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BELLE BOYD.

D. A. Mahony, Esq., editor of the Duquesne (Lows) Herald, has just issued a new work, entitled the "Prisoner of State," from which we select the following description of Belle Boyd, who has become somewhat noted since the inauguration of the present unnatural strife.

Among the prisoners in the Old Capitol when I reached there, was the somewhat famous Belle Boyd, to whom has been attributed the defeat of General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley by Stonewall Jackson. Belle, as she was familiarly called by all the prisoners, was arrested by the Confederates, and was confined and imprisoned as a spy. She was said by the Confederates who professed to be acquainted with her family, to be the daughter of a respectable Presbyterian clergyman at Martinsburg, Virginia, and the sister of Mrs. Faulkner, whose husband was the late United States Minister to France.

The first intimation some of us new comers in the Old Capitol had of the fact of there being a lady in that place, was the hearing of "Maryland, my Maryland," sung the first night of our incarceration; but we could not be mistaken as a female voice. On inquiring we were informed that it was Belle Boyd. Some of us had never heard of the lady before, and we were all inquiring about her. Who was she, where was she from, and what did she do? The most satisfactory account represented her as being a young lady of about nineteen years of age, of little body, and of pleasing, though not what is called either beautiful or handsome countenance.

When Banks was in the Shenandoah Valley, Belle conceived the idea of playing the part of Deborah on him. To accomplish this purpose she gave up her visitation to the Federal officers in camp, including General Banks, for a ball to come off some days subsequently. This she took a fleet and long winded horse, starting late one evening, and riding by morning sixty miles across the mountains to where Stonewall Jackson was encamped. She informed that very officer of her plans, of the situation of the Federal troops, their disposition in camp, the number and position of their cannon, and, in short, of everything she knew about Banks' army. The night of the ball Belle fled for the first time, and took Jackson to march, his "foal cavalry," as his infantry was called by the Confederates, to Banks' camp. Belle's arrangements being all made with Jackson, she rode back the same night, making the road of about twenty miles in twenty-four hours. This, some, will appear incredible, but Belle said she had no superior, man or woman, as an equestrian, in Virginia.

On the night of the ball Belle lavished her attentions on Gen. Banks especially. She had prepared a large and elegant cash flag, which she covered with a profusion of flowers, and by her artfully made but obvious, it would seem to all else than the admiring eyes of the Confederates. Moonlight, Stonewall Jackson having been successful in his march, and having from Belle's information, the weak points in the Federal camp, attacked Banks' camp so suddenly and with such boldness, that it was thrown into confusion. A panic succeeded, and Banks suffered not only an overwhelming defeat, but a disaster which has never been repaired, as ever since the Shenandoah Valley has been in the virtual, if not in the actual control, of the Confederates.

Subsequent to this, Belle Boyd went to Washington, where, being well known, she had the access to the best society of the Capital. But she did not mean to spend her time uselessly. Virginia had claims upon her services, and to require these claims she conceived the idea of sketching the fortifications over the Potomac. It was not difficult at the time, especially for a young lady, to procure a pass to cross the Long Bridge. Furnished with this, Belle crossed the river on her reconnaissance, but being less cautious than she was zealous, she was detected in the act of making a sketch of one of the forts by which Washington is defended on the South. She was immediately arrested, and taken to the Old Capitol, the only one of her sex in that bastille. Belle was put in solitary confinement, but allowed to have her room door open, and to sit outside of it in a hall or stair landing in the evening. Whenever she availed herself of this privilege, as she frequently did, the greatest curiosity was manifested by the victims of despotism to see her.

Her room being on the second story, those who occupied the third story had a good opportunity to indulge their curiosity, especially as there were no guards at that time in the third story of the building, a favor for which the other prisoners were indebted to the fact that it was on the third story the civilians from Fredericksburg, who have been referred to already, were confined. Were all the prisoners on that story Northern political offenders, they would not thus have been exempt from the surveillance and annoyance of the guards. Thanks, therefore, to the gentlemen from Fredericksburg for the enjoyment of a moderate degree of liberty in the Old Capitol.

But we must not lose sight of Belle Boyd. I heard her voice my first night in prison singing "Maryland, my Maryland," the first time I had ever heard that Southern song. The words, stirring enough to Southern hearts, were enunciated by her with such peculiar expression as to touch even sensibilities which did not sympathize with the cause which inspired the song. It was difficult to listen unmoved to this lady throwing her whole soul as it were into the expression of sentiments of devotion to the South, defiance to the North, and affectionately confident appeals to Maryland, which form the border of that celebrated song. The pathos of her voice, her apparently forlorn condi-

tion, and at these times when her soul seemed absorbed in the thoughts she was uttering in song, her melancholy manner affected all who heard her, not only with compassion for her, but with an interest in her which came near on several occasions bringing about a conflict between the prisoners and the guards.

Fronting on the same hall or stair landing on which Belle Boyd's room door opened, were three other rooms, all filled to their capacity with prisoners, mostly Confederate officers. Several of these were personally acquainted with Belle, as she was most of the time, and by nearly every one, called. In the evenings, those prisoners were permitted to crowd inside of their room doors, whence they could see and sometimes exchange a word with Belle. When this liberty was not allowed, Belle contrived to procure a large marble around which she would tie a note written on issue paper, and when the guard turned his back to patrol his beat in the hall, she would roll the marble into one of the open doors of the Confederate prison rooms. When the contents were read and noted, a message would be written in reply, and the marble, similarly furnished as it came, would be rolled back to Belle. This was a correspondence established and kept up between Belle and her fellow prisoners till a more convenient and effective mode was discovered. This occurred soon after some of us were transferred from room No. 13 to No. 10.

One day Mr. Steward and I were rummaging in an old, dirty, doorless closet in No. 10, when we discovered an opening in the floor, and looking down perceived the light in the room below, which happened to be that occupied by Belle Boyd. It was a discovery. No sooner was it made than we set to writing a note, which was tied to a thread, and dropped down through the discovered aperture. It happened to be seen by Belle, who soon returned the compliment. Thereafter, a regular mail passed through the floor in No. 10, and through the door of Mr. and Mrs. Superintendent Wood, proved themselves to be well informed of every occurrence which took place in the prison contrary to the rules, with all their vigilance, aided by the presence, as they admitted, of a detective in every room in the prison, except that of Belle Boyd, they never discovered this through the floor mail. It was not the least interesting chapters of the history of the Old Capitol to give in it the letters to and from Belle Boyd. But the time for this is not yet.

Belle usually commenced her evening entertainment with "Maryland, my Maryland." The singing of this song often brought Belle in collision with the guard who passed to and fro in front of her room door. This occurred especially towards the close, where particular stress was laid upon the sentiment.

"Huzza! she spurns the Northern team!" which was sung by every rebel voice within hearing. The guard would tell Belle to hush up. Belle would reply: "I shan't do it!" and then repeat:

"Huzza! she spurns the Northern team!" and calling the soldier to the ward, she would issue a lesson and apply it to that part of the floor trod by the guard. This, of course, was provoking to the guard; but was such a place the prisoner to insult a female, and especially one who, whatever may have been her offense, was in the estimation of the world, a lady? Belle was allowed to go into the yard on Sundays, when there was preaching there. On these occasions she wore a small Confederate flag in her bonnet. No soldier would her presence be known to the Confederate prisoners than they manifested towards her every mark of respect, which persons in their situations could bestow. Most of them called their hats as she approached them, and she, with a grace and dignity which might be envied by a queen, extended a hand to them as she moved along to her designated position in a corner near the preacher. We Northern prisoners of Southern envied the Confederates who enjoyed the acquaintance of Belle Boyd, and secured from her such glances of sympathy as can only glow from a woman's eyes.

Belle's situation was a peculiarly trying one. If she kept her room, a solitary prisoner, her health and probably her mind would become affected by the confinement and solitude, and if she indulged herself by sitting outside of her room door, she became exposed to the gaze of a hundred prisoners, nearly all of whom were strangers to her, and many of them her enemies by the laws of war. Nor was this all. She could not help hearing the comments made on her and the opinions expressed of her by passers by, some of them complimentary and flattering. It is true, but often times couched in expressions which were not what she should hear. The guards, too, were sometimes rude towards her, both by word and action. One time, especially, one of the guards presenting his bayonetted musket at her in a threatening manner. She, brave and undaunted, dared the craven-hearted fellow to put his threat into execution. It was well for him that he did not, for he would have been torn in pieces before it could be known to the prison authorities what had happened.

Belle was subjected to another worse annoyance and indignity than even this. Her room fronted on a street, and as usual with all the prisoners whose rooms had windows opening toward the street, Belle would sit at her window sometimes and look abroad upon the houses, streets and people of the city named after Washington. It happened frequently that troops were moving to and fro, and it was on such occasions especially that Belle, prompted by that curiosity which seems to be a law of nature in womankind, would look through her barred window at the soldiers. No sooner would they perceive her than they would indulge in coarse jests, vulgar expressions, and the vilest slang of the brothel made still more

coarse, vulgar and indecent by the throwing off of the little restraint which civilized societies place upon the most abandoned prostitutes and their companions.

Belle revenged herself upon them by hurrying for Jeff Davis and Stonewall Jackson, and by such inquiries as:—

"How long did it take you to come from Bull Run?"

"Are you going on to Richmond?"

"Where's Gen. Pope's headquarters?"

"Where did Pope leave his coat?"

"Hush up, you —" one of the soldiers would halloo, "or I'll shoot you."

"Shoot me," Belle would reply, "go meet me, you cowards. What are you doing here in Washington? Stonewall Jackson is waiting for you on the other side of the Potomac. Aye, you could fight defenceless, imprisoned women like me, but you were driven out of the Shenandoah Valley by the men of Virginia."

Did the officers of the troops passing by permit the soldiers to thus insult a female and subject themselves to such scornful and contemptuous reproach, the reader will be apt to inquire. Yes, and parties paired with the soldiers in uttering the most vulgar language and indecent allusions to the imprisoned women, and that, too, without having the remotest idea of who she was, or of what she was accused. It was enough for them that she was a defenceless woman to insult and outrage her by such language as they would not dare to apply in the public streets to an abandoned woman who had her liberty.

And these men were going forth to fight the battles of the Union. They had just parted with their mothers, wives and sisters. It would seem that in doing so, they turned their backs upon the virtues which give beauty to woman and dignity to man.

Who would suppose that it was but yesterday, or a week ago, those soldiers who are howling through the streets of the Capital the most execrable language, parted from the fond embraces of a wife, sister or mother. Yet it was so in most instances. Some of them, it is true, had been campaigning, and not a few of them, as Belle Boyd properly inferred, had been with Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, and were now returning from the Arsenal with new arms to supply the place of those thrown away in the rout of the 28th and 29th August. It was not so much wonder that such soldiers as these, both officers and men, would turn aside as they passed the Old Capitol and insult a defenceless woman with the language of the brutes. They seemed to be more adroit in this than they were in fighting the rebels. When these marching soldiers provoked Belle too much, she would stick out her sear flag through the window, and leave it there until they had all passed by. Their imprecations would then be lost on her, for she would retire from her window, out of their sight and hearing.

During Belle's stay in the Old Capitol a young officer of the Confederate army, a fellow prisoner of hers named McVay, cultivated an acquaintance with her which had been formed on a previous occasion. Lt. McVay was wounded in one of the battles before Richmond, and being left on the field by the Confederate forces, his condition was such that he could not be removed far, and on the application of some friendly acquaintances of his, he was paroled and taken in care by them. Contrary to their expectations, he survived his dangerous wound, grew better and finally recovered. Being under parole, he did not feel at liberty to go at large, nor to return to the Confederate service. His place of residence being near Alexandria, and within the Federal lines, he might be presumed to have returned to his allegiance to the Federal Government, and lest he might be suspected of occupying an equivocal position, he gave up his parole to Gen. Wadsworth, Military Governor of Washington, and desired to be considered as a prisoner of war. Wadsworth at first refused to consider and treat him, but sent him to the Old Capitol. Meanwhile he renewed, and, as has been said, cultivated an acquaintance with Belle Boyd, which ripened, it was generally understood, into such mutual regard as ended in an engagement to unite their persons in connubial life.

The marble which was spoken of in another part of this narrative played an important part in the courtship of these young lovers. McVay's room opened on the same little corridor or hall as that of Belle Boyd's, and the marble with its freight of billet-doux could be rolled from one room to the other. The patience of the guard as well as his vigilance, was often taxed by the rolling of this marble. As soon as he would hear the sound, he would turn suddenly round, but not in time to discover the cause of his annoyance. The marble always reached its destination, and never failed to carry with it safely its precious burden.

At the general exchange of prisoners which took place in September last, Belle Boyd was sent to Richmond. As soon as it became known in the Old Capitol that she was about to leave, there was not one Federalist or Confederate, Prisoner of State, officer of the Old Capitol, as well as prisoner of war, who did not feel that he was about to part with one for whom he had at least a great personal regard. With many it was more than mere regard. There was more than one McVay who aspired to the enviable position which the handsome, dashing and gentlemanly Confederate Lieutenant succeeded in acquiring. Every inmate of the Old Capitol tried to procure some token of remembrance from Belle, and there was scarcely one who did not bestow to her some mark of regard or affection, as their sentiments and feeling influenced them severally, and as the means at their disposal afforded them an opportunity to manifest their sensibility. While every man who had any delicacy of feeling for the appar-

ently forlorn prisoner, rejoiced at her release from such a loathsome place, and from being subjected, as she constantly was, to insult and contumely; there was not a gentleman in the Old Capitol whose emotions did not evermore him as he saw her leave the place for home.

THE LAST OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

This brave and fearless body of our citizen soldiers ceased to exist as a brigade; and the various regiments of which it is composed have been consolidated in compliance with the request of their officers. The particulars which we publish in this week's Record, describing the last moments of the Brigade, will be read with mingled emotions of pain and indignation. These men were seduced from their homes by a false-hearted Administration, under the impression that they were going forth to fight the battles of the Union. With the usual trustfulness of their race, they believed the mendacious conspirators at Washington, and without fully and thoroughly examining the merits of the controversy but misled by the machinations of designing knaves and political tricksters, they volunteered to fight under the stars-spangled banner of the Republic.

We remember with what high hopes, with what confiding faith in the justice of the cause, they left the great city of New York, amid the cheers of the multitude and the sad wailings of their friends and relatives. But what a contrast is afforded by the past and the present of the Brigade. The remnants of the gallant band of heroes are now aware of the gross and infamous deception of which they have been made the victims. Their lives have been recklessly squandered upon every battle field, from that of Bull Run to the last sanguinary conflict on the banks of the Rappahannock.

Citizen soldiers of Irish birth, you have been massacred that the negro may be emancipated—you have been slaughtered for the enslavement of the whites. While you have been shedding your blood, the tyrant at Washington has been engaged in a war against the freedom of the press, against the liberty of speech, and against citizen rights. It has been their aim to convert the South into another Ireland, and to render the South as accursed as that by which your native land—the land of your birth as well as yours—is bound to the British Crown. Surely, you have as warmly with such a despotism as prevails at Washington; surely you can have no feelings in common with an Administration that silently sanctions the heinous outrages committed by a Puritanical soldiery in the sanctuaries of our most holy Religion.

No, fellow-citizens of Irish birth, you at least have no cause for hatred to the South, whose sons are fighting for the sovereignty of the States, and to save their property from plunder by a set of men who are acting in defiance of all law and every right that is sacred to freemen. Remember that the sacking of the Catholic churches at Winchester, at Jacksonville, and the desecration of your sacred edifices in other places, have not been overlooked by the authorities at Washington.

Remember, while your wives and children have been suffering destitution for want of that pay which was withheld from you for months and months, the negroes have been taken under the paternal care and patronage of our Abolition rulers. Why should you allow yourselves to be made the tools of the men in power? What quarrel have you with the men of the South? Have you not been taught a lesson under British rule that you should never forget? Is it not time that you should refuse to be made the instruments for the enslavement of a gallant, a noble, and a chivalrous people? Let there be no more Irish brigades formed to aid in the subjugation of the South. But if you are to fight, devote your brave hearts and your strong arms, under the guidance and direction of our regularly constituted State authorities, to the preservation of our citizen rights in these Northern States when those authorities shall call for your services.—Metropolitan Catholic Record.

Portrait of Burns.—Some artist has been painting a full length portrait of Gen. Burnside. It is said to represent the General standing in a commanding attitude, with his left hand resting on his sword hilt, while his right, with his arm akimbo, holds his field-glass. Burnside's portrait should be drawn as he appeared at the Phillips house, at Fairmount, on the day he sent our doomed soldiers to the Fredericksburg slaughter-pen, when, with glass in hand, he safely witnessed that bloody sacrifice full two miles away. As the soldiers would no longer fight under him he has been sent to torture civilians in Ohio. When a General has shown his incompetency to conquer men with arms in his hands, the Administration seems to think he is just the individual to play the tyrant over unarmed citizens. And so they usually are, for a really brave, gallant and competent officer is always a chivalrous, kind and noble as he is gallant and brave, but a charlatan, and a pretender can only show his authority in petty acts of despotism and contemptible instances of tyranny. Butler, in New Orleans, thus rendered himself famous. Schtznick, in Baltimore, is walking in his footsteps, and Burnside seems so disposed to emulate their example in Ohio.—Cincinnati.

Transfer.—The Boston Herald says:—Gen. Howard, at the suggestion of General Hooker, has visited Washington and made an arrangement with the War Department by which the German troops in the 11th Army Corps will be exchanged for an equal number of American regiments now in Heintzelman's command.

The blue of Heaven refreshes the eye of the soul when it rests upon it; as the green of the earth does the body.

VALLANDIGHAM.

Great Indignation Meeting in Philadelphia.

Monday evening of last week witnessed, what we are assured, was the largest political gathering ever held in Independence Square. It was a proud day for the noble Democracy of the great commercial emporium of the Keystone State, and the firm, decisive and indignant voice of the tens of thousands of yeomanry there assembled, has already been heartily re-echoed from every Democratic breast in the Commonwealth.

The Hon. Judge Lewis, late Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, presided, delivering a very beautifully eloquent address.—Speeches were made by our fellow citizen, Ex-Governor Bigler, Peter McCall, Esq., Hon. C. J. Biddle, Geo. W. Biddle, C. J. Ingersoll, Esqs., Hon. C. R. Buckalew, finally adjourning with nine cheers for Vallandigham.

WE CAN ONLY MAKE ROOM FOR THE FOLLOWING SPEECH OF HON. WM. BIGLER.

Ex-Governor Wm. Bigler was introduced. He spoke as follows:

Gentlemen: It is not my intention to discuss the primary cause, the present aspect or the probable results of the bloody strife now raging between the Government and the revolted States, or to notice the measures and policy of the Administration in the management of this fearful conflict. These things, as I am informed, do not come within the objects of this meeting. The sole purpose of our assembling to-night is to express, in most emphatic terms, our condemnation of the late outrage upon personal liberty and the freedom of speech, in the arrest, conviction and banishment of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, and to enter our solemn protest against the repetition of such wrongs by those in authority. In this we shall, in my opinion, reflect the sentiments of three-fourths of the people of the Northern States. Not that that proportion approve all that Mr. Vallandigham has said, or think it was necessary and proper for him to say all he did; but that proportion believe he had a clear Constitutional right to do so, and they are, besides, utterly opposed to any and all attempts, on the part of the Administration, to regulate or restrain free discussions or meetings of the people to consider public questions.

The Constitution declares that "no law shall be passed abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble to petition the Government for a redress of grievances," and it must be presumed that the people will quietly submit to laws or precedents which in derogation of these sacred guarantees, much less to be stripped of their rights without even the pretence of law. The relations between the Government and the citizen are easily understood. The Government owes the citizen protection in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, and the citizen, in turn, owes the Government obedience; implicit obedience, to all laws enacted in pursuance of the Constitution, and to all rules, regulations and orders adopted in accordance with such laws.

Obedience to law is the plain duty of all. No matter how unwise the laws may be, they must be obeyed until they can be changed. It is even necessary to acquiesce in the operation of laws which we believe to be unconstitutional, until they can be so declared by the Judiciary. The Government, on its part, is bound in good faith to see that the opportunity for such relief is always at hand, and that the Judiciary is left free and unrestrained in its decisions. The agents of the people, directing the affairs of the Government for the time being, including the President, derive their authority to govern from the Constitution and laws, and are as much bound to obey law as the humblest citizen. They should remember, therefore, that the moment they transcend the limits of the law, they are themselves in the commission of crime, and thereby invite and warrant resistance to their authority.

Our doctrine is that all questions of law should be tested through the judiciary, and all questions of policy and politics decided through the ballot-box. But all questions relating to the future, to the policy and measures of the Government, the manner of dealing with revolted States—whether this mode of settlement or that would be wise or unwise, must be open to discussion by the citizens as by the President himself. These are such my questions as Mr. Lincoln's, and I have all the right that he has to discuss them, whether I agree with him or not, and at the proper time I intend to discuss them. It is not only the right of the people to consider these questions, and express their views about them, but I maintain it is their duty to do so—that they cannot otherwise intelligently exercise the privileges conferred upon them by the Constitution. Indeed, without free speech and a free press, our elective system would be wholly impracticable, and our scheme of self government become a delusion and a fraud. It is a distinguishing feature of our Republican Government, that confers upon the humblest citizen, equal with the most elevated, the right to reflect his sentiments through the ballot, and thus leave the impress of his will on the policy of the Government.

But how can the people do these things properly, if the right of free discussion be denied them? How are they to weigh grave questions of national policy, except by free interchange of opinion and open discussion? How can they convince the Administration of the disastrous tenden-

cies of many of its measures, if they be not allowed to speak on the subject? How can they show the mischievous effects of bad laws and bad proclamations if they be not allowed to discuss and condemn them? If ever there was a time in our history when free speech was necessary, it is the present; for never had the American people such grave and momentous questions to discuss. Before our country can be extricated from its present sad condition, and be secured in the enjoyment of permanent peace, it will be necessary, I have no doubt, for the people of the several States to act on the subject through the ballot-box, and who will contend that they should be required to deal with such vital considerations without discussion—unrestrained discussion—in the press and on the rostrum. Many of the poor men of the country regard that clause of the constitution act which prevents a ready escape for the rich, from the carnage of the field, whilst it does us them, because of their poverty, as exceedingly unequal and unjust, and think it should be repealed or changed. Will you maintain that these men have no right to express that opinion, and to ask their fellow citizens, when they come to the polls, to displace those who adopted the offensive measure? I trust not. This right of free speech is the very essence of our system of government, and hence the clear and emphatic protection thrown about it by the Constitution. Its freedom must be maintained and vindicated in this crisis, or the country be abandoned to despotism. The Democratic party are for free speech and a free press, for law, for order, for free elections, and for the Union as it was, and with the blessing of God, they will maintain these priceless objects to the last.

It was not shown that Mr. Vallandigham had advocated treason or disunion, much less that he had committed the overt act of treason. He had not boasted his labors of twenty years to break up the Union. He had not denounced the Constitution as a "covenant with hell and a league with the devil." It was not even charged that he had at any time maintained that our "sister States of the South should be allowed to depart in peace," and yet the men who said these things are enjoying the liberty of speech in the midst of their friends, whilst Mr. Vallandigham is banished from his home and his many ardent admirers. No statement of disloyalty to the Government, or infidelity to the Union, has been traced to him. His difference with the Administration was as to the best means of sustaining the Government, and saving the Union. This is precisely the difference between the Administration and the Democratic party everywhere, as it also is between Mr. Lincoln and many of those who aspired to make him President.

I yield to none in devotion to the Union, and yet I could not reconcile support of the Administration with that devotion, because I believed that many of its leading measures were calculated to destroy rather than to re-establish the Union; and I am surely not one of those who risk the Government and the Administration as the same, and hold that because one is unfriendly to the Administration, he is not equally unfriendly to the Government. It would be about as sensible to claim that railroads and the agents who manage them are one and the same, and that he who would condemn and displace an incompetent engineer, because he was about to run the train off the track and kill the passengers, was therefore a traitor to all railroad enterprise. So too, resistance to an Administration, its usurpations and its aggressions, may be true fidelity to the Government.

The history of the world is so full of lessons on this subject, that one would suppose that Mr. Lincoln would be readily convinced that every effort to suppress free speech would be fast to the flames, and that his true policy is to invite free discussion and defy criticism. Should he do this, I have no doubt that in a short time the country would abound with a more liberal sentiment toward his Administration and its measures. But the people will never submit to restrictions on the freedom of speech and the press; and if they cannot convince Mr. Lincoln and his friends of this determination in any other way, they will do so with the ballot. Now, gentlemen, I have already said much more than I had intended, for the condition of my throat renders it unsafe for me to make a long speech in the night air. Indeed, I was strongly inclined, when I came here, to say no more than that the late letter of Governor Seymour, which I am confident you have all read, expresses in better terms than I can command, my own views and sentiments touching the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham.

BATTLE FLAG FOR COLORED SOLDIERS.—The design of the new flag to be presented to First District of Columbia colored regiment, is a novel one. The Goddess of Liberty stands with her feet on a snake, which is biting itself to death. In one hand she holds Lincoln's proclamation; in the other a musket, which she places a bareheaded and dusty buck nigger. Bah!

A Western poet writes a song for the Dayton Enquirer, commencing:— "I wish I was a negro, I really do indeed; It seems to me that negroes Get everything they need."

When a knave sallies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words as naturally as his body in his best clothes.

The man who will not when necessary, incur hazards, for the sake of doing well his part in life, will never achieve success.

Beyond all doubt Vallandigham will be elected the next Governor of Ohio.