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BY SAWYER & BURR.

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Poetry.

Song of the Peace Men.

Give us peace; though the blood that our heroes have shed
Like the red pushing water, be shed all in vain;
And the star-bearing banner, they nobly upheld,
Never again should float proudly o'er city or main.
Give us peace; and we'll wear without murmur
The chains that a Southern shall forge for our neck.
Free our houses, our farms, and purses from tax,
And we'll bow without shame, at the tyrant's proud beck.
Aye, surely Honor, and Country, and Right,
Release us as Slavery, Oppression and Wrong,
Let the glad light of Freedom forever be quenched,
But peace, give us peace, is our song.
No. Penobscot, Sept. 7th.

Union and Liberty.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne thro' our battle-field's thunder and flame
Dissevered in song and illumined in story,
Wave on us all who inherit their name!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!
Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide bosom of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Empire unscattered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us
Trustee these always, thro' shadow and sun
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the Man in the true!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblem from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! one evermore!

Miscellaneous.

An Amusing Duel.

The following is an amusing history of an affair of honor which took place in Munster (Ireland) some sixty or seventy years ago:
"Albeit a wild locality, so far as natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore, as for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a title-proctor, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good natured wife, and their handsome progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the county who could not claim consanguinity with each and every one of his neighbors. One gentleman then was, however, who wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Fooks, a rich old bachelor residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully cultivated pleasure ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the cerebral tart of the lawn was soft and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Fooks; beloved by the squires, with whom he never quarrelled, when in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after Reynard, they trampled his harvest fields. He was beloved by them, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining-room after the first magnum of claret had gone the rounds; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else, but Mr. Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, "it was really a comfort to feel sure of having one gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing-room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin."
With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in "Sir Roger de Coverly," or merrier opponent in the game of "Matrimony," could be found in the entire county; while his skill in making "burleys" for boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a wide popular popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighborhood as "Holy Fooks;" and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgement of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the title-proctor down to the archers whom he often caught snoring bare or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or quarrelled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward, that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he saved from drowning, by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his

life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, and with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr. Fooks, in short was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—a brave and good man who would not fight!
The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who having made that fiery locality too hot hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not long been settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels" with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offence as the infamous fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds. All attempts at reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bull; they met, and an hour afterwards, a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.
The neighboring gentleman tried to send Magennis to "Coventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, end contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to "bell the cat?"
It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis' lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlor, surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly:
"Mr. Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?"
"Certainly, sir; I have no intention whatever of parting with it."
"But I tell you I want it, and have it I will."
"I should be sorry," said Mr. Fooks mildly, "to disoblige a neighbor; but I am sure Mr. Magennis will see the impossibility of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field."
"You won't sell it?"
"No, sir."
"Then," said Magennis with a fearful imprecation, "if you don't give me the field, you shall give me satisfaction; and may be I'll find your heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, easier to deal with than your self."
A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.
"Do you mean, Mr. Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?"
"Certainly; name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him."
"I am not much versed in these matters," said Fooks; "but I believe, as the challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting."
"Oh, certainly, nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy; the sooner the better." And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.
"Then," said Mr. Fooks, "I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us may come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished."
"Queer arrangements as ever I heard of," said Magennis. "Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and split you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your lookout, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honor to wish you a very good morning."
He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.
"To think," said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief land proprietors, "that our honest Holy Fooks, who wouldn't willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel; it mustn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight in his stead."
Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Fooks and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.
"A bad business this, Fooks," said Penrose; "a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself."
"Thank you, my friend," replied Fooks; "I feel most grateful for your kindness, but since Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps," he added, smiling, "the result may be better than you expect."
"Oh, my dear Fooks," said his friend, "don't I beseech you, build on that. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hand. However, there will be a score or two of you

friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction for your death."
With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, staid within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly all inhabitants of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentation of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him, and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid bloodhorse; a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, "I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his friends (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place."
"Here he comes himself!" cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks. He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended fields of the dressing-gown, was not yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.
Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Fooks's costume, his meted horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner that caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, "What is the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me like a man."
"Always happy to oblige a friend," said Fooks, and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A faithful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, "Come back, Mr. Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle."
But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transports of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

Suggestions on Drying Fruits.

Mrs. D. Garrigue, New Haven Conn., writes to the *American Agriculturist*: "Fruit time is here, but sugar is so high that it will not pay to preserve much in the old-fashioned way. All the small fruits are excellent dried in sugar. To do this; remove the stones from plums, cherries, etc., take 4 oz. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, cook a few minutes, spread them on earthen plates, and dry in the oven. If the fruit is juicy, as cherries for example, let it remain in the liquor overnight after cooking, then in the morning drain through a colander and dry. I always have sprinkled a little sugar among the fruit when I packed it away in jars, but this may be omitted this season. I make fruit cake by using cherries (the common red ones are the best) for raisins; huckleberries for Zante currants; and plums for citron.
"I think dried tomatoes are better than any canned or bottled ones I ever ate. I prepare them thus: Scald and sk'n the tomatoes, cook as dry as possible without burning; then spread on earthen plates, and dry in the oven. When required for use, rinse in cold water, let them soak in warm water an hour or so, cook a few minutes, and season to taste. Of course they will stick together, and want to be picked in pieces before soaking. If wanted to send to soldiers, they are packed and transported with much less trouble and expense than bottles or cans. Tell your readers while drying sweet corn for winter use, not to forget the snap beans and green shell beans. Prepare as if for cooking, scald in boiling water, and dry in the sun; by this simple means one can have succotash in winter almost as good as summer."
We regret to record the death of one of our best educated and most useful citizens. Mr. Theodore C. Allen, Stevard and Treasurer of the Insane Hospital, died in this city after a brief illness, on Thursday morning last, at the age of 62 years.—[Augusta Farmer.

Read what Gen. Grant says.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, 1864.
The following is an extract of a letter from Lieut. Gen. Grant, dated "Headquarters of the Armies of the United States, City Point, Virginia, August 16, 1864":
"Hon. E. B. Washburn:
Dear Sir: I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment in the North. The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroads and bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertion and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them the end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North.
This might give them reinforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quietly enforced, the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance. I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter revolution. They hope the election of peace candidate; in fact, like Micawber, they hope for "something to turn up." Our peace friends, if they expect peace from separation are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of the war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South, because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have peace on any terms, the South would demand the restoration of their slaves freed. They would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave hunters for the South. They would demand pay, or the restoration of every slave escaping to the North. Yours truly,
(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Lieut. Gen. U. S. A.

The Copperheads Mean Disunion.

The evidence of the disunion tendencies and proclivities of the copperhead politicians is daily multiplying. Few of the leaders openly express their sympathy for such an issue from present trouble, but the bolder and more honest members of the party do not hesitate to avow it. During the great week of conventions at Bangor, a Ratification meeting was held in the big tent in the evening, and among the speakers was Mr. Marcellus Emery, the editor of the Bangor Democrat. Mr. Emery is an outspoken, honest Disunionist. We find in his own paper—the organ of Penobscot county Democracy—the following report of his speech. The italics and capitals are ours:
Mr. Emery spoke most earnestly in favor of an immediate peace. He showed the folly of any further attempt to subjugate the South, and said that the hour had come when the brave men North should meet the brave men of the South in council, and should urge upon them a restoration of the Union of the fathers; but that, if, in view of the seas of blood that had been shed, the South could no longer consent to a POLITICAL UNION WITH THE NORTH, he would have the North say to the South, "we shall part with you in sorrow and in grief; but you have won your independence on a HUNDRED WELL FIGHTED FIELDS; the further prosecution of this war is absolute ruin to both sections; GO IN PEACE; LET US SHEATH THE SWORD." Mr. Emery's speech was listened to with profound attention.

The Democratic Convention.

Chicago, Aug. 30th.
When Mr. Harris, of Maryland, was walking towards his seat, after being declared out of order because of the remark that if McClellan is nominated he would not support him, a Pennsylvania man, a delegate, though sitting within the circle, said to him, "You ought to be turned out of the convention, you d—d traitor."
Upon this Harris turned round and knocked him out of his chair. This incident contributed much to the general confusion which prevailed for several minutes. To night, Harris and Long and those who sympathize with them are making strenuous efforts to obtain a one third vote against McClellan, but the latter's friends are sanguine.
The conciliatory and pacific course pursued by Guthrie on the committee of resolutions, seems to meet with the warm approval of the McClellanites, and to night he towers up as a strong candidate for Vice Presidency.
THE CASE WELL STATED.—The following from the *New York Tribune*, is not only the truth, but patent and undisputable, stated in terse and appropriate language:
"The Democratic party of the Slave States made the Rebellion; the adhering Democrats of Free States have too generally justified and upheld it. From this city, two Democrats abandoned important and lucrative offices holding them to take part in the rebellion. A Democratic Editor absconded from a neighboring city to fill a similar purpose.—From every city, village, bar-room, the voice of Democratic sympathy with the rebellion has long resounded. This essentially Democratic revolt has filled the land with mourning, covering its soil with ashes and ruins. And now the country is impudently asked to restore to power the party which has wantonly inflicted upon it these measureless calamities."
HOW TO WASH A THREAD-LACE COLLAR.
Communicated to the *American Agriculturist* by "Aunt Sue": Take an empty champagne bottle, (we suppose any other would answer.—Ed.) cork it, push it into the leg of a stocking, and tie a string round the stocking at each end of the bottle so that it will fit the bottle tightly. Now baste your collar on to the stocking; the more carefully you baste the edges, the greater will be your success. Carry the collar round and round the bottle, allowing it to retain its shape easily. Soap well, and let it soak overnight, rinse with hot water in the morning, and allow it to dry on the bottle; when taken off it will look as good new, and need no ironing.
A communication printed in the *N. Y. Post* respecting private insane asylums, is attracting a good deal of attention. The writer charges that some of them are mere prison houses, in which a man incarcerated his daughter or wife, when he prefers to have her out of his way; or daughters in prison their aged mother in order to enjoy the large part of her income.
The Christian Commission has been presented with a cooking wagon, for use in the Army of the Potomac. It consists of three boilers for cooking tea, coffee and soup. The front part contains cans for holding tea, coffee, extract of beef, farina and bread.
An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?"—"Thin," replied the other; "bothers-anun, I see a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."
A word of explanation.—If a young lady "throws herself away," understand she married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," understand that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.
In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnati—the democracy are those who kill hogs for a living, aristocracy those whose hogs kill them.

Telegraph News;

FROM THE DAILIES.
Gen. McClellan's Letter of Acceptance Official Statement of Gen. Sherman's Recent Operations.
OAKS, N. J., Sept. 8.
Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention, recently assembled at Chicago, as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States.
It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unthought. I am happy to know when the nomination was made the record of my public life was kept in view. The effect of long and varied service in the army, during war and peace, has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart, the love and reverence of the Union, constitution, laws and flag of our country. Impressed upon me in early youth, those feelings have thus far guided the course of my life and must continue to do so to its end.
The existence of more than one Government over the region which once owned our flag is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people. The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only; and in accordance with those principles which I took occasion to declare when in active service, thus conducted, the work of reconciliation would have been easy and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea. The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of our people.
The re-establishment of the Union, in all its integrity, is, and must continue to be, the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practiced by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such a peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more. Let me add, what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiments of the convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights.
If a frank, earnest and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards. I could not look in the face of my gallant comrades of the army and navy, who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifices of so many of our slain and wounded brethren, had been in vain; that we had abandoned that Union for which we had so often perished our lives.
A vast majority of our people, whether in the army and navy, or at home, would as I would, hail with unbounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union under the constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood. But no peace can be permanent without the Union.
As to the other subjects presented in the resolutions of the Convention, I need only say that I should seek in the constitution of the United States, and the laws framed in accordance therewith, the rule of my duty and the limitations of executive power; endeavor to restore economy in public expenditure, re-establish the supremacy of law, and by the operation of a more vigorous nationality, resume our commanding position among the nations of the earth.
The condition of our finances, the depreciation of the paper money, and the burdens thereby imposed on labor and capital, show the necessity of a return to a sound financial system; while the rights of citizens and the rights of States, and the binding authority of law over the President, army and people, are subjects of no less vital importance in war than in peace.
Believing that the views here expressed are but those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination. I realize the weight of the responsibility to be borne should the people ratify your choice.
Conscious of my own weakness, I can only seek persistently the guidance of the Father of the Universe; and relying on his all powerful aid, do my best to restore the Union and peace to a suffering people, and to establish and guard their liberties and rights.
I am, gentlemen,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. B. McCLELLAN.
To Hon. S. Seymour, and others of the Committee.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 8.
In answer to a request that Major Gen. Sherman would give us details of the late operations before Atlanta, in order to silence the cavils of those who in the absence of particulars, were denying that those operations were, on the whole, a Federal success, we have received the following:
Atlanta Sept. 7. On the 25th of August, pursuant to a plan of which the War Department had been fully advised, I left the 20th corps at Chattahoochee bridge, and with the balance of the army, moved on to the city of Atlanta.

I moved rapidly south and reached West Point railroad, near Fairborn, on the 27th, and broke up 12 miles of it. When moving east, my right wing approached the Mason railroad near Jonesboro, and my left near Rough and Ready.

The enemy attacked the right wing of the army of the Tennessee, and was completely beaten on the 31st. During the combat I pushed the left of the center rapidly to the railroad above, between Rough and Ready and Jonesboro. On the 1st of Sept. we broke up about 8 miles of the Mason Railroad, and turned on the enemy at Jonesboro, assaulted him and his lines, and carried them, capturing Brig. General Gorman and about 2,000 prisoners, with 8 guns and much plunder. Night alone prevented our capturing the whole of Hardee's corps, which escaped south that night.

That same night Hood, in Atlanta, finding all his railroads broken and in our possession, blew up his ammunition, 7 locomotives and 80 cars, and evacuated Atlanta, which on the next day, Sept. 21, was occupied by the corps left for that purpose. Maj. General Schofield commanding. We followed the retreating rebel army to near Lovejoy's Station, 30 miles south of Atlanta, where finding him strongly entrenched, I concluded it would not pay to assault, as we had already the great object of the campaign, viz: Atlanta. Accordingly the army gradually and leisurely returned to Atlanta and it is now encamped 8 miles south of the city, and to-morrow will move to camps appointed.

I am now writing in Atlanta; so I could not be uneasy in regard to our situation; we have the result of the quick, and as I think, well executed movement, 27 guns, over 3000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left as many wounded that could not be removed. The rebels have lost beside the important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2500 wounded and 8000 prisoners—whereas our aggregate loss will not foot up 1500. If that is not a success, I don't know what is.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

Official Despatches from Secretary Stanton—Sherman Concentrating at Atlanta—Demoralization in the Copperhead Camp—Vandenberg's Cav's Seizure of McClellan's Letter—The Peace Men and the Call Another Convention—From the Potomac Army—Completion of Grant's new Railroad.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, Sept. 10.

To Major Gen. Dix—This department has received despatches from Gen. Sherman down to 10 o'clock yesterday morning.

His army is concentrating at Atlanta—His troops are in position and well. He is sending Wilson and Steedman are stirring Wheeler up pretty well and hopes they will make an end of him as Gen. Gillan did at Morgan.

No recent intelligence has been received from Mobile.

No movements are reported in the Shenandoah Valley or the Army of the Potomac.

Recruiting is progressing vigorously in most of the States.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON, Secy of War, COLUMBIA, 10th.

Vandalia arrived here yesterday, en route to address the people in various parts of Ohio, but meeting McClellan's letter of acceptance, he promptly authorized the democratic chairman of Ohio to withdraw his name from appointments in that State, and returned home.

HEADQUARTERS Army Potomac, Sept. 9—Evening.

The batteries on the right and centre of our lines kept up quite a lively fire to-day at intervals.

The Richmond Examiner of to-day contains a despatch from Hood's army dated the 7th, which says:

Yesterday our advance drove the enemy from Jonesboro and recaptured the hospital containing 90 of our wounded.

Sherman continues to draw back towards Atlanta for the purpose it is reported of strengthening the works of the eastern, western and southern approaches there.

1500 will cover our needs from all causes in battles and skirmishes last week.

The army is in fine spirits.

Position of the Enemy's Forces.—Our Regiments Filling up—The Tallahassee at Wilmington—Blockade Runners at Halifax—Names of New England Officers at Charleston, S. C.—More Pirate Vessels to leave Wilmington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.

The bonds in payment of the new loan will be ready for delivery at the Treasury Department to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Such promptness in delivery is unprecedented.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

The Herald's correspondent with the Army of the Potomac, says the capture of the enemy's line of pickets was ordered by General Hancock, and was executed so quick, and quietly, that the rebels were prisoners before they were aware of it.

The position occupied by them was on a commanding piece of ground near one of our field works. It was immediately occupied by our troops, and held against the attempts of the rebels to retake it.

The Herald's 9th corps correspondent says it is ascertained from rebel deserters that Longstreet's corps has been posted on the rebel extreme right, holding the country between the Weldon and Danville railroads, with Hill's corps in the centre occupying a line of defence from the Weldon road to the Petersburg, while the 9th corps with his division garrisons the fortifications around the city.

These deserters state that considerable despondency exists among the rebel soldiers, especially Georgia troops, they believing that their State is hopelessly conquered. It is gratifying to see how our regiments are filling up by the reinforcements constantly arriving. There is a decided improvement in the morale of the army.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

Rebel papers announce the arrival of the Tallahassee at Wilmington, and publishes a list of the captures, which number 33 vessels, principally schooners. She is preparing to go out again.

he assumed. The loss inflicted on the enemy was greater than ours. Gen. Early thought to march on Gen. Sheridan's lines, but was handsomely foiled.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

The frigate steamer Elsie captured on the 5th inst., while on a voyage from Wilmington to Nassau with 220 bales of cotton arrived at this morning, and sailed again for Boston.

The pirate steamer Georgia arrived at Beaufort, N. C., on the 9th, en route to Boston. It was reported at Beaufort on the 9th, that the rebel steamer Edith was about to leave Wilmington, heavily armed, on a piratical cruise.

Rebel General Price Dead—Quantrell the Guerrilla Captured.

CAIRO, Sept. 11.

The steamer City of Alton brings Memphis dates of the 9th, and New Orleans dates of the 5th. Memphis was illuminated on Friday night in honor of the recent victories.

The Port of Cairo has been separated from the district of Western Kentucky, and attached to district of Illinois under Gen. Paine.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 12.

A despatch from Indianapolis to the Gazette announces the capture there of the Missouri guerrilla Quantrell. He was recognized on the street by a refugee.

NEW YORK, 12th.

The gold market is unusually excited, and fierce contest is raging between the bulls and bears. The price opened at 236 1/2, declined to 214 1/2, but recovered to 215, with a weak feeling.

The Commodore Washington despatch says contractors are clamoring for pay, but the Treasurer is withholding all other payments in order to pay the soldiers.

General Meredith has left Paducah, to take command of the district of Western Kentucky. It was reported at Little Rock, Arkansas, that the rebel General Price had recently died at Arkadelphia of dysentery.

Headquarters Potomac Army, Sept. 10th.

Firing has been kept up all day on the centre and right. The rebels seem to be excited by surprise of last night, and appear determined to annoy our pickets as much as they can. It was the 20th Ind. and 99th Pa. cavalry that made the charge and took the rebel line of pickets.

Lieut. Col. Mickel, of the 20th Indiana, was shot through the hip, and died on the field. Prisoners captured say they were asleep at the time, and that our men were on them before they had time to resist.

Gen. Patrick, Provost Marshal of the army, was to-day presented with a beautiful sword, sash, spurs and shoulder straps by the enlisted men of the 20th New York volunteers. Brigadier General Egan arrived at the front yesterday.

(Signed) MCGREGOR, WASHINGTON, 12.

Capt. Gibson of the U. S. steamer Santiago de Cuba under date of Sept. 11th, informs the navy department that on Saturday, when on the way to Hampton Roads, he captured the English steamer A. P. Vance, late Lord Clyde, from Wilmington, N. C., with 410 bales of cotton and some turpentine. She was sent to Boston. She has been one of the most successful blockade runners.

Rear Admiral Lee, in a despatch dated Beaufort 7th, says the Elsie ran out of Wilmington on the 4th inst., and was captured the next day by the Keystone State and Quaker City.

A shell from the Quaker City exploded in the hold of the Elsie and destroyed about 150 bales cotton. Part of her cargo was thrown aboard in the chase. There are now over 250 bales on board. The prize was sent to Boston.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.

The Commercial Washington despatch says: Gov. Andrew has arrived here.

One of Gen. Grant's staff reports that Lee cannot attack with any effect until Early returns. Sheridan holds him so closely that he cannot fall back without immense disaster.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 13.

The following telegraph from Washington has been received by Governor Seymour:

Washington, 12th, 1864.

The draft has been ordered to commence in Ohio and other states whose quotas has not been filled upon Monday the 19th of September.

(Signed) J. B. FRY, Provost Marshal General, WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.

Senator Wade's friends say that he will take the stump next week for Lincoln and Johnson, and that his course will be at once followed by Winter Davis, Senator Chandler, and others whom the Democrats have endeavored to array against the administration.

There is good authority for saying that Gen. Fremont's letter of withdrawal is in the hands of his friends and will be made public before long.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.

There is official authority for contradicting the report that Fessenden has decided in place of temporary loan of fifty millions upon the market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14th.

The steamer Tennessee, from Liverpool 30th, has arrived. News anticipated.

CHARLESTON, S. C. papers of the 1st inst., mention an explosion of a mammoth, Yankee torpedo near the south west angle of Fort Sumter. It exploded too far from the fort to do material damage, although it shook the structure heavily.

The rebel powder works at Augusta, Ga., exploded lately, destroyed 50,000 pounds of powder, and killing nine operatives.

The Charleston Courier is pleased at the unity of sentiment in the rebellious States against any reception of overtures for peace. The authorities of Charleston are much annoyed by unknown persons mysteriously sending up rockets from that city and a suburban city.

All foreigners in Savannah who do not organize for the defence of that city by the 30th ult., will be sent to Atlanta.

The Richmond Examiner of the 9th says the hope built upon the terrible things that Wheeler was to do with Sherman's communications seems fast falling into nothing.

The extension of the Petersburg and City Point railroad, connecting with the Weldon road on our front, was completed on the 11th inst. An army of the Potomac correspondent says our pickets and the rebels are only thirty feet apart. The utmost vigilance and ceaseless firing is displayed on both sides.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.

Gold 227 1/2.

were sent yesterday from Harper's Ferry to within 5 miles of Martinsburg. It is expected that the road will be opened to Cumberland next Friday.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.

The following despatch has just been received from General Sheridan:

Near Barryville, 13th—7 P. M. This morning I sent General Getty's division of the 6th corps, with two brigades of cavalry, to the crossing of Summit Point and Winchester road, over the Popoan Creek. Rhodes, Rimsen's, Gordon's and Wharton's divisions were found on west bank. At the same time Gens. Wilson and McIntosh's brigades of cavalry

charged up the Winchester Pike, and drove the rebel cavalry. At a run they came in contact with Kershaw's division, charged it, and captured the 8th S. C. regiment, 16 officers and 145 men, its battle flag, and Col. Hennegan, commanding a brigade—with the loss of only 2 men killed and 3 wounded. Great credit is due Wilson and McIntosh, and the 31 N. J. and 24 Ohio regiments. The charge was a gallant one. A portion of the 24 Mass. reserves brigade made a charge on the right of the line, and captured an officer and 11 men of Gordon's division of infantry. Our loss in the reconnaissance was very light.

P. H. SHERIDAN, Major General.

Editorial Correspondence.

Basoon, Sept. 14th, 1864.

The election news looks better and better as the returns come in. The Union majority is beyond what any one expected. Besides making a clean sweep of the Representatives to Congress—there is Leaning Sweet in the 1st district—we must have made another unit of the Legislature.

It is to be hoped that Hancock County will send a full delegation of Union members. Deer Isle is a hard spot, however. Washington County will have about four hundred Union majority, it is estimated that returns from 156 towns are published in the War, casting an aggregate vote of 61,194. Last year the same towns cast 64,059. The actual Union majority is 11,918, being a net Union gain of 177, and a net democratic loss of 3,042. The remaining towns do as well relatively the Union majority will be about 24,000—This is not expected. The canals was commenced so late, that the interior counties were not fully aroused to the work. However, it is glory enough for one campaign.

We understand the copper politicians of this city got off on learning the result of the Ellsworth vote. If all the circumstances were known, there would be no cause for copperhead rejoicing. The Union majority last year was an unnatural one and was rolled up by making a raid on the enemy while he slept. This year all the leaders were active, and they claimed and got all their votes back again. Some thirty Union voters had within ten days gone into a service. But enough, we shall always expect in a hard canvass, that the opposition are really entitled to as many votes as they are this year.

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED.—The following gentlemen are elected Representatives for Hancock County:

Ellsworth, John D. Hopkins, Union.

Brookline, Rowland Carlton, Union.

Mt. Desert, David P. Wagsatt, Union.

Gouldsboro, John U. Hill, Union.

Deer Isle, Benj. F. Ferguson, Cop.

THE ELECTION.—We have received, and publish in a carefully corrected form 156 towns in the State, casting an aggregate vote of 61,194. Last year the same towns cast 65,059 votes, being a total falling off of 3869 votes. The actual Union majority is 11,918, being a net Union gain of 177, and a net copperhead loss of 3,042. The real Union gain is 3219. As these returns comprise just about one half the total vote of the State last year, it will be seen that, if the rest of the State holds out in the same proportion we shall have buried the copperheads under a majority of nearly 24,000 votes. In any event, we reiterate our estimate of yesterday morning, that the Union majority will be rising 20,000. We expect a slight falling off in the more northerly portions of the State. The best portion of the organized effort of the campaign was put into the western counties, and there the results are very apparent.—Whig.

LET HIM BE REMEMBERED.—May all our soldiers who are imperiling their lives for the support of our liberties and our constitution, and all their friends remember the man who is seeking to deprive the soldier of the dearest right of the American citizen, the right of suffrage. When he impermes the invalid and crippled soldiers and their friends for business, let him be reminded of his effort to disfranchise the soldiers. Below we quote from the Bangor Whig and Courier of Sept. 13th:

"AS WE EXPECTED.—B. H. Mage, Esq., who is getting rich out of the soldiers in the shape of large fees for obtaining bounties, pensions, &c., for them and their families, had the cowardly meanness to go to the ballot box yesterday in Ward 7, and deposit a ballot against the constitutional amendment allowing the soldiers to vote! Let every loyal soldier, his relative or his friend, beware of his enemy of the soldier. He deserves to be disgraced and his name falling off in the more northerly portions of the State. The best portion of the organized effort of the campaign was put into the western counties, and there the results are very apparent.—Whig.

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Maine sends greetings to the Soldiers.

Copperheads buried under 20,000 majority!

Every Congressman Union.

State Senate and House almost entirely of Loyal Men.

Copperheads looking after "that Dog."

The election on Monday passed off rather quietly, and without any thing transpiring to mar the good feelings of the voters. So far as our town is concerned, the Union majority is quite as large as is expected in an active canvass, and perhaps larger than can be expected were the opposition put forth strenuous exertions to get out all their men. Last year's majority should not be taken as a standard, because the Union people made a raid on the opposition and captured some of their picket men while the leaders slept. Not so this year, as the recent Chicago convention had the effect of putting new life into the leaders and they worked hard to give a good vote. While the leaders are active, they train their men so well that no inroads can be made on the lines, as the rank and file march up in solid columns, caring little whether they are voting for the Chicago platform, or the King of Dahonia.

The storm effected the result in some localities to some extent. Which party suffered the most by this, it matters but little.

As to the grand result it is eminently satisfactory to the Union men. We have Lynched Sweet in the 1st district, a glorious consummation, and re-elected Gov. Cony by a splendid majority.—Maine is the Star that never sets, and the Union party, the party that will keep to "the music of the Union," and by votes and men, fight it out on the Union line.

The vote on the amendment to the constitution, permitting the soldiers to vote, has gone largely for the amendment. We think it will be seen that this vote of "Yes" or "No," has proved a perfect barometer by which the violence of the opposition can be measured. In the towns where copperheadism takes in its most violent type, it will be seen that the "Noes" tell up largely, almost measuring the extent of the opposition vote. When it assumes a milder type the vote is small.

The result may be summed up thus:

THE RESULT MAY BE SUMMED UP THUS:

Amherst, 35 29 00 00
Aurora, 15 22 00 00
Bluehill, 000 000 00 00
Brookline, 113 55 132 00
Brooksville, 124 108 131 00
Bucksport, 418 156 00 00
Cape Breton, 117 30 125 12
Cranberry Isle, 36 20 00 00
Deer Isle, 114 236 00 00
Dedham, 58 28 00 25
Eastbrook, 000 00 00 00
Ellsworth, 111 89 03 00
Franklin, 500 256 587 17
Gouldsboro, 000 000 00 00
Hancock, 121 42 122 17
Marbleville, 54 15 00 00
Mt. Desert, 85 57 92 17
Orland, 195 119 00 00
Otis, 31 15 35 14
Penobscot, 115 65 00 00
Sedgwick, 122 65 00 00
Sullivan, 000 000 00 00
Surry, 000 000 00 00
Trenton, 123 129 123 118
Trouton, 88 111 88 90
Waldham, 43 24 49 7
Long Island, 000 099 00 00
Swans Island, 000 000 00 00
Verona, 10 32 00 00
No. 7, 00 00 00 00
No. 10, 00 00 00 00
No. 21, 00 00 00 00
No. 33, 00 00 00 00

REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED.—The following gentlemen are elected Representatives for Hancock County:

Ellsworth, John D. Hopkins, Union.

Brookline, Rowland Carlton, Union.

Mt. Desert, David P. Wagsatt, Union.

Gouldsboro, John U. Hill, Union.

