

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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Select Poetry.

MOONBEAMS.

Over fields of thymy blossom,
Over beds of dewy flowers,
Now upon the streamlet's bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow,
The moonbeams go
Wandering on through midnight hours.
Lightly o'er the crested billows,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the gleaming moonbeams go—
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering, soft and slow.
Queen of beauty! robed in splendor,
Finds thy silent foot no rest?
Looks thy smile so soft and tender,
Nearer upon a kindred breast?
Soft and slow,
Thy footsteps go
In their silver sandals dress'd.
Queen of beauty! can'st thou never
Thus thy lonely task fulfil?
Sister voices, never, never,
Answering thee from bow or hill?
Soft and slow,
As winter's snow
Fall thy footsteps cold and still
Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew,
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through,
Soft and slow,
Still to go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

MY REVENGE.

We met in the beginning of the action, I and my enemy, Richard Withers—why on foot, I mounted. It matters not he hated him with the fiercest wrath of his nature. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and the details, while most painful to me, would be of trifling interest to you. Suffice it that our feud was not a political one. For ten years we were the closest intimates the same studies, the same tastes and the same aims could make us. I was the elder of the two, and stronger physically; comparatively friendless as the world takes it, and had no relatives. Young, solitary and visionary as we were, it is hard to make you understand what we were to each other. Up to the period of our estrangement, working together, eating together, sleeping together, I can safely say that we had not a grief, not a pleasure or a vacation that we did not share with almost boyish singleheartedness. But one single day changed all. We rose in the morning dear friends, and lay down that night bitter foes. I was a man of extremes; I either loved or hated with the strength of my heart. The past was forgotten in the present. The ten years of kindness, of congeniality, of almost womanly kindness, were erased as with a sponge.

We looked each other in the face with angry, searching eyes—said but few words, (our rage was too deep to be demonstrative) and parted. Then in my solitude I dashed my clenched hand upon the Bible and vowed passionately: I may wait ten years, Richard Withers! I may wait twenty, thirty, if you will, but sooner or later I shall have revenge!

And this was the way we met.

I wonder if he thought of that day when he laid his hand upon my bridle rein and looked up at me with his treacherous blue eyes. I scarcely think he did, or he could not have given me that look. He was beautiful as a girl; indeed, the contrast of his fair, aristocratic face with the regular outline and red curving lips, to my own rough dark exterior, might have been partly the secret of my former attraction to him. But the loveliness of an angel if it had been his would not have saved him from me then. There was a pistol in his hand, but before he had time to discharge it, I cut at him with my sword, and as the line swept on like a gathering wave, I saw him stagger under the blow, throw up his arms and go down with the press. Bitterly as I hated him, the ghastly face haunted me the long day through.

You all remember how it was at Fredericksburg. How we crossed the river at the wrong point; and under the raking fire of the enemy, were so disastrously repulsed.

It was a sad mistake, and fatal to many a brave heart. When night fell, I lay upon the field among dead and wounded. I was comparatively helpless. A ball had shivered the cap of my right knee, and my shoulder was laid open with a sabre cut. The latter bled profusely, but by dint of knotting my handkerchief tightly around it, I managed to staunch it in a measure. For my knee I could do nothing. Consciousness did not forsake me, and the pain was intense; but from the moans and wails of men about me I judged that others had fared worse than I. Poor fellows! there was many a mother's darling suffering there. Many of my comrades, lads of eighteen or twenty, who had never seen a night from home until they joined the army, spoiled pets of fortune, manly constitution, who had children in years and manly little ache and scratch compassions—there crushed and dying, huddled together—some where they had weakly crawled upon their hands and knees—and never a woman's voice to whisper gentle consolation. It was pitchy dark, and a cold miserable rain was falling upon us, the very Heavens weeping over our miseries. Then through the darkness and drizzling rain, through the groans and prayers of the fallen men about me, I heard a familiar voice close to my side:

"Water! water! water! I am dying with thirst—if it be but a swallow—water! For God's sake give me some water!"
I recoiled with dismay. It was the voice of my enemy; the voice of Richard Withers. They were once very dear to me, those mellow tones; once the pleasant music I cared to hear. Do you think they so soft-

ened me now? You are mistaken; I am candid about it. My blood boiled in my veins when powerless to withdraw from his detested neighborhood. There was water in my canteen. I had filled it before the last ball came. By stretching my hand I could give him a drink, but I did not raise a finger. Vengeance is sweet I smiled grimly to myself, and said down in my secret heart:

"Not a drop shall cross his lips though he perish. I shall have my revenge."
Do you recoil with horror? Listen how merciful God was to me.

There was a poor little drummer boy on the other side, a merry, manly boy of twelve or thirteen, the pet and plaything of the regiment. There was something of the German in him; he had been with us from the first, and was reckoned one of the best drummers in the army. But we will never march to the top of Charley's drum again. He had got a ball in his lungs, and the ex-posure and fatigue, together with the wound had made him lightheaded. Poor little child! he crept close to me in the darkness and laid his cheek upon my breast. May be he thought it was his own pillow at home; may be he thought it, poor darling, his mother's bosom. God only knows what he thought, but with his hot arm about my neck, and his curly head pressed close to my wicked heart, even then swelling with bitter hatred of my enemy, he began to murmur in his delirium, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

I was a rough, bearded man, I had been an orphan for many a long year; but not too many or too long to forget the simple-hearted prayer of my childhood—the dim vision of that mother's face over which the grass had grown for twenty changing summers. Something tender stirred within my hardened heart. It was too dark to see the little face, but the young lips went on brokenly:

"And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."
It went through me like a knife—sharper than the sabre cut, keener than the ball. God was merciful to me and this young child was the channel of his mercy.

"Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."
I had never understood the words before. If an angel had spoken it could scarcely have been more of a revelation. For the first time the thought that I might be mortally wounded, that death might be nearer than I dreamed of, struck me with awe and horror. The text of a long forgotten sermon was in my ears; "it is appointed for all men to die and after death the judgment."

Worse and worse. What measure of mercy could I expect, if the same was meted out that I had meted unto my enemy. The tears swelled into my eyes, and trickled down my cheeks; the first I had shed since my boyhood. I felt subdued and strangely moved. The rain was falling still, but the little head upon my breast was gone. He crept away silently in the darkness. His unconscious mission was fulfilled, he would not return at my call.

Then I lifted myself with great effort. The old bitterness was crushed, but not altogether dead.

"Water—water!" moaned Richard Withers, in his agony.
I dragged myself closer to him.
"God be praised!" I said with a solemn heart. "Dick, old boy, enemy no longer. God be praised! I am willing and able to help you. Drink and be friends."

It had been growing lighter and lighter in the east and now it was day. Day within and without. In the first gray glimmer of dawn we looked into each other's ghastly faces for a moment, and then the canteen was at Richard's mouth and he drank as only the fevered can drink. I watched him with moist eyes; leaning upon my elbow and forgetting the bandaged shoulder he grasped me with both hands.

Blood stained and pallid as it was, his face was ingenuous and beautiful as a child's.

"Now let me speak," he said panting.
"You have misjudged me, Rufus. It was all a mistake: I found it out after we parted. I meant to have spoken this morning when I grasped your rein, but—"

His generosity spared me the rest.

The wound my hand had inflicted was yet bleeding in his head; but for the blind passion of the blow it must have been mortal. Was vengeance so sweet after all? I felt something warm trickling from my shoulder. The daylight had gone again—how dark it was!

"Forgive me, Dick," I murmured, groping about for him with my hands. Then I was blind—then I was cold as ice—then I tumbled down an abyss, and everything was blank.

"The crisis is past—he will recover," said a strange voice.

"Thank God! thank God!" cried a familiar one.

I opened my eyes. Where am I? How odd everything was. Rows of beds stretching down a long narrow hall, bright with sunshine, and women wearing white caps and peculiar dresses flitting to and fro with noiseless activity, which in my fearful weakness I tried me to watch. My hand lay outside the covers; it was as shadowy as a skeleton's. What had become of my flesh? Was I a man or child? A body or a spirit? I was done with material things altogether and had been subjected to some refining process and but now awaked to a new existence. But did they have beds in the other world? I was looking lazily at the opposite one, when some one took my hand. A face was bending over. I looked up with a beating heart. The golden sunshine was on it—on the fair, regular features, and the lips and kindly blue eyes.

"Dick," I gasped, "where have you been all these years?"

"Weeks, you mean," said Richard, with the old smile. "But never mind now. You

are better dear Rufus—you will live—you shall be happy together again."

It was more a woman's voice than a man's but Dick had a tender heart.

"Where am I? what's the matter with me?" I asked.

"Hospital, in the first place, typhus in the second. You were taken after that night at Fredericksburg."

It broke upon me at once. I remembered that awful night—I could never, never forget it again. Weak as a child, I covered my face and burst into tears. Richard was on his knees by my side at once.

"I was a brute to recall it," he whispered remorsefully; "do not think of it, old boy—you must not excite yourself. It is all forgotten and forgiven."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." I prayed for my inmost heart.

"Those words have been in your mouth day and night, ever since you were taken," said my friend.

I lay silent, cogitating.
"Tell me one thing," I asked, "are we in the North or South?"

"North—in Philadelphia."
"Then you are a prisoner," I said, mournfully, recalling his principles.

"Not a bit of it."
"What do you mean?"
Richard laughed.

"I have seen the error of my ways. I have taken the oath of allegiance. When you are strong enough again we shall fight side by side."

"And the wound in your head?" I asked, with emotion, looking up at his bright, handsome face.

"Don't mention it; it healed long ago."
"And the little drummer?"

Richard bowed his head upon my hand. "He was found dead upon the field. Heaven bless him! They said he died praying with his mother's name upon his lips."

"Revers him as an angel!" I whispered, grasping him by the hand. "But for his dying prayer we had yet been enemies!"

Indian Strategy before Petersburg.

A very curious piece of strategy, which took place the other day, shows the wonders of Cooper's Indian heroes have not ceased. One of the 14th New York Artillery—a Seneca Indian, from the western part of the State—undertook, on a wager, to bring in a live rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerable in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful, and rivals the "devilry of any of the Leatherstocking redskins." Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them secretly to a branch which he lashed lengthwise to his body. When completed he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movement, to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the command to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won his wager.

Banishing Rebel Women.

Gen. Rosecrans is disposing of quite a number of women in and around St. Louis, who have been engaged in treasonable acts. One Harriet N. Sneed, wife of a rebel member of Congress, for clandestinely delivering letters to persons within our lines, in violation of law and orders, was banished South, and if she is caught returning, will be treated as a spy. Nina E. Hough received the same sentence, for carrying on her person a piece of a Union soldier's skull, and exhibiting levity unworthy of a lady. Ada Haynes was banished some time ago, but returned with a view of taking the oath of amnesty. Her conduct has since falsified her oath, but the General to give her an opportunity to make good her profession without temptation to herself or danger to the Government, released her on oath, bound not to reside west or south of the State of New York during the present rebellion. In this latter decree the General has shown great thought and respect to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and we thank him for it.

The War one of Ideas.

The war in which this nation is involved is one of ideas. The national school holds to the principles of the Declaration of '76; the rebel school dissents from it. The people of the free States love the Declaration made by Hancock and his "com-patriots." They have pondered and repeated it from childhood; have annually and most heartily celebrated its noble utterances, and most profoundly believe in its sublime truths. The slave holding communities have apostatized from that common faith of freedom. Their philosophers, orators and statesmen have ridiculed the American magna charta and made it fashionable in Southern society to ridicule it. Hence the war. We stand by the Declaration; the rebels stand against it. The spirit of liberty goes forth with the hosts of the Union, while the demon presiding over the misguided valor of the leaders of the rebellion is slavery. Which ought to succeed? Let civilization and the best interests of humanity answer.

Governor Connelly, of New Mexico, recently requested the citizens of that Territory to observe a day of thanksgiving in view of the termination of the war with the Yavlo Indians. He stated in his proclamation that, with but slight intermissions, the wars with that people have existed 180 years.

Horace Greeley's History of the Niagara Peace Commission.

HIS OPINION OF THE AFFAIR.

Hon. Horace Greeley, in his place, in the Independent speaks for himself in the matter of the Peace negotiations at Niagara Falls. We quote from his article some of the most important statements.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Last week was signalized by two efforts to initiate negotiations with a view to the pacification of our country. The more important of these had Richmond for its arena. Mr. J. R. Gilmore—more widely known as "Edmund Kirke," author of "Among the Pines"—paid an unofficial visit to Richmond, accompanied by Rev. Col. James F. Jaquess, of the 73d Illinois, and had a familiar interview with Jefferson Davis and several of his lieutenants. They went with the full knowledge of the President, intent on devising or discovering some ground of accommodation and adjustment between the belligerents now devastating the Republic, and appear to have been treated with signal courtesy and even generous hospitality, but had no success.

JEFF DAVIS' PLATFORM VIEWED.

Mr. Davis, I believe, has not yet acknowledged the right of his black countrymen to "self government" or "independence" either. Nor does he acknowledge the right of North Carolina to secede from his confederacy, and thus disconnect herself from a rebellion into which she was precipitated by the gross frauds. The Unionists of the South were consoled no right but apostasy on peril of extermination by Davis and his advisers. Yet he, doubtless, is fighting for "independence"—for freedom to impose claims on half the people of the Slave States and to reign as autocrat over the residue. "Independence" is to him power, state, luxury, importance; but to the undisciplined many, even of whites under his sway, it is quite other than these. We may safely assume that he will make no peace that restores the Union, so long as there is a possible alternative. Yet the Gilmore-Jaquess mission is no failure, though it resulted but in demonstrating this.

So far Mr. Greeley has disposed of the Richmond Peace effort. Now for Niagara Falls, in which he was more immediately concerned.

THE "OTHER EFFORT FOR PEACE."

Some time since, it was announced by telegraph from Halifax that Messrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, (ex-U. S. Senators), Prof. J. P. Holcombe, of the University of Virginia, and Geo. N. Sanders, of Kentucky, had reached that city from Dixie, via Bermuda, on important business; and all of these but Mr. Thompson (who if in Toronto) were soon quartered at the Clifton, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls. I heard soon after of confidential interviews between some or all of these gentlemen and leading Democrats from our own and the neighboring States, and there were telegraphic whispers of overtures for "reconstruction," and conditions were set forth as those on which the Confederates would consent to remission. (I cannot say that any of these reports were authentic.) At length, after several less dignified, received a private letter from Mr. Sanders, stating that Messrs. Clay, Holcombe, himself, and another, desired to visit Washington, "upon complete and unqualified protection being given by the President or the Secretary of War."

THE PRELIMINARIES STATED.

As I saw no reason why the Opposition should be the sole recipients of these gentlemen's overtures, if such there were, (and it is stated that Mr. Clay aforesaid is preparing or was to prepare an important letter to the Chicago Convention,) I wrote the President, urging him to invite the rebel gentlemen aforesaid to Washington, there to open their budget. I stated expressly that I knew not what they would propose if so invited, but I could imagine no offer that might be made by them which would not conduce, in one way or another, to a restoration of the integrity and just authority of the Union. The President ultimately acquiesced in this view so far as to consent that the rebel agents should visit Washington, but directed that I should proceed to Niagara and accompany them thence to the Capital. This service I most reluctantly undertook, feeling deeply and observing that almost any one else might better have been sent on this errand. But time seemed precious, and I immediately started.

THE MANNER OF THE DIPLOMACY.

Arrived on this side of the Falls, I wrote across to Messrs. Clay & Co., stating that, on the understanding that they had the needed powers from the authorities at Richmond, I was authorized and ready to give them a Safe Conduct to Washington. They responded that, though in the confidential employment of their government, and fully conversant with its views and purposes they had not the specific powers I required, but would get them, if permitted, and desired—in order to save time—to proceed at once to Washington, and be permitted thence to communicate with Richmond for the purpose. Not feeling at liberty to concede this, I telegraphed to Washington for further instructions and was duly informed that Major Hay, the President's Private Secretary, would soon be on his way to me. He reached the Falls on the 20th, and was soon crossed over to the Clifton, where Major Hay, after mutual introductions, handed Professor Holcombe the following paper, in the handwriting of the President:

[Here follows the President's celebrated reply, "To all whom it may concern, &c."]

MR. GREELEY LEAVES FOR HOME.

I left the Falls by the next train, leaving Major Hay to receive any response to the President's proffer, should any be made;

but there was none. Messrs. Clay and Holcombe addressed to me a letter of sharp criticism on the President's proffer above quoted, which I first read in the columns of the daily journals of this city. And here the matter closed, despite all rumors of further or other negotiations. Messrs. Clay, Holcombe, and Sanders remain at the Fall, or at the adjacent watering-place of St. Catharines, and are still in the receipt of many visits from Democratic politicians, who cross the borders on purpose.

MR. GREELEY'S OPINION ON THE MATTER.

I heartily approve the President's basis of negotiation, and think them calculated to exert a salutary influence at the South; and yet I think it would have been wiser to have interposed no conditions, but asked the Confederates to perform and verify their credentials, and then make their proposition. For thus brought to book, what could they have proffered that would not have strengthened the upholders of the Union cause? It looks to me as though a rare opportunity was lost for compelling either the Democracy of the loyal States or the despots of Europe to forego further manifestations of sympathy with the rebels in their desperate struggle. I may be mistaken in this, but I cannot be in my conviction that every indication of a desire on our part to arrest bloodshed and restore amity tends to disabuse and conciliate the great perverted mass of those now fighting to divide and destroy their and our country.

Reasons for being Peaceable.

Why is England so peaceable? "For several reasons," says the N. Y. Post; "but especially for this, that by her conduct in the matter of the Alabama and other British pirate ships she has made of Germany, which has scarcely a seaport, a formidable naval power. For Englishmen know, what is not concealed by the Germans, that the moment England declares war against them the ocean will begin to swarm with Austrian and Prussian privateers and men-of-war, fitted out in American and other neutral ports, which will sweep the merchant marine of England from the seas. There is no doubt that this will be done; it is known that German merchants and capitalists have their money prepared for such an event; and the moment England dares to help the Danes with anything more powerful than empty words, these Germans will at once avail themselves of the rule made by England, and attack her commerce."

GOOD PEACE DOCTRINES.—If we would have victory, says the Chicago Journal, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have emancipation, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have a vigorous prosecution of the war, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have the public debt diminished, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have the burthen of taxation lessened, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have an end of the depredations of rebel pirates on the sea, and of rebel jayhawkers on the land, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have an end of the war during the present year, let us have the 500,000 new recruits. If we would have peace and content throughout the land again, soon, let us have the 500,000 new recruits.

TIME.—Generation after generation have felt as we do now, and their lives were as active as our own. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are about our paths. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be still, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said; we shall be left in the darkness and silence of the tomb, and it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life shall creep on and our names shall be forgotten. Days shall continue to move too, and laughter and songs will be heard in the room where we died; and the eyes that mourned for us be dry and animated with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will remember to hush our names no more.

A PROPER REBUKE.—In the 5th ward of Harrisburg, on Tuesday Aug 2d, a son of the "Emerald Isle," came to the Polls to vote. A blatant copperhead asked to see his ticket. He showed it. It was "for the Amendments!" The copperhead said: "Dennis you're not going to vote that ticket, are you?"
"Yes, by jabsers," said Dennis, "I am."
"Why," said the copperhead, "that's voting to put a negro on a level with you."
"By jabsers," said the voter "I know better than that. You've fooled me and the likes of me enough. I am voting now to elevate the soldier above the negro, and above such whelps as you."

Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court house for a license.

"What is it?" asked the judge.
"An Egyptian mummy, may it please the court; more than three thousand years old," said the showman.

"Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

WHAT A NAME.—One of the Sandwich Island Judges is named Ii—that's the way to spell it—but whether it is pronounced Big I, Little I, or Eye-Eye—or My-eyes—who knows.

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the iron horse had but one ear?"
"One ear! merciful gracious child what do you mean?" "Why, the engine-ear, of course."

The red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier, in the field of battle of life, need fight under.

Brady on Peace Democrats.

At the great mass meeting held in honor of Gen. Grant, at Union Square, New York, on the evening of the 4th July, Jas. T. Brady, Esq., the eminent lawyer of that city, who is well known as a Democrat, presided. On taking the chair he delivered a short address, in the course of which he spoke as follows on the Peace Democracy:

"Within the sound of my voice, feeble as it is, in houses where these tones can be heard traitors have been living since this revolution has broken upon us. In the luxurious clubs of men within the sound of my voice, have been the skulking and spurious Southerners, who stayed here among us making money, not having the courage to share the danger to which they invited their brothers at home. [That's so!—and applause.] I see one in this crowd, [A voice, "Name him; call him out!"] I beg pardon; we will not imitate the example of the South, which won't permit a man, and never did permit a man to express his sentiments, unless they agreed with those that prevailed there. Thank God, we are for freedom, and I shall permit no interruption of it in any individual case, nor in the case of a class. We were troubled with that set of men, and we were troubled with others. We were troubled with the truculent traitors born at the North, who would rather that the country should be murdered than that one of their dogmas should be disproved. [Cheers.] Men who had not the audacity to assist in secession, but who stood with their dark lanterns in appropriate places, holding them in such a position that they covered their own precious carcasses, and shed the light into the heart into which the reeking dagger of the paricide was to be plunged. [Applause.] We are done with them. We are done with the sneaking, miserable dastards who, when the extras came about the time of the battle of Gettysburg, skulked into corners and drinking holes, and though men born in what they called high stations in society, trembled and faltered because they feared that they would really realize that the American flag had prevailed. [Cheers.] These men belong to what they call the Peace party, which is now in such fragments that the only view you can catch of a man belonging to it, is to see him hurrying from it, lest some of the falling bricks may destroy his miserable head. [Laughter and Cheers.] We are done with them and as I congratulated you at the beginning, that we have a united North. I have characterized these wretched traitors who have been among us. There is another class of men who have been neither fervent nor warm hearted in supporting this country during this war, but who, nevertheless, have never desired that the Union should be destroyed or disgraced visited upon our armies—a class of men who, unfortunately have taken the right of criticism of the acts of the Administration for the right to go against the national existence. They are seeing their way clear out of their crooked path into which they permitted themselves to be misled, and as sure as you stand here, of all men at the North who heretofore have permitted themselves to be arrayed, even for an instant, against the prosecution of this war, the residue now left is so small that on any rainy day it can meet under an umbrella in the Park. [Great laughter.] Let me tell you another thing—and you will have it verified in your personal experience—that of those men who have undertaken to set up their own peculiar opinions against the existence of their country, it will one day or other be required to produce more witnesses in a court of justice to prove that they were not all disloyal to the Union, than they ever could call to prove that a generous emotion ever stirred in their bosoms. [Cheers.] I have transcended the limits assigned to myself. [Cries of "Go on!"] Excuse me. Apart from the vanity which is gratified by uttering one's own language, allow me to say to you that speaking in public in the open air is no easy task. If you think it is I would like one of you to come here and try. [Laughter.] After the organization of the meeting I shall give way to the reading of the excellent resolutions that have been prepared, after which eminent gentlemen will address you. I will only say in conclusion, that to my mind the grandest circumstance to come out of the triumph of our arms—sure to come sooner or later—from this struggle in which we have spent so much of the blood and treasure, North, East and West—the greatest triumph to come out of this battle, never to be given up apart from the settling of our national existence under the old flag, is, that the time may come when the united American people in all the States of the Union that we ever numbered, and more added to the list, will visit their just vengeance upon the nation which in our hour of disaster basely and meanly turned against us. [Loud Cheers.]

The Metropolitan Record has a letter from a Kentucky sympathizer, who declares that the "Democrats" of that State will support for President no other than an unconditional "Peace" man—not even McClellan—adding that

"It is the Peace party which is to carry us out of these troubles next November. They are willing to support Vallandigham or Thomas H. Seymour for the Presidency, and they will not vote for any man who is not for peace, if needs be based on the recognition of the independence of the Southern States. This may sound like treason to that detestable institution known as the Union League, but such are the principles of the Democracy of this State."

"We believe that is true, so far as it regards 'the principles of the Democracy' of Kentucky, and only wish to add, that if that Democracy had power to elect our next President—as, happily, it has not—his name would be Jeff. Davis."