

From the Journal of Commerce. To Maid. Sitting in my lonely chamber, Where I've sat since evening, I am thinking of thee only, Out of all the world beside.

Miscellaneous.

Reginald Lylo's Love.

CHAPTER I.

My story is founded at Oakland. The Oakland I write of, is not to be found on the map of any State in our glorious old Union—yet Oakland really exists; a pretty name for a pretty country place.

Two gentlemen were sitting by the low open window, conversing pleasantly. Their eyes rested on green fields, dotted with wild flowers, and barred with golden sunbeams.

She looked up in a pained, startled way. "Concerning a friend of mine, Mr. Fairfax? What is it? Do not hesitate to tell me."

"You are very proud of her, no doubt—you think she would never have loved any other man as she does you. You believe her to be a miracle of constancy; that in the hour of adversity, her love would wind itself even closer around you."

"You are too much excited; wait till you are a little calmer. His low, authoritative voice kept her at his side, and they continued to walk on slowly, and silently. Fairfax spoke first.

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

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"I am not afraid. To convince you, I consent to act a mean subterfuge for the first time in my life. Circulate any and every story of misfortune that you like, so long as you do not touch my honor."

"We will see! But here comes your charming lady-love now, so I shall leave you to make my while the sun shines. The lady will not be so smiling to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

The numerous guests of Oakland were assembled on the wide porch after tea, enjoying the fresh breeze, and amusing themselves in a variety of pleasant ways.

Reginald Lylo had good reason to be proud of her, and to love her. Her frank, artless manners had quite won his heart, long before he was aware of it.

He wandered out into the garden and sat down under the lilac bushes. From his lofty retreat he could see his friends, and hear the hum of their voices.

He was surprised to notice that a sudden and painful silence fell over the group at her appearance, and her wonder increased as she saw more than one pair of eyes bent upon her in a manner half-pitying, half-curious.

"You noticed the pause that followed your arrival a moment ago, Miss Duncan? I see you are working at it now."

"As well that I should tell you as any one else, I suppose. For my mutual friend, Mr. Lylo, has let every cent of his magnificent fortune. Owing to some unhealy speculations, so tedious to relate, he is tonight a ruined man."

"How sorry I am, and yet so very glad it is no worse. I was afraid some accident had befallen him. Where is he? I must go to him—he needs words of cheer and comfort now. Poor Reginald!"

"You are too much excited; wait till you are a little calmer. His low, authoritative voice kept her at his side, and they continued to walk on slowly, and silently. Fairfax spoke first.

"Miss Duncan, I once knew a man who appeared to be the soul of honor. He was my friend. He met and loved a beautiful girl. She returned his affection, and they were betrothed. His future seemed a bright one, but the demon of suspicion took possession of him. He began to doubt the faith of the peerless creature he had won. He could not fathom the pure depths of her spotless soul."

"I believe you think so, Reginald, but from what I have seen of you are mistaken. It is very easy to prize a lasting love, so long as Cupid's wand is in hand with pearls and flashing with diamonds. Even you would not dare to test her sincerity. The cold, staid world and mocking smile exasperated Reginald Lylo almost beyond endurance."

"If any other man living should speak to me in that manner, I would make him recall his words, if it cost me my life. But you know not what you are saying. Not dare to test Beatrix Duncan's love? Why, Fairfax, I should not fear to tell her I was penniless—she would cling to me all the same."

He did not know, and there was no undoing what had already been done. Reginald Lylo washes no longer. He had wounded her feelings, and her pride would not permit a reconciliation. It was almost midnight when she returned to the house.

"Do you think that after all I have said to you, you should think me so base and depraved? I loved you, because I believed you a man of pure, unselfish honor; because I believed you had faith in my goodness of heart. I did not dream that you possessed a soul so sordid that it tainted your very thoughts."

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"I Have not Begun to Fight yet!"

The above language of the gallant and brave Paul Jones, when the British commander asked if he had struck his flag and surrendered, are memorable words. Although his deck was slippery and straining with the blood of his gallant crew, his guns every one dismounted, his colors shot away, and his vessel gradually sinking, Paul Jones, with an immortal heroism, continued to fight.

"Do you surrender?" shouted the English captain desiring to prevent further bloodshed, and seeing the colors of Bon Homme Richard gone, supposing the American hero wished to surrender. His answer was: "I have not begun to fight yet!"

The scene is thus described:—There was a lull in the conflict for an instant, and the boldest held his breath as Paul Jones, covered with blood and black with powder stains, jumped on a broken gun-carriage, waving his sword, and exclaimed, in the never-to-be-forgotten words: "I have not begun to fight yet!" And the result was, the tide of battle changed, and in a few minutes the British ship struck her colors and surrendered. Paul Jones, leaping from his own ship, stood upon the deck of the British vessel conqueror and a hero.

What an admirable watchword for the battle of life does the above stirring incident give to every man. Reverse may overwhelm for a time, despair may ask hope to strike her flag, but planting the foot more firmly, bending the back more readily to the burdens imposed, straining the muscles to the utmost tension, and bracing the drooping heart, let him who is driven to the wall exclaim: "I have not begun to fight yet!" They are words of energy, hope and action. They deserve, they will command success. In the darkest hour let them ring out, and forget the past, the years wasted and gone by, and give them as an inaugural address of a new era. When the misfortunes of life gather too closely around, let your battle-cries go forth from the thickest of the conflict: "I have not begun to fight yet!" and you will find your foes fleeing from the new strength imparted, and yielding the vantage as you press forward in the battle-strife.

"Suppress the Abolitionists."

This is the cry of some people at the present time but it is an exceedingly absurd cry, and this is so well shown up in a late number of Harper's Weekly, that we copy therefrom as follows. Says the writer:

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists," cries the slack-witted orator, "and the rebellion will end!" Of course it will, you dear soul; and if all your fellow citizens had been of your calibre and kidney, there would have been no rebellion at all if Hampden and his friends had said, "Let us suppress these fellows who cry out against ship-money," England would quietly have submitted to the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had shouted, "Hurray for King George and the stamp act!" there would have been no bloody Revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had bellowed, "Hurray for starvation; aristocrats forever!" all the trouble in France would have speedily ended. To be sure, every right would have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the Abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common sense of the people of the country; and then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call, with an amusing persistence, Abolitionism, which caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people so that they saw. The people of this country know perfectly well that slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war; just as there would have been no Abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness; and when a drunken man tries to kill his wife, don't you think the teetotalers are responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the Abolitionists. Slavery mad that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cried the sensible Wakefield and Company—this comes of calling the watch! Why the devil can't you hold your tongues? Let us suppress these fellows that watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!

Certainly; a dead dog or a dead nation are both perfectly quiet. A nation of freemen, thruthfully with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the dearest and meanest of all dead dogs!

Gen. Pope is thirty-nine years old; Gen. McDowell about forty; Gen. Hooker, about forty-six; Gen. Porter, about thirty-eight; Gen. Keyes fifty.

Woman can't bear control. If the Lord had commanded Eve to eat the apple, probably she wouldn't have touched it, and if she had, she would certainly have made very wry faces over it.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a wagish deacon to his minister. "I see the sleepers are very sound."

A capital definition of duelling is that given by a Washington correspondent of the Buffalo Advertiser. He says it is a sanguinary game of fighting for a funeral.

Children are the bolts and screws that best fasten a man to the community.

General Pope.

The retreat of Gen. Pope with his army to the front of Washington is seized upon by the friends of other Generals to abuse him and to injure him in the estimation of the public. We know nothing of Gen. Pope except so far as he is known to the public by his actions at the West where he performed wonders. He was placed in command in Virginia in order to threaten the rebel front while the army on the James River could be extricated from its perilous position. He advanced with a small force to the Rapidan River and annoyed the enemy by his dash and the rapidity of his movements. During the transit of the army of the Peninsula to Alexandria, he was attacked by the combined force of the enemy which he managed to defeat at every point down to Saturday, Aug. 30th, when he was forced to retreat to Centreville, fighting all the time. This retreat was in consequence of the failure to reinforce him, as he expected he would be. Where the blame is we do not know, and must wait until the facts are made public. He has shown himself to be a fighting General and has done nobly. He has inflicted severe punishment upon the enemy and would have whipped the rebel Generals if other Union Generals had been as active in their movements as he was. He may have faults but he has demonstrated to the country that he is not afraid of gunpowder, and has made thousands of the enemy bite the dust.

It is such men as Pope, old fighting Joe Hooker, and the brilliant Sigel, under the direction of the able Halleck, who are to lead our armies to victory—if they are to be victorious—in the impending struggle. We do not wish to be understood as finding fault with other generals in these remarks, but these men have dash and courage, and lead their troops in person, which inspire the rank and file with enthusiasm. Gen. Pope has done the country great service and he should be sustained. By his strategy he is now massed together in front, and it is to be hoped they will not again be separated, but fall upon the rebel forces in such overwhelming numbers as to defeat them in Virginia; and we believe the Government mean to do this. We do not believe in praising one general to the skies and in abusing every other general, because there is some political capital to be made by it. If the Union cause is ruined it will be in consequence of the people taking sides and becoming the partizan of this and that general, which partizanship will work into the army and create a division there which would be disastrous. For our part we say let General Halleck have his way and back him up, and not him because our particular favorites cannot have the lead. The desire to accomplish party ends is the greatest enemy the people will have to encounter, and should be guarded against. In this particular both parties are at fault.—Boston Herald.

When to Sell a Colt.

A farmer makes quite as much money by selling at the right time as by cheapness in production. Stock as well as crops are kept too long for the greatest profit. A bushel of potatoes sold in July frequently brings a dollar; in September, forty cents, though the cost of production is the same. A lamb sold in time for three dollars, often brings more profit than the fat wether sold at two years old. A pig will frequently bring four dollars at eight weeks old. At eight months well fattened, he will only bring twenty dollars, after eating twenty dollars' worth of provender. With this result it is easy to see the time to sell pigs in some sections.

It is not so easy to know when to dispose of a young horse. As a colt may sell at weaning time, say four months old, for twenty dollars, or fifty, if a handsome animal. It has not cost much to raise him, for he has lived on his mother's milk, and she has paid her way by work. But when he is put up for the winter, his keeping begins to count. He can do nothing in the way of self-support until three years old, and it were better perhaps not to work him much even then. If well kept he can not cost much less than a hundred dollars before he is fit to work, in any region; where hay is worth fifteen dollars a ton. He may sell for three hundred dollars or more, but the chances are that he will sell for no more than the cost of his keeping. The farmer may not lose anything, but he will only have made a fair market for his hay and pasture. In the sale of a colt during his first Summer or Fall, the price is all profit. There is little risk about it, and the venture is made a certainty. If the sire be a blooded animal, the colt will generally sell for enough more to pay for the price of his services, and often to pay for them many times over. It is most in keeping with our calling to make the profits sure, though small.

The MEMBERS OF THEM.—Messrs. Ayer & Co. have received from Alexandria a cargo of rags to day for their medicines, which are largely sold in Egypt. They are evidently gathered from all classes and quarters of the Sultan's dominions—the east of garments of Hadjis and Hawadis—white linen turbans, loose breeches, and flowing robes—Not the least part of their bulk is cloth in which bodies were embalmed and wound for preservation three thousand years ago. They are now to be made into paper for Ayer's Almanac, and thus, after having wrapped the dead for thirty centuries, are used to wrap the living from the narrow house which they have so long inhabited, and to which, in spite of all our guards and cautions, we must so surely go.—Daily Economic Journal.

Father Taylor, the veteran sailor preacher, recently offered the following prayer:—"Oh, Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from these wiggling, intriguing, politic, piercing slimy, boring keel worms; don't let them go thro' the sheathing of his integrity!"

CHRIST EVER PRESENT.—"Lo! I am with you!" That farwell saying has lost none of its comforts. "I am"—that little word embraced every one of us! I am—Jesus looked down the vista of eighteen centuries. His eye, perhaps, was on some lone spirit left to the mercy of the storm, and still he says, "O thou of little faith, wherefore art thou cast down? Dey thy tears dispel thy niggingings. Lo! I am with you!"

'Tis a blessed assurance amid much that is changing here! Heart and flesh to faint and fall! Often our cisterns are scarcely filled when they break in pieces; our souls have scantly climbed the meridian when they set in weeping clouds; our fondest schemes are blown upon—our most cherished gourds withered. We seat ourselves in our homes, but there are blanks there; vacant seats tell the too truthful tale of severed links, and blighted hopes, and early graves: As age creeps on, we look around us, but the late companions of our pilgrimage are gone: noble forest trees, one by one, have been bowed to the axe; the place that once knew them honors them no more.

But there is one surviving the wreck and ruin of all sublunary joys, changeless among the changeable—"Lo! I am with you"—and the wilderness and the solitary place are by the presence made glad!

WOMEN LOVING.—Women, acute and well-judging on other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them; a moral mist rises before their understandings; they become credulous as bigots, and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other virtues, experience in these affairs seems to throw one to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers and marry an apprentice at thirty," is next to a proverb. Well seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from Love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex, the result of many friendly confidences, I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen, in these matters, than of six-and-thirty; and while it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen, and the folly of young girls, the moralist who wishes well to womankind should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty, the extreme rashness of forty, the next to madness of forty-five.

SCOTCH INDIGNITY.—Some time since, three denizens of Dunbarton, Scotland, left on a pleasure trip for Paris. One of the party took a stroll along, in order to see the sights of the city, but missed his way back to the hotel, the name of which he had forgotten a predicament rendered worse by his ignorance of French. After searching fruitlessly for it for several hours, he hit upon the expedient of purchasing from an old fruit-seller her stock of gooseberries, with which he patrolled the streets, shouting:—"Guide Scotch groats, a penny the pint—a penny the pint!"

Words so outlandish to Parisian ears soon collected a crowd, among which was a resident Scotchman, who straightway accosted the amateur fruit-vender, and, after hearing the "six" he had got into, pointed him safely to the hotel.—Scotch Paper.

A worthy friend from the farming districts, who occasionally drops in upon us to get the news, narrates the following:

A traveller passing through his neighborhood on horseback, stopped at a modest cottage on the road side, and asked for shelter, as it was quite dark and raining. The head of the family came to the door and accosted the traveller with:

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay all night."

"What a cry!"

This interrogatory was not fully understood by the would-be guest, and he asked an explanation.

"I mean what's yer politics?" rejoined the old farmer. "Are you far this Union or agin it?"

This was a poser.

As the traveller was not certain whether the "man of the house" was a Union man or a secessionist, and he was anxious to "put up" for the night—so he made up his mind and said:

"My friend, I am for the Union and Constitution."

"Stranger, y-e-o-a-k kin kum in!"

It is needless to remark that the traveller "kum in."—Nashville Banner.

If you are poor, don't let folks know it or they will discover in you a thousand blemishes which would never be talked about if you keep a stiff upper lip, and carry yourself as if you had ten thousand dollars instead of ten cents at your command. It is a natural for the world to hold poor folks in contempt as it is for a cat to steal cheese.

AGE OF PLANTS.—Some plants, such as annuals, are termed "mouldy," only live a few hours, or, at most, a few days. Mosses, for the most part, live only one season, as do the garden plants called annuals, which die of old age as soon as they ripen their seeds. Some, again, as the foreglove and the holly-husk, live for two years, occasionally protracted to three, if their flowering be protracted. Trees planted in a suitable soil and situation live for centuries. Thus, the olive-tree may live 300 years; the oak, double that number; the chestnut is said to have lasted for 500 years; the dragon's blood tree of Tenerife may be 2,000 years old. When the wood of the interior ceases to afford to us, by the elusiveness of its texture, for the passage of sap or pulp, or for the formation of new vessels, it dies, and by all its moisture passing off into the younger wood, the fibres shrink and are ultimately reduced to dust. The centre of the tree thus becomes dead, while the outer portion continues to live.

RIGHT FOR MAKING TATTLES.—Take a handful of vine called rambout, the same quantity of a root called numbe tongue, a sprig of the bitter herb called backbito (either before or after dog days) a teaspoonful of don't you tell, the drums of malice, a very few drops of envy which can be procured in any quantity at Miss Tabethy Tenabla's or at Miss Night Walker's; stir these ingredients together, summer for half an hour over the fire of discontent kindled with a little jealousy, strain through a rag of misconstruction, cork up in a bottle of malice, hang it on a skin of street yara, shake it incessantly, and it will soon be ready for use. Let a few drops of this compound be taken before going out to make a call, and the patient will be able to speak all manner of evil and that continually.

WAR NEWS.

After Rout and Demoralization of the Enemy... Gen. Lee Reported Wounded... Gen. Hooker, Alone, has a Thousand Prisoners—Lee States his Loss at 15,000... Stonewall Jackson Whipped in Three Battles—Great Victory in Philadelphia.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC, BALTIMORE, 15th. To H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief: Information this moment received completely confirms the route and demoralization of the rebel army. Gen. Lee is reported wounded and Garland killed. Gen. Hooker alone has over a thousand or more prisoners, 700 having been sent to Frederick. It is stated that Lee gives his loss as 15,000. We are following as rapidly as the moon can move.

BALTIMORE, 15th. A despatch from the Manocoy says that no firing has been heard there. It is presumed that the battle has not been renewed. The body of Gen. Reno is expected to arrive here this P. M. PHILADELPHIA, 15th. A special despatch to the Bulletin from Harrisburg says the rebels have fallen back two miles. Gen. Longstreet's division has been sent to reinforce them. The battles will probably be renewed to-day.

BALTIMORE, 15th. The American has a letter from Harper's Ferry, dated the 10th inst. which says Col. White has sent us to-day 30 days supply of provisions. WASHINGTON, 15th. Surgeon Magruder, formerly Medical Director of the Rappahannock under Gen. McDowell, has been appointed President of the Medical Board for the examination of the surgeons at Philadelphia. Surgeon McParlin of Gen. Pope's staff has been ordered to assume similar duties.

WASHINGTON, 15th. Richard M. Blotcher, Minister to Rome, is here waiting instructions from the State Department. Admiral Dupont informs the Navy Department that the Sheppard Knapp, under Lieut. Commanding Eytine, captured, on the 4th inst. the bark Fannie Laurie, under English colors. By her capture she is reported to be bound from Nassau to Quebec, but among them was a letter to a house in Charleston, commanding Capt. Laurie to their good offices. The vessel was captured while attempting to enter South Edisto. She has been sent to Philadelphia.

NEW YORK, 15th. A Frederick correspondent says a Massachusetts regiment, the 50th, left for the front to enter the town, cheering, &c. Shortly afterwards Gen. Burnside at the head of his staff came dashing into the town, and was received with most cheering cheers. About 9 o'clock this A. M. Gen. McClellan at the head of his staff rode into town, and the reception he met with threw all others into the shade.

PHILADELPHIA, 15th. The following intelligence from Harrisburg is interesting, though not so late as General McClellan's despatch: Our scouts who left Hagerstown at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, says that Gen. Longstreet's division, with the exception of a brigade of Gen. Toombs, had left Hagerstown. Citizens report that the fighting had taken place near Middletown and that Gen. McClellan had been driven back two miles; that the final issue was so critical as to make it necessary to order Gen. Longstreet's corps to reinforce the rebels.

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save those in the hospital and convalescents, and home guard, composed of Elliott's battalion, were being duty as Provost guard, Col. Greenwood being Provost Marshal. They understood there were only three rebel regiments on James River. The rebels claim that they have a large force at Chattanooga, Tenn. All business excepting that connected with the army was dull. Army movements were being vigorously conducted. The fugitives are all Northerners, and are men of much intelligence. The Post Office Department having received information that there is no further danger of the mail to the California and Pacific coasts overland being disturbed by Indians, has ordered that the daily transmission of them be renewed. General Sumner is assigned to the command of the division lately under the gallant Kearney; and General Sedgwick has been assigned to the army corps of General Banks.

LOUISVILLE, 15th. Further particulars of the Manassas fight have been received from Mr. Thomas, who arrived from there this evening. He was present during the fight. The rebels under General Dunham numbered from 5000 to 7000, including cavalry, artillery and infantry. The rebels made the attack from both sides of the river, and boldly advanced to our breastworks. They were repulsed with fearful loss. The federal force under Col. Wilder numbered about 2000 at the commencement of the fight. They were reinforced by Col. Danham of the 5th Indiana regiment. The first rebels knew of his whereabouts was his putting in a volley killing many and stampeding the balance. The Federal loss was eight killed and 27 wounded. The rebel loss was 500 to 700 killed and wounded. The rebels who brought a flag of truce admit a loss of 400 killed. Two pieces of artillery was captured from the rebels.

CAMP GIRARDON, Va., 14th. A special despatch to the Star, Louisville, says Bloomfield was attacked Thursday morning by the rebels. It was defended by 1500 enrolled militia, including a detachment from here. The fighting lasted two hours. The rebels took one 24-pounder howitzer and withdrew. The militia evacuated the place, taking with them one 12 pounder, but spiked it two miles from Bloomfield. Col. Boyd, from Granville, shelled Bloomfield about three o'clock on Friday afternoon, and retook the place after a few minutes firing. In the first named fight the Federal loss was three killed and five wounded. The rebel loss is not known. Col. Boyd is being reinforced.

PHILADELPHIA, 15th. The report in regard to the rebels planting guns on the Maryland heights is believed to be true; but, if Col. Miles can hold his position until noon by which time he would probably be reinforced, it is believed that he will dislodge them. Stragglers from the rebel army are scattered all along the road to Williamsport, where the enemy is no doubt crossing. The report via Philadelphia that the rebels are planting guns on the Maryland heights opposite Harper's Ferry is incorrect. We occupy the Maryland heights, and no one can plant guns there until we are defeated.

ST. PAUL, Minn., 14th. A letter from Commissioner Dole was read in the Legislature to-day, dated Fort Ripley, 11th, addressed to the Governor. He says he has been twelve days endeavoring to effect an amicable arrangement with the Chippewa, but the desire of doing so is not. After over eleven days, he finally consented to meet him in council at Crow Wing. Instead of bringing thirty or forty chiefs, as had been agreed upon, he brought three hundred men armed. He in the Day was bold and impudent, and no result was reached by the conference which was to be renewed, but a collision was feared. Mr. Dole says the danger of an outbreak is imminent. The letter was referred to a committee of three who reported, and the Legislature adopted a resolution that David Cooper, Mr. Rice, Frederick Ayers and E. A. C. Hatch be appointed commissioners to meet at Fort Ripley to act in behalf of the State with the Commissioners of Indiana affairs, in any negotiations calculated to preserve peace and prevent any outbreak. These commissioners have left for Fort Ripley.

HARRISBURG, 15th. An officer who has just come from Chambersburg, contradicts the report of the capture of 1200 rebels of the latter city by the rebels. He says they had no necessary transportation at hand to effect their object. The citizens who left Chambersburg and other places in the valley, are again returning to their respective homes. MEMPHIS, Tenn., 12th. A fight at Cold Water, Miss., between Colonel Grierson's cavalry and the rebels, resulted in the routing of the latter with a loss of eight killed. There was no loss on the Federal side. It is known that no rebel force of any consequence is within 50 miles of Memphis. The people of Covington, Tipton county, have signed bonds for \$50,000 to protect the Union citizens, and given notice to Capt. Seales that if his guerrillas are ever sent there, they will be hanged.

MEMPHIS, 13th. The Grenada Appeal of the 10th inst. says that the rebel Congress adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 30th. A preamble and resolution were adopted to make a proposition to the Government of the United States to treat upon the manner of conducting the war so as to mitigate its horrors. The new conscription bill is still under consideration. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has been ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, having Price, Magruder and Holmes under him. Gen. Pillow has been ordered to report for duty to Richmond. Gen. Lee telegraphed to Jeff Davis on the 5th that he had paroled 1000 prisoners, captured 30 pieces of cannon and a number of standards of arms. A bill has been introduced into the rebel Senate to create the office of Lieut. Gen. A resolution was also passed recalling Messrs. Mason and Sidel.

WASHINGTON, 15th. An officer slightly wounded in the battle yesterday, who arrived here late to-day, reports that the fight took place four miles from Middletown, Frederick county, at the foot of the first mountain going west. The enemy were strongly posted there, but our men, with the most determined courage, drove them up the mountain through a strip of wood, corn fields and open grounds. This part of the contest was maintained by our troops of the centre. The Star says—At 9 A. M. to-day, the engagement at Gen. Burnside's position has not been renewed. He was then in undisputed possession of the advantageous crest of the mountain, from which he drove the enemy the night before. Neither Sumner's army corps nor Couch's division were in yesterday's action, though both are doubtless supporting Franklin to-day, as they were both in a position to do so yesterday evening. The army corps of Fitz John Porter passed through Frederick at 11 o'clock this A. M., and were to have been at the battle-field at noon. Burnside's position, won from the enemy in yesterday's fight, commands the only road from Hagerstown to the position where Franklin is fighting to-day. We believe, hence, it is of great importance. To lose the use of it will be most disastrous to the enemy. It is evident.

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BOONSBORO, Md., 15th. The battle of the South Mountain was fought yesterday, resulting in a complete victory to the army of the Potomac. The battle field was located on a gorge of a mountain, on the turnpike road between Middletown and Boonsboro. During the forenoon the firing was by artillery, endeavoring to ascertain the rebel strength and position. About 12 o'clock the corps under Gen. Reno was ordered to ascend the mountain on the left, and make an attack on the enemy's flank. At 3 o'clock Gen. Reno's troops got into action. The battle of masonry for about half an hour was terrific, when the enemy gave way, leaving our men in possession of that portion of the ridge. The loss on both sides in this action was considerable. We had not a General or a field officer injured at this point excepting Maj. General Reno, who was killed by a musket ball passing through his body. Gen. Hooker, commanding Dowell's corps and the Pennsylvania reserve, ascending the mountain on the right for the purpose of making an attack on the rebels left. He got his troops into position and moved upon the enemy about two hours before sundown. Here, as in the case of the other ridge of the mountain, our troops were successful, driving the enemy before them with great slaughter. The rebels suffered here more than at any point of the battle field. Gen. Hatch, commanding the division under Gen. Hooker, was wounded in the leg. Gen. Gibbon's brigade composed of the 2d, 5th and 7th Wisconsin, and the 19th Indiana regiments were ordered to move up the gorge of the mountain. This brigade did not get into action till after dark, which lasted till near 9 o'clock. This brigade lost about 120 killed and wounded. Among the dead is Capt. Caldwell of the Second Wisconsin. The rebels were driven back about a mile, when Gibbon's brigade was relieved by a portion of Sumner's corps who held the position during the night. The rebel troops retreated to Longstreet's, D. H. Hill's and A. P. Hill's corps. Had our troops two hours longer of daylight, the greater portion of the rebel army would have been taken prisoners as they were hemmed in on three sides, the only mode of escaping being a narrow defile in the mountain, which the artillery would soon have made impassable. Among the rebel officers known to be killed were General Garland of Leesburg, and Colonel Strong of the 19th Virginia regiment. The latter's body was obtained to-day by a flag of truce. At daylight this morning our worst fears were realized. The rebel, under cover of the night, had left on their way to the Potomac. They went in this place, two miles from the mountain, and there took the road towards Sharpsburg. They left all of their dead on the field, and those of their wounded not able to walk were found in the churches in Boonsboro. Gen. McClellan was on the field during the whole day and night, and conducting all movements in person. Between 1500 prisoners were taken during the day, most of them by the troops under Gen. Hooker. Yesterday Gen. Franklin's corps advanced to a mountain pass six miles nearer Harper's Ferry, where he engaged the enemy holding that pass for about three hours, resulting in a complete rout of the enemy, and heavy loss. Our loss in the action was about 250 killed and wounded. The rebel loss during the day and night was fully 15,000 killed, wounded and missing. Gen. Lee acknowledged to the citizens of Boonsboro that they had been defeated with terrible loss. Our loss in killed and wounded will probably reach 3000. We lost but few prisoners. The battle was a complete success. Monday are thought to be superior to those of Saturday. Drayton's South Carolina Brigade is entirely annihilated—killed, wounded or taken prisoners. The 17th Michigan new regiment, drove up Drayton's brigade, first with bullets and then with bayonets. Howell's Cavalry wounded and taken prisoners, and will be back to Frederick sooner than he boasted he would. Gen. McClellan was pushing on them last evening very close, and had already sent to the rear eight thousand prisoners and four batteries.

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McCLELLAN AND THE ARMY.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune who has heretofore had many harsh things to say of Gen. McClellan, writes in his last issue: I have disbelieved the reports of the army's affection for McClellan; being entirely unable to account for the phenomenon. I cannot account for it to my satisfaction now, but I accept it as a fact. Even Gen. Heintzelman, whose entire disbelief in Gen. McClellan's ability is well known, said forty-eight hours ago, he was the only man in whom the army, as a whole, had confidence; the only man who could lift it out of its present demoralization. Gen. Heintzelman, as well as other witnesses not especially friendly to McClellan, testified to the enthusiasm with which the soldiers welcomed their old commander. The phenomenon of which the Tribune speaks, may not be as plain as the nose on a man's face, and yet the close observer of the "course of events" for the past eighteen months, need not be at much of a loss in accounting for this fact, if it is one. Some politicians have been laboring to make a great military reputation for "Little Mac" before he has earned one. An army of newspaper correspondents have been enlisted in the enterprise, by some influence to the public unknown, and these have never ceased to season all their letters with fulsome panegyric of General McClellan; while in all battles that have taken place,—unless the last ones in Maryland are an exception,—Hooker, Kearney, Porter, Keyes, &c., &c., have done all the fighting. It is also a fact, that the best fighting Generals under McClellan, do not believe in him.—Heintzelman has no special regard for him, as this writer says. It is also said that the fighting Generals in McClellan's command, offered, while before Richmond, to take that city in six hours, if the commanding General would let them. He did not give his consent. Perhaps it was wise that he did not and perhaps otherwise. The Agent of the Associated Press at Washington, weaves into all of his dispatches as much of gratuitous praise as possible, and sometimes even relies thereby. He can't squeeze out a single line in praise of the Generals who do the fighting; but it is all "wild excitement for General McClellan." The reading public, we apprehend, are pretty well surfeited with such interpolations.—The people certainly want to render praise where praise is due, and will do so ere long, when the truth can be reached. Gen. McClellan has certainly had a whole year of splendid failures, and the same amount of time has been spent in hurrahing for him.—Let us hope, that the year now commencing, will be a year of success; and that his generalship, good fighting, personal bravery, and energy, will be as conspicuous in the future, as his failures have been in the past. For one, we have done singing psalms to any one, until we know for what. Our case is precisely that of the masses. We have all, at some stage of the war, worshipped Fremont, Halleck, Pope, Butler, Mitchell and McClellan. In most of these instances, we were "rowing before being out of the woods." We don't mean to go off in that way again. If McClellan proves himself the conquering hero, and a true man, in every sense, we will, after seeing it, shout for him. The Boston Post says: "Justice, though a highly-praised virtue, is never so much neglected as in these martial times. How difficult it is to be simply just to our military leaders. If a General succeeds we praise him without stint. But if he fails in any regard to meet the measure of our high, perhaps extravagant expectations—then, heaven pity him! It is nothing

