Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1864. VOL. 11.—NO. 1.

Select Poetry.

OUR FLAG.

Down the long street the soldiers passed
In solid columns through the town;
Their clothes were soiled with Southern dust,
Their faces with the sun were brown.

They marched the field of blood to reach,
Where the fierce cannon thundered loud,
And where 'twixt hostile armies rolled
The black and blinding thunder cloud.

They bore aloft with conscious pride
The flag our fathers loved of old—
That banner with the crimson stripes,
And with the shining stars of gold.

Close by the road-side stood a child
With flaxen hair and radiant eyes,
'Neath whose white lids imprisoned seemed
The color of the azure skies.

And when she saw the sacred flag
For which our brave boys bear the scars,
"Papa!" she cried, and clapped her hands,
"God made that flag—see, see the stars!"

The soldiers heard her little voice,
And pealing to the far off sky
A shout prolonged and loud went up
From those bronzed veterans passing by.

Some raised aloft their dust-stained hats,
And many a stern face kindly smiled;
And eyes unused to tender looks
Turned fondly on that fair-haired child.

God's banner! Yes. With patriot blood
To-day its hallowed folds are wet;
But by each precious drop now spilled
Its stars shall be forever set.

Burning to be the Future Warfare of the Rebels.

The Richmond papers are devoting a large share of their columns almost daily since they received the news of the burning of Chambersburg, to the discussion of the measures the Yankees will adopt as a retaliation. The rebel editors claim that the Southern forces captured Chambersburg twice before, resolved each time to burn the town. They intended to visit York and Gettysburg with the same fate—and in fact, their first object in attempting to invade the North, was to burn, destroy and desolate. These purposes, says the Richmond editors, were deferred, because the Southern soldier are essentially chivalrous, brave and christain—and only when the barbarous Northerner had passed the bounds of honorable warfare, did the South light the torch, and henceforth, while the war continues, its flames are to be unquenched. All this is very fine talk for Richmond editors; but when it is remembered that the rebel armies hold no territory but that which is in insurrection, they will have a good time burning and desolating the property of their own friends. Yet the threat thus to carry on the war with the torch instead of the sword, shows the desperation of the men with whom we have to deal. What would a peace be worth, procured any other way but by the victory of Federal bayonets, when we estimate the character of our enemies by their own threatenings? Not as much as the paper upon which the compact could be written. With the torch as the weapon of our enemies, the contest resolves itself into one of plain issues and duties. If we do not promptly crush them, if we do not overwhelm them with defeat—*they will kill us, burn our homes and enslave our children.* Let us be prepared hereafter, for the new weapons of rebel warfare.

Washington on Tories.

The Tories of the Revolution occupied precisely the place of the Copperheads in our day. They resisted the Government, gave aid and comfort to the enemy, got up a fire in the rear upon every occasion that offered, and did their best to distract and divide public sentiment and bring defeat upon the army. Gen. Washington, although mild, amiable and conciliatory, could not stand these fellows, and he accordingly advocated extreme measures against them. In a letter to Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, written during the Revolution, in relation to disaffected and disloyal persons, he said:

"As it is now very apparent that we have nothing to depend upon in the present contest but our own strength, care, firmness and union, should not the same measures be adopted in your and every other Government on the continent? *Would it not be prudent to seize on those tories who have been, are, and that we know will be active against us? Why should persons, who are preying upon the vitals of their country, be suffered to skulk at large while we know they will do us every mischief in their power?* These, sir, are points I beg leave to submit to your serious consideration."

These are our sentiments exactly, and the argument that was good then, is equally good now. Why, indeed, "should persons, who are preying upon the vitals of their country, be permitted to skulk at large?" Especially with arms in their hands, ready for assassination, arson, or any other villainy that will help their allies—the rebels?

THE COPPERHEAD CONSPIRACY.—Among the letters found in Dan Voorhees' office, in Indiana, when the Provost Marshal searched it, was a letter from Senator Wall of New Jersey, under his frank, indorsing a proposition to furnish Voorhees with 20,000 stand of Garibaldi rifles just imported, "for which he could vouch." Wall was at one time an inmate of Fort Warren or Lafayette, and it is plain, from this development, that he ought to be there again, and Dan Voorhees with him. This is a clear case of conspiracy against the Government, and it is high time to let the heavy hand of the Government fall upon the conspirators.

INTERVIEW WITH JEFF. DAVIS.

Colonel Jacques and "Edmund Kirke" in Richmond, Va.

The following narrations make a part of an article in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and of a closing chapter of a new volume entitled "Down in Tennessee," by Edmund Kirke, about to be published by Sheldon.

IN RICHMOND.

The next morning, after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. Javans, we indited a note—of which the following is a copy—to the confederate Secretary of State:

SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE,
RICHMOND, Va, July 17, 1864.

"HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, etc.:—DEAR SIR: The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President Davis. They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government, and with the sentiments of the Northern people, relative to an adjustment of the difference existing between the North and South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President Davis and themselves may open the way to such *official* negotiations as will result in restoring PEACE to the two sections of our distracted country. They therefore ask an interview with the President and, awaiting your reply, are Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it—together with a commendatory letter I had received on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. Davis—to the rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge Ould returned saying: "Mr. Benjamin sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

We found the Secretary—a short, pulmp, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely-trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of this room were the words, "State Department," and about its walls were hung a few maps and battle plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books—among which I noticed Headley's "History," Lossing's "Pictorial," Parton's "Butler," Greeley's "American Conflict," a complete set of the "Rebellion Record," and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of the "Atlantic Monthly,"—and in the centre of the apartment was a black walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "State Papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge Ould introduced us, took our hands and said:

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As We took the proffered seats, the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said:

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. Benjamin. We trust you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is, indeed; and for that reason we have come to see Mr. Davis. Can we see him, Sir!"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No sir. We bring no overtures, and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. Davis. If they at all harmonize with Mr. Lincoln's views, we will report them to him, and so open the door for official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. Lincoln, *in any way*, authorize you to come here?"

"No sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say distinctly, we have no official authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. Davis, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice—and I think he will—he will meet you. He will be at Church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If any thing should occur in the meantime to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge Ould."

Throughout this interview the manner of the Secretary was cordial; but with this cordiality was a strange constraint and diffidence almost amounting to timidity, which struck both my companion and myself. Contrasting his manner with the quiet dignity of the Colonel, I almost fancied our position reversed—that, instead of our being in his power, the Secretary was in ours, and momently expected to hear some unwelcome sentence from our lips. There is something, after all, in moral power. Mr. Benjamin does not possess it, nor is he a great man. He has keen, shrewd, ready intellect, but not the *stamina* to originate, or even to execute any great good or great wickedness.

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street—I would like to tell you who they were, and how they looked; but such information is, just now, contraband—we called again, at nine o'clock, at the State Department.

Mr. Benjamin occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right hand sat a spare, thin-featured man, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a clear, gray eye, full of life and vigor. He had a broad, massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated, and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes—though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of grayish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and, as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy, and most fascinating; and there was an indescribable charm in his voice, as he extended his hand and said to us:

"I am glad to see you gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States, under Franklin Pierce, and who is now the heart, soul and brains of the Southern Confederacy.

His manner put me entirely at my ease. The Colonel would be if he stood before Cæsar—and I replied:

"We thank you, Mr. Davis. It is not often that you meet men of our clothes and our principles in Richmond."

"Not often—not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. Benjamin tells me that you have asked to see me to—"

And he paused, as if desiring that we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:

"Yes sir. We have asked this interview, in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war may be stopped. Our people want peace—your people do, and your Congress has recently said that *you* do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive—defensive—that is so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone, and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No sir," I remarked. "We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and, Mr. Davis, *could* two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly—with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the south; you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that, I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but *we* cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir,' said the Colonel, "does not really exist. *We* meet and talk here as friends; our soldiers meet and fraternize with each other; and I feel sure that if the Union were restored, a more friendly feeling would arise between us than has ever existed. The war has made us know and respect each other better than before. This is the view of very many Southern men; I have had it from many of them,—your leading citizens."

"They are mistaken," replied Mr. Davis. "They do not understand Southern sentiment. How can we feel anything but bitterness towards men who deny us our rights? If you enter my house and drive me out of it, am I not your natural enemy?"

"You put the case too strongly. But we cannot fight f rever; the war must end at some time; we must finally agree upon something; can we not agree now, and stop this frightful carnage? We are both Christian men, Mr. Davis. Can *you*, as a Christain man, leave untried any means that may lead to peace?"

"No. I cannot. I desire peace as much as you do. I deplore blood-shed as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of the blood shed in this war is on *my* hands,—I can look up to my God and say this. I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for the last twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it, but I could not. The North was mad and blind; it would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came, and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, *unless you acknowledge our right of self-government.* We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for Independence, and that, or extermination, we *will* have."

"And there are, at least, four and a-half millions of us left; so you see you have a work before you," said Benjamin with a decided sneer.

"We have no wish to exterminate you," answered the Colonel. "I believe what I have said—that there is no bitterness between the Northern and Southern people. The North, I know, loves the South. When peace comes, it will pour money and means into your hands to repair the waste caused by the war; and it would now welcome you back, and forgive all the loss and bloodshed you have caused. But we *must* crush your armies and exterminate your government. And is not that already nearly done? You are wholly without money, and at the end of your resources. Grant has shut you up in Richmond. Sherman is before Atlanta. Had you not, then, better accept honorable terms while you can retain your prestige, and save the pride of the Southern people?"

"I respect your earnestness, Colonel, but you do not seem to understand the situation. We are not exactly shut up in Richmond. If your papers tell the truth, it is your capital that is in danger, not ours. Some weeks ago, Grant crossed the Rapid Ann to whip Lee, and take Richmond. Lee drove him in the first battle, and then Grant executed what your people call a 'brilliant flank movement' and fought Lee again. Lee drove him a second time, and then Grant made another 'flank movement;' and so they kept on—Lee whipping, and Grant flanking—until Grant got where he is now. And what is the next result? Grant has lost seventy-five or eighty thousand men—*more than Lee had at the outset,*—and is no nearer taking Richmond than at the first; and Lee, whose front had never been broken, holds him completely in check, and has men to spare to invade Maryland and threaten Washington! Sherman, to be sure, is before Atlanta; but suppose he is, and suppose he takes it? You know that the farther he goes from the base of his supplies, the weaker he grows, and the more disastrous defeat will be to him. And defeat may come. So, in a military point of view, I should certainly say our position was better than yours. As to money: we are richer than you are. You smile; but admit that our paper is worth nothing—it answers as a circulating medium, and we hold it all ourselves. If every dollar of it were lost, we should, as we have no foreign debt to pay, be none the poorer. But, it *is* worth something; it has the solid basis of a large cotton crop, while yours rests on nothing, and you owe all the world. As to resources: we do not lack for arms and ammunition, and we have still a wide territory from which to gather supplies. So you see we are not in extremities. But, if we were—if we were without money, without food, without weapons—if our whole country was desolated, and our armies crushed and disbanded—could we, without giving up our manhood, give up our right to govern ourselves? Would *you* not rather die, and feel yourself a man, than live, and be subject to a foreign power?"

"From your stand-point there is a force in what you say," replied the Colonel. "But we did not come here to argue with you, Mr. Davis. We came, hoping to find some honorable way to peace, and I am grieved to hear you say what you do. When I have seen your young men dying on the battle-field, and your old men, women and children starving in their homes, I have felt I could risk my life to save them. For that reason I am here; and I am grieved—grieved—that there is no hope."

"I know your motives, Col. Jaques, and I honor you for them; but what can I do more than I am doing? I would give my poor life gladly, if it would bring peace and good will to the two countries; but it would not. It is with your own people you should labor. It is they who desolate our homes, burn our wheat fields, break the wheels of wagons carrying away our women and children, and destroy supplies meant for our sick and wounded. At your door lies all the misery and the crime of this war, and it is a fearful—fearful account."

"Not all of it, Mr. Davis. I admit a fearful account, but it is not *all* at our door. The passions of both sides are aroused. Unarmed men are hanged, prisoners are shot down in cold blood, by yourselves. Elements of barbarism are entering the war from both sides, that should make us—you and me, as Christian men—shudder to think of. In God's name, then, let us stop it. Let us do something, concede some thing, to bring about peace. You cannot expect with only four and a half millions, as Mr. Benjamin says you have, to hold out forever against twenty millions."

Again Mr. Davis smiled.

"Do you suppose there are twenty millions at the North determined to crush us?"

"I do,—to crush your *Government.* A small number of our people, a very small number, are your friends,—Secessionists. The rest differ about measures and candidates, but are united in the determination to sustain the Union. Whoever is elected in November, he *must* be committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Davis still looking incredulous, I remarked—

"It is so, sir. Whoever tells you otherwise, deceives you. I think I know Northern sentiment, and I assure you it is so. You know we have a system of lyceum lecturing in our towns. At the close of these lectures, it is the custom of the people to come upon the platform and talk with the lecturer. This gives him an excellent opportunity of learning public sentiment. Last winter I lectured before nearly a hundred of such associations, all over the North—from Dubuque to Bangor, and I took pains to ascertain the feeling of the people. I found a unanimous determination to crush the rebellion and save the Union at every sacrifice. The majority are in favor of Mr. Lincoln and nearly all of those opposed to him are opposed to him because they think he does not fight you with enough vigor. The radical Republicans, who go for slave suffrage and thorough confiscation, are those who will defeat him if he is defeated. But if he is defeated before the people, the House will elect a worse man—worse I mean for you. It is more radical than he is—you can see that from Mr. Ashley's reconstruction bill—and the people are more radical than the House. Mr. Lincoln, I know, is about to call out five hundred thousand more men, and I don't see how you can hold out much longer; but if you do, you will only deepen the radical feeling of the Northern people. They would now give you fair, honorable, *generous*, terms; but let them suffer much more, let there be a dead man in every house as there is now in every village, and they will give you *no* terms,—they will insist on hanging every rebel south of——Pardon my terms. I mean no offence."

"You give no offence," he replied, smiling very pleasantly. "I wouldn't have you pick your words. This is a frank, free talk, and I like you the bettter for saying what you think. Go on."

"I was merely going to add, that let the Northern people once really feel the war—they do not feel it yet—and they will insist on hanging every one of your leaders."

"Well admitting all you say, I can't see how it affects our position. There are some things worse than hanging or extermination. We reckon giving up the right of self-government one of these things."

"By self-government you mean disunion, Southern independence?"

"Yes."

"And slavery, you say, is no longer an element in the contest?"

"No, it is not. It never was an essential element. It was only a means of bringing other conflicting elements to an earlier culmination. It fired the musket which was already capped and loaded. There are essential differences between the North and the South, that will, however this war may end, make them two nations."

"You ask me to say what I think. Will you allow me to say that I know the South very well, and never observed these differences."

"Then you have not used your eyes. My sight is poorer than yours, but I have seen them for years."

The laugh was upon me, and Mr. Benjamin enjoyed it.

"Well, sir, be that as it may, if I understand you, the dispute between your government and ours is narrowed down to this: Union or Disunion."

"Yes; or, to put it in other words, Independence or Subjugation."

"Then the two governments are irreconcilably apart. They have no alternative but to fight it out. But it is not so with the people. They are tired of fighting and want peace; and, as they bear all the burthen and suffering of the war, is it not right they should have peace, and have it on such terms as they like?"

"I don't understand you; be a little more explicit."

"Well. Suppose the two governments should agree to something like this: To go to the people with two propositions, say: Peace, with Disunion and Southern Independence, as your proposition; and: Peace, with Union, Emancipation, No Confiscation, and universal amnesty as ours. Let the citizens of all the United States (as they existed before the war) vote 'Yes,' or 'No,' on these two propositions, at a special election within sixty days. If a majority vote Disunion, our government to be bound by it, and let you go in peace. If a majority vote Union, yours to be bound by it, and to stay in peace. The two governments can contract in this way, and the people, though constitutionally unable to decide on peace or war, can elect which of any two propositions shall govern their rulers. Let Lee and Grant meanwhile, agree to an armistice. This would sheathe the sword; and, if once sheathed, it would never again be drawn by this generation."

"The plan is altogether impracticable. If the South were only one State, it might work; but, as it is, if one Southern State objected to emancipation, it would nullify the whole thing, for you are aware the people of Virginia cannot vote Slavery out of South Carolina, or the people of South Carolina vote it out of Virginia."

"But three-fourths of the States can amend the Constitution. Let it be done in that way—in *any* way, so that it be done by the people. I am not a statesman or a politician, and I do not just know how such a plan could be carried out; but you get the idea—that the PEOPLE shall decide the question."

"That the *majority* shall decide it you mean. We seceded to rid ourselves of the rule of the majority, and this would subject us to it again."

"But the majority must rule finally, either with bullets or ballots."

"I am not so sure of that. Neither current events nor history shows that the majority rules, or ever did rule. The contrary, I think, is true. Why, sir, the man who shall go before the Southern people with such a proposition—with *any* proposition which implied that the North was to have a voice in determining the domestic relations of the South—could not live here a day! He would be hanged to the first tree, without judge or jury."

"Allow me to doubt that. I think it more likely he would be hanged if he let the Southern people know the majority could not rule," I replied, smiling.

"I have no fear of that," rejoined Mr. Davis, also smiling most good humoredly. "I give you leave to proclaim it from every house-top in the South."

"But, seriously, sir, you let the majority rule in a single State; why not let it rule in the whole country?"

"Because the States are independent and sovereign. The country is not. It is only a Confederation of States; or rather *was*: it is now *two* confederations."

"Then we are not a *people*—we are only a political partnership?"

"That is all."

"Your very name, sir, '*United States*,' implies that," said Mr. Benjamin. "But, tell me, are the terms you have named—Emancipation, No Confiscation, and Universal Amnesty—the terms which Mr. Lincoln authorized you to offer us?"

"No, sir. Mr. Lincoln did not authorize me to offer you any such terms. But I *think* both he and the Northern people, for the sake of peace, would assent to some such conditions."

"They are *very* generous," replied Mr. Davis, for the first time during the interview showing some angry feeling. "But amnesty, sir, applies to criminals. We have committed no crime. Confiscation is of no account unless you can enforce it; and emancipation! You have already emancipated nearly two millions of our slaves, and if you take care of them you may emancipate the rest. I had a few when the war began. I was of some use to them; they never were of any to me. Against their will you emancipated them; and you may emancipate every negro in the Confederacy, but we will be free! We will govern ourselves! We *will* do it, if we have to see every plantation sacked, and every Southern city in flames!"

"I see, Mr. Davis, it is useless to continue this conversation," I replied; "and you will pardon us if we have seemed to press our views with too much pertinacity. We love the old flag; and that must be our apology for intruding upon you at all."

"You have not intruded upon me," he replied, resuming his usual manner. "I am glad to have met you both. I once loved the old flag as well as you do. I would have died for it; but now it is to me only the emblem of oppression."

"I hope the day may never come, Mr. Davis, when I say that," said the Colonel.

A half hour's conversation on other topics—not of public interest—ensued, and then we rose to go. As we did so the rebel President gave me his hand, and, bidding me a kindly "good bye," expressed the hope of seeing me again in Richmond in happier times—when peace should have returned—but with the colonel his parting was particularly cordial. Taking his hand in both of his, he said to him:

"Colonel, I respect your character and your motives, and I wish you well—I wish you every good wish I can wish you consistently with the Confederacy."

The quiet, straightforward bearing, and magnificent moral courage of our "fighting parson" had evidently impressed Mr. Davis very favorably.

As we were leaving the room he added:

"Say to Mr. Lincoln from me, that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

WELCOME.—"Papa will soon be here," said mamma to her three year old boy, "what can George do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the childs playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet.

"Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look and at once beginning to gather his toys into a basket.

"What else can we do to welcome papa?"—asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room.

"Be happy to him when he comes?" cried the little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he waited at the window for his father's coming.

Now as all the dictionary makers will testify—it is very hard to give good definitions; but did not little George give the very substance of a welcome!—Be happy to him when he comes."

All parents who read this, will know that elegant apartments, and sumptuous entertainments and formal courtesy, will not avail in welcoming their guests, when they come.

Dear children, will you also remember, when your little friends come to see you that all your beautiful toys, and fine plays, and nice treats, will not give your guests a "good time," unless you are happy to them when they come.—*Congregationalist.*

Making Brigadiers of Copperheads.

Some time since it was announced that Col. William M'Candless, of the Pennsylvania Reserves, had been appointed Brigadier General by the President. Shortly afterwards we see the name of the same Colonel M'Candless figuring as President of a Copperhead meeting in Philadelphia, and now it is stated that he has written a letter to the President declining the appointment, preferring to fight his own Government at home to fighting that of the rebels in the field.

We thought the time had passed for practicing the folly of casting Government honors upon traitorous heads; but it seems not. The declination of Colonel M'Candless, in this instance, may be discreditable in the highest degree; but furnishing him the opportunity is but little less so. Surely there are brave men enough in the field worthy of promotion. Why, then, are the pearls that belong to them cast before swine.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

FIGHTING.—"Did two men ever agree upon terms of peace while at blows with one another?" asks Mr. Vallandigham. Perhaps not; but two men have pounded away at one another till one of them was glad to succumb. Grit is a good thing; but there are few men who, when soundly flogged, will not own up, and, if they have been misbehaving, agree to put themselves on their good behavior. That is all we ask the South to do; and, as they wanted to administer this Government as if made for those who owned negroes, we intend they shall agree to have it administered neither for the benefit of *slaves* nor their *masters*, but of FREEMEN.

Alluding to the attempts to divide and distract the Union party, the Cleveland *Herald* remarks: "If men in high or low places wish to elevate the Chicago nominee to the Presidential chair, we beg them boldly to join the traitors of the South and the Copperheads of the North, and fight on that 'line all summer' if they please, but we protest in behalf of the Union party, against their staying in our camp and furnishing guns and amunition to our enemy."

ONE OF THEM.—August Belmont, the "chairman of the National Democratic Committee," is a Jew, a Banker, and *Agent of the Rothschilds of Europe.*

Here is another proof of the identity between the gold gamblers and our enemies abroad. The agent of the richest banking house of despotism, is chairman of the National Committee of Copperheads!

The Richmond *Despatch* calls the plating of the sides of the Kearsarge with chains, taking a "foul advantage," which would not have been allowed in the days of "chivalry." Modern chivalry uses its chains for the necks and limbs of human beings.