.” May I ask if you enumerate among them the right to fire upon a defenseless city without notice, to burn that city to the ground after it had been surrounded by the authorities, who claimed, though in vain, that protection which is always accorded in civilized warfare to non-combatants; to fire the dwelling-houses of citizens after robbing them and to perpetrate even darker crimes than the so-called too black to be mentioned. You have permitted, if you have not ordered, the commission of these offenses against humanity and the rules of war. You fired into the city of Columbia without a word of warning. After its surrender by the Mayor who demanded protection to private property you laid the whole city in ashes, leaving amidst its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure. Your line of march can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses, and in more than one household there is an agony far more bitter than death.

The Indian scalped his victim regardless of sex or age, but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult these who are natural protectors are absent.

In conclusion, I have only to request that whenever you have any of your men “disposed of” or “murdered,” for the terms appear to be synonymous with you, you will let me hear of it, in order that I may know what action to take in the matter. At first there is a distressingly oppressive feeling in the head, which gradually merges into severe headache, frequently attended by a sense of fullness and tenderness in one eye, and extending across the forehead. There is a clammy, unctuous taste in the mouth, an offensive breath, and the tongue covered with a yellowish white film. The sufferer desires to be alone in a dark room. As soon as the patient feels the fullness in the head and pain in the temples, take a large dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pill, and in an hour or two they will feel as well as ever. This has been tried by thousands, and is always sure to cure and restore the sick headache coming on every week or ten days; they will not be troubled with it once in three months.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills are composed of a number of root beside Podophyllum, or concentrated Mandrake oil, which tend to relax the sections of the liver, and act more promptly than other pills or mercury. They are feeling any dangerous effects. In a billion pounds of this they are not to be exceeded by the stinks. They will expel worms, mites, and other vermin matter from the system. In sick headache, if they are taken as directed above, (full dose as soon as they first symptoms of Dr. Schenck will and directed his return to the money if they do not give perfect satisfaction.)

If a person has been compelled to stay out late at night, and drink too much wine, by taking a dose of pills going to sleep, next morning he will feel as though he had not drunk a drop, unless he forgets to go to bed at all.

They only cost 25 cents a box.

Whoever takes them will never use any other. They are worth a dollar to a sick man for every cent they cost.

Don't forget the name—SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Sold wholesale and retail at Dr. Schenck's Principal Office, No. 15, North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists and Stoepkeepers generally.

For Pulmonic Syrup, Secon. and Terc. Syrups, each \$1.50 per bottle. \$7.50 the half dozen, or two bottles a day.

Dr. Schenck will be at his office, No. 15 North St. Philadelphia, every Saturday to see patients. He makes no charge for advice, but for a thorough examination of the lungs with his stethoscope, he charges three dollars.

March 18, 1865.

JOS. M. PAUTON.

March 1, 1865.

JOS. M